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THE

POEMS

RICHARD GLOVER.

THE

LIFE OF GLOVER,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THE *facts*, in the following narrative, are principally taken from an account of our poet drawn up by Mr. Reed, a gentleman of well-known accuracy and information, and inserted in the European Magazine for January, 1786.

Richard Glover, the son of Richard Glover, a Hamburgh merchant in London, was born in St. Martin's Lane, Cannon Street, in the year 1712. Being probably intended for trade, he received no other education than what the school of Cheam, in Surry, afforded, which he was afterwards induced to improve by an ardent love of learning, and a desire to cultivate his poetical talents according to the purest models. His poetical efforts were very early, for in his sixteenth year he wrote a poem to the memory of sir Isaac Newton, which was supposed to have merit enough to deserve a place in the View of that celebrated author's philosophy, published in 1728, by Dr. Henry Pemberton.

Dr. Pemberton, a man of much science, and of some taste, appears to have been warmly attached to the interests of our young poet, and at a time when there were few regular vehicles of praise or criticism, took every opportunity of encouraging his efforts, and apprising the nation of this new addition to its literary honours. Of the poem in question, he thus speaks, in his preface: "I have presented my readers with a copy of verses on sir Isaac Newton, which I have just received from a young gentleman, whom I am proud to reckon among the number of my dearest friends. If I had any apprehension that this piece of poetry stood in need of an apology, I should be desirous the reader might know that the author is but sixteen years old, and was obliged to finish the composition in a very short space of time, but I shall only take the liberty to observe, that the boldness of the digressions will be best judged of by those who are acquainted with Pindar." The poem is now before the reader, who if he thinks this praise too high, will yet reflect with pleasure that it probably cheered the youthful ambition of the author of Leonidas.

At the usual period, Glover became engaged in the Hamburgh trade, but continued his attachment to literature and the Muses, and was, says Dr. Warton, one of the best and most accurate Greek scholars of his time. It has been mentioned in the life of Green, that he published The Spleen of that poet, in which he is complimented on

account of his study of the ancient Greek poets, and his wish to emulate their fame. Green had probably seen some part of Leonidas, which was begun when the author was young, and had been submitted in specimens to many of his friends[1].

Leonidas was first published in 1737, in a quarto volume, consisting of nine books. Its reception was highly flattering, for in this and the following year it passed through three editions. It was dedicated to lord Cobham, one of his early patrons, and whom, it is supposed, he furnished with many of the inscriptions at Stowe. It was also strongly recommended by such of that nobleman's political friends as were esteemed the arbiters of taste. Lord Lyttelton, in the periodical paper called Common Sense, praised it in the warmest terms, not only for its poetical beauties, but its political tendency, "the whole plan and purpose of it being to show the superiority of freedom over slavery; and how much virtue, public spirit, and the love of liberty are preferable both in their nature and effects, to riches, luxury, and the insolence of power."

This is perhaps too much like the criticism of Bossu on the Iliad: but the following passage is more appropriate, and as the papers in which it appeared are now scarce, may be introduced here without impropriety.

"The artful conduct of the principal design; the skill in connecting and adapting every episode to the carrying on, and serving that design; the variety of characters, the great care to keep them, and distinguish each from the other by a propriety of sentiment and thought, all these are excellencies which the best judges of poetry will be particularly pleased with in Leonidas. I must observe too, that even those who are not naturally fond of poetry, or any work of fancy, will find in this so much solidity of reason, such good sense, weight of thought, and depth of learning; will see every virtue, public or private, so agreeably and forcibly inculcated, that they may read it with delight and with instruction, though they have no relish for the graces of the verse, the harmony of the numbers, or the charms of the invention.

"Upon the whole, I look upon this poem *as one of those few* of distinguished worth and excellence, which will be handed down with respect to all posterity, and which in the long revolution of past centuries, but *two or three countries* have been able to produce. And I cannot help congratulating my own, that after having in the last age brought forth a *Milton*, she has in this produced *two more* such poets, as we have the happiness to see flourish now together, I mean Mr. *Pope* and Mr. *Glover*. The first of these has no superior, if an equal, in all the various parts of poetry, to which his elegant and extensive genius has applied itself, no, *not among the greatest of the ancients*. But an epic poem he has not yet given, of his own I mean, distinct from his translations. And certainly, in that species of writing, it is enough to have given *Homer to us*, with a force of style not inferior to his own: the bounds of human life are too contracted for a second work so difficult as this: I might add, perhaps, the bounds of human glory. There was therefore a path left clear for Mr. Glover; and to what a height it has carried him, will appear to all who have eyes good enough to reach so far: for your judges of epigrams and songs can see no further than the bottom of the hill, and both he and Mr. Pope are out of their sight. But it must be owned that the latter had made the way much less difficult for Mr. Glover to ascend, by smoothing the roughness, and rooting up the thorns and briars which the English Parnassus was encumbered with before: so that if

[1] When Thomson was told that Glover was writing an epic poem, he exclaimed—"He write an epic poem! a Londoner, who has never seen a mountain!" Warton.

the diction of Leonidas be softer, and the general flow of the numbers more harmonious than that of Milton himself, it may, in part, be ascribed to Mr. Pope, as the great polisher and improver of our verse."

Besides this warm and rather extravagant encomium, Lyttelton addressed verses to our author [2], in which he inveighs with much asperity against the degeneracy of the times, but, not very consistently, compares England to Greece and France to Persia. Other writers, particularly Fielding, in the paper called The Champion, took up the pen in favour of Leonidas, and lord Lyttelton's paper in Common Sense was answered in another political paper, but neither with strength of argument, or decency.

Leonidas was published just after the prince of Wales had been driven from St. James's, began to keep a separate court, and had appointed lord Lyttelton his secretary, Mallet his under-secretary, and had granted a pension to Thomson. By the whole of this new court, and by the adherents in general of opposition, Leonidas was praised, quoted, and recommended; not beyond its merit, but too evidently from a motive which could not always prevail, and which ceased to animate their zeal in its favour, when Walpole, the supposed author of all our national grievances, was compelled to resign [3].

Amidst this high encouragement, the services of Dr. Pemberton must not be forgotten. Soon after the appearance of Leonidas this steady friend endeavoured to fix the public attention on it, by a long pamphlet, entitled Observations on Poetry, especially epic, occasioned by the late Poem upon Leonidas, 12mo. 1738. In this, with many just remarks of a general kind, the author carries his opinion of Glover's production beyond all reasonable bounds. It came, however, from a friend whom Glover had early been taught to revere, but added to so much unqualified praise from other quarters, I am afraid, prevented his attending to those defects which impartial criticism could not have concealed.

In the following year, he published London, or the Progress of Commerce [4], and the more celebrated ballad of Hosier's Ghost, both written with a view to rouse the nation to resent the conduct of the Spaniards, and to promote what had seldom been known, a war called for by the people, and opposed by the ministry. During the same political dissentions, which, as usual, were warmest in the city of London, Glover presided at several meetings called to set aside, or censure the conduct of those city magistrates or members of parliament who voted for the court. His speeches at those meetings, if we may trust to the report of them in the periodical journals of 1739 and 1740, were elegant, spirited, and calculated to give him considerable weight in the deliberative assemblies of his fellow-citizens. The latter were, indeed, so fully convinced of his talents and zeal, as to appoint him to conduct their application to parliament, on the subject of the neglect shown to their trade by the ruling administration. His services in this last

[2] These verses, in the first edition of lord Lyttelton's works, are dated 1734, two years before the appearance of Leonidas. *C.*

[3] "Soon after Mr. Glover had published his Leonidas, a poem that was eagerly read and universally admired, he passed some days with Mr. Pope at Twickenham." Warton's Essay: where an anecdote follows this notice, that shows the intimacy of our poet with the bard of Twickenham. He was also on very intimate terms with Bubb Doddington, afterwards lord Melcombe, and is frequently mentioned in his lordship's diary. *C.*

[4] "Glover has put out a new poem, called London, or the Progress of Commerce, wherein he very much extols a certain Dutch poet, called Janus Douza, and compares him to Sophocles; I suppose he does it to make interest upon 'Change." West's Letters to lord Orford.

affair may be seen in a pamphlet published in 1743, under the title of A short Account of the late Application to Parliament made by the Merchants of London upon the neglect of their Trade: with the Substance of the Evidence thereupon, as summed up by Mr. Glover.

In 1744, he was offered employment of a very different kind, being nominated in the will of the dutchess of Marlborough, to write the duke's life, in conjunction with Mallet. Her grace bequeathed 500*l.* to each on this condition; but Glover immediately renounced his share, while Mallet, who has no scruples of any kind, where his interest was concerned, accepted the legacy, and continued to receive money from the late duke of Marlborough on the same account, although after twenty years of talk and boast, he left nothing behind him that could show he had ever seriously begun the work.

Glover's rejection of this legacy is the more honourable, as at this time his affairs became embarrassed; from what cause, we are not told. It may be conjectured, however, that he had shared the usual fate of those who are diverted from their regular pursuits by the dreams of political patronage. From the prince he is said to have received at one time a complete set of the classics, elegantly bound, and at another time, during his distresses, a present of 500*l.* But it does not appear that when the friends of Leonidas came into power, they made any permanent provision for the author.

During the period of his embarrassment, he retired from public notice, until the respect and gratitude of his humbler friends in the city induced them to request that he would stand candidate for the office of chamberlain of London, which was vacant in 1751, but his application was unfortunately made when the majority of the voters had already been engaged to sir Thomas Harrison. His feelings on this disappointment do him so much honour, and are so elegantly expressed in the speech he addressed to the livery, that no apology seems necessary for introducing it in this place:

"Gentlemen,

"AFTER the trouble which I have had so large a share in giving you, by my application for your favour to succeed sir John Bosworth in the office of chamberlain, this day so worthily supplied, I should deem myself inexcusable in quitting this place, before I rendered my thanks to those in particular who have so generously espoused my interest; to your new-elected chamberlain himself, nd numbers of his friends, whose expressions and actions have done me peculiar honour, amidst the warmth of their attachment to him; to the two deserving magistrates, who have presided among us with impartiality, humanity, and justice; and lastly, to all in general, for their candour, decency, and indulgence.

"Gentlemen,

"Heretofore I have frequently had occasion of addressing the livery of London in public; but at this time I find myself at an unusual loss, being under all the difficulties which a want of matter, deserving your notice, can create. Had I now your rights and privileges to vindicate; had I the cause of your suffering trade to defend; or were I now called forth to recommend and enforce the parliamentary service of the most virtuous and illustrious citizen, my tongue would be free from constraint, and expatiating at large, would endeavour to merit your attention, which now must be solely confined to so narrow a subject as myself. On those occasions, the importance of the matter, and my known zeal to serve you, however ineffectual my attempts might prove, were always sufficient to secure me the honour of a kind reception and unmerited regard. Your

countenance, gentlemen, first drew me from the retirement of a studious life; your repeated marks of distinction first pointed me out to that great body the merchants of London, who, pursuing your example, condescended to intrust me, unequal and unworthy as I was, with the most important cause, a cause where your interest was as nearly concerned as theirs. In consequence of that deference which has been paid to the sentiments and choice of the citizens and traders of London, it was impossible but some faint lustre must have glanced on one, whom, weak as he was, they were pleased to appoint the instrument on their behalf: and if from these transactions I accidentally acquired the smallest share of reputation, it was to you, gentlemen of the livery, that my gratitude ascribes it; and I joyfully embrace this public opportunity of declaring, that whatever part of a public character I may presume to claim, I owe primarily to you. To this I might add the favour, the twenty years countenance and patronage of one, whom a supreme degree of respect shall prevent me from naming; and though under the temptation of using that name, as a certain means of obviating some misconstructions, I shall, however, avoid to dwell on the memory of a loss so recent, so justly and so universally lamented.

"Permit me now to remind you, that when placed by these means in a light not altogether unfavourable, no lucrative reward was then the object of my pursuit; nor ever did the promises or offers of private emolument induce me to quit my independence, or vary from the least of my former professions, which always were, and remain still founded on the principles of universal liberty; principles which I assume the glory to have established on your records. Your sense, liverymen of London, the sense of your great corporation, so repeatedly recommended to your representatives in parliament, were my sense, and the principal boast of all my compositions, containing matter imbibed in my earliest education, to which I have always adhered, by which I still abide, and which I will endeavour to bear down with me to the grave, and even at that gloomy period, when deserted by my good fortune, and under the severest trials, even then, by the same consistency of opinions and uniformity of conduct, I still preserved that part of reputation which originally derived from your favour, whatever I might pretend to call a public character, unshaken and unblemished; nor once, in the hour of affliction, did I banish from my thoughts the most sincere and conscientious intention of acquitting every private obligation, as soon as my good fortune should please to return; a distant appearance of which seemed to invite me, and awakened some flattering expectations on the rumoured vacancy of the chamberlain's office; but always apprehending the imputation of presumption, and that a higher degree of delicacy and caution would be requisite in me than in any other candidate, I forbore, till late, to present myself once more to your notice, and then, for the first time, abstracted from a public consideration, solicited your favour for my own private advantage. My want of success shall not prevent my cheerfully congratulating this gentleman on his election, and you on your choice of so worthy a magistrate, and if I may indulge a hope of departing this place with a share of your approbation and esteem, I solemnly from my heart declare, that I shall not bear away with me the least trace of disappointment."

The allusion in this speech to the favour of the prince of Wales was probably better understood then than it can be at this distant period. In that illustrious personage, he no doubt lost a powerful patron.

In 1753, he began to try his talents in dramatic composition, and produced the tragedy of Boadicea, which was performed for nine nights at Drury Lane theatre. Dr.

Pemberton, with his accustomed zeal wrote a pamphlet to recommend it, and among the inferior critics, it occasioned a temporary controversy. "The tragedy of Boadicea," says Davies in his Life of Garrick, "was brought forward in November 1754: great expectations were formed of its success from the reputation of the author, who had acquired very great and deserved praise from his heroic poem of Leonidas. But his poetical talents, though great, were inferior to his character as a patriot and true lover of his country.

"The amiable author read his Boadicea to the actors. But surely his manner of conveying the meaning of his poem was very unhappy; his voice was harsh, and his elocution disagreeable. Mr. Garrick was vexed to see him mangle his own work, and politely offered to relieve him by reading an act or two: but the author imagining that he was the only person fit to unfold his intention to the players, persisted to read the play to the end, to the great mortification of the actors."

In 1761, he published his Medea, a tragedy written on the Greek model, and therefore unfit for the modern stage. The author, indeed, did not intend it for representation, but Mrs. Yates considered the experiment as likely to procure a full house at her benefit, and brought it forward upon that occasion; it was afterwards acted a few nights, but without exciting the tragic passions [5].

From this period, Glover's affairs took a more promising turn, although in what way we are not told. At the accession of his present majesty, he was chosen member of parliament for Weymouth, and made a considerable figure in the many debates to which the confused state of affairs in India gave rise. In 1772, we find him an intelligent and active agent in adjusting the affairs of the bank of Douglas, Heron, and company, of Scotland, which failed about that time; and on other occasions, where the mercantile interests of London were concerned, he distinguished himself, not only by his eloquence, but by that general knowledge of commerce which inclines to enlarged and liberal, as well as advantageous measures.

In 1775, the West India merchants testified the sense they entertained of his services in their affairs, by voting him a piece of plate of the value of 300*l*. The speech which he delivered in the house of commons, on the application of these merchants, was afterwards printed, and appears to have been the last of his public services.

In 1770, he republished his Leonidas in two volumes 12mo. extended from nine books to twelve, and the attention now bestowed on it, recalling his youthful ideas, strengthened by time and observation, probably suggested The Athenaid, which, however, he did not live to publish. Soon after 1775, he retired from public business, but kept up an intimacy with many of the most eminent scholars of the day, by whom he was highly respected. After experiencing, for some time, the infirmities of age, he departed this life, at his house in Albermarle Street, November 25, 1785.

Glover was twice married. His second wife is now living, and a daughter, married to —— Halsey, esq. He was supposed, by Dr. Warton, to have left some curious memoirs of his life, but as so many years have elapsed without their appearance, this was either a mistake, or they have been deemed unfit for publication.

His character was drawn up by the late Dr. Brocklesby for the Gentleman's Magazine, and as far as respects his amiable disposition, was confirmed to me by Dr. Warton, who knew him well.

[5] He is said to have written a sequel to Medea, which has never appeared.

"Through the whole of his life, Mr. G. was by all good men revered, by the wise esteemed, by the great sometimes caressed and even flattered, and now his death is sincerely lamented by all who had the happiness to contemplate the integrity of his character. Mr. G. for upwards of fifty years past, through every vicissitude of fortune, exhibited the most exemplary simplicity of manners; having early attained that perfect equanimity, which philosophy often recommends in the closet, but which in experience is too seldom exercised by other men in the test of trial. In Mr. G. were united a wide compass of accurate information in all mercantile concerns, with high intellectual powers of mind, joined to a copious flow of eloquence as an orator in the house of commons. Since Milton he was second to none of our English poets, in his discriminating judicious acquaintance with all ancient as well as modern literature; witness his Leonidas, Medea, Boadicea, and London: for, having formed his own character upon the best models of the Greek writers, he lived as if he had been bred a disciple of Socrates, or companion of Aristides. Hence his political turn of mind, hence his unwarped affection and active zeal for the rights and liberties of his country.—Hence his heartfelt exultation whenever he had to paint the impious designs of tyrants in ancient times frustrated, or in modern, defeated in their nefarious purposes to extirpate liberty, or to trample on the unalienable rights of man, however remote in time or space from his immediate presence. In a few words, for the extent of his various erudition, for his unalloyed patriotism, and for his daily exercise and constant practice of Xenophon's philosophy, in his private as well as in public life, Mr. Glover has left none his equal in the city, and some time it is feared may elapse before such another citizen shall arise, with eloquence, with character, and with poetry, like his, to assert their rights, or to vindicate with equal powers the just claims of free-born men. Suffice this testimony at present, as the well-earned meed of this truly virtuous man, whose conduct was carefully marked, and narrowly watched by the writer of the foregoing *hasty sketch, for his extraordinary qualities during the long period in human life of upwards of forty years: and now it is spontaneously offered as a voluntary tribute, unsolicited and unpurchased; but as it appears justly due to the memory of so excellent a poet, statesman, and true philosopher, in life and death the same.*"

Glover's Leonidas amply entitles him to a distinguished place among the poets of his country, but the public has not held it in uniform estimation. From the time of its first appearance in 1737, it went through six, if not seven editions, but for nearly forty years there has not been a demand for another, although that published in 1770 was highly improved and enlarged. Its history may probably account in part for this singular fate, and public taste must explain the rest.

We have already mentioned, that on its first publication it was read and praised with the utmost avidity. Besides the encomiums it drew from Lyttelton and Pemberton, its fame reached Ireland, where it was reprinted, and became as much in fashion as if it had been in England. "Pray who is that Mr. Glover," says Swift to Pope, in one of his letters, "who writ the epic poem called Leonidas, which is reprinting here, and hath great vogue[6]?

Unfortunately, however, the whole of this tribute of praise was not paid to the

[6] "Pope's answer" says Dr. Warton, "does not appear: it would have been curious to have known his opinion concerning a poem that is written in a taste and manner so different from his own, in a style formed in the Grecian school, and with the simplicity of an ancient." I am happy to add this testimony to the merit of a poem, of which I have ventured to think more highly than some late critics. *C.*

intrinsic merit of the poem. It became the adopted favourite of the party in opposition (to sir Robert Walpole) who had long endeavoured to persuade the nation that public liberty was endangered by the measures of that minister, and that they formed the chosen band who occupied the straits of Thermopylæ in defiance of the modern Xerxes. Leonidas therefore was recommended, to rouse an oppressed and enslaved people to the vindication of their rights. That this should be attempted is less wonderful than that it should succeed. We find very few passages in this poem which will apply to the state of public affairs in England at that time, if we except the common-place censure of courts and courtiers, and even that is appropriated with so strict historical fidelity to the court of Xerxes, that it does not seem easy to borrow it for any other purpose. "Nothing else," however, Dr. Warton informs us, "was read or talked of at Leicester House," the illustrious owner of which extended his patronage to all poets who fanned the sacred flame of patriotism.

The consequence of all this was, that Leonidas, which might have laid claim to a considerable rank among English poems of the higher order, was pushed beyond it, and when the purposes for which it had been extolled were either answered, or no longer desirable, it fell lower than it deserved. This is the more justly to be regretted, as we have no reason to think the author solicited the injudicious praise of his friends and patrons, or had any hand in building the airy edifice of popular fame. He was, indeed, a lover of liberty, which has ever been the favourite theme of poets, but he did not write for a temporary purpose. Leonidas had been the fruit of very early ambition: he says of himself,

> ..... My youthful hours
> Were exercis'd in knowledge. Homer's Muse
> To daily meditation won my soul,
> With my young spirit mix'd undying sparks
> Of her own rapture. Book vi. 282-287.

He was desirous to be known to posterity, and when he had outlived the party who pressed his poem into their service, he corrected and improved it for a generation that knew nothing of the partialities which first extended its fame.

If his object, however, in this epopee, had been solely to inculcate a love of liberty, a love of our country, and a resolute determination to perish with its freedom, he could not have chosen a subject, at least from ancient times, so happily adapted to elevate the mind. The example was unparalleled in history, and therefore the more capable of admitting the embellishments and attractions that belong to the epic province. Nor does it appear that he undertook a task to which his powers were inadequate, when he endeavoured to interest his readers in the fate of his gallant hero and faithful associates. He is not deficient either in the sublime or the pathetic, although in these essentials he may not bear an uniform comparison with the great masters of the passions. The characters are varied with much knowledge of the human heart; each has his distinctive properties, and no one is raised beyond the proportion of virtue or talent which may be supposed to correspond with the age he lived in, or the station he occupied.

His comparisons, as lord Lyttelton remarks, are original and striking, although sometimes not sufficiently dignified. His descriptions are minutely faithful, and his episodes are in general so interesting, that no critical exceptions would probably induce the reader to part with them, or to suppose that they are not indispensable to the main

action. He has likewise this peculiar excellence, that neither his speeches or descriptions are extended to such lengths as, in some attempts of the epic kind, become tiresome, and are the strongest indication of want of judgment. He paints the rapid energies of a band of freemen, in a barbarous age, struggling for their country, strangers to the refined deliberation of later ages, and acquainted with that eloquence only which leads to prompt decision.

The character thus attempted to be given has been drawn principally from a consideration of the following passages in this poem, which in the opinion of the writer, constitute beauties of a superior kind. The parting of Leonidas with his wife and family—the hymn of the Magi—the episode of Teribazus and Ariana, to which, I believe, all critics have done justice—the description of the army of Xerxes—the speech of Demaratus to Xerxes—the combat between Diomedon and Tigranes—the destruction of the barbarians at the close of the eighth book—the sublime dream of Leonidas—his armour—the burning of the camp of Xerxes—and the death of Leonidas. To these may be added, the masterly-drawn characters of Diomedon, Dithyrambus, Menelippus, Xerxes, Demaratus, Hyperanthus, Polydorus, and Artemisia. The character of Artemisia, I may here mention, was added to the edition of 1770, with the very interesting one of Oileus, and those of Melibæus, Melissa, Artuches, and Æschylus.

Like Lucan, our author has rejected the aid of mythological machinery and prodigies, and the propriety of constructing an epic poem without such supernatural auxiliaries, became, after the publication of Leonidas, a question with certain critics. The examples of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, which were cited, are certainly powerful; but the voice of Nature is yet more powerful, and no argument or authority can prove the absolute necessity of what cannot for a moment be reconciled to truth or probability. Mythology, it may be said, has been a fertile source of the sublime, but it is only one source, and where it has been resorted to by modern poets, they have generally dwindled into servile imitators, or have become the borrowers of imagery and sentiment, which they can make appear to be their own only by spoiling.

It may with more justice be objected to Leonidas, that the author places too constant a reliance on history, and follows Herodotus and other writers so closely, as to leave less scope for the powers of invention than he might have justly claimed, considering the great distance of time, and the character of the Greeks in that age.

With respect to the language and versification of Leonidas, although they may be praised for simplicity, perspicuity, and harmony, there are many tame and prosaic lines; but the greatest fault is a want of strength, majesty, and variety. "He has not availed himself," Dr. Warton observes, "of the great privilege of blank verse, to run his verses into one another with different pauses." He thought that iambic feet only should be used in heroic verse, without admitting any trochaic, a notion which is much to be regretted in a writer whose judgment, as a critic, was acknowledged by the best scholars of his time.

The Athenaid was published in 1787, exactly as it was found among his papers. It consists of the unusual number of thirty books, but evidently was left without the corrections which he would probably have bestowed, had he revised it for the press. It is intended as a continuation, or second part to Leonidas, in which the Greeks are conducted through the vicissitudes of the war with Xerxes, to the final emancipation of their country from his invasions. As an epic it seems defective in many respects. Here is no hero on whose fate the mind is exclusively engaged, but a race of heroes who

demand our admiration by turns; the events of history, too, are so closely followed, as to give the whole the air of a poetical chronicle.

If the plan be defective, the execution is no less so. It abounds in prosaic lines and mean comparisons; there are many words, likewise, introduced, which are too familiar for heroic poetry, as *forestall, uncomfortable, acquiescence, obtuse, exemplified, meritorious, absurdity, superfluous, timber, assiduity, elegantly, authoritative, supercede, convalescence, circumscription*, &c. &c. It may be added, that there are various repetitions, which mark the unfinished state in which the author has left this composition.

With all these faults, however, the Athenaid must be allowed to contain many splendid passages, such as, the vision of Leonidas which appeared to Æschylus—the dream of Timon—the march of the Persian army—Mardonius' vision of the temple of Fame—the desolation of Athens—the appearance of Xerxes and his troops on the declivity of Mount Ægaleos—the passage of Sandauce to Phaleron—the dirge of Ariana—the relief given to the famished Eretrians—the episode of Hyacinthus and Cleora—the cave of the furies, and the cave of Trophonius. As to the characters, that of Aristides is evidently the author's favourite, nor will the reader, perhaps, be less interested in the fate of Themistocles, Mardonius, Sandauce, Argestes, Timothea, Nichomachus, and Masistius. Throughout the whole of the poem, the pathetic is predominant, and the author depicts with admirable feeling those scenes of domestic woe, which are created by civil dissention co-operating with foreign invasion. Such a style is not ill adapted to modern taste, but in proportion as poems of this species abound in the pathetic, they depart from the general character of the epic.

It is not necessary to detain the reader by observations on his smaller poems. That on sir Isaac Newton is certainly an extraordinary production from a youth of sixteen, but the theme, I suspect, must have been given to him. Such an acquaintance with the state of philosophy and the improvements of our immortal philosopher, could not have been acquired at his age. Hosier's Ghost was long one of the most popular English ballads; but his London, if intended for popular influence, was probably read and understood by few. In poetical merit, however, it is not unworthy of the author of Leonidas. Fielding wrote a very long encomium on it in his Champion, and predicted, rather too rashly, that it would ever continue to be the delight of all that can feel the exquisite touch of poetry, or be roused with the divine enthusiasm of public spirit.

POEMS

OF

RICHARD GLOVER.

POEM ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

ORIGINALLY PREFIXED TO PEMBERTON'S VIEW OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S PHILOSOPHY, 1728. 8vo.

TO Newton's genius and immortal fame,
Th' advent'rous Muse with trembling pinions soars.
Thou, heav'nly Truth, from thy seraphic throne
Look favourable down, do thou assist
My lab'ring thought, do thou inspire my song.
Newton, who first th' Almighty's works display'd,
And smooth'd that mirror, in whose polish'd face
The great Creator now conspicuous shines;
Who open'd Nature's adamantine gates,
And to our minds her secret pow'rs expos'd;
Newton demands the Muse; his sacred hand
Shall raise her to the Heliconian height,
Where, on its lofty top enthron'd, her head
Shall mingle with the stars. Hail, Nature, hail!
O goddess, handmaid of th' ethereal power,
Now lift thy head, and to th' admiring world
Show thy long hidden beauty. Thee, the wise
Of ancient fame, immortal Plato's self,
The Stagyrite, and Syracusian sage,
From black obscurity's abyss to raise,
(Drooping and mourning o'er thy wondrous works)
With vain inquiry sought. Like meteors these
In their dark age bright sons of Wisdom shone:
But at thy Newton all thy laurels fade,
They shrink from all the honours of their names.
So glimm'ring stars contract their feeble rays,
When the swift lustre of Aurora's face
Flows o'er the skies, and wraps the heav'ns in light.
The Deity's omnipotence, the cause,
Th' original of things, long lay unknown.
Alone the beauties prominent to sight
(Of the celestial pow'r the outward form)
Drew praise and wonder from the gazing world.
As when the deluge overspread the Earth,
Whilst yet the mountains only rear'd their heads
Above the surface of the wild expanse,
Whelm'd deep below the great foundation lay,
Till some kind angel, at Heav'n's high command,
Roll'd back the rising tides, and haughty floods,
And to the ocean thunder'd out his voice:
Quick all the swelling and imperious waves,
The foaming billows, and obscuring surge,
Back to their channels and their ancient seats
Recoil affrighted: from the darksome main
Earth raises smiling, as new-born, her head,
And with fresh charms her lovely face arrays.
So his extensive thought accomplish'd first
The mighty task to drive th' obstructing mists
Of Ignorance away, beneath whose gloom
Th' unshrouded majesty of Nature lay.
He drew the veil, and swell'd the spreading scene.
How had the Moon around th' ethereal void
Rang'd, and eluded lab'ring mortals' care,
Till his invention trac'd her secret steps,
While she, inconstant, with unsteady rein,
Through endless mazes and meanders guides
In its unequal course her changing car:
Whether behind the Sun's superior light
She hides the beauties of her radiant face,
Or, when conspicuous, smiles upon mankind,
Unveiling all her night-rejoicing charms.
When thus the silver-tressed Moon dispels
The frowning horrours from the brow of Night,
And with her splendours cheers the sullen gloom,
While sable-mantled Darkness with his veil
The visage of the fair horizon shades,
And over Nature spreads his raven wings;
Let me upon some unfrequented green,
While sleep sits heavy on the drowsy world,
Seek out some peaceful solitary cell,
Where darksome woods around their gloomy brows
Bow low, and ev'ry hill's protended shade
Obscures the dusky vale, there silent dwell,
Where Contemplation holds its still abode,
There trace the wide and pathless void of heav'n,
And count the stars that sparkle on its robe.
Or else, in Fancy's wild'ring mazes lost,
Upon the verdure see the fairy elves
Dance o'er their magic circles, or behold,

In thought enraptur'd with the ancient bards,
Medea's baleful incantations draw
Down from her orb the paly queen of night.
But chiefly, Newton, let me soar with thee,
And while surveying all yon starry vault
With admiration I attentive gaze,
Thou shalt descend from thy celestial seat,
And waft aloft my high-aspiring mind,
Shalt show me there how Nature has ordain'd
Her fundamental laws, shalt lead my thought
Through all the wand'rings of th' uncertain Moon,
And teach me all her operating powers.
She and the Sun with influence conjoint
Wield the huge axle of the whirling Earth,
And from their just direction turn the poles,
Slow urging on the progress of the years.
The constellations seem to leave their seats,
And o'er the skies with solemn pace to move.
You, splendid rulers of the day and night,
The seas obey; at your resistless sway
Now they contract their waters, and expose
The dreary desert of old Ocean's reign.
The craggy rocks their horrid sides disclose:
Trembling the sailor views the dreadful scene,
And cautiously the threat'ning ruin shuns.
But where the shallow waters hide the sands,
There ravenous Destruction lurks conceal'd,
There the ill-guided vessel falls a prey,
And all her numbers gorge his greedy jaws.
But quick returning see th' impetuous tides
Back to th' abandon'd shores impell the main.
Again the foaming seas extend their waves,
Again the rolling floods embrace the shores,
And veil the horrours of the empty deep.
Thus the obsequious seas your power confess
While from the surface healthful vapours rise,
Plenteous throughout the atmosphere diffus'd,
Or to supply the mountain's heads with springs,
Or fill the hanging clouds with needful rains,
That friendly streams, and kind refreshing show'rs,
May gently lave the sun-burnt, thirsty plains,
Or to replenish all the empty air,
With wholesome moisture to increase the fruits
Of Earth, and bless the labours of mankind.
O Newton, whither flies thy mighty soul,
How shall the feeble Muse pursue through all
The vast extent of thy unbounded thought,
That even seeks th' unseen recesses dark
To penetrate, of Providence immense.
And thou, the great Dispenser of the world
Propitious, who with inspiration taught'st
Our greatest bard to send thy praises forth;
Thou, who gav'st Newton thought; who smild'st serene,
When to its bounds he stretch'd his swelling soul;
Who still benignant ever blest his toil,
And deign'd to his enlighten'd mind t' appear
Confess'd around th' interminated world:
To me, O thy divine infusion grant,
(O thou in all so infinitely good)
That I may sing thy everlasting works,
Thy unexhausted store of providence,
In thought effulgent and resounding verse.
O could I spread the wondrous theme around,
Where the wind cools the oriental world,
To the calm breezes of the Zephyrs' breath,
To where the frozen hyperborean blasts,
To where the boist'rous tempest-leading south
From their deep hollow caves send forth their storms.
Thou still indulgent parent of mankind,
Lest humid emanations should no more
Flow from the ocean, but dissolve away
Through the long series of revolving time:
And lest the vital principle decay,
By which the air supplies the springs of life;
Thou hast the fiery-visag'd comets form'd
With vivifying spirits all replete,
Which they abundant breathe about the void,
Renewing the prolific soul of things.
No longer now on thee amaz'd we call,
No longer tremble at imagin'd ills,
When comets blaze tremendous from on high,
Or when extending wide their flaming trains
With hideous grasp the skies engirdle round,
And spread the terrours of their burning locks.
For these through orbits in the length'ning space
Of many tedious rolling years complete
Around the Sun move regularly on;
And with the planets in harmonious orbs,
And mystic periods their obeisance pay
To him MAJESTIC RULER OF THE SKIES,
Upon his throne of circled glory fix'd.
He or some god conspicuous to the view
Or else the substitute of nature seems,
Guiding the courses of revolving worlds.
He taught great Newton the all-potent laws
Of gravitation, by whose simple power
The universe exists. Nor here the sage
Big with invention still renewing staid.
But O! bright angel of the lamp of day,
How shall the Muse display his greater toil?
Let her plunge deep in Aganippe's waves,
Or in Castalia's ever-flowing stream,
That re-inspired she may sing to thee,
How Newton dar'd advent'rous to unbraid
The yellow tresses of thy shining hair.
Or didst thou gracious leave thy radiant sphere,
And to his hand thy lucid splendours give,
T' unweave the light-diffusing wreath, and part
The blended glories of thy golden plumes?
He with laborious, and unerring care,
How diff'rent and embodied colours form
Thy piercing light, with just distinction found.
He with quick sight pursued thy darting rays,
When penetrating to th' obscure recess
Of solid matter, there perspicuous saw,
How in the texture of each body lay
The power that separates the diff'rent beams.
Hence over Nature's unadorned face
Thy bright diversifying rays dilate
Their various hues: and hence when vernal rains
Descending swift have burst the low'ring clouds,
Thy splendours through the dissipating mists
In its fair vesture of unnumber'd hues
Array the show'ry bow. At thy approach
The Morning, risen from her pearly couch,
With rosy blushes decks her virgin cheek:
The Ev'ning on the frontispiece of Heav'n
His mantle spreads with many colours gay:
The midday skies in radiant azure clad,
The shining clouds, and silver vapours rob'd
In white transparent intermixt with gold,
With bright variety of splendour clothe
All the illuminated face above.
When hoary-headed Winter back retires
To the chill'd pole, there solitary sits
Encompass'd round with winds and tempests bleak
In caverns of impenetrable ice,
And from behind the dissipated gloom
Like a new Venus from the parting surge

The gay-apparell'd Spring advances on;
When thou in thy meridian brightness sitt'st,
And from thy throne pure emanations flow
Of glory bursting o'er the radiant skies:
Then let the Muse Olympus' top ascend,
And o'er Thessalia's plain extend her view,
And count, O Tempé, all thy beauties o'er.
Mountains, whose summits grasp the pendant clouds,
Between their wood-envelop'd slopes embrace
The green attir'd vallies. Every flow'r
Here in the pride of bounteous Nature clad,
Smiles on the bosom of th' enamell'd meads.
Over the smiling lawn the silver floods
Of fair Peneus gently roll along,
While the reflected colours from the flow'rs,
And verdant borders pierce the limpid waves,
And paint with all their variegated hue
The yellow sands beneath. Smooth gliding on
The waters hasten to the neighbouring sea.
Still the pleas'd eye the floating plain pursues;
At length, in Neptune's wide dominions lost,
Surveys the shining billows, that arise
Apparell'd each in Phœbus bright attire:
Or from afar some tall majestic ship,
Or the long hostile lines of threat'ning fleets,
Which o'er the bright uneven mirror sweep,
In dazzling gold, and waving purple deck'd;
Such as of old when haughty Athens pour
Their hideous front and terrible array
Against Pallene's coast extended wide,
And with tremendous war, and battle stern
The trembling walls of Potidæa shook.
Crested with pendants curling with the breeze,
The upright masts high bristle in the air,
Aloft exalting proud their gilded heads.
The silver waves against the painted prows
Raise their resplendent bosoms, and impearl
The fair vermilion with their glist'ring drops:
And from on board the iron-clothed host
Around the main a gleaming horrour cast;
Each flaming buckler like the midday Sun,
Each plumed helmet like the silver Moon,
Each moving gauntlet like the lightning's blaze,
And like a star each brazen pointed spear.
But lo! the sacred, high-erected fanes,
Fair citadels, and marble-crowned towers,
And sumptuous palaces of stately towns
Magnificent arise, upon their heads
Bearing on high a wreath of silver light.
But see, my Muse, the high Pierian hill,
Behold its shaggy locks, and airy top.
Up to the skies th' imperious mountain heaves;
The shining verdure of the nodding woods.
See where the silver Hippocrene flows,
Behold each glitt'ring rivulet and rill
Through mazes wander down the green descent,
And sparkle through the interwoven trees.
Here rest awhile, and humble homage pay,
Here, where the sacred genius, that inspir'd
Sublime Mæonides, and Pindar's breast,
His habitation once was fam'd to hold.
Here, thou, O Homer, offer'dst up thy vows;
Thee, the kind Muse Calliopæa heard,
And led thee to the empyrean seats,
There manifested to thy hallow'd eyes
The deeds of gods; thee wise Minerva taught
The wondrous art of knowing human kind;
Harmonious Phœbus tun'd thy heav'nly mind,
And swell'd to rapture each exalted sense;
Even Mars, the dreadful battle-ruling god,

Mars taught thee war, and with his bloody hand
Instructed thine, when in thy sounding lines
We hear the rattling of Bellona's car,
The yell of discord, and the din of arms.
Pindar, when mounted on his fiery steed,
Soars to the Sun, opposing, eagle-like,
His eyes undazzled to the fiercest rays.
He firmly seated, not like Glaucus' son,
Strides his swift-winged and fire-breathing horse,
And borne aloft strikes with his ringing hoofs
The brazen vault of Heav'n, superior there
Looks down upon the stars, whose radiant light
Illuminates innumerable worlds,
That through eternal orbits roll beneath.
But thou, all hail! immortalized son
Of harmony, all hail! thou Thracian bard,
To whom Apollo gave his tuneful lyre!
O might'st thou, Orpheus, now again revive,
And Newton should inform thy list'ning ear,
How the soft notes, and soul-enchanting strains
Of thy own lyre, were on the wind convey'd.
He taught the Muse, how sound progressive floats
Upon the waving particles of air,
When harmony in ever-pleasing strains,
Melodious melting at each lulling fall,
With soft alluring penetration steals
Through the enraptur'd ear to inmost thought,
And folds the senses in its silken bands.
So the sweet music, which from Orpheus' touch,
And fam'd Amphion's, on the sounding string
Arose harmonious, gliding on the air,
Pierc'd the tough-bark'd and knotty-ribbed woods,
Into their saps soft inspiration breath'd,
And taught attention to the stubborn oak.
Thus when great Henry, and brave Marlb'rough led
Th' embattled numbers of Britannia's sons,
The trump, that swells th' expanded cheek of Fame,
That adds new vigour to the gen'rous youth,
And rouses sluggish cowardice itself,
The trumpet, with its Mars-inciting voice
The wind's broad breast impetuous sweeping o'er,
Fill'd the big note of war. Th' inspir'd host
With new-born ardour press the trembling Gaul;
Nor greater throngs had reach'd eternal night,
Not if the fields of Agincourt had yawn'd,
Exposing horrible the gulf of Fate;
Or roaring Danube spread his arms abroad,
And overwhelm'd their legions with his floods.
But let the wand'ring Muse at length return;
Nor yet, angelic genius of the Sun,
In worthy lays her high-attempting song
Has blazon'd forth thy venerated name.
Then let her sweep the loud-resounding lyre
Again, again o'er each melodious string
Teach harmony to tremble with thy praise.
And still thine ear, O favourable grant,
And she shall tell thee, that whatever charms,
Whatever beauties bloom on Nature's face,
Proceed from thy all-influencing light.
That when arising with tempestuous rage,
The North, impetuous, rides upon the clouds
Dispensing round the Heav'ns obstructive gloom,
And with his dreaded prohibition stays
The kind effusion of thy genial beams:
Pale are the rubies on Aurora's lips,
No more the roses blush upon her cheeks,
Black are Peneus' streams and golden sands;
In Tempé's vale dull Melancholy sits,
And ev'ry flower reclines its languid head.
By what high name shall I invoke thee, say,

Thou life-infusing deity, on thee
I call, and look propitious from on high,
While now to thee I offer up my prayer.
O had great Newton, as he found the cause,
By which sound rolls through th' undulating air,
O had he, baffling Time's resistless power,
Discover'd what that subtle spirit is,
Or whatsoe'er diffusive else is spread
Over the wide extended universe,
Which causes bodies to reflect the light,
And from their straight direction to divert
The rapid beams, that through their surface pierce.
But since embrac'd by th' icy arms of age,
And his quick thought by Time's cold hand congeal'd,
Ev'n Newton left unknown this hidden power:
Thou from the race of human kind select
Some other worthy of an angel's care,
With inspiration animate his breast,
And him instruct in these thy secret laws.
O let not Newton, to whose spacious view,
Now unobstructed, all th' extensive scenes
Of the ethereal Ruler's works arise;
When he beholds this Earth he late adorn'd,
Let him not see Philosophy in tears,
Like a fond mother, solitary sit,
Lamenting him, her dear, and only child.
But as the wise Pythagoras, and he,
Whose birth with pride the fam'd Abdera boasts,
With expectation having long survey'd
This spot, their ancient seat, with joy beheld
Divine Philosophy at length appear
In all her charms majestically fair,
Conducted by immortal Newton's hand:
So may he see another sage arise,
That shall maintain her empire: then no more
Imperious Ignorance with haughty sway
Shall stalk rapacious o'er the ravag'd globe:
Then thou, O Newton, shalt protect these lines,
The humble tribute of the grateful Muse;
Ne'er shall the sacrilegious hand despoil
Her laurell'd temples, whom his name preserves:
And were she equal to the mighty theme,
Futurity should wonder at her song:
Time should receive her with extended arms,
Seat her conspicuous in his rolling car,
And bear her down to his extremest bound.
Fables with wonder tell how Terra's sons
With iron force unloos'd the stubborn nerves
Of hills, and on the cloud-enshrouded top
Of Pelion Ossa pil'd. But if the vast
Gigantic deeds of savage strength demand
Astonishment from men, what then shalt thou,
O what expressive rapture of the soul,
When thou before us, Newton, dost display
The labours of thy great excelling mind;
When thou unveilest all the wondrous scene,
The vast idea of th' eternal King,
Nor dreadful bearing in his angry arm
The thunder hanging o'er our trembling heads;
But with th' effulgency of love replete,
And clad with power, which form'd th' extensive Heav'ns.
O happy he, whose enterprising hand
Unbars the golden and reluctant gates
Of th' empyrean dome, where thou enthron'd,
Philosophy, art seated. Thou, sustain'd
By the firm hand of everlasting Truth,
Despisest all the injuries of Time:
Thou never know'st decay when, all around,
Antiquity obscures her head. Behold
Th' Egyptian towers, the Babylonian walls,
And Thebes, with all her hundred gates of brass,
Behold them scatter'd like the dust abroad.
Whatever now is flourishing and proud,
Whatever shall, must know devouring age.
Euphrates' stream, and seven-mouthed Nile,
And Danube, thou that from Germania's soil
To the black Euxine's far remoted shore,
O'er the wide bounds of mighty nations sweep'st
In thunder loud thy rapid floods along,
Ev'n you shall feel inexorable time:
To you the fatal day shall come; no more
Your torrents then shall shake the trembling ground,
No longer then to inundations swell'n,
Th' imperious waves the fertile pastures drench,
But shrunk within a narrow channel glide;
Or through the year's reiterated course, [streams,
When Time himself grows old, your wondrous
Lost ev'n to memory, shall lie unknown
Beneath obscurity and chaos whelm'd.
But still thou, Sun, illuminatest all
The azure regions round, thou guidest still
The orbits of the planetary spheres;
The Moon still wanders o'er her changing course,
And still, O Newton, shall thy name survive
As long as Nature's hand directs the world,
When ev'ry dark obstruction shall retire,
And ev'ry secret yield its hidden store,
Which thee dim-sighted age forbade to see,
Age that alone could stay thy rising soul.
And could mankind among the fixed stars,
Ev'n to th' extremest bounds of knowledge reach,
To those unknown, innumerable suns,
Whose light but glimmers from those distant worlds,
Ev'n to those utmost boundaries, those bars
That shut the entrance of th' illumin'd space,
Where angels only tread the vast unknown,
Thou ever shouldst be seen immortal there:
In each new sphere, each new-appearing sun,
In furthest regions at the very verge
Of the wide universe shouldst thou be seen.
And lo! th' all-potent goddess, Nature, takes
With her own hand thy great, thy just reward
Of immortality; aloft in air
See she displays, and with eternal grasp
Uprears the trophies of great Newton's fame.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

As near Porto-Bello [1] lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;

[1] The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this. In April, 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos near Porto-Bello, but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that station until he became the jest of the Spaniards: he afterwards removed to Carthagena, and continued cruizing in these seas, till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy cli-

There while Vernon sat all-glorious
From the Spaniard's late defeat;
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard:
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocs shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the Moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their watry grave:
O'er the glimm'ring wave he hy'd him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

"Heed, O heed, our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
You, who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was lost;
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

"See these mournful spectres, sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;
These were English captains brave:
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold,
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright:
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight:
O! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion,
To have quell'd the pride of Spain.

"For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achiev'd with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

"Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom;
To have fall'n, my country crying
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

"Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

"Hence, with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe:
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

"O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request.
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England sham'd in me."

mate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. See Smollet's Hist.

The following song is commonly accompanied with a second part, or answer, which, being of inferior merit, and apparently written by another hand, hath been rejected. Percy.

LONDON:

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF COMMERCE.

Ye northern blasts, and Eurus [1], wont to sweep
With rudest pinions o'er the furrow'd waves,
Awhile suspend your violence, and waft
From sandy Weser [2] and the broad-mouth'd Elb
My freighted vessels to the destin'd shore,
Safe o'er th' unruffled main; let every thought,
Which may disquiet and alarm my breast,
Be absent now; that, dispossess'd of care,
And free from every tumult of the mind,
With each disturbing passion hush'd to peace,
I may pour all my spirit on the theme,
Which opens now before me, and demands
The loftiest strain. The eagle, when he tow'rs
Beyond the clouds, the fleecy robes of Heav'n,
Disdains all objects but the golden Sun,
Full on th' effulgent orb directs his eye,
And sails exulting through the blaze of day;
So, while her wing attempts the boldest flight,
Rejecting each inferior theme of praise,
Thee, ornament of Europe, Albion's pride,
Fair seat of wealth and freedom, thee my Muse
Shall celebrate, O London: thee she hails.
Thou lov'd abode of Commerce, last retreat,

[1] The east wind.

[2] Bremen is situated on the Weser, and Hamburgh on the Elb.

Whence she contemplates with a tranquil mind
Her various wanderings from the fated hour
That she abandon'd her maternal clime;
Neptunian Commerce, whom Phœnice bore,
Illustrious nymph, that nam'd the fertile plains
Along the sounding main extended far,
Which flowery Carmel with its sweet perfumes,
And with its cedars Libanus o'ershades:
Her from the bottom of the watry world,
As once she stood, in radiant beauties grac'd,
To mark the heaving tide, the piercing eye
Of Neptune view'd enamour'd: from the deep
The god ascending rushes to the beach,
And clasps th' affrighted virgin. From that day,
Soon as the paly regent of the night
Nine times her monthly progress had renew'd
Through Heaven's illumin'd vault, Phœnice, led
By shame, once more the sea-worn margin sought:
There pac'd with painful steps the barren sands,
A solitary mourner, and the surge,
Which gently roll'd beside her, now no more
With placid eyes beholding, thus exclaim'd:
"Ye fragrant shrubs and cedars, lofty shade,
Which crown my native hills, ye spreading palms,
That rise majestic on these fruitful meads,
With you, who gave the lost Phœnice birth,
And you, who bear th' endearing name of friends,
Once faithful partners of my chaster hours,
Farewell! To thee, perfidious god, I come,
Bent down with pain and anguish on thy sands,
I come thy suppliant: death is all I crave;
Bid thy devouring waves inwrap my head,
And to the bottom whelm my cares and shame!"
She ceas'd, when sudden from th' enclosing deep
A crystal car emerg'd, with glitt'ring shells,
Cull'd from their oozy beds by Tethys' train,
And blushing coral deck'd, whose ruddy glow
Mix'd with the watry lustre of the pearl.
A smiling band of sea-born nymphs attend,
Who from the shore with gentle hands convey
The fear-subdu'd Phœnice, and along
The lucid chariot place. As there with dread
All mute, and struggling with her painful throes
She lay, the winds by Neptune's high command
Were silent round her; not a zephyr dar'd
To wanton o'er the cedar's branching top.
Nor on the plain the stately palm was seen
To wave its graceful verdure; o'er the main
No undulation broke the smooth expanse,
But all was hush'd and motionless around,
All but the lightly-sliding car, impell'd
Along the level azure by the strength
Of active Tritons, rivaling in speed
The rapid meteor, whose sulphureous train
Glides o'er the brow of darkness, and appears
The livid ruins of a falling star.
Beneath the Lybian skies, a blissful isle,
By Triton's [3] floods encircled, Nysa lay.
Here youthful Nature wanton'd in delights,
And here the guardians of the bounteous horn,
While it was now the infancy of time,
Nor yet th' uncultivated globe had learn'd
To smile, Eucarpè [4], Dapsilèa [5], dwelt,
With all the nymphs, whose sacred care had nurs'd
The eldest Bacchus. From the flow'ry shore
A turf-clad valley opens, and along
Its verdure mild the willing feet allures;
While on its sloping sides ascends the pride
Of hoary groves, high-arching o'er the vale
With day-rejecting gloom. The solemn shade
Half round a spacious lawn at length expands,
Clos'd by a tow'ring cliff [6], whose forehead glows
With azure, purple, and ten thousand dyes,
From its resplendent fragments beaming round;
Nor less irradiate colours from beneath
On every side an ample grot reflects,
As down the perforated rock the Sun
Pours his meridian blaze! ever'd abode
Of Nysa's nymphs, with every plant attir'd
That wears undying green, refresh'd with rills
From ever-living fountains, and enrich'd
With all Pomona's bloom: unfading flowers
Glow on the mead, and spicy shrubs perfume
With inexhausted sweets the cooling gale,
Which breathes incessant there; while every bird
Of tuneful note his gay or plaintive song
Blends with the warble of meandring streams,
Which o'er their pebbled channels murm'ring lav
The fruit-invested hills that rise around.
The gentle Nereids to this calm recess
Phœnice bear; nor Dapsilèa bland,
Nor good Eucarpè, studious to obey
Great Neptune's will, their hospitable care
Refuse; nor long Lucina is invok'd.
Soon as the wondrous infant sprung to day,
Earth rock'd around; with all their nodding woods,
And streams reverting to their troubled source,
The mountain shook, while Lybia's neighb'ring god,
Mysterious Ammon, from his hollow cell
With deep resounding accent thus to Heaven,
To Earth, and sea, the mighty birth proclaim'd:
"A new-born power behold! whom Fate hath call'd
The god's imperfect labour to complete
This wide creation. She in lonely sands
Shall bid the tower-encircled city rise,
The barren sea shall people, and the wilds
Of dreary Nature shall with plenty clothe;
She shall enlighten man's unletter'd race,
And with endearing intercourse unite
Remotest nations, scorch'd by sultry suns,
Or freezing near the snow-encrusted pole:
Where'er the joyous vine disdains to grow,
The fruitful olive, or the golden ear;
Her hand divine, with interposing aid
To every climate shall the gifts supply
Of Ceres, Bacchus, and the Athenian maid [7];
The graces, joys, emoluments of life,
From her exhaustless bounty all shall flow."
The heavenly prophet ceas'd. Olympus heard
Straight from their star-bespangled thrones descen
On blooming Nysa a celestial band,
The ocean's lord to honour in his child;
When, o'er his offspring smiling, thus began
The trident ruler. "Commerce be thy name:
To thee I give the empire of the main,
From where the morning breathes its eastern gale
To th' undiscover'd limits of the west,
From chilling Boreas to extremest south
Thy sire's obsequious billows shall extend
Thy universal reign." Minerva next

[3] Triton, a river and lake of ancient Lybia.
[4] Fruitfulness.
[5] Plenty.
[6] This whole description of the rock and grotto is taken from Diod. Siculus, lib. 3. p. 202.
[7] Minerva, the tutelary goddess of the Athenians, to whom she gave the olive.

With wisdom blest her, Mercury with art,
The Lemnian god,[8] with industry, and last
Majestic Phœbus, o'er the infant long
In contemplation pausing, thus declar'd
From his enraptur'd lip his matchless boon:
"Thee with divine invention I endow,
That secret wonder, goddess, to disclose,
By which the wise, the virtuous, and the brave,
The heaven-taught poet and exploring sage
Shall pass recorded to the verge of time."[9]
Her years of childhood now were number'd o'er,
When to her mother's natal soil repair'd
The new divinity, whose parting step
Her sacred nurses follow'd, ever now
To her alone inseparably join'd;
Then first deserting their Nyseian shore
To spread their hoarded blessings round the world;
Who with them bore the inexhausted horn
Of ever-smiling Plenty. Thus adorn'd,
Attended thus, great goddess, thou beganst
Thy all-enlivening progress o'er the globe,
Then rude and joyless, destin'd to repair
The various ills which earliest ages rue'd
From one, like thee, distinguish'd by the gifts
Of Heaven, Pandora, whose pernicious hand
From the dire vase releas'd th' imprison'd woes.
Thou, gracious Commerce, from his cheerless caves
In horrid rocks and solitary woods,
The helpless wand'rer, man, forlorn and wild,
Didst charm to sweet society; didst cast
The deep foundations, where the future pride
Of mightiest cities rose, and o'er the main
Before the wond'ring Nereids didst present
The surge-dividing keel, and stately mast,
Whose canvass wings, distending with the gale,
The bold Phœnician through Alcides' straits,
To northern Albion's tin-embowel'd fields,
And oft beneath the sea-obscuring brow
Of cloud-envelop'd Teneriff, convey'd.
Next in sagacious thought th' ethereal plains
Thou trodst, exploring each propitious star
The danger-braving mariner to guide;
Then all the latent and mysterious powers
Of number didst unravel: last to crown
Thy bounties, goddess, thy unrival'd toils
For man, still urging thy inventive mind,
Thou gav'st him letters[9]; there imparting all,
Which lifts the noble spirit near to Heaven,
Laws, learning, wisdom, Nature's works reveal'd
By godlike sages, all Minerva's arts,
Apollo's music, and th' eternal voice
Of Virtue sounding from the historic roll,
The philosophic page, and poet's song.
Now solitude and silence from the shores
Retreat on pathless mountains to reside,
Barbarity is polish'd, infant arts
Bloom in the desert, and benignant peace
With hospitality begin to soothe
Unsocial rapine, and the thirst of blood;
As from his tumid urn when Nilus spreads
His genial tides abroad, the favour'd soil
That joins his fruitful border, first imbibes
The kindly stream: anon the bounteous god
His waves extends, embracing Egypt round,
Dwells on the teeming champaign, and endows
The sleeping grain with vigour to attire
In one bright harvest all the Pharian plains:
Thus, when Pygmalion from Phœnician Tyre
Had banish'd freedom, with disdainful steps
Indignant Commerce, turning from the walls
Herself had rais'd, her welcome sway enlarg'd
Among the nations, spreading round the globe
The fruits of all its climes; Cecropian[10] oil,
The Thracian vintage, and Panchaian gums,
Arabia's spices, and the golden grain,
Which old Osiris to his Egypt gave,
And Ceres to Sicania[11]. Thou didst raise
Th' Ionian name, O Commerce, thou the domes
Of sumptuous Corinth, and the ample round
Of Syracuse didst people.——All the wealth
Now thou assemblest from Iberia's mines,
And golden-channell'd Tagus, all the spoils
From fair Trinacria[12] wafted, all the powers
Of conquer'd Afric's tributary realms
To fix thy empire on the Lybian verge,
Thy native tract; the nymphs of Nysa hail
Thy glad return, and echoing joy resounds
O'er Triton's sacred waters, but in vain:
The irreversible decrees of Heaven
To far more northern regions had ordain'd
Thy lasting seat: in vain th' imperial port
Receives the gather'd riches of the world:
In vain whole climates bow beneath its rule;
Behold the toil of centuries to Rome
Its glories yields, and mould'ring leaves no trace
Of its deep-rooted greatness; thou with tears
From thy extinguish'd Carthage didst retire,
And these thy perish'd honours long deplore.
What though rich Gades[13], what though polish'd Rhodes,
With Alexandria, Egypt's splendid mart,
The learn'd Massylians[14], and Ligurian[15] towers,
What though the potent Hanseatic league,
And Venice, mistress of the Grecian isles,
With all the Ægean floods, awhile might soothe
The sad remembrance; what though, led through climes
And seas unknown, with thee th' advent'rous sons
Of Tagus[16] pass'd the stormy cape, which braves
The huge Atlantic; what though Antwerp grew
Beneath thy smiles, and thou propitious there
Didst shower thy blessings with unsparing hands;
Still on thy grief-indented heart impress'd
The great Amilcar's valour, still the deeds
Of Asdrubal and Mago, still the loss
Of thy unequal Annibal remain'd:
Till from the sandy mouths of echoing Rhine,
And sounding margin of the Scheld and Maese,
With sudden roar the angry voice of War
Alarm'd thy languor; wonder turn'd thy eye.
Lo! in bright arms a bold militia stood,
Arrang'd for battle: from afar thou saw'st

[8] Vulcan, the tutelary deity of Lemnos.

[9] Here the opinion of sir Isaac Newton is followed, that letters were first invented amongst the trading parts of the world.

[10] Athenian. Athens was called Cecropia from Cecrops its first king.

[11] Sicily.

[12] Another name of Sicily, which was frequently ravaged by the Carthaginians.

[13] Cadiz.

[14] Marseilles, a Grecian colony, the most civilized, as well as the greatest trading city of ancient Gaul.

[15] Genoa.

[16] The Portuguese discovered the Cape of Good Hope in 1487.

The snowy ridge of Appenine, the fields
Of wild Calabria, and Pyrene's hills,
The Guadiana, and the Duro's banks,
And rapid Ebro, gath'ring all their powers
To crush this daring populace. The pride
Of fiercest kings with more inflam'd revenge
Ne'er menac'd freedom; nor since dauntless Greece,
And Rome's stern offspring, none hath e'er surpass'd
The bold Batavian [17] in his glorious toil
For liberty, or death. At once the thought
Of long-lamented Carthage flies thy breast,
And ardent, goddess, thou dost speed to save
The generous people. Not the vernal showers,
Distilling copious from the morning clouds,
Descend more kindly on the tender flower,
New-born and opening on the lap of Spring,
Than on this rising state thy cheering smile
And animating presence; while on Spain,
Prophetic thus, thy indignation broke:
"Insatiate race! the shame of polish'd lands!
Disgrace of Europe! for inhuman deeds
And insolence renown'd! what demon led
Thee first to plough the undiscover'd surge,
Which lav'd an hidden world? whose malice taught
Thee first to taint with rapine, and with rage,
With more than savage thirst of blood, the arts,
By me for gentlest intercourse ordain'd,
For mutual aids, and hospitable ties
From shore to shore? or, that pernicious hour,
Was Heaven disgusted with its wondrous works,
That to thy fell exterminating hand
Th' immense Peruvian empire it resign'd,
And all, which lordly Montezuma [18] sway'd?
And com'st thou, strengthen'd with the shining stores
Of that gold-teeming hemisphere, to waste
The smiling fields of Europe, and extend
Thy bloody shackles o'er these happy seats
Of liberty? Presumptuous nation, learn,
From this dire period shall thy glories fade,
Thy slaughter'd youth shall fatten Belgium's sands,
And Victory against her Albion's cliffs
Shall see the blood-empurpled ocean dash
Thy weltering hosts, and stain the chalky shore:
Ev'n those, whom now thy impious pride would bind
In servile chains, hereafter shall support
Thy weaken'd throne; when Heaven's afflicting hand
Of all thy power despoils thee, when alone
Of all, which e'er hath signaliz'd thy name,
Thy insolence and cruelty remain."
Thus with her clouded visage, wrapt in frowns,
The goddess threaten'd, and the daring train
Of her untam'd militia, torn with wounds,
Despising Fortune, from repeated foils
More fierce, and braving Famine's keenest rage,
At length through deluges of blood she led
To envied greatness; ev'n while clamorous Mars
With loudest clangour bade his trumpet shake
The Belgian champaign, she their standard rear'd
On tributary Java, and the shores
Of huge Borneo; thou, Sumatra, heard'st
Her naval thunder, Ceylon's trembling sons
Their fragrant stores of cinnamon resign'd,
And odour-breathing Ternate and Tidore
Their spicy groves. And O whatever coast
The Belgians trace, where'er their power is spread,
To hoary Zembla, or to Indian suns,
Still thither be extended thy renown,
O William, pride of Orange, and ador'd
Thy virtues, which, disdaining life, or wealth,
Or empire, whether in thy dawn of youth,
Thy glorious noon of manhood, or the night,
The fatal night of death [19], no other care
Besides the public own'd. And dear to fame
Be thou, harmonious Douza [20]; every Muse,
Your laurel strow around this hero's urn,
Whom fond Minerva grac'd with all her arts,
Alike in letters and in arms to shine,
A dauntless warrior, and a learned bard.
Him Spain's surrounding hosts for slaughter mark'd,
With massacre yet reeking from the streets
Of blood-stain'd Harlem: he on Leyden's tow'rs,
With Famine his companion, wan, subdu'd
In outward form, with patient virtue stood
Superior to despair; the heavenly Nine
His suffering soul with great examples cheer'd
Of memorable bards, by Mars adorn'd
With wreaths of fame; Œagrus' [21] tuneful son,
Who with melodious praise to noblest deeds
Charm'd the Iölchian heroes, and himself
Their danger shar'd; Tyrtæus [22], who reviv'd
With animating verse the Spartan hopes;
Brave Æschylus [23] and Sophocles [24], around
Whose sacred brows the tragic ivy twin'd,
Mix'd with the warrior's laurel; all surpass'd
By Douza's valour: and the generous toil,
His and his country's labours soon receiv'd
Their high reward, when favouring Commerce rais'd
Th' invincible Batavians, till, rever'd
Among the mightiest, on the brightest roll
Of fame they shone, by splendid wealth and power
Grac'd and supported; thus a genial soil
Diffusing vigour through the infant oak,
Affords it strength to flourish, till at last
Its lofty head, in verdant honours clad,
It rears amidst the proudest of the grove.
Yet here th' eternal Fates thy last retreat
Deny, a mightier nation they prepare
For thy reception, sufferers alike
By th' unremitted insolence of power
From reign to reign, nor less than Belgium known
For bold contention oft on crimson fields,
In free-tongu'd senates oft with nervous laws
To circumscribe, or conquering to depose
Their sceptre'd tyrants: Albion, sea-embrac'd,
The joy of freedom, dread of treacherous kings,
The destin'd mistress of the subject main,
And arbitress of Europe, now demands
Thy presence, goddess. It was now the time,

[17] The Dutch.

[18] Montezuma, emperor of Mexico.

[19] He was assassinated at Delf. His dying words were, "Lord, have mercy upon this people." See Grot. de Bell. Belg.

[20] Janus Douza, a famous poet, and the most learned man of his time. He commanded in Leyden when it was so obstinately besieged by the Spaniards in 1570. See Meursii Athen. Bat.

[21] Orpheus, one of the Argonauts, who set sail from Iölchos, a town in Thessalia.

[22] When the Spartans were greatly distressed in the Messenian war, they applied to the Athenians for a general, who sent them the poet Tyrtæus.

[23] Æschylus, one of the most ancient tragic poets, who signalized himself in the battles of Marathon and Salamis.

[24] Sophocles commanded his countrymen the O Athenians, in several expeditions.

Ere yet perfidious Cromwell dar'd profane
The sacred senate, and with impious feet
Tread on the powers of magistrates and laws,
While every arm was chill'd with cold amaze,
Nor one in all that dauntless train was found
To pierce the ruffian's heart; and now thy name
Was heard in thunder through th' affrighted shores
Of pale Iberia, of submissive Gaul,
And Tagus, trembling to his utmost source.
O ever faithful, vigilant, and brave,
Thou bold assertor of Britannia's fame,
Unconquerable Blake: propitious Heaven
At this great era, and the sage decree [25]
Of Albion's senate, perfecting at once,
What by Eliza [26] was so well begun,
So deeply founded, to this favour'd shore
The goddess drew, where grateful she bestow'd
Th' unbounded empire of her father's floods,
And chose thee, London, for her chief abode,
Pleas'd with the silver Thames, its gentle stream,
And smiling banks, its joy-diffusing hills,
Which, clad with splendour, and with beauty grac'd,
O'erlook his lucid bosom; pleas'd with thee,
Thou nurse of arts, and thy industrious race;
Pleas'd with their candid manners, with their free
Sagacious converse, to inquiry led,
And zeal for knowledge; hence the opening mind
Resigns its errours, and unseals the eye
Of blind Opinion; Merit hence is heard
Amidst its blushes, dawning arts arise,
The gloomy clouds, which ignorance or fear
Spread o'er the paths of Virtue, are dispell'd,
Servility retires, and every heart
With public cares is warm'd; thy merchants hence,
Illustrious city, thou dost raise to fame:
How many names of glory may'st thou trace
From earliest annals down to Barnard's [27] times!
And, O! if like that eloquence divine,
Which forth for Commerce, for Britannia's rights,
And her insulted majesty he pour'd,
These humble measures flow'd, then too thy walls
Might undisgrac'd resound thy poet's name,
Who now all-fearful to thy praise attunes
His lyre, and pays his grateful song to thee,
Thy votary, O Commerce! Gracious Power,
Continue still to hear my vows, and bless
My honourable industry, which courts
No other smile but thine; for thou alone
Can'st wealth bestow with independence crown'd:
Nor yet exclude contemplative repose,
But to my dwelling grant the solemn calm
Of learned leisure, never to reject
The visitation of the tuneful Maids,
Who seldom deign to leave their sacred haunts,
And grace a mortal mansion; thou divide
With them my labours; pleasure I resign,
And all devoted to my midnight lamp,
Ev'n now, when Albion o'er the foaming breast
Of groaning Tethys spreads its threat'ning fleets,
I grasp the sounding shell, prepar'd to sing
That hero's valour, who shall best confound
His injur'd country's foes; ev'n now I feel
Celestial fires descending on my breast,
Which prompt thy daring suppliant to explore,
Why, though deriv'd from Neptune, though rever'd
Among the nations, by the gods endow'd,
Thou never yet from eldest times hast found
One permanent abode; why oft expell'd
Thy favour'd seats, from clime to clime hast borne
Thy wandering steps; why London late hath seen
(Thy lov'd, thy last retreat) despondingcare
O'ercloud thy brow: O listen, while the Muse,
Th' immortal progeny of Jove, unfolds
The fatal cause. What time in Nysa's cave
Th' ethereal train, in honour to thy sire,
Shower'd on thy birth their blended gifts, the power
Of war was absent; hence, unbless'd by Mars
Thy sons relinquish'd arms, on other arts
Intent, and still to mercenary hands
The sword entrusting, vainly deem'd, that wealth
Could purchase lasting safety, and protect
Unwarlike Freedom; hence the Alps in vain
Were pass'd, their long impenetrable snows
And dreary torrents; swoln with Roman dead,
Astonish'd Trebia [28] overflow'd its banks
In vain, and deep-dy'd Trasimenus roll'd
Its crimson waters; Cannæ's signal day
The fame alone of great Amilcar's son
Enlarg'd, while still undisciplin'd, dismay'd,
Her head commercial Carthage bow'd at last
To military Rome: th' unalter'd will
Of Heaven in every climate hath ordain'd,
And every age, that empire shall attend
The sword, and steel shall ever conquer gold.
Then from thy sufferings learn; th' auspicious hour
Now smiles; our wary magistrates have arm'd
Our hands; thou, goddess, animate our breasts
To cast inglorious indolence aside,
That once again, in bright battalions rang'd,
Our thousands and ten thousands may be seen
Their country's only rampart, and the dread
Of wild Ambition. Mark the Swedish hind:
He, on his native soil should danger lour,
Soon from the entrails of the dusky mine
Would rise to arms; and other fields and chiefs
With Helsingburgh [29] and Steinboch soon would share
The admiration of the northern world:
Helvetia's hills behold, th' aërial seat
Of long-supported Liberty, who thence,
Securely resting on her faithful shield,
The warrior's corselet flaming on her breast,
Looks down with scorn on spacious realms, which
In servitude around her, and, her sword [groan
With dauntless skill high-brandishing, defies
The Austrian eagle, and imperious Gaul:
And O could those ill-fated shades arise!
Whose valiant ranks along th' ensanguin'd dust
Of Newbury [30] lay crowded, they could tell,

[25] The act of navigation.

[26] Queen Elizabeth was the first of our princes who gave any considerable encouragement to trade.

[27] Sir John Barnard.

[28] Trebia, Trasimenus lacus, and Cannæ, famous for the victories gained by Hannibal over the Romans.

[29] Helsinburgh, a small town in Schonen, celebrated for the victory which count Steinboch gained over the Danes with an army for the most part composed of Swedish peasants, who had never seen an enemy before: it is remarkable, that the defeated troops were as complete a body of regular forces as any in all Europe.

[30] The London trained bands, and auxiliary regiments, (whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service, beyond the easy practice of their postures in the Artillery Ground, had till then too cheap an estimation) behaved themselves to

How their long-matchless cavalry, so oft
O'er hills of slain by ardent Rupert led,
Whose dreaded standard Victory had wav'd,
Till then triumphant, there with noblest blood
From their gor'd squadrons dy'd the vestive spear
Of London's firm militia, and resign'd
The well-disputed field; then, goddess, say,
Shall we be now more timid, when behold,
The black'ning storm now gathers round our heads,
And England's angry Genius sounds to arms?
For thee, remember, is the banner spread;
The naval tower to vindicate thy rights
Will sweep the curling foam: the thund'ring bomb
Will roar, and startle in the deepest grots
Old Nereus' daughters; with combustion stor'd
For thee our dire volcanos of the main,
Impregnated with horrour, soon will pour
Their flaming ruin round each hostile fleet:
Thou then, great goddess, summon all thy powers,
Arm all thy sons, thy vassals, every heart
Inflame: and you, ye fear-disclaiming race,
Ye mariners of Britain, chosen train
Of Liberty and Commerce, now no more
Secrete your generous valour; hear the call
Of injur'd Albion; to her foes present
Those daring bosoms, which alike disdain
The death-disploding cannon, and the rage
Of warring tempests, mingling in their strife
The seas and clouds: though long in silence hush'd
Hath slept the British thunder; though the pride
Of weak Iberia hath forgot the roar;
Soon shall her ancient terrours be recall'd,
When your victorious shouts affright her shores:
None now ignobly will your warmth restrain,
Nor hazard more indignant Valour's curse,
Their country's wrath, and Time's eternal scorn;
Then bid the Furies of Bellona wake,
And silver-mantled Peace with welcome steps
Anon shall visit your triumphant isle.
And, that perpetual safety may possess
Our joyous fields, thou, Genius, who presid'st
O'er this illustrious city, teach her sons
To wield the noble instruments of war;
And let the great example soon extend
Through every province, till Britannia sees
Her docile millions fill the martial plain.
Then, whatsoe'er our terrours now suggest
Of desolation and th' invading sword;
Though with his massy trident Neptune heav'd
A new-born isthmus from the British deep,
And to its parent continent rejoin'd
Our chalky shore; though Mahomet could league
His powerful crescent with the hostile Gaul,
And that new Cyrus of the conquer'd East,
Who now in trembling vassalage unites
The Ganges and Euphrates, could advance
With his auxiliar host; our warlike youth
With equal numbers[32], and with keener zeal
For children, parents, friends, for England fir'd,
Her fertile glebe, her wealthy towns, her laws,
Her liberty, her honour, should sustain
The dreadful onset, and resistless break
Th' immense array; thus ev'n the lightest thought
E'er to invade Britannia's calm repose,
Must die the moment that auspicious Mars
Her sons shall bless with discipline and arms;
That exil'd race, in superstition nurs'd,
The servile pupils of tyrannic Rome,
With distant gaze despairing shall behold
The guarded splendours of Britannia's crown;
Still from their abdicated sway estrang'd,
With all th' attendants on despotic thrones,
Priests, ignorance, and bonds; with watchful step
Gigantic Terrour, striding round our coast,
Shall shake his gorgon ægis, and the hearts
Of proudest kings appal; to other shores
Our angry fleets, when insolence and wrongs
To arms awaken our vindictive power,
Shall bear the hideous waste of ruthless war;
But liberty, security, and fame,
Shall dwell for ever on our chosen plains.

wonder; and were, in truth, the preservation of that army that day. For they stood as a bulwark and rampire to defend the rest; and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily, that though prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them, and endured the storm of small shot, he could make no impression on their stand of pikes; but was forced to wheel about. Clarend. book vii. page 347.

[32] If the computation, which allots near two millions of fighting men to this kingdom, may be relied on; it is not easy to conceive, how the united force of the whole world could assemble together, and subsist in an enemy's country greater numbers, than they would find opposed to them here.

LEONIDAS.

A POEM.

——— Θανεῖν δ' οἷόν τ' ἀνάγκα,
Τί κε τις ἀνώνυμον γήρας, ἐν σκότῳ
Καθήμενος, ἰψοῖ μάταν, ἀπέστων
Καλῶν ἄμμορος; Pind. Olymp. Od. I.

THE PREFACE.

To illustrate the following poem, to vindicate the subject from the censure of improbability, and to show by the concurring evidence of the best historians, that such disinterested public virtue did once exist, I have thought, it would not be improper to prefix the subsequent narration.

While Darius, the father of Xerxes, was yet on the throne of Persia, Cleomenes and Demaratus were kings in Lacedæmon, both descended from Hercules. Demaratus was unfortunately exposed by an uncertain rumour, which rendered his legitimacy suspected, to the malice and treachery of his colleague, who had conceived a personal resentment against him; for Cleomenes, taking advantage of this report, persuaded the Spartans to examine into the birth of Demaratus, and refer the difficulty to the oracle of Delphi; and was assisted in his perfidious designs by a near relation of Demaratus, named Leutychides, who aspired to succeed him in his dignity. Cleomenes found means to corrupt the priestess of Delphi, who declared Demaratus not legitimate. Thus, by the base practices of his colleague Cleomenes, and of his kinsman Leutychides, Demaratus was expelled

from his regal office in the commonwealth, a Lacedæmonian, distinguished in action and counsel, and the only king of Sparta, who, by obtaining the Olympic prize in the chariot-race, had increased the lustre of his country. He went into voluntary banishment, and, retiring to Asia, was there protected by Darius, while Leutychides succeeded to the regal authority in Sparta. Upon the death of Cleomenes, Leonidas became king, who ruled in conjunction with this Leutychides, when Xerxes, the son of Darius, invaded Greece. The number of land and naval forces which accompanied that monarch, together with the servants, women, and other usual attendants on the army of an eastern prince, amounted to upwards of five millions, as reported by Herodotus, who wrote within a few years after the event, and publicly recited his history at the Olympic games. In this general assembly not only from Greece itself, but from every part of the world, wherever a colony of Grecians was planted, had he greatly exceeded the truth, he must certainly have been detected, and censured by some among so great a multitude; and such a voluntary falsehood must have entirely destroyed that merit and authority, which have procured to Herodotus the veneration of all posterity, with the appellation of the Father of History. On the first news of this attempt on their liberty, a convention, composed of deputies from the several states of Greece, was immediately held at the isthmus of Corinth to consult on proper measures for the public safety. The Spartans also sent messengers to inquire of the oracle at Delphi into the event of the war, who returned with an answer from the priestess of Apollo, that either a king, descended from Hercules, must die, or Lacedæmon would be entirely destroyed. Leonidas immediately offered to sacrifice his life for the preservation of Lacedæmon; and, marching to Thermopylæ, possessed himself of that important pass with three hundred of his countrymen; who, with the forces of some other cities in the Peloponnesus, together with the Thebans, Thespians, and the troops of those states which adjoined to Thermopylæ, composed an army of near eight thousand men.

Xerxes was now advanced as far as Thessalia; when hearing, that a small body of Grecians was assembled at Thermopylæ, with some Lacedæmonians at their head, and among the rest Leonidas, a descendant of Hercules, he dispatched a single horseman before to observe their numbers, and discover their designs. When this horseman approached, he could not take a view of the whole camp, which lay concealed behind a rampart, formerly raised by the Phocians at the entrance of Thermopylæ on the side of Greece; so that his whole attention was engaged by those who were on guard before the wall, and who at that instant chanced to be the Lacedæmonians. Their manner and gestures greatly astonished the Persian. Some were amusing themselves in gymnastic exercises; others were combing their hair; and all discovered a total disregard of him, whom they suffered to depart, and report to Xerxes what he had seen: which appearing to that prince quite ridiculous, he sent for Demaratus, who was with him in the camp, and required him to explain this strange behaviour of his countrymen. Demaratus informed him, that it was a custom among the Spartans to comb down and adjust their hair, when they were determined to fight till the last extremity. Xerxes, notwithstanding, in the confidence of his power, sent ambassadors to the Grecians to demand their arms, to bid them disperse, and become his friends and allies; which proposals being received with disdain, he commanded the Medes and Cissians to seize on the Grecians, and bring them alive into his presence. These nations immediately attacked the Grecians, and were soon repulsed with great slaughter; fresh troops still succeeded; but with no better fortune than the first, being opposed to an enemy not only superior in valour and resolution, but who had the advantage of discipline, and were furnished with better arms both offensive and defensive.

Plutarch in his Laconic Apothegms reports, that the Persian king offered to invest Leonidas with the sovereignty of Greece, provided he would join his arms to those of Persia. This offer was too considerable a condescension to have been made before a trial of their force, and must therefore have been proposed by Xerxes after such a series of ill success, as might probably have depressed the insolence of his temper; and it may be easily admitted, that the virtue of Leonidas was proof against any temptations of that nature. Whether this be a fact or not, thus much is certain, that Xerxes was reduced to extreme difficulties by this resolute defence of Thermopylæ; till he was extricated from his distress by a Malian, named Epialtes, who conducted twenty thousand of the Persian army into Greece through a pass, which lay higher up the country among the mountains of Œta: whereas the passage at Thermopylæ was situated on the sea-shore between those mountains and the Malian bay. The defence of the upper pass had been committed to a thousand Phocians, who upon the first sight of the enemy inconsiderately abandoned their station, and put themselves in array upon a neighbouring eminence; but the Persians wisely avoided an engagement, and with the utmost expedition marched to Thermopylæ.

Leonidas no sooner received information, that the barbarians had passed the mountains, and would soon be in a situation to surround him, than he commanded the allies to retreat, reserving the three hundred Spartans, and four hundred Thebans, whom, as they followed him with reluctance at first, he now compelled to stay. But the Thespians, whose number amounted to seven hundred, would not be persuaded by Leonidas to forsake him. Their commander was Demophilus, and the most eminent amongst them for his valour was Dithyrambus, the son of Harmatides. Among the Lacedæmonians the most conspicuous next to Leonidas was Dieneces, who being told, that the multitude of Persian arrows would obscure the Sun, replied, "the battle would then be in the shade." Two brothers, named Alpheus and Maron, are also recorded for their valour, and were Lacedæmonians. Megistias a priest, by birth an Acarnanian, and held in high honour at Sparta, refused to desert Leonidas, though entreated by him to consult his safety; but sent away his only son, and remained himself behind to die with the Lacedæmonians.

Herodotus relates, that Leonidas drew up his men in the broadest part of Thermopylæ; where, being encompassed by the Persians, they fell with great numbers of their enemies: but Plutarch,

Diodorus Siculus, and others, affirm, that the Grecians attacked the very camp of Xerxes in the night. Both these dispositions are reconcileable to probability. He might have made an attack on the Persian camp in the night, and in the morning withdrawn his forces back to Thermopylæ, where they would be enabled to make the most obstinate resistance, and sell their lives upon the dearest terms. The action is thus described by Diodorus. "The Grecians, having now rejected all thoughts of safety, preferring glory to life, unanimously called on their general to lead them against the Persians, before they could be apprised, that their friends had passed round the mountains. Leonidas embraced the occasion, which the ready zeal of his soldiers afforded, and commanded them forthwith to dine, as men, who were to sup in Elysium. Himself in consequence of this command took a repast, as the means to furnish strength for a long continuance, and to give perseverance in danger. After a short refreshment the Grecians were now prepared, and received orders to assail the enemies in their camp, to put all they met to the sword, and force a passage to the royal pavilion; when, formed into one compact body with Leonidas himself at their head, they marched against the Persians, and entered their camp at the dead of night. The barbarians, wholly unprepared, and blindly conjecturing, that their friends were defeated, and themselves attacked by the united power of Greece, hurry together from their tents with the utmost disorder and consternation. Many were slain by Leonidas and his party, but much greater multitudes by their own troops, to whom in the midst of this blind confusion they were not distinguishable from enemies: for, as night took away the power of discerning truly, and the tumult was spread universally over the camp, a prodigious slaughter must naturally ensue. The want of command, of a watch-word, and of confidence in themselves, reduced the Persians to such a state of confusion, that they destroyed each other without distinction. Had Xerxes continued in the royal pavilion, the Grecians without difficulty might have brought the war to a speedy conclusion by his death; but he at the beginning of the tumult betook himself to flight with the utmost precipitation; when the Grecians, rushing into the tent, put to the sword most of those who were left behind: then, while night lasted, they ranged through the whole camp in diligent search of the tyrant. When morning appeared, the Persians, perceiving the true state of things, held the inconsiderable number of their enemies in contempt; yet were so terrified at their valour, that they avoided a near engagement; but enclosing the Grecians on every side, showered their darts and arrows upon them at a distance, and in the end destroyed their whole body. In this manner fell the Grecians, who under the conduct of Leonidas defended the pass of Thermopylæ. All must admire the virtue of these men, who with one consent, maintaining the post allotted by their country, cheerfully renounced their lives for the common safety of Greece, and esteemed a glorious death more eligible than to live with dishonour. Nor is the consternation of the Persians incredible. Who among those barbarians could have conjectured such an event? Who could have expected, that five hundred men would have dared to attack a million? Wherefore shall not all posterity reflect on the virtue of these men, as the object of imitation, who, though the loss of their lives was the necessary consequence of their undertaking, were yet unconquered in their spirit; and among all the great names, delivered down to remembrance, are the only heroes, who obtained more glory in their fall than others from the brightest victories? With justice may they be deemed the preservers of the Grecian liberty, even preferably to those, who were conquerors in the battles fought afterwards with Xerxes; for the memory of that valour, exerted in the defence of Thermopylæ, for ever dejected the barbarians, while the Greeks were fired with emulation to equal such a pitch of magnanimity. Upon the whole, there never were any before these, who attained to immortality through the mere excess of virtue; whence the praise of their fortitude hath not been recorded by historians only, but hath been celebrated by numbers of poets, among others by Simonides the lyric."

Pausanias, in his Laconics, considers the defence of Thermopylæ by Leonidas, as an action superior to any achieved by his contemporaries, and to all the exploits of preceding ages. "Never," says he, "had Xerxes beheld Greece, and laid in ashes the city of Athens, had not his forces under Hydarnes been conducted through a path over mount Œta; and, by that means encompassing the Greeks, overcome and slain Leonidas." Nor is it improbable, that such a commander at the head of *such troops* should have maintained his post in so narrow a pass, till the whole army of Xerxes had perished by famine. At the same time his navy had been miserably shattered by a storm, and worsted in an engagement with the Athenians at Artemisium.

To conclude, the fall of Leonidas and his brave companions, so meritorious to their country, and so glorious to themselves, hath obtained such a high degree of veneration and applause from passed ages, that few among the ancient compilers of history have been silent on this amazing instance of magnanimity, and zeal for liberty; and many are the epigrams and inscriptions now extant, some on the whole body, others on particulars, who died at Thermopylæ, still preserving their memory in every nation conversant with learning, and at this distance of time still rendering their virtue the object of admiration and of praise.

I shall now detain the reader no longer, than to take this public occasion of expressing my sincere regard for the lord viscount Cobham, and the sense of my obligations for the early honour of his friendship; to him I inscribe the following poem; and herein I should be justified, independent of all personal motives, from his lordship's public conduct, so highly distinguished by his disinterested zeal, and unshaken fidelity to his country, not less in civil life than in the field: to him therefore a poem, founded on a character eminent for military glory, and love of liberty, is due from the nature of the subject.

LEONIDAS.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Xerxes, king of Persia, having drawn together the whole force of his empire, and passed over the Hellespont into Thrace with a design to conquer Greece; the deputies from the several states of that country, who had some time before assembled themselves at the isthmus of Corinth to deliberate on proper measures for resisting the invader, were no sooner apprised of his march into Thrace, than they determined without further delay to dispute his passage at the straits of Thermopylæ, the most accessible part of Greece on the side of Thrace and Thessaly. Alpheus, one of the deputies from Sparta, repairs to that city, and communicates this resolution to his countrymen; who chanced that day to be assembled in expectation of receiving an answer from Apollo, to whom they had sent a messenger to consult about the event of the war. Leutychides, one of their two kings, counsels the people to advance no further than the isthmus of Corinth, which separates the Peloponnesus, where Lacedæmon was situated, from the rest of Greece; but Leonidas, the other king, dissuades them from it. Agis, the messenger, who had been deputed to Delphi, and brother to the queen of Leonidas, returns with the oracle; which denounces ruin to the Lacedæmonians, unless one of their kings lays down his life for the public. Leonidas offers himself for the victim. Three hundred more are appointed, all citizens of Sparta, and heads of families, to accompany and die with him at Thermopylæ. Alpheus returns to the isthmus. Leonidas, after an interview with his queen, departs from Lacedæmon. At the end of six days he encamps near the isthmus, when he is joined by Alpheus; who describes the auxiliaries then waiting at the isthmus, those who are already possessed of Thermopylæ, as also the pass itself; and concludes with relating the captivity of his brother Polydorus in Persia.

The virtuous Spartan, who resign'd his life
To save his country at th' Œtæan straits,
Thermopylæ, when all the peopled east
In arms with Xerxes fill'd the Grecian plains,
O Muse, record. The Hellespont they pass'd,
O'erpow'ring Thrace. The dreadful tidings swift
To Corinth flew. Her isthmus was the seat
Of Grecian council. Alpheus thence returns
To Lacedæmon. In assembly full
He finds the Spartan people with their kings;
Their kings, who boast an origin divine,
From Hercules descended. They, the sons
Of Lacedæmon, had conven'd to learn
The sacred mandates of th' immortal gods,
That morn expected from the Delphian dome.
But Alpheus sudden their attention drew,
And thus address'd them. "For immediate war,
My countrymen, prepare. Barbarian tents
Already fill the trembling bounds of Thrace.
The isthmian council hath decreed to guard
Thermopylæ, the Locrian gate of Greece."
Here Alpheus paus'd. Leutychides, who shar'd
With great Leonidas the sway, uprose
And spake. "Ye citizens of Sparta, hear.
Why from her bosom should Laconia send
Her valiant race to wage a distant war
Beyond the isthmus? There the gods have plac'd
Our native barrier. In this favour'd land,
Which Pelops govern'd, as of Doric blood
That isthmus inaccessible secures.
There let our standards rest. Your solid strength
If once you scatter in defence of states
Remote and feeble, you betray your own,
And merit Jove's derision." With assent
The Spartans heard. Leonidas reply'd.
"O most ungen'rous counsel! Most unwise!
Shall we, confining to that isthmian fence
Our efforts, leave beyond it ev'ry state
Disown'd, expos'd? Shall Athens, while her fleets
Unceasing watch th' innumerable foes,
And trust th' impending dangers of the field
To Sparta's well-known valour, shall she hear,
That to barbarian violence we leave
Her unprotected walls? Her hoary sires,
Her helpless matrons, and their infant race
To servitude and shame? Her guardian gods
Will yet preserve them. Neptune o'er his main
With Pallas, pow'r of wisdom, at their helms
Will soon transport them to a happier clime,
Safe from insulting foes, from false allies,
And eleutherian Jove will bless their flight.
Then shall we feel the unresisted force
Of Persia's navy, deluging our plains
With inexhausted numbers. Half the Greeks,
By us betray'd to bondage, will support
A Persian lord, and lift th' avenging spear
For our destruction. But, my friends, reject
Such mean, such dang'rous counsels, which would blast
Your long-establish'd honours, and assist
The proud invader. O eternal king
Of gods and mortals, elevate our minds!
Each low and partial passion thence expel!
Greece is our gen'ral mother. All must join
In her defence, or sep'rate each must fall."
This said, authority and shame controll'd
The mute assembly. Agis too appear'd.
He from the Delphian cavern was return'd,
Where, taught by Phœbus on Parnassian cliffs,
The Pythian maid unfolded Heav'n's decrees.
He came; but discontent and grief o'ercast
His anxious brow. Reluctant was his tongue,
Yet seem'd full charg'd to speak. Religious dread
Each heart relax'd. On ev'ry visage hung
Sad expectation. Not a whisper told
The silent fear. Intensely all were fix'd,
All still, as death, to hear the solemn tale.
As o'er the western waves, when ev'ry storm
Is hush'd within its cavern, and a breeze,
Soft-breathing, lightly with its wings along
The slacken'd cordage glides, the sailor's ear
Perceives no sound throughout the vast expanse;
None, but the murmurs of the sliding prow,
Which slowly parts the smooth and yielding main:
So through the wide and list'ning crowd no sound,
No voice, but thine, O Agis, broke the air;
While thus the issue of thy awful charge
Thy lips deliver'd. "Spartans, in your name
I went to Delphi. I inquir'd the doom

Of Lacedæmon from th' impending war,
When in these words the deity reply'd.
'*Inhabitants of Sparta, Persia's arms*
Shall lay your proud and ancient seat in dust;
Unless a king, from Hercules deriv'd,
Cause Lacedæmon for his death to mourn'."
As, when the hand of Perseus had disclos'd
The snakes of dire Medusa, all, who view'd
The Gorgon features, were congeal'd to stone,
With ghastly eyeballs, on the hero bent,
And horrour, living in their marble form;
Thus with amazement rooted, where they stood,
In speechless terrour frozen, on their kings
The Spartans gaz'd: but soon their anxious looks
All on the great Leonidas unite,
Long known his country's refuge. He alone
Remains unshaken. Rising, he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, where manly beauty joins
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shine
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel, in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
Serene he cast his looks around, and spake.
"Why this astonishment on ev'ry face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends,
Why do we labour through the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were plac'd
The distant summit; if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But a frown
Of unavailing terrour he assumes
To shake the firmness of a mind, which knows,
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe,
That, wanting liberty, ev'n virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life.
My heart, exulting, answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
The gods allow to many; but to die
With equal lustre is a blessing Jove
Among the choicest of his boons reserves,
Which but on few his sparing hand bestows."
Salvation thus to Sparta he proclaim'd.
Joy, wrapt awhile in admiration, paus'd,
Suspending praise; nor praise at last resounds
In high acclaim to rend the arch of Heav'n:
A reverential murmur breathes applause.
So were the pupils of Lycurgus train'd
To bridle Nature. Public fear was dumb
Before their senate, Ephori and kings,
Nor exultation into clamour broke.
Amidst them rose Dieneces, and thus.
"Haste to Thermopylæ. To Xerxes show
The discipline of Spartans, long renown'd
In rigid warfare, with enduring minds,
Which neither pain, nor want, nor danger bend.
Fly to the gate of Greece, which open stands
To slavery and rapine. They will shrink
Before your standard, and their native seats
Resume in abject Asia. Arm, ye sires,
Who with a growing race have bless'd the state.
That race, your parents, gen'ral Greece forbid
Delay. Heav'n summons. Equal to the cause
A chief behold. Can Spartans ask for more?"
Bold Alpheus next. "Command my swift re-
Amid the isthmian council, to declare [turn
Your instant march." His dictates all approve.
Back to the isthmus he unweary'd speeds.
Now from th' assembly with majesty steps
Forth moves their godlike king, with conscious worth
His gen'rous bosom glowing. Such the port
Of his divine progenitor; impell'd
By ardent virtue, so Alcides trod
Invincible to face in horrid war
The triple form of Geryon, or against
The bulk of huge Antæus match his strength.
Say, Muse, what heroes, by example fir'd,
Nor less by honour, offer'd now to bleed?
Dieneces the foremost, brave and staid,
Of vet'ran skill to range in martial fields
Well-order'd lines of battle. Maron next,
Twin-born with Alpheus, shows his manly frame.
Him Agis follow'd, brother to the queen
Of great Leonidas, his friend, in war
His try'd companion. Graceful were his steps,
And gentle his demeanour. Still his soul
Preserv'd the purest virtue, though refin'd
By arts unknown to Lacedæmon's race.
High was his office. He, when Sparta's weal
Support and counsel from the gods requir'd,
Was sent the hallow'd messenger to learn
Their mystic will, in oracles declar'd,
From rocky Delphi, from Dodona's shade,
Or sea-encircled Delos, or the cell
Of dark Trophonius, round Bœotia known.
Three hundred more complete th' intrepid band,
Illustrious fathers all of gen'rous sons,
The future guardians of Laconia's state.
Then rose Megistias, leading forth his son,
Young Menalippus. Not of Spartan blood
Were they. Megistias, heav'n-enlighten'd seer,
Had left his native Acarnanian shore;
Along the border of Eurotas chose
His place of dwelling. For his worth receiv'd,
And hospitably cherish'd, he the wreath
Pontific bore in Lacedæmon's camp,
Serene in danger, nor his sacred arm
From warlike toil secluding, nor untaught
To wield the sword, and poise the weighty spear.
But to his home Leonidas retir'd.
There calm in secret thought he thus explor'd
His mighty soul, while nature in his breast
A short emotion rais'd. "What sudden grief,
What cold reluctance now unmans my heart,
And whispers, that I fear? Can death dismay
Leonidas; death, often seen and scorn'd,
When clad most dreadful in the battle's front?
Or to relinquish life in all its pride,
With all my honours blooming round my head,
Repines my soul, or rather to forsake,
Eternally forsake my weeping wife,
My infant offspring, and my faithful friends?
Leonidas, awake. Shall these withstand
The public safety? Hark! thy country calls.
O sacred voice, I hear thee. At the sound
Reviving virtue brightens in my heart;
Fear vanishes before her. Death, receive
My unreluctant hand. Immortal Fame,
Thou too, attendant on my righteous fall,
With wings unweary'd wilt protect my tomb."
His virtuous soul the hero had confirm'd,
When Agis enter'd. "If my tardy lips,"
He thus began, "have hitherto forborne
To bring their grateful tribute of applause,
Which, as a Spartan, to thy worth I owe,

Forgive the brother of thy queen. Her grief
Detain'd me from thee. O unequall'd man!
Though Lacedæmon call thy prime regard,
Forget not her, sole victim of distress
Amid the gen'ral safety. To assuage
Such pain fraternal tenderness is weak."
The king embrac'd him, and reply'd. "O best,
O dearest man, conceive not, but my soul
To her is fondly bound, from whom my days
Their largest share of happiness deriv'd.
Can I, who yield my breath, lest others mourn,
Lest thousands should be wretched, when she pines,
More lov'd than any, though less dear than all,
Can I neglect her griefs? In future days,
If thou with grateful memory record
My name and fate, O Sparta, pass not this
Unheeded by. The life, for thee resign'd,
Knew not a painful hour to tire my soul,
Nor were they common joys I left behind."
So spake the patriot, and his heart o'erflow'd
In tend'rest passion. Then in eager haste
The faithful partner of his bed he sought.
Amid her weeping children sat the queen
Immoveable and mute. Her swimming eyes
Bent to the earth. Her arms were folded o'er
Her lab'ring bosom, blotted with her tears.
As, when a dusky mist involves the sky,
The Moon through all the dreary vapours spreads
The radiant vesture of her silver light
O'er the dull face of Nature; so the queen,
Divinely graceful shining through her grief,
Brighten'd the cloud of woe. Her lord approach'd.
Soon, as in gentlest phrase his well-known voice
Awak'd her drooping spirit, for a time
Care was appeas'd. She lifts her languid head.
She gives this utt'rance to her tender thoughts.
"O thou, whose presence is my sole delight;
If thus, Leonidas, thy looks and words
Can check the rapid current of distress,
How am I mark'd for misery! How long!
When of life's journey less than half is pass'd,
And I must hear those calming sounds no more,
Nor see that face, which makes affliction smile."
This said, returning grief o'erwhelms her breast.
Her orphan children, her devoted lord,
Pale, bleeding, breathless on the field of death,
Her ever-during solitude of woe,
All rise in mingled horrour to her sight,
When thus in bitt'rest agony she spake.
"O whither art thou going from my arms!
Shall I no more behold thee! Oh! no more,
In conquest clad, o'erspread with glorious dust,
Wilt thou return to greet thy native soil,
And find thy dwelling joyful! Ah! too brave,
Why wouldst thou hurry to the dreary gates
Of death, uncall'd——Another might have bled,
Like thee a victim of Alcides' race,
Less dear to all, and Sparta been secure.
Now ev'ry eye with mine is drown'd in tears.
All with these babes lament a father lost.
Alas! how heavy is our lot of pain!
Our sighs must last, when ev'ry other breast
Exults in safety, purchas'd by our loss.
Thou didst not heed our anguish—didst not seek
One pause for my instruction how to bear
Thy endless absence, or like thee to die."
Unutterable sorrow here confin'd
Her voice. These words Leonidas return'd.
"I see, I share thy agony. My soul
Ne'er knew, how warm the prevalence of love,
How strong a parent's feelings, till this hour;
Nor was she once insensible to thee
In all her fervour to assert my fame.
How had the honours of my name been stain'd
By hesitation? Shameful life preferr'd
By an inglorious colleague would have left
No choice, but what were infamy to shun,
Not virtue to accept. Then deem no more,
That of thy love regardless, or thy tears,
I rush, uncall'd, to death. The voice of Fate,
The gods, my fame, my country press my doom.
Oh! thou dear mourner! Wherefore swells afresh
That tide of woe? Leonidas must fall.
Alas! far heavier misery impends
O'er thee and these, if, soften'd by thy tears,
I shamefully refuse to yield that breath,
Which justice, glory, liberty, and Heav'n
Claim for my country, for my sons, and thee.
Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
On my paternal fondness. Hath my heart
E'er known a pause in love, or pious care?
Now shall that care, that tenderness, be shown
Most warm, most faithful. When thy husband dies
For Lacedæmon's safety, thou wilt share,
Thou and thy children, the diffusive good.
I am selected by th' immortal gods
To save a people. Should my timid heart
That sacred charge abandon, I should plunge
Thee too in shame, in sorrow. Thou wouldst mourn
With Lacedæmon; wouldst with her sustain
Thy painful portion of oppression's weight.
Behold thy sons now worthy of their name, [pine
Their Spartan birth. Their growing bloom would
Depress'd, dishonour'd, and their youthful hearts
Beat at the sound of liberty no more.
On their own merit, on their father's fame,
When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,
Before the world illustrious will they rise
Their country's bulwark, and their mother's joy."
Here paus'd the patriot. In religious awe
Grief heard the voice of Virtue. No complaint
The solemn silence broke. Tears ceas'd to flow;
Ceas'd for a moment soon again to stream.
Behold, in arms before the palace drawn,
His brave companions of the war demand
Their leader's presence. Then her griefs renew'd,
Surpassing utt'rance, intercept her sighs.
Each accent freezes on her falt'ring tongue.
In speechless anguish on the hero's breast
She sinks. On ev'ry side his children press,
Hang on his knees, and kiss his honour'd hand.
His soul no longer struggles to confine
Her agitation. Down the hero's cheek,
Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe
Amid his children, who enclose him round,
He stands, indulging tenderness and love
In graceful tears, when thus with lifted eyes
Address'd to Heav'n. "Thou ever-living pow'r,
Look down propitious, sire of gods and men!
O to this faithful woman, whose desert
May claim thy favour, grant the hours of peace!
And thou, my bright forefather, seed of Jove,
O Hercules, neglect not these thy race!
But since that spirit I from thee derive
Transports me from them to resistless fate,
Be thou their guardian! Teach them like thyself
By glorious labours to embellish life,
And from their father let them learn to die."
Here ending, forth he issues, and assumes
Before the ranks his station of command.

They now proceed. So mov'd the host of Heav'n
On Phlegra's plains to meet the giant sons
Of Earth and Titan. From Olympus march'd
The deities embattled; while their king
Tow'r'd in the front with thunder in his grasp.
Thus through the streets of Lacedæmon pass'd
Leonidas. Before his footsteps bow
The multitude, exulting. On he treads
Rever'd. Unsated, their enraptur'd sight
Pursues his graceful stature, and their tongues
Extol and hail him as their guardian god.
Firm in his nervous hand he gripes the spear.
Low, as the ankles, from his shoulders hangs
The massy shield; and o'er his burnish'd helm
The purple plumage nods. Harmonious youths,
Around whose brows entwining laurels play,
In lofty-sounding strains his praise record;
While snowy-finger'd virgins all the way
Bestrew with od'rous garlands. Now his breast
Is all possess'd by glory, which dispell'd
Whate'er of grief remain'd, or vain regret
For those he left behind. The rev'rend train
Of Lacedæmon's senate last appear
To take their final, solemn leave, and grace
Their hero's parting steps. Around him flow
In civil pomp their venerable robes,
Mix'd with the blaze of arms. The shining troop
Of warriors press behind him, Maron here
With Menalippus warm in flow'ry prime,
There Agis, there Megistias, and the chief,
Dieneces. Laconia's dames ascend
The loftiest mansions; thronging o'er the roofs,
Applaud their sons, their husbands, as they march:
So parted Argo from th' Iölchian strand
To plough the foaming surge. Thessalia's nymphs,
Rang'd on the cliffs, o'ershading Neptune's face,
Still on the distant vessel fix'd their eyes
Admiring, still in pæans bless'd the helm,
By Greece entrusted with her chosen sons
For high adventures on the Colchian shore.
  Swift on his course Leonidas proceeds.
Soon is Eurotas pass'd, and Lerna's bank,
Where his victorious ancestor subdu'd
The many-headed Hydra, and the lake
To endless fame consign'd. Th' unweary'd bands
Next through the pines of Mænalus he led,
And down Parthenius urg'd the rapid toil.
Six days incessant was their march pursu'd,
When to their ear the hoarse-resounding waves
Beat on the isthmus. Here the tents are spread.
Below the wide horizon then the Sun
Had dipp'd his beamy locks. The queen of night
Gleam'd from the centre of th' ethereal vault,
And o'er the raven plumes of darkness shed
Her placid light. Leonidas detains
Dieneces and Agis. Open stands
The tall pavilion, and admits the Moon.
As here they sit conversing, from the hill,
Which rose before them, one of noble port
Is seen descending. Lightly down the slope
He treads. He calls aloud. They heard, they knew
The voice of Alpheus, whom the king address'd.
  " O thou, with swiftness by the gods endu'd
To match the ardour of thy daring soul,
What from the isthmus draws thee? Do the Greeks
Neglect to arm and face the public foe?"
  " Good news give wings," said Alpheus. " Greece
is arm'd.
The neighb'ring isthmus holds th' Arcadian bands.
From Mantinea, Diophantus leads
Five hundred spears; nor less from Tegea's wall
With Hegesander move. A thousand more,
Who in Orchomenus reside, and range
Along Parrhasius, or Cyllene's brow;
Who near the foot of Erymanthus dwell,
Or on Alphean banks, with various chiefs
Expect thy presence. Most is Clonius fam'd,
Of stature huge, unshaken rock of war.
Four hundred warriors brave Alemæon draws
From stately Corinth's tow'rs. Two hundred march
From Phlius. Them Eupalamus commands.
An equal number of Mycenæ's race
Aristobulus heads. Through fear alone
Of thee, and threat'ning Greece, the Thebans arm.
A few in Thebes authority and rule
Usurp. Corrupted with Barbarian gold,
They quench the gen'rous, eleutherian flame
In ev'ry heart. The eloquent they bribe.
By specious tales the multitude they cheat,
Establishing base measures on the plea
Of public safety. Others are immers'd
In all the sloth of plenty, who, unmov'd
In shameful ease, behold the state betray'd.
Aw'd by thy name, four hundred took the field.
The wily Anaxander is their chief
With Leontiades. To see their march
I staid, then hasten'd to survey the straits,
Which thou shalt render sacred to renown.
  " For ever mingled with a crumbling soil,
Which moulders round th' indented Malian coast,
The sea rolls slimy. On a solid rock,
Which forms the inmost limit of a bay,
Thermopylæ is stretch'd. Where broadest spread,
It measures threescore paces, bounded here
By the salt ooze, which underneath presents
A dreary surface; there the lofty cliffs
Of woody'd Œta overlook the pass,
And far beyond o'er half the surge below
Their horrid umbrage cast. Across the mouth
An ancient bulwark of the Phocians stands,
A wall with gates and tow'rs. The Locrian force
Was marching forward. Them I pass'd to greet
Demophilus of Thespia, who had pitch'd
Seven hundred spears before th' important fence.
His brother's son attends the rev'rend chief,
Young Dithyrambus. He for noble deeds,
Yet more for temperance of mind renown'd,
In early bloom with brightest honours shines
Nor wantons in the blaze." Here Agis spake.
  " Well hast thou painted that illustrious youth.
He is my host at Thespia. Though adorn'd
With various wreaths, by Fame, by Fortune bless'd,
His gentle virtues take from Envy's lips
Their blasting venom; and her baneful eye
Strives on his worth to smile." In silence all
Again remain, when Alpheus thus proceeds.
  " Platæa's chosen veterans I saw,
Small in their number, matchless in their fame.
Diomedon the leader. Keen his sword
At Marathon was felt, where Asia bled.
These guard Thermopylæ. Among the hills,
Unknown to strangers, winds an upper strait,
Which by a thousand Phocians is secur'd.
  " Ere these brave Greeks I quitted, in the bay
A stately chieftain of th' Athenian fleet
Arriv'd. I join'd him. Copious in thy praise
He utter'd rapture, but austerely blam'd
Laconia's tardy counsels; while the ships
Of Athens long had stemm'd Eubœan tides,
Which flow not distant from our future post,

&c

This was the far-fam'd Æschylus, by Mars,
By Phœbus lov'd. Parnassus him proclaims
The first of Attic poets, him the plains
Of Marathon a soldier, try'd in arms."
"Well may Athenians murmur," said the king.
"Too long hath Sparta slumber'd on her shield.
By morn beyond the isthmus we will spread
A gen'rous banner. In Laconian strains
Of Alcman and Terpander lives the fame
Of our forefathers. Let our deeds attract
The brighter Muse of Athens in the song
Of Æschylus divine. Now frame thy choice.
Share in our fate; or, hast'ning home, report,
How much already thy discerning mind,
Thy active limbs have merited from me,
How serv'd thy country." From th' impatient lips
Of Alpheus swift these fervid accents broke.
"I have not measur'd such a tract of land,
Have not, untir'd, beheld the setting Sun,
Nor through the shade of midnight urg'd my steps
To animate the Grecians, that myself
Might be exempt from warlike toil, or death.
Return? Ah! no. A second time my speed
Shall visit thee, Thermopylæ. My limbs
Shall at thy side, Leonidas, obtain
An honourable grave. And oh! amid
His country's perils if a Spartan breast
May feel a private sorrow, fierce revenge
I seek not only for th' insulted state,
But for a brother's wrongs. A younger hope
Than I, and Marom, bless'd our father's years,
Child of his age, and Polydorus nam'd.
His mind, while tender in his op'ning prime,
Was bent to strenuous virtue. Gen'rous scorn
Of pain or danger, taught his early strength
To struggle patient with severest toils.
Oft, when inclement winter chill'd the air,
When frozen show'rs had swoln Eurotus' stream,
Amid th' impetuous channel would he plunge
To breast the torrent. On a fatal day,
As in the sea his active limbs he bath'd,
A savage corsair of the Persian king
My brother naked and defenceless bore,
Ev'n in my sight, to Asia; there to waste
With all the promise of its growing worth
His youth in bondage. Tedious were the tale,
Should I recount my pains, my father's woes,
The days he wept, the sleepless nights he beat
His aged bosom. And shall Alpheus' spear
Be absent from Thermopylæ, nor claim,
O Polydorus, vengeance for thy wrongs
In that first slaughter of the barb'rous foe?"
Here interpos'd Dieneces. Their hands
He grasp'd, and cordial transport thus express'd.
"O that Lycurgus from the shades might rise
To praise the virtue, which his laws inspire!"
Thus till the dead of night these heroes pass'd
The hours in friendly converse, and enjoy'd
Each other's virtue. Happiest of men!
At length with gentle heaviness the pow'r
Of sleep invades their eyelids, and constrains
Their magnanimity and zeal to rest:
When, sliding down the hemisphere, the Moon
Immers'd in midnight shade her silver head.

LEONIDAS.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Leonidas on his approach to the isthmus is met by the leaders of the troops, sent from other Grecian states, and by the deputies who composed the isthmian council. He harangues them; then proceeds in conjunction with these forces towards Thermopylæ. On the first day he is joined by Dithyrambus; on the third he reaches a valley in Locris, where he is entertained by Oïleus, the public host, of the Lacedæmonian state; and the next morning is accompanied by him in a car to the temple of Pan: he finds Medon there, the son of Oïleus, and commander of two thousand Locrians, already posted at Thermopylæ, and by him is informed, that the army of Xerxes is in sight of the pass.

Aurora spreads her purple beams around,
When move the Spartans. Their approach is known.
The isthmian council, and the diff'rent chiefs,
Who lead th' auxiliar bands, advance to meet
Leonidas; Eupalamus the strong,
Alemæon, Clonius, Diophantus brave
With Hegesander. At their head is seen
Aristobulus, whom Mycenæ's ranks
Obey, Mycenæ once august in pow'r,
In splendid wealth, and vaunting still the name
Of Agamemnon. To Laconia's king
The chieftain spake. "Leonidas, survey
Mycenæ's race. Should ev'ry other Greek
Be aw'd by Xerxes, and his eastern host,
Believe not, we can fear, deriv'd from those,
Who once conducted o'er the foaming surge
The strength of Greece; who desert left the fields
Of ravag'd Asia, and her proudest walls
From their foundations levell'd to the ground."
Leonidas replies not, but his voice
Directs to all. "Illustrious warriors, hail!
Who thus undaunted signalize your faith,
Your gen'rous ardour in the common cause.
But you, whose counsels prop the Grecian state,
O venerable synod, who consign
To our protecting sword the gate of Greece,
Thrice hail! Whate'er by valour we obtain,
Your wisdom must preserve. With piercing eyes
Contemplate ev'ry city, and discern
Their various tempers. Some with partial care
To guard their own, neglect the public weal.
Unmov'd and cold are others. Terrour here,
Corruption there presides. O fire the brave
To gen'ral efforts in the gen'ral cause.
Confirm the wav'ring. Animate the cold,
The timid. Watch the faithless. Some betray
Themselves and Greece. Their perfidy prevent,
Or call them back to honour. Let us all
Be link'd in sacred union, and this land
May face the world's whole multitude in arms.
If for the spoil, by Paris borne to Troy,
A thousand keels the Hellespont o'erspread;
Shall not again confederated Greece
Be rous'd to battle, and to freedom give
What once she gave to fame? Behold, we haste

To stop th' invading tyrant. Till we fall,
He shall not pour his myriads on your plains.
But as the gods conceal, how long our strength
May stand unvanquish'd, or how soon may yield;
Waste not a moment, till consenting Greece
Range all her free-born numbers in the field."
Leonidas concluded. Awful stepp'd
Before the sage assembly one supreme
And old in office, who address'd the king.
"Thy bright example ev'ry heart unites.
From thee her happiest omens Greece derives
Of concord, safety, liberty, and fame.
Go then, O first of mortals, go, impress
Amaze and terreur on the barb'rous host;
The free-born Greeks instructing life to deem
Less dear than honour, and their country's cause."
This heard, Leonidas, thy secret soul,
Exulting, tasted of the sweet reward
Due to thy name through endless time. Once more
His eyes he turn'd, and vie•'d in rapt'rous thought
His native land, which he alone can save;
Then summon'd all his majesty, and o'er
The isthmus trod. The phalanx moves behind
In deep arraugement. So th' imperial ship
With stately bulk along the heaving tide
In military pomp conducts the pow'r
Of some proud navy, bounding from the port
To bear the vengeance of a mighty state
Against a tyrant's walls. Till sultry noon
They march; when halting, as they take repast,
Across the plain before them they descry
A troop of Thespians. One above the rest
In eminence precedes. His glitt'ring shield,
Whose gold-emblazon'd orb collects the beams,
Cast by meridian Phœbus from his throne,
Flames like another Sun. A snowy plume,
With wanton curls disporting in the breeze,
Floats o'er his dazzling casque. On nearer view,
Beneath the radiant honours of his crest
A countenance of youth in rosy prime,
And manly sweetness, won the fix'd regard
Of each beholder. With a modest grace
He came respectful tow'rd the king, and show'd,
That all ideas of his own desert
Were sunk in veneration. So the god
Of light salutes his empyreal sire;
When from his altar in th' embow'ring grove
Of palmy Delos, or the hallow'd bound
Of Tenedos, or Claros, where he hears
In hymns his praises from the sons of men,
He reascends the high Olympian seats:
Such reverential homage on his brow,
O'ershading, softens his effulgent bloom
With loveliness and grace. The king receives
Th' illustrious Thespian thus. "My willing tongue
Would style thee Dithyrambus: Thou dost bear
All in thy aspect to become that name,
Renown'd for worth and valour. O reveal
Thy birth, thy charge. Whoe'er thou art, my soul
Desires to know thee, and would call thee friend."
To him the youth. "O bulwark of our weal,
My name is Dithyrambus; which the lips
Of some benevolent, some gen'rous friend
To thee have sounded in a partial strain,
And thou hast heard with favour. In thy sight
I stand, deputed by the Thespian chief,
The Theban, Locrian, by the fam'd in war,
Diomedon, to hasten thy approach.
Three days will bring the hostile pow'rs in view."
He said. The ready standards are uprear'd.
By zeal enforc'd, till ev'ning shadows fall,
The march continues, then by day-spring sweeps
The earliest dews. The van, by Agis led,
Displays the grisly face of battle rough
With spears, obliquely trail'd in dreadful length
Along th' indented way. Beside him march'd
His gallant Thespian host. The centre boasts
Leonidas the leader, who retains
The good Megistias near him. In the rear
Dieneces commanded, who in charge
Kept Menalippus, offspring of his friend,
For these instructions. "Let thine eye, young man,
Dwell on the order of our varying march;
As champaign, valley, mountain, or defile
Require a change. The eastern tyrant thus
Conducts not his barbarians, like the sands
In number. Yet the discipline of Greece
They will encounter feeble, as the sands,
Dash'd on a rock, and scatter'd in their fall."
To him th' inquiring youth. "The martial tread,
The flute's slow warble, both in just accord,
Entrance my senses; but let wonder ask,
Why is that tender vehicle of sound
Preferr'd in war by Sparta? Other Greeks
To more sonorous music rush in fight."
"Son of my friend," Dieneces rejoins,
"Well dost thou note. I praise thee. Sparta's law
With human passions, source of human woes,
Maintains perpetual strife. She sternly curbs
Our infant hearts, till passion yields its seat
To principle and order. Music too,
By Spartans lov'd, is temper'd by the law;
Still to her plan subservient melts in notes,
Which cool and soothe, not irritate and warm.
Thus by habitual abstinence, apply'd
To ev'ry sense, suppressing Nature's fire,
By modes of duty, not by ardour sway'd,
O'er each impetuous enemy abroad,
At home o'er vice and pleasure we prevail."
"O might I merit a Laconian name!"
The Arcanian answer'd. "But explain,
What is the land we traverse? What the hill,
Whose parted summit in a spacious void
Admits a bed of clouds? And gracious tell,
Whose are those suits of armour, which I see
Borne by two Helots?" At the questions pleas'd,
Dieneces continues. "Those belong
To Alpheus and his brother. Light of foot
They, disencumber'd, all at large precede
This pond'rous band. They guide a troop of slaves,
Our missile-weapon'd Helots, to observe,
Provide, forewarn, and obstacles remove.
This tract is Phocis. That divided hill
Is fam'd Parnassus. Thence the voice divine
Was sent by Phœbus, summoning to death
The king of Sparta. From his fruitful blood
A crop will spring of victory to Greece."
"And these three hundred high in birth and rank,
All citizens of Sparta"———cries the youth.
"They all must bleed," Dieneces subjoins,
"All with their leader. So the law decrees."
To him with earnest looks the gen'rous youth.
"Wilt thou not place me in that glorious hour
Close to thy buckler? Gratitude will brace
Thy pupil's arm to manifest the force
Of thy instruction."—"Menalippus, no,"
Return'd the chief. "Not thou of Spartan breed,
Nor call'd to perish. Thou unwedded too
Wouldst leave no race behind thee. Live to praise,
Live to enjoy our salutary fall.

Reply is needless. See, the Sun descends.
The army halts. I trust thee with a charge,
Son of Megistias. In my name command
Th' attendant Helots to erect our camp.
We pitch our tents in Locris." Quick the youth
His charge accomplish'd. From a gen'rous meal,
Where, at the call of Alphens, Locris shower'd
Her Amalthean plenty on her friends,
The fated warriors soon in slumber lose
The memory of toil. His watchful round
Dieneces with Menalippus takes.

The Moon rode high and clear. Her light benign
To their pleas'd eyes a rural dwelling show'd,
All unadorn'd, but seemly. Either side
Was fenc'd by trees high-shadowing. The front
Look'd on a crystal pool, by feather'd tribes
At ev'ry dawn frequented. From the springs
A small redundance fed a shallow brook,
O'er smoothest pebbles rippling just to wake,
Not startle Silence, and the ear of Night
Entice to listen undisturb'd. Around,
The grass was cover'd by reposing sheep,
Whose drowsy guard no longer bay'd the Moon.
The warriors stopp'd, contemplating the seat
Of rural quiet. Suddenly a swain
Steps forth. His fingers touch the breathing reed.
Uprise the fleecy train. Each faithful dog
Is rous'd. All heedful of the wonted sound
Their known conductor follow. Slow behind
Th' observing warriors move. Ere long they reach
A broad and verdant circle, thick enclos'd
With birches straight and tall, whose glossy rind
Is clad in silver from Diana's car.
The ground was holy, and the central spot
An altar bore to Pan. Beyond the orb
Of skreening trees th' external circuit swarm'd
With sheep and beeves, each neighb'ring hamlet's wealth
Collected. Thither soon the swain arriv'd,
Whom, by the name of Melibœus hail'd,
A peasant throng surrounded. As their chief,
He nigh the altar to his rural friends
Address'd these words. "O sent from diff'rent lords
With contribution to the public wants,
Time presses. God of peasants, bless our course!
Speed to the slow-pac'd ox, for once impart!
That o'er these vallies, cool'd by dewy night,
We to our summons true, ere noontide blaze,
May join Oileus, and his praise obtain."

He ceas'd. To rustic madrigals and pipes,
Combin'd with bleating notes, and tinkling bells,
With clamour shrill from busy tongues of dogs,
Or hollow-sounding from the deep-mouth'd ox,
Along the valley herd and flock are driv'n
Successive, halting oft to harmless spoil
Of flow'rs and herbage, springing in their sight.
While Melibœus marshall'd with address
The inoffensive host, unseen in shades
Dieneces applauded, and the youth
Of Menalippus caution'd. "Let no word
Impede the careful peasant. On his charge
Depends our welfare. Diligent and staid
He suits his godlike master. Thou wilt see
That righteous hero soon. Now sleep demands
Our debt to nature. On a carpet dry
Of moss beneath a wholesome beech they lay,
Arm'd as they were. Their slumber short retires
With night's last shadow. At their warning rous'd,
The troops proceed. Th' admiring eye of youth
In Menalippus caught the morning rays
To guide its travel o'er the landscape wide
Of cultivated hillocks, dales, and lawns,
Where mansions, hamlets interpos'd; where domes
Rose to their gods through consecrated shades.
He then exclaims. "O say, can Jove devote
These fields to ravage, those abodes to flames?"

The Spartan answers. "Ravage, sword, and fire
Must be endur'd, as incidental ills.
Suffice it, these invaders, soon or late,
Will leave this soil more fertile by their blood
With spoils abundant to rebuild the fanes.
Precarious benefits are these, thou seest,
So frain'd by Heav'n; but virtue is a good,
No foe can spoil, and lasting to the grave."

Beside the public way an oval fount
Of marble sparkled with a silver spray
Of falling rills, collected from above.
The army halted, and their hollow casques
Dipp'd in the limpid stream. Behind it rose
An edifice, compos'd of native roots,
And oaken trunks of knotted girth unwrought.
Within were beds of moss. Old, batter'd arms
Hung from the roof. The curious chiefs approach.
These words, engraven on a tablet rude,
Megistias reads; the rest in silence hear.
"Yon marble fountain, by Oileus plac'd,
To thirsty lips in living water flows;
For weary steps he frain'd this cool retreat;
A grateful off'ring here to rural peace,
His dinted shield, his helmet he resign'd.
O passenger, if born to noble deeds
Thou wouldst obtain perpetual grace from Jove,
Devote thy vigour to heroic toils,
And thy decline to hospitable cares.
Rest here; then seek Oileus in his vale."

"O Jove," burst forth Leonidas, "thy grace
Is large and various. Length of days and bliss
To him thou giv'st, to me a shorten'd term,
Nor yet less happy. Grateful we confess
Thy diff'rent bounties, measur'd full to both.
Come let us seek Oileus in his vale."

The word is giv'n. The heavy phalanx moves.
The light-pac'd Helots long, ere morning dawn'd,
Had recommenc'd their progress. They o'ertook
Blithe Melibœus in a spacious vale,
The fruitfullest in Locris, ere the Sun
Shot forth his noontide beams. On either side
A surface scarce perceptibly ascends.
Luxuriant vegetation crowds the soil
With trees close-rang'd and mingling. Rich the loads
Of native fruitage to the sight reveal
Their vig'rous nurture. There the flushing peach,
The apple, citron, almond, pear, and date,
Pomegranates, purple mulberry, and fig,
From interlacing branches mix their hues
And scents, the passenger's delight; but leave
In the mid-vale a pasture long and large,
Exuberant in vivid verdure cropp'd
By herds, by flocks innum'rous. Neighb'ring knolls
Are speckled o'er with cots, whose humble roofs
To herdsmen, shepherds, and laborious hinds
Once yielded rest unbroken, till the name
Of Xerxes shook their quiet. Yet this day
Was festive. Swains and damsels, youth and age,
From toil, from home enlarg'd, disporting, fill'd
Th' enliven'd meadow. Under ev'ry shade
A hoary minstrel sat; the maidens danc'd;
Flocks bleated; oxen low'd; the horses neigh'd;
With joy the vale resounded; terrour fled;
Leonidas was nigh. The welcome news

By Melibœus, hast'ning to his lord,
Was loudly told. The Helots too appear'd.
While with his brother Alpheus thus discours'd.
" In this fair valley old Oïleus dwells,
The first of Locrians, of Laconia's state
The public host. You large pavilions mark.
They promise welcome. Thither let us bend,
There tell our charge." This said, they both advance.
A hoary band receives them. One, who seem'd
In rank, in age superior, wav'd his hand
To Melibœus, standing near, and spake.
" By this my faithful messenger I learn,
That you are friends. Nor yet th' invader's foot
Hath pass'd our confines. Else, e'ercast by time,
My sight would scarce distinguish friend, or foe,
A Grecian, or Barbarian." Alpheus then.
" We come from Lacedæmon, of our king
Leonidas forerunners."—" Is he nigh?"
The cordial senior tenderly exclaims.
" I am Oïleus. Him a beardless boy
I knew in Lacedæmon. Twenty years
Are since elaps'd. He scarce remembers me.
But I will feast him, as becomes my zeal,
Him and his army. You, my friends, repose."
They sit. He still discourses. " Spartan guests,
In me an aged soldier you behold.
From Ajax, fam'd in Agamemnon's war,
Oïlean Ajax, flows my vital stream,
Unmix'd with his presumption. I have borne
The highest functions in the Locrian state,
Not with dishonour. Self-dismiss'd, my age
Hath in this valley on my own demesne
Liv'd tranquil, not recluse. My comrades these,
Old magistrates and warriors like myself,
Releas'd from public care, with me retir'd
To rural quiet. Through our last remains
Of time in sweet garrulity we slide,
Recounting pass'd achievements of our prime;
Nor wanting lib'ral means for lib'ral deeds,
Here bless'd, here blessing, we reside. These flocks,
These herds and pastures, these our num'rous hinds,
And poverty, hence exil'd, may divulge
Our generous abundance. We can spread
A banquet for an army. By the state
Once more entreated, we accept a charge,
To age well-suited. By our watchful care
The goddess Plenty in your tents shall dwell."
He scarce had finish'd, when the ensigns broad
Of Lacedæmon's phalanx down the vale
Were seen to wave, unfolding at the sound
Of flutes, soft-warbling in th' expressive mood
Of Dorian sweetness, unadorn'd. Around,
In notes of welcome ev'ry shepherd tun'd
His sprightly reed. The damsels show'd their hair,
Diversify'd with flowrets. Garlands gay,
Rush-woven baskets, glowing with the dies
Of amaranths, of jasmin, roses, pinks,
And violets they carry, tripping light
Before the steps of grimly-featur'd Mars
To blend the smiles of Flora with his frown.
Leonidas they chant in sylvan lays,
Him the defender of their meads and groves,
Him more than Pan a guardian to their flocks.
While Philomela, in her poplar shade
Awaken'd, strains her emulating throat,
And joins with liquid trills the swelling sounds.
Behold, Oïleus and his ancient train
Accost Laconia's king, whose looks and words
Confess remembrance of the Locrian chief.
" Thrice hail! Oïleus, Sparta's noble host.
Thou art of old acquainted with her sons,
Their laws, their manners. Musical, as brave,
Train'd to delight in smooth Terpander's lay,
In Aleman's Dorian measure, we enjoy
In thy melodious vale th' unlabour'd strains
Of rural pipes, to nightingales attun'd.
Our heart-felt gladness deeps the golden age
Subsisting, where thou governest. Still these tones
Of joy continu'd may thy dwellings hear!
Still may this plenty, unmolested, crown
The favour'd district! May thy rev'rend dust
Have peaceful shelter in thy father's tomb!
Kind Heav'n, that merit to my sword impart!"
By joy uplifted, forth Oïleus broke.
" Thou dost recall me then! O sent to guard
These fruits from spoil, these hoary locks from shame,
Permit thy weary'd soldiers to partake
Of Locrian plenty. Enter thou my tents,
Thou and thy captains. I salute them all."
The hero full of dignity and years,
Once bold in action, placed now in ease,
Ev'n by his look, benignly cast around,
Gives lassitude relief. With native grace,
With heart-effus'd complacency, the king
Accepts the lib'ral welcome; while his troops,
To relaxation and repast dismiss'd,
Pitch on the wounded green their bristling spears.
Still is the evening. Under chesnut shades
With interweaving poplars spacious stands
A well-fram'd tent. There calm the heroes sit,
The genial board enjoy, and feast the mind
On sage discourse; which thus Oïleus clos'd.
" Behold, Night lifts her signal to invoke
That friendly god, who owns the drowsy wand.
To Mercury this last libation flows.
Farewell till morn." They separate, they sleep
All, but Oïleus, who forsakes the tent.
On Melibœus in these words he calls. [swain.
" Approach my faithful friend." To him the
" Thy bondman hears thy call." The chief replies
Loud for the gath'ring peasantry to heed.
" Come, Melibœus, it is surely time,
That my repeated gift, the name of friend,
Thou shouldst accept. The name of bondman wounds
My ear. Be free. No longer, best of men,
Reject that boon, nor let my feeble head,
To thee a debtor, as to gracious Heav'n,
Descend and sleep unthankful in the grave.
Though yielding nature daily feels decay;
Thou dost prevent all care. The gods estrange
Pain from my pillow, have secur'd my breast
From weeds too oft in aged soils profuse,
From self-tormenting petulance and pride,
From jealousy and envy at the fame
Of younger men. Leonidas will dim
My former lustre, as that silver orb
Outshines the meanest star; and I rejoice.
O Melibœus, these elect of Jove
To certain death advance. Immortal pow'rs!
How social, how endearing is their speech!
How flow in lib'ral cheerfulness their hearts!
To such a period verging men like these
Age well may envy, and that envy take
The genuine shape of virtue. Let their span
Of earthly being, while it lasts, contain
Each earthly joy. Till bless'd Elysium spread
Her ever-blooming, inexhausted stores
To their glad sight, be mine the grateful task

To drain my plenty. From the vaulted caves
Our vessels large of well-fermented wine,
From all our granaries lift the treasur'd corn.
Go, load the groaning axles. Nor forget
With garments new to greet Melissa's nymphs.
To her a triple change of vestments bear
With twenty lambs, and twenty speckled kids,
Be it your care, my peasants, some to aid
Him your director, others to select
Five hundred oxen, thrice a thousand sheep,
Of lusty swains a thousand. Let the Morn,
When first she blushes, see my will perform'd."
They heard. Their lord's injunctions to fulfil
Was their ambition. He, unresting, mounts
A ready car. The coursers had enroll'd
His name in isthmian and Nemean games.
By moonlight, floating on the splendid reins,
He o'er the busy vale intent is borne
From place to place, o'erlooks, directs, forgets
That he is old. Meantime the shades of night,
Retiring, wake Dieneces. He gives
The word. His pupil seconds. Ev'ry band
Is arm'd. Day opens. Sparta's king appears.
Oïleus greets him. In his radiant car
The senior stays reluctant; but his guest
So wills in Spartan reverence to age.
Then spake the Locrian. "To assist thy camp
A chosen band of peasants I detach.
I trust thy valour. Doubt not thou my care;
Nor doubt that swain." Oïleus, speaking, look'd
On Melibœus. "Skilful he commands
These hinds. Him wise, him faithful I have prov'd
More, than Eumæus to Laertes' son.
To him th' Œtæan woods, their devious tracks
Are known, each rill and fountain. Near the pass
Two thousand Locrians wilt thou find encamp'd,
My eldest born their leader, Medon nam'd,
Well exercis'd in arms. My daughter dwells
On Œta, Sage Melissa she is call'd,
Enlighten'd priestess of the tuneful Nine.
She haply may accost thee. Thou wilt lend
An ear. Not fruitless are Melissa's words.
Now, servants, bring the sacred wine." Obey'd,
He, from his seat uprising, thus proceeds.
"Lo! from this chalice a libation pure
To Mars, to Grecian liberty and laws,
To their protector, eleutherian Jove,
To his nine daughters, who record the brave,
To thy renown, Leonidas, I pour;
And take an old man's benediction too."
He stopp'd. Affection, struggling in his heart,
Burst forth again, "Illustrious guest, afford
Another hour. That slender space of time
Yield to my sole possession. While the troops,
Already glitt'ring down the dewy vale,
File through its narrow'd outlet; near my side
Deign to be carry'd, and my talk endure."
The king, well-pleas'd, ascends. Slow move the steeds
Behind the rear. Oïleus grasps his hand,
Then in the fulness of his soul pursues.
"Thy veneration for Laconia's laws
That I may strengthen, may to rapture warm,
Hear me display the melancholy fruits
Of lawless will. When o'er the Lydian plains
Th' innumerable tents of Xerxes spread,
His vassal, Pythius, who in affluent means
Surpasses me, as that Barbarian prince
Thou dost in virtue, entertain'd the host,
And proffer'd all his treasures. These the king
Refusing, ev'n augmented from his own.
An act of fancy, not habitual grace,
A sparkling vapour through the regal gloom
Of cruelty and pride. He now prepar'd
To march from Sardis, when with humble tears
The good old man besought him. 'Let the king
Propitious hear a parent. In thy train
I have five sons. Ah! leave my eldest born,
Thy future vassal, to sustain my age!'
"The tyrant fell reply'd. 'Presumptuous man,
Who art my slave, in this tremendous war,
Is not my person hazarded, my race,
My consort? Former merit saves from death
Four of thy offspring. Him, so dearly priz'd,
Thy folly hath destroy'd.' His body straight
Was hewn asunder. By the public way
On either side a bleeding half was cast,
And millions pass'd between. O Spartan king,
Taught to revere the sanctity of laws,
The acts of Xerxes with thy own compare,
His fame with thine. The curses of mankind
Give him renown. He marches to destroy,
But thou to save. Behold the trees are bent,
Each eminence is loaded thick with crowds,
From cots, from ev'ry hamlet pour'd abroad,
To bless thy steps, to celebrate thy praise."
Ofttimes the king his decent brow inclin'd,
Mute and obsequious to an elder's voice,
Which through th' instructed ear, unceasing, flow'd
In eloquence and knowledge. Scarce an hour
Was fled. The narrow dale was left behind.
A causeway broad discloss'd an ancient pile
Of military fame. A trophy large,
Compact with crested morions, targets rude,
With spears and corselets, dimm'd by eating age,
Stood near a lake pellucid, smooth, profound,
Of circular expanse; whose bosom show'd
A green-slop'd island, figur'd o'er with flow'rs,
And from its centre lifting high to view
A marble chapel, on the massy strength
Of Doric columns rais'd. A full-wrought frieze
Display'd the sculptor's art. In solemn pomp
Of obelisks, and busts, and story'd urns,
Sepulchral mansions of illustrious dead
Were scatter'd round, o'ercast with shadows black
Of yew and cypress. In a serious note
Oïleus, pointing, opens new discourse.
"Beneath yon turf my ancestors repose.
Oïlean Ajax singly was depriv'd
Of fun'ral honours there. With impious lust
He stain'd Minerva's temple. From the gulf
Of briny waters by their god preserv'd,
That god he brav'd. He lies beneath a rock,
By Neptune's trident in his wrath o'erturn'd,
Shut from Elysium for a hundred years,
The hero's ghost bewail'd his oozy tomb.
A race more pious on th' Oïlean house
Felicity have drawn. To ev'ry god
I owe my bliss, my early fame to Pan.
Once on the margin of that silent pool
In their nocturnal camp Barbarians lay,
Awaiting morn to violate the dead.
My youth was fir'd. I summon'd from their cots
A rustic host. We sacrific'd to Pan,
Assail'd th' unguarded ruffians in his name.
He with his terrours smote their yielding hearts,
Not one surviv'd the fury of our swains.
Rich was the pillage. Hence that trophy rose;
Of costly blocks constructed, hence that fane,
Inscrib'd to Pan th' armipotent. O king,

Be to an old man's vanity benign.
This frowning emblem of terrific war
Proclaims the ardour and exploits of youth.
This to Barbarian strangers, ent'ring Greece,
Shows what I was. The marble fount, thou saw'st,
Of living water, whose transparent flow
Reliev'd thy march in yester sultry Sun,
The cell, which offer'd rest on beds of moss,
Show what I am; to Grecian neighbours show
The hospitality of age. O Age,
Where are thy graces, but in lib'ral deeds,
In bland deportment? Would thy furrow'd cheeks
Lose the deformity of time? Let smiles
Dwell in thy wrinkles. Then, rever'd by youth,
Thy feeble steps will find".....Abruptly here
He paus'd. A manly warrior full in sight
Beside the trophy on his target lean'd,
Unknown to Sparta's leader, who address'd
His rev'rend host. "Thou pausest. Let me ask,
Whom do I see, resembling in his form
A demigod?" In transport then the sage.
"It is my son, discover'd by his shield,
Thy brave auxiliar, Medon. He sustains
My ancient honours in his native state,
Which kindly chose my offspring to replace
Their long-sequester'd chief. Heart-winning guest!
My life, a tide of joy, which never knew
A painful ebb, beyond its wonted mark
Flows in thy converse. Could a wish prevail,
My long and happy course should finish here."
The chariot rested. Medon now approach'd,
Saluting thus Leonidas. "O king
Of warlike Sparta, Xerxes' host in sight,
Begin to spread their multitude, and fill
The spacious Malian plain." The king replies.
"Accept, illustrious messenger, my thanks.
With such a brave assistant, as the son
Of great Oïleus, more assur'd I go
To face those numbers." With his godlike friend
The father, now dismounting from his car,
Embraces Medon. In a sliding bark
They all are wafted to the island fane,
Erected by Oïleus, and enrich'd
With his engrav'd achievements. Thence the eye
Of Sparta's gen'ral, in extensive scope
Contemplates each battalion, as they wind
Along the pool; whose limpid face reflects
Their weapons, glist'ning in the early sun.
Them he to Pan armipotent commends,
His favour thus invoking. "God, whose pow'r
By rumour vain, or Echo's empty voice
Can sink the valiant in desponding fear,
Can disarray whole armies, smile on these,
Thy worshippers. Thy own Arcadians guard.
Through thee Oïleus triumph'd. On his son,
On me look down. Our shields auxiliar join
Against profane Barbarians, who insult
The Grecian gods, and meditate the fall
Of this thy shrine." He said; and now, intent
To leave the island, on Oïleus call'd.
"He," Medon answer'd, "by his joy and zeal
Too high transported, and discoursing long,
Felt on his drowsy lids a balmy down
Of heaviness descending. He, unmark'd
Amid thy pious commerce with the god,
Was silently remov'd. The good old chief
On carpets, rais'd by tender, menial hands,
Calm in the secret sanctuary is laid."
His hast'ning step Leonidas restrains,
Thus fervent prays. "O Maia's son, best pleas'd,
When calling slumber to a virtuous eye,
Watch o'er my venerable friend. Thy balm
He wants, exhausted by his love to me.
Sweet sleep, thou soft'nest that intruding pang,
Which gen'rous breasts, so parting, must admit."
He said, embark'd, relanded. To his side
Inviting Medon, he rejoin'd the host.

LEONIDAS.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Leonidas arrives at Thermopylæ about noon on the fourth day after his departure from the isthmus. He is received by Demophilus, the commander of Thespia, and by Anaxander the Theban, treacherously recommending Epialtes, a Malian, who seeks by a pompous description of the Persian power to intimidate the Grecian leaders, as they are viewing the enemy's camp from the top of mount Œta. He is answered by Dieneces and Diomedon. Xerxes sends Tygranes and Phraortes to the Grecian camp, who are dismissed by Leonidas, and conducted back by Dithyrambus and Diomedon; which last, incensed at the arrogance of Tygranes, treats him with contempt and menaces. This occasions a challenge to single combat between Diomedon and Tygranes, Dithyrambus and Phraortes. Epialtes, after a conference with Anaxander, declares his intention of returning to Xerxes. Leonidas dispatches Agis with Melibœus, a faithful slave of Oïleus, and high in the estimation of his lord, to view a body of Phocians, who had been posted at a distance from Thermopylæ for the defence of another pass in mount Œta.

Now in the van Leonidas appears,
With Medon still conferring. "Hast thou heard,"
He said, "among th' innumerable foes
What chiefs are most distinguish'd?"—"Might we trust
To fame," reply'd the Locrian, "Xerxes boasts
His ablest, bravest counsellor and chief
In Artemisia, Caria's matchless queen.
To old Darius benefits had bound
Her lord, herself to Xerxes. Not compell'd,
Except by magnanimity, she leads
The best-appointed squadron in his fleet.
No female softness Artemisia knows,
But in maternal love. Her widow'd hand
With equity and firmness for her son
Administers the sway. Of Doric race
She still retains the spirit, which from Greece
Her ancestors transplanted. Other chiefs
Are all Barbarians, little known to fame,
Save one, whom Sparta hath herself supply'd,
Not less than Demaratus, once her king,
An exile now." Leonidas rejoins.
"Son of Oïleus, like thy father wise,
Like him partake my confidence. Thy words
Recall an era, sad'ning all my thoughts.
That injur'd Spartan shar'd the regal sway
With one—alas! my brother, eldest born,

Unbless'd by Nature, favour'd by no god,
Cleomenes. Insanity of mind,
Malignant passions, impious acts deform'd
A life, concluded by his own fell hand.
Against his colleague envious he suborn'd
Leutychides. Him perjury and fraud
Plac'd on the seat, by Demaratus held
Unstain'd in lustre." Here Oïleus' son.
" My future service only can repay
Thy confidential friendship. Let us close
The gloomy theme." Thermopylæ is nigh.
Each face in transport glows. Now Œta rear'd
His tow'ring forehead. With impatient steps
On rush'd the phalanx, sounding pæans high;
As if the present deity of fame
Had from the summit shown her dazzling form,
With wreaths unfading on her temples bound,
Her adamantine trumpet in her hand
To celebrate their valour. From the van
Leonidas advances like the Sun,
When through dividing clouds his presence stays
Their sweeping rack, and stills the clam'rous wind.
The army silent halt. Their ensigns fan
The air no longer. Motionless their spears.
His eye reveals the ardour of his soul,
Which thus finds utt'rance from his eager lips.
" All hail! Thermopylæ, and you, the pow'rs,
Presiding here. All hail! ye sylvan gods,
Ye fountain nymphs, who send your lucid rills
In broken murmurs down the rugged steep.
Receive us, O benignant, and support
The cause of Greece. Conceal the secret paths,
Which o'er these crags, and through their forests
Untrod by human feet, and trac'd alone [wind,
By your immortal footsteps. O defend
Your own recesses, nor let impious war
Profane the solemn silence of your groves.
Then on your hills your praises shall you hear
From those, whose deeds shall tell th' approving
That not to undeservers did ye grant [world,
Your high protection. You, my valiant friends,
Now rouse the gen'rous spirit, which inflames
Your hearts; exert the vigour of your arms:
That in the bosoms of the brave and free
Your memorable actions may survive;
May sound delightful in the ear of time,
Long, as blue Neptune beats the Malian strand,
Or those tall cliffs erect their shaggy tops
So near to Heav'n, your monuments of fame."
As in some torrid region, where the head
Of Ceres bends beneath her golden load;
If from a burning brand a scatter'd spark
Invade the parching ground; a sudden blaze
Sweeps o'er the crackling champaign: through his
Not with less swiftness to the furthest ranks [host
The words of great Leonidas diffus'd
A more than mortal fervour. Ev'ry heart
Distends with thoughts of glory, such as raise
The patriot's virtue, and the soldier's fire;
When danger most tremendous in his form
Seems in their sight most lovely. On their minds
Imagination pictures all the scenes
Of war, the purple field, the heaps of death,
The glitt'ring trophy, pil'd with Persian arms.
But lo! the Grecian leaders, who before
Were station'd near Thermopylæ, salute
Laconia's king. The Thespian chief, ally'd
To Dithyrambus, first the silence breaks,
An ancient warrior. From behind his casque,
Whose crested weight his aged temples bore,
The slender hairs, all-silver'd o'er by time,
Flow'd venerable down. He thus began.
" Joy now shall crown the period of my days;
And whether nigh my father's urn I sleep;
Or, slain by Persia's sword, embrace the earth,
Our common parent; be it, as the gods
Shall best determine. For the present hour
I bless their bounty, which hath giv'n my age
To see the brave Leonidas, and bid
That hero welcome on this glorious shore
To fix the basis of the Grecian weal."
Here too the crafty Anaxander spake.
" Of all the Thebans we, rejoicing, hail
The king of Sparta. We obey'd his call.
O may oblivion o'er the shame of Thebes
A dark'ning veil extend! or those alone
By fame be curs'd, whose impious counsels turn
Their countrymen from virtue! Thebes was sunk,
Her glory bury'd in dishonest sloth.
To wake her languor gen'rous Alpheus came,
The messenger of freedom. O accept
Our grateful hearts; thou, Alpheus, art the cause,
That Anaxander from his native gates
Not single joins this host, nor tamely these,
My chosen friends, behind their walls remain.
Enough of words. Time presses. Mount, ye chiefs,
This loftiest part of Œta. This o'erlooks
The straits, and far beyond their northern mouth
Extends our sight across the Malian plain.
Behold a native, Epialtes call'd, [march'd."
Who with the foe from Thracia's bounds hath
Disguis'd in seeming worth, he ended here.
The camp not long had Epialtes reach'd,
By race a Malian. Eloquent his tongue,
His heart was false and abject. He was skill'd
To grace perfidious counsels, and to clothe
In swelling phrase the baseness of his soul,
Foul nurse of treasons. To the tents of Greece,
Himself a Greek, a faithless spy he came.
Soon to the friends of Xerxes he repair'd,
The Theban chiefs, and nightly councils held,
How to betray the Spartans, or deject
By consternation. Up the arduous slope
With him each leader to the summit climbs.
Thence a tremendous prospect they command,
Where endless plains, by white pavilions hid,
Spread like the vast Atlantic, when no shore,
No rock, no promontory stops the sight
Unbounded, as it wanders; while the Moon,
Resplendent eye of Night, in fullest orb
Surveys th' interminate expanse, and throws
Her rays abroad to deck in snowy light
The dancing billows. Such was Xerxes' camp;
A pow'r unrival'd by the mightiest king,
Or fiercest conqu'ror, whose blood-thirsty pride,
Dissolving all the sacred ties, which bind
The happiness of nations, hath upcall'd
The sleeping fury, Discord, from her den.
Not from the hundred brazen gates of Thebes,
The tow'rs of Memphis, and those pregnant fields,
Enrich'd by kindly Nile, such armies swarm'd
Around Sesostris; who with trophies fill'd
The vanquish'd east, who o'er the rapid foam
Of distant Tanais, o'er the surface broad
Of Ganges sent his formidable name.
Nor yet in Asia's far extended bounds
E'er met such numbers, not when Ninus led
Th' Assyrian race to conquest. Not the gates
Of Babylon along Euphrates pour'd
Such myriads arm'd; when emptying all her streets,

The rage of dire Semiramis they bore
Beyond the Indus; there defeated, left
His blood-stain'd current turbid with their dead.
Yet of the chiefs, contemplating this scene,
Not one is shaken. Undismay'd they stand;
Th' immeasurable camp with fearless eyes
They traverse: while in meditation near
The treach'rous Malian waits, collecting all
His pomp of words to paint the hostile pow'r;
Nor yet with falsehood arms his fraudful tongue
To feign a tale of terrour. Truth herself
Beyond the reach of fiction to enhance,
Now aids his treason, and with cold dismay
Might pierce the boldest heart, unless secur'd
By dauntless Virtue, which disdains to live,
From Liberty divorc'd. Requested soon,
He breaks his artful silence. "Greeks and friends,
Can I behold my native Malian fields,
Presenting hostile millions to your sight,
And not in grief suppress the horrid tale,
Which you exact from these ill-omen'd lips?
On Thracia's sea-beat verge I watch'd the foes;
Where, joining Europe to the Asian strand,
A mighty bridge restrain'd th' outrageous waves,
And stemm'd th' impetuous current: while in arms
The universal progeny of men
Seem'd trampling o'er the subjugated flood
By thousands, by ten thousands. Persians, Medes,
Assyrians, Saces, Indians, swarthy files
From Æthiopia, Egypt's tawny sons,
Arabians, Bactrians, Parthians, all the strength
Of Asia, and of Libya. Neptune groan'd
Beneath their number, and indignant heav'd
His neck against th' incumbent weight. In vain
The violence of Eurus and the North,
With rage combin'd, against th' unyielding pile
Dash'd half the Hellespont. The eastern world
Sev'n days and nights uninterrupted pass
To cover Thracia's regions. They accept
A Persian lord. They range their hardy race
Beneath his standards. Macedonia's youth,
The brave Thessalian horse, with ev'ry Greek
Who dwells beyond Thermopylæ, attend,
Assist a foreign tyrant. Sire of gods,
Who in a moment by thy will supreme
Canst quell the mighty in their proudest hopes,
Canst raise the weak to safety, oh! impart
Thy instant succour! Interpose thy arm! [found
With lightning blast their standards! Oh! con-
With triple-bolted thunder Asia's tents,
Whence rushing millions by the morn will pour
An inundation to o'erwhelm the Greeks.'
Resistance else were vain against a host,
Which overspreads Thessalia. Far beyond
That Malian champaign, stretching wide below,
Beyond the utmost measure of the sight
From this aspiring cliff, the hostile camp
Contains yet mightier numbers; who have drain'd
The beds of copious rivers with their thirst,
Who with their arrows hide the midday Sun."
"Then we shall give them battle in the shade,"
Dieneces reply'd. Not calmly thus
Diomedon. On Persia's camp he bent
His low'ring brow, which frowns had furrow'd o'er,
Then fierce exclaim'd. "Bellona, turn and view
With joyful eyes that field, the fatal stage,
By regal madness for thy rage prepar'd
To exercise its horrours. Whet thy teeth,
Voracious Death. All Asia is thy prey.
Contagion, famine, and the Grecian sword
For thy insatiate hunger will provide
Variety of carnage." He concludes;
While on the host immense his cloudy brow
Is fix'd disdainful, and their strength defies.
Meantime an eastern herald down the pass
Was seen, slow-moving tow'rds the Phocian wall.
From Asia's monarch delegated, came
Tigranes and Phraortes. From the hill
Leonidas conducts th' impatient chiefs.
By them environ'd, in his tent he sits;
Where thus Tigranes their attention calls.
"Ambassadors from Persia's king we stand
Before you, Grecians. To display the pow'r
Of our great master were a needless task.
The name of Xerxes, Asia's mighty lord,
Invincible, exalted on a throne
Surpassing human lustre, must have reach'd
To ev'ry clime, and ev'ry heart impress'd
With awe, and low submission. Yet I swear
By yon refulgent orb, which flames above,
The glorious symbol of eternal pow'r,
This military throng, this show of war,
Well nigh persuade me, you have never heard
That name, at whose commanding sound the banks
Of Indus tremble, and the Caspian wave,
Th' Egyptian flood, the Hellespontic surge
Obedient roll. O impotent and rash!
Whom yet the large beneficence of Heav'n,
And heav'nly Xerxes, merciful and kind,
Deign to preserve. Resign your arms. Disperse
All to your cities. There let humblest hands
With earth and water greet your destin'd lord."
As through th' extensive grove, whose leafy boughs,
Entwining, crown some eminence with shade,
The tempests rush sonorous, and between
The crashing branches roar; by fierce disdain,
By indignation thus the Grecians rous'd,
In loudest clamour close the Persian's speech:
But ev'ry tongue was hush'd, when Sparta's king
This brief reply deliver'd from his seat.
"O Persian, when to Xerxes thou return'st,
Say, thou hast told the wonders of his pow'r.
Then say, thou saw'st a slender band of Greece,
Which dares his boasted millions to the field."
He adds no more. Th' ambassadors retire.
Them o'er the limits of the Grecian lines
Diomedon and Thespia's youth conduct.
In slow solemnity they all proceed,
And sullen silence; but their looks denote
Far more than speech could utter. Wrath contracts
The forehead of Diomedon. His teeth
Gnash with impatience of delay'd revenge.
Disdain, which sprung from conscious merit, flush'd
The cheek of Dithyrambus. On the face
Of either Persian arrogance, incens'd
By disappointment, lour'd. The utmost strait
They now attain'd, which open'd on the tents
Of Asia, there discov'ring wide to view
Her deep, immense arrangement. Then the heart
Of vain Tigranes, swelling at the sight,
Thus overflows in loud and haughty phrase.
"O Arimanius, origin of ill,
Have we demanded of thy ruthless pow'r
Thus with the curse of madness to afflict
These wretched men? But since thy dreadful ire
To irresistible perdition dooms
The Grecian race, we vainly should oppose.
Be thy dire will accomplish'd. Let them fall,
Their native soil be fatten'd with their blood."

Enrag'd, the stern Diomedon replies.
" Thou base dependant on a lawless king,
Thou purple slave, thou boaster, dost thou know,
That I beheld the Marathonian field?
Where, like the Libyan sands before the wind,
Your host was scatter'd by Athenian spears;
Where thou perhaps by ignominious flight
Didst from this arm protect thy shiv'ring limbs.
O let me find thee in to morrow's fight!
Along this rocky pavement shalt thou lie
To dogs a banquet." With uplifted palms
Tygranes then. " Omnipotent support
Of sceptered Xerxes, Horomazes, hear!
To thee his first victorious fruits of war
Thy worshipper devotes, the gory spoils,
Which from this Grecian by the rising dawn
In sight of either host my strength shall rend."
At length Phraortes, interposing, spake.
" I too would find among the Grecian chiefs
One, who in battle dares abide my lance."
The gallant youth of Thespia swift reply'd.
" Thou look'st on me, O Persian. Worthier far
Thou might have singled from the ranks of Greece,
Not one more willing to essay thy force.
Yes, I will prove before the eye of Mars,
How far the prowess of her meanest chief
Beyond thy vaunts deserves the palm of fame."
This said, the Persians to their king repair,
Back to their camp the Grecians. There they find
Each soldier, poising his extended spear,
His weighty buckler bracing on his arm
In warlike preparation. Through the files
Each leader, moving vigilant, by praise,
By exhortation aids their native warmth.
Alone the Theban Anaxander pin'd,
Who thus apart his Malian friend bespake.
" What has thy lofty eloquence avail'd,
Alas! in vain attempting to confound
The Spartan valour? With redoubled fires,
See, how their bosoms glow. They wish to die;
They wait impatient for th' unequal fight.
Too soon th' insuperable foes will spread
Promiscuous havoc round, and Thebans share
The doom of Spartans. Through the guarded pass
Who will adventure Asia's camp to reach
In our behalf? That Xerxes may be warn'd
To spare his friends amid the gen'ral wreck;
When his high-swoln resentment, like a flood
Increas'd by stormy show'rs, shall cover Greece
With desolation." Epialtes here.
" Whence, Anaxander, this unjust despair?
Is there a path on Œta's hills unknown
To Epialtes? Over trackless rocks,
Through mazy woods my secret steps can pass.
Farewell. I go. Thy merit shall be told
To Persia's king. Thou only watch the hour;
When wanted most, thy ready succour lend."
Meantime a wary, comprehensive care
To ev'ry part Leonidas extends;
As in the human frame through ev'ry vein,
And artery minute, the ruling heart
Its vital powers disperses. In his tent
The prudent chief of Locris he consults;
He summons Melibœus by the voice
Of Agis. In humility not mean,
By no unseemly ignorance depress'd,
Th' ingenuous swain, by all th' illustrious house
Of Ajax honour'd, bows before the king,
Who gracious spake. " The confidence bestow'd,
The praise by sage Oïleus might suffice
To verify thy worth. Myself have watch'd,
Have found thee skilful, active, and discreet.
Thou know'st the region round. With Agis go,
The upper straits, the Phocian camp explore."
" O condescension," Melibœus then,
" More ornamental to the great, than gems,
A purple robe, or diadem! The king
Accepts my service. Pleasing is my task.
Spare not thy servant. Exercise my zeal.
Oïleus will rejoice, and, smiling, say,
An humble hand may smooth a hero's path."
He leads the way, while Agis, following, spake.
" O swain, distinguish'd by a lib'ral mind,
Who were thy parents? Where thy place of birth?
What chance depriv'd thee of a father's house?
Oïleus sure thy liberty would grant,
Or Sparta's king solicit for that grace;
When in a station equal to thy worth
Thou mayst be rank'd." The prudent hind began.
" In diff'rent stations diff'rent virtues dwell,
All reaping diff'rent benefits. The great
In dignity and honours meet reward
For acts of bounty, and heroic toils.
A servant's merit is obedience, truth,
Fidelity; his recompense content.
Be not offended at my words, O chief.
They, who are free, with envy may behold
This bondman of Oïleus. To his trust,
His love exalted, I by Nature's pow'r
From his pure model could not fail to mould
What thou entitlest lib'ral. Whence I came,
Or who my parents, is to me unknown.
In childhood seiz'd by robbers, I was sold.
They took their price. They hush'd th' atrocious deed.
Dear to Oïleus and his race I throve;
And whether noble, or ignoble born,
I am contented, studious of their love
Alone. Ye sons of Sparta, I admire
Your acts, your spirit, but confine my own
To their condition, happy in my lord,
Himself of men most happy." Agis bland
Rejoins. " O born with talents to become
A lot more noble, which, by thee refus'd,
Thou dost the more deserve! Laconia's king
Discerns thy merit through its modest veil.
Consummate prudence in thy words I hear.
Long may contentment, justly priz'd, be thine.
But should the state demand thee, I foresee
Thou wouldst like others in the field excel,
Wouldst share in glory." Blithe return'd the swain.
" Not ev'ry service is confin'd to arms.
Thou shalt behold me in my present state
Not useless. If the charge, Oïleus gave,
I can accomplish, meriting his praise,
And thy esteem, my glory will be full."
Both pleas'd in converse thus pursue their way,
Where Œta lifts her summits huge to Heav'n
In rocks abrupt, pyramidal, or tower'd
Like castles. Sudden from a tufted crag,
Where goats are browsing, Melibœus hears
A call of welcome. There his course he stays,

LEONIDAS.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Tigranes and Phraortes repair to Xerxes, whom they find seated on a throne, surrounded by his satraps in a magnificent pavilion; while the Magi stand before him, and sing a hymn, containing the religion of Zoroastres. Xerxes, notwithstanding the arguments of his brothers, Hyperanthes and Abrocomes, gives no credit to the ambassadors, who report, that the Grecians are determined to maintain the pass against him; but by the advice of Artemisia, the queen of Caria, ascends his chariot to take a view of the Grecians himself, and commands Demaratus, an exiled king of Sparta, to attend him. He passes through the midst of his army, consisting of many nations, differing in arms, customs, and manners. He advances to the entrance of the straits, and, surprised at the behaviour of the Spartans, demands the reason of it from Demaratus; which occasions a conversation between them on the mercenary forces of Persia, and the militia of Greece. Demaratus, weeping at the sight of his countrymen, is comforted by Hyperanthes. Xerxes, still incredulous, commands Tigranes and Phraortes to bring the Grecians bound before him the next day, and retires to his pavilion. Artemisia remains behind with her son; and communicates to Hyperanthes her apprehensions of a defeat at Thermopylæ. She takes an accurate view of the pass, chooses a convenient place for an ambuscade, and on her departure to the Persian camp is surprised by a reproof from a woman of an awful appearance on a cliff of mount Œta.

The plain beyond Thermopylæ is girt
Half round by mountains, half by Neptune lav'd.
The arduous ridge is broken deep in clefts,
Which open channels to pellucid streams
In rapid flow sonorous. Chief in fame,
Spercheos, boasting once his poplars tall,
Foams down a stony bed: Throughout the face
Of this broad champaign numberless are pitch'd
Barbarian tents. Along the winding flood
To rich Thessalia's confines they extend.
They fill the vallies, late profusely bless'd
In Nature's vary'd beauties. Hostile spears
Now bristle horrid through her languid shrubs.
Pale die her flow'rets under barb'rous feet.
Embracing ivy from its rock is torn.
The lawn, dismantled of its verdure, fades.
The poplar groves, uprooted from the banks,
Leave desolate the stream. Elab'rate domes,
To Heav'n devoted in recesses green,
Had felt rude force, insensible and blind
To elegance and art. The statues, busts,
The figur'd vases, mutilated, lie
With chisell'd columns, their engraven frieze,
Their architrave and cornice, all disjoin'd.
Yet unpolluted, is a part reserv'd
In this deep vale, a patrimonial spot
Of Aleuadian princes, who, allies
To Xerxes, reign'd in Thessaly. There glow
Inviolate the shrubs. There branch the trees,
Sons of the forest. Over downy moss
Smooth walks and fragrant, lucid here and broad,
There clos'd in myrtle under woodbine roofs;
Wind to retreats delectable, to grots,
To sylvan structures, bow'rs, and cooling dells,
Enliven'd all and musical with birds
Of vocal sweetness, in reluctent plumes
Innumerably various. Lulling falls
Of liquid crystal from perennial founts
Attune their pebbled channels. Here the queen,
The noble dames of Persia, here the train
Of royal infants, each with eunuch guards,
In rich pavilions, dazzling to the sight,
Possess'd, remote from onset and surprise,
A tranquil station. Ariana here,
Ill-destin'd princess from Darius sprung,
Hangs, undelighted, o'er melodious rills
Her drooping forehead. Love-afflicted fair!
All inharmonious are the feather'd choirs
To her sad ear. From flow'rs, and florid plants,
To her the breezes, wafting fresh perfumes,
Transmit no pleasure. Sedulous in vain,
Her tender slaves in harmony with lutes
Of soothing sound their warbled voices blend
To charm her sadness. This, the precious part
Of Asia's camp, Artuchus holds in charge,
A satrap, long experienc'd, who presides
O'er all the regal palaces. High rank'd,
Bold, resolute, and faithful, he commands
The whole Sperchean vale. In prospect rise
The distant navy, dancing on the foam,
Th' unbounded camp, enveloping the plain,
With Xerxes' tent, august in structure plac'd
A central object to attract the eyes
Of subject millions. Thither now resort
Tigranes and Phraortes. Him they find
Enclos'd by princes, by illustrious chiefs,
The potentates of Asia. Near his side
Abrocomes and Hyperanthes wait,
His gallant brothers, with Mazæus brave,
Pandates, Intaphernes, mighty lords.
Their sceptr'd master from his radiant seat
Looks down imperious. So the stately tow'r
Of Belus, mingling its majestic brow
With Heav'n's bright azure, from on high survey'd
The huge extent of Babylon, with all
Her sumptuous domes and palaces beneath.
This day his banners to unfurl in Greece
The monarch's will decides; but first ordains,
That grateful hymns should celebrate the name
Of Horomazes: so the Persians call'd
The world's great author. Rob'd in purest white,
The Magi rang'd before th' unfolded tent.
Fire blaz'd beside them. Tow'rds the sacred flame
They turn'd, and sent their tuneful praise to Heav'n.
From Zoroastres was the song deriv'd,
Who on the hills of Persia from his cave,
By flow'rs environ'd, and melodious founts,
Which sooth'd the solemn mansion, had reveal'd,
How Horomazes, radiant source of good,
Original, immortal, fram'd the globe
In fruitfulness and beauty: how with stars
By him the Heav'n's were spangled: how the Sun,
Refulgent Mithra, purest spring of light,
And genial warmth, whence teeming Nature smiles,
Burst from the east at his creating voice;
When straight beyond the golden verge of day
Night show'd the horrours of her distant reign,

Where black and hateful Arimanius frown'd,
The author foul of evil: how with shades
From his dire mansion he deform'd the works
Of Horomazes, turn'd to noxious heat
The solar beam that foodful Earth might parch,
That streams, exhaling, might forsake their beds,
Whence pestilence and famine: how the pow'r
Of Horomazes in the human breast
Benevolence and equity infus'd, [Heav'n:
Truth, temperance, and wisdom sprung from
When Arimanius blacken'd all the soul
With falsehood and injustice, with desires
Insatiable, with violence and rage,
Malignity and folly. If the hand
Of Horomazes on precarious life
Sheds wealth and pleasure; swift th' infernal god
With wild excess, or av'rice blasts the joy.
"Thou Horomazes, victory dost give,
By thee with fame the regal head is crown'd.
Great Xerxes owns thy succour. When in storms
The hate of direful Arimanius swell'd
The Hellespont; thou o'er its chafing breast
The destin'd master of the world didst lead,
This day his promis'd glories to enjoy:
When Greece affrighted to his arms shall bend;
Ev'n as at last shall Arimanius fall
Before thy might, and evil be no more."
The Magi ceas'd their harmony. Behold,
From her tall ship between a double row
Of naval warriors, while a golden ray
Shoots from her standard, Artemisia lands.
In her enrich'd accoutrements of war,
The full-wrought buckler, and high-crested helm,
In Caria first devis'd, across the beach
Her tow'ring form advances. So the pine,
From Taurus hewn mature in spiry pride,
Now by the sailor in its canvass wings
Voluminous, and dazzling pendants dress'd,
On Artemisia's own imperial deck
Is seen to rise, and overtop the grove
Of crowded masts surrounding. In her heart
Deep scorn of courtly counsellors she bore,
Who fill with impious vanity their king;
As when he lash'd the Hellespont with rods,
Amid the billows cast a golden chain
To fetter Neptune. Yet her brow severe
Unbent its rigour often, as she glanc'd
On her young son, who, pacing near in arms
Of Carian guise, proportion'd to his years,
Look'd up, and waken'd by repeated smiles
Maternal fondness, melting in that eye,
Which scowl'd on purpled flatterers. Her seat
At the right hand of Xerxes she assumes,
Invited; while in adoration bow'd
Tigranes and Phraortes. Prone they lay,
Across their foreheads spread their servile palms,
As from a present deity, too bright
For mortal vision, to conceal their eyes.
At length in abject phrase Tigranes thus.
"O Xerxes, live for ever! Gracious lord,
Who dost permit thy servants to approach
Thy awful sight, and prostrate to confess
Thy majesty and radiance. May the pow'r
Of Horomazes stretch thy regal arm
O'er endless nations from the Indian shores
To whose wide floods, which beat Iberian strands,
From northern Tanais to the source of Nile!
Still from thy head may Arimanius bend
Against thy foes his malice! Yonder Greeks,
Already smit with frenzy by his wrath,
Reject thy proffer'd clemency. They choose
To magnify thy glory by their fall."
The monarch, turning to his brothers, spake.
"Say, Hyperanthus, can thy soul believe
These tidings? Sure these slaves have never dar'd
To face the Grecians, but delude our ears
With base impostures, which their fear suggests."
He frown'd, and Hyperanthes calm reply'd.
"O from his servants may the king avert
His indignation! Greece was fam'd of old
For martial spirit, and a dauntless breed.
I once have try'd their valour. To my words
Abrocomes can witness. When thy sire
And ours, Darius, to Athenian shores
With Artaphernes brave and Datis sent
Our tender youth; at Marathon we found,
How weak the hope, that numbers could dismay
A foe, resolv'd on victory or death.
Yet not, as one contemptible, or base,
Let me appear before thee. Though the Greeks
With such persisting courage be endu'd,
Soon as the king shall summon to the field,
He shall behold me in the dang'rous van
Exalt my spear, and pierce the hostile ranks,
Or sink beneath them." Xerxes swift rejoin'd.
"Why over Asia, and the Libyan soil,
With all their nations doth my potent arm
Extend its sceptre? Wherefore do I sweep
Across the Earth with millions in my train?
Why shade the ocean with unnumber'd sails?
Why all this pow'r, unless th' almighty's will
Decreed one master to the subject world;
And that the Earth's extremity alone
Should bound my empire? He for this reduc'd
The Nile's revolted sons, enlarg'd my sway
With sandy Libya, and the sultry clime
Of Ethiopia. He for this subdu'd
The Hellespontic foam, and taught the sea
Obedience to my nod. Then dream no more,
That Heav'n, deserting my imperial cause,
With courage, more than human, will inspire
Yon despicable Grecians, and expunge
The common fears of nature from their breasts."
The monarch ceas'd. Abrocomes began.
"The king commands us to reveal our thoughts.
Incredulous he hears. But time and truth
Not Horomazes can arrest. Thy beams
To instant light'ning, Mithra, mayst thou change
For my destruction; may th' offended king
Frown on his servant, cast a loathing eye;
If the assertion of my lips be false:
Our further march those Grecians will oppose."
Amid th' encircling peers Argestes sat,
A potent prince, O'er Sipylus he reign'd,
Whose verdant summits overlook'd the waves
Of Hermus and Pactolus. Either stream,
Enrich'd by golden sands, a tribute pay'd
To this great satrap. Through the servile court
Yet none was found more practis'd in the arts
Of mean submission; none more skill'd to gain
The royal favour; none, who better knew
The phrase, the look, the gesture of a slave;
None more detesting Artemisia's worth,
By her none more despis'd. His master's eye
He caught, then spake. "Display thy dazzling state,
Thou deity of Asia. Greece will hide
Before thy presence her dejected face."
Last Artemisia, rising stern, began.
"Why sits the lord of Asia in his tent,
Unprofitably wasting precious hours

In vain discussion, whether yonder Greeks,
Rang'd in defence of that important pass,
Will fight, or fly? A question by the sword
To be decided. Still to narrow straits
By land, by sea thy council hath confin'd
Each enterprise of war. In numbers weak
Twice have th' Athenians in Eubœa's frith
Repuls'd thy navy—But whate'er thy will,
Be it enforc'd by vigour. Let the king
The diff'rence see, by trial in the field,
Between smooth sound and valour. Then dissolve
These impotent debates. Ascend thy car.
The future stage of war thyself explore,
Behind thee leave the vanity of hope,
That such a foe to splendour will submit,
Whom steel, not gold, must vanquish. Thou provide
Thy mail, Argestes. Not in silken robes,
Not as in council with an oily tongue,
But spear to spear, and clanging shield to shield,
Thou soon must grapple on a field of blood."
The king arose—"No more. Prepare my car.
The Spartan exile, Demaratus, call.
We will ourselves advance to view the foe."
The monarch will'd; and suddenly he heard
His trampling horses. High on silver wheels
The iv'ry car with azure sapphires shone,
Cerulean beryls, and the jasper green,
The emerald, the ruby's glowing blush,
The flaming topaz with its golden beam,
The pearl, th' empurpled amethyst, and all
The various gems, which India's mines afford
To deck the pomp of kings. In burnish'd gold
A sculptur'd eagle from behind display'd
His stately neck, and o'er the royal head [steeds,
Outstretch'd his dazzling wings. Eight gen'rous
Which on the fam'd Nisæan plain were nurs'd
In wintry Media, drew the radiant car.
Not those of old, to Hercules refus'd
By false Laomedon, nor they, which bore
The son of Thetis through the scatter'd rear
Of Troy's devoted race, with these might vie
In strength, or beauty. In obedient pride
They hear their lord. Exulting, in the air
They toss their foreheads. On their glist'ning chests
The silver manes disport. The king ascends.
Beside his footstool Demaratus sits.
The charioteer now shakes th' effulgent reins,
Strong Patiramphes. At the signal bound
Th' attentive steeds; the chariot flies: behind,
Ten thousand horse in thunder sweep the field.
Down to the sea-beat margin, on a plain
Of vast expansion, in battalia wait
The eastern bands. To these th' imperial wheels,
By princes follow'd in a hundred cars,
Proceed. The queen of Caria and her son
With Hyperanthes rode. The king's approach
Swift through the wide arrangement is proclaim'd.
He now draws nigh. Th' innumerable host
Roll back by nations, and admit their lord
With all his satraps. As from crystal domes,
Built underneath an arch of pendent seas,
When that stern pow'r, whose trident rules the floods,
With each cerulean deity ascends,
Thron'd in his pearly chariot, all the deep
Divides its bosom to th' emerging god;
So Xerxes rode between the Asian world,
On either side receding: when, as down
Th' immeasurable ranks his sight was lost,
A momentary gloom o'ercast his mind,
While this reflection fill'd his eyes with tears;
That, soon as time a hundred years had told,
Not one among those millions should survive
Whence to obscure thy pride arose that cloud?
Was it, that once humanity could touch
A tyrant's breast? Or rather did thy soul
Repine, O Xerxes, at the bitter thought,
That all thy pow'r was mortal? But the veil
Of sadness soon forsook his brightning eye,
As with adoring awe those millions bow'd,
And to his heart relentless pride recall'd.
Elate the mingled prospect he surveys
Of glitt'ring files unnumber'd, chariots scyth'd,
On thund'ring axles roll'd, and haughty steeds,
In sumptuous trappings clad, barbaric pomp.
While gorgeous banners to the Sun expand
Their streaming volumes of relucent gold,
Preeminent amidst tiaras gemm'd,
Engraven helmets, shields emboss'd, and spears
In number equal to the bladed grass,
Whose living green in vernal beauty clothes
Thessalia's vale. What pow'rs of sounding verse
Can to the mind present th' amazing scene?
Not thee, whom Rumour's fabling voice delights,
Poetic Fancy, to my aid I call;
But thou, historic Truth, support my song,
Which shall the various multitude display,
Their arms, their manners, and their native seats.
The Persians first in scaly corselets shone,
A gen'rous nation, worthy to enjoy
The liberty their injur'd fathers lost,
Whose arms for Cyrus overturn'd the strength
Of Babylon and Sardis. Pow'r advanc'd
The victor's head above his country's laws.
Their tongues were practis'd in the words of truth,
Their limbs inur'd to ev'ry manly toil,
To brace the bow, to rule th' impetuous steed,
To dart the javelin; but, untaught to form
The ranks of war, with unconnected force,
With ineffectual fortitude they rush'd,
As on a fence of adamant, to pierce
Th' indissoluble phalanx. Lances short,
And osier-woven targets they oppos'd
To weighty Grecian spears, and massy shields.
On ev'ry head tiaras rose like tow'rs,
Impenetrable. With a golden gloss
Blaz'd their gay sandals, and the floating reins
Of each proud courser. Daggers on their thighs,
Well-furnish'd quivers on their shoulders hung,
And strongest bows of mighty size they bore.
Resembling these in arms, the Medes are seen,
The Cissians and Hyrcanians. Media once
From her bleak mountains aw'd the subject east.
Her kings in cold Ecbatana were thron'd.
The Cissians march'd from Susa's regal walls,
From sultry fields, o'erspread with branching palms,
And white with lilies, water'd by the floods
Of fam'd Choaspes. His transparent wave
The costly goblet wafts to Persia's kings.
All other streams the royal lip disdains.
Hyrcania's race forsook their fruitful clime,
Dark in the shadows of expanding oaks,
To Ceres dear and Bacchus. There the corn,
Bent by its foodful burden, sheds, unreap'd,
Its plenteous seed, impregnating the soil
With future harvests; while in ev'ry wood
Their precious labours on the loaden boughs
The honey'd swarms pursue. Assyria's sons
Display their brazen casques, unskilful work
Of rude barbarians. Each sustains a mace,
O'erlaid with iron. Near Euphrates' banks

Within the mighty Babylonian gates
They dwell, and where still mightier once in sway
Old Ninus rear'd its head, th' imperial seat
Of eldest tyrants. These Chaldæa joins,
The land of shepherds. From the pastures wide
There Belus first discern'd the various course
Of Heav'n's bright planets, and the clust'ring stars
With names distinguish'd; whence himself was
The first of gods. His sky-ascending fane [deem'd
In Babylon the proud Assyrians rais'd.
Drawn from the bounteous soil, by Ochus lav'd,
The *Bactrians* stood, and rough in skins of goats
The Paricanian archers. Caspian ranks
From barren mountains, from the joyless coast
Around the stormy lake, whose name they bore,
Their scimitars upheld, and cany bows.
The Indian tribes, a threefold host compose.
Part guide the courser, part the rapid car;
The rest on foot within the bending cane
For slaughter fix the iron-pointed reed.
They o'er the *Indus* from the distant verge
Of Ganges passing, left a region, lov'd
By lavish Nature. There the season bland
Bestows a double harvest. Honey'd shrubs,
The cinnamon, the spikenard, bless their fields.
Array'd in native wealth, each warrior shines.
His ears bright-beaming pendants grace; his hands,
Encircled, wear a bracelet, starr'd with gems.
Such were the nations, who to Xerxes sent
Their mingled aids of infantry and horse.
Now, Muse, recite, what multitudes obscur'd
The plain on foot, or elevated high
On martial axles, or on camels beat
The loosen'd mould. The Parthians first appear,
Then weak in numbers, from unfruitful hills,
From woods, nor yet for warlike steeds renown'd.
Near them the Sogdians, Dadices arrange,
Gandarians and Chorasmians. Sacian throngs
From cold Imaus pour'd, from Oxus' wave,
From Cyra, built on Iaxartes' brink,
A bound of Persia's empire. Wild, untam'd,
To fury prone, their deserts they forsook.
A bow, a falchion, and a pond'rous axe
The savage legions arm'd. A pointed casque
O'er each grim visage rear'd an iron cone.
In arms like Persians the Saranges stood.
High, as their knees, the shapely buskins clung
Around their legs. Magnificent they trod
In garments richly tinctur'd. Next are seen
The Pactian, Mycian, and the Utian train,
In skins of goats rude-vested. But in spoils
Of tawny lions, and of spotted pards
The graceful range of Ethiopians shows
An equal stature, and a beauteous frame.
Their torrid region had imbrown'd their cheeks,
And curl'd their jetty locks. In ancient song
Renown'd for justice, riches they disdain'd,
As foes to virtue. From their seat remote,
On Nilus' verge above th' Egyptian bound,
Forc'd by their king's malignity and pride,
These friends of hospitality and peace,
Themselves uninjur'd, wage reluctant war
Against a land, whose climate, and whose name
To them were strange. With hardest stone they
The rapid arrow. Bows four cubits long, [point
Form'd of elastic branches from the palm,
They carry; knotted clubs, and lances, arm'd
With horns of goats. The Paphlagonians march'd,
From where Carambis with projected brows
O'erlooks the dusky Euxin, wrapt in mists,
From where through flow'rs, which paint his va-
ry'd banks,
Parthenius flows. The Ligyan bands succeed;
The Matienians, Mariandenians next;
To them the Syrian multitudes, who range
Among the cedars on the shaded ridge
Of Libanus; who cultivate the glebe,
Wide-water'd by Orontes; who reside
Near Daphne's grove, or pluck from loaded palms
The foodful date, which clusters on the plains
Of rich Damascus. All, who bear the name
Of Cappadocians, swell the Syrian host,
With those, who gather from the fragrant shrub
The aromatic balsam, and extract
Its milky juice along the lovely side
Of Jordan, winding, till immers'd he sleeps
Beneath a pitchy surface, which obscures
Th' Asphaltic pool. The Phrygians then advance,
To them their ancient colony are join'd,
Armenia's sons. These see the gushing founts
Of strong Euphrates cleave the yielding earth,
Then, wide in lakes expanding, hide the plain;
Whence with collected waters, fierce and deep,
His passage rending through diminish'd rocks,
To Babylon he foams. Not so the stream
Of soft Araxes to the Caspian glides;
He, stealing imperceptibly, sustains
The green profusion of Armenia's meads.
Now strange to view, in similar attire,
But far unlike in manners to the Greeks,
Appear the Lydians. Wantonness and sport
Were all their care. Beside Caijster's brink,
Or smooth Mæander, winding silent by,
Beside Pactolean waves, among the vines
Of Tmolus rising, or the wealthy tide
Of golden-sanded Hermus, they allure
The sight, enchanted by the grateful dance;
Or with melodious sweetness charm the air,
And melt to softest languishment the soul.
What to the field of danger could incite
These tender sons of luxury? The lash
Of their fell sov'reign drove their shiv'ring backs
Through hail and tempest, which enrag'd the main,
And shook beneath their trembling steps the pile,
Conjoining Asia and the western world.
To them Mœonia hot with sulph'rous mines
Unites her troops. No tree adorns their fields,
Unbless'd by verdure. Ashes hide the soil;
Black are the rocks, and ev'ry hill deform'd
By conflagration. Helmets press their brows.
Two darts they brandish. On their woolly vests
A sword is girt; and hairy hides compose
Their bucklers round and small. The Mysians left
Olympus wood-envelop'd, left the meads,
Wash'd by Caicus, and the baneful tide
Of Lycus, nurse to serpents. Next advance
An ancient nation, who in early times
By Trojan arms assail'd, their native land
Esteem'd less dear than freedom, and exchang'd
Their seat on Strymon, where in Thrace he pours
A freezing current, for the distant flood
Of fishy Sangar. These, Bithynians nam'd,
Their habitation to the sacred feet
Of Dindymus extend. Yet there they groan
Beneath oppression, and their freedom mourn
On Sangar now, as once on Strymon lost.
The ruddy skins of foxes cloth'd their heads.
Their shields were fashion'd like the horned Moon.
A vest embrac'd their bodies; while abroad,
Ting'd with unnumber'd hues, a mantle flow'd.

But other Thracians, who their former name
Retain'd in Asia, fulgent morions wore,
With horns of bulls in imitating brass,
Carv'd o'er the crested ridge. Phœnician cloth
Their legs infolded. Wont to chase the wolf,
A hunter's spear they grasp'd. What nations still
On either side of Xerxes, while he pass'd,
Their huge array discov'ring, swell his soul
With more than mortal pride? The cluster'd bands
Of Moschians and Macronians now appear,
The Mosynœcians, who, on berries fed,
In wooden tow'rs along the Pontic sands
Repose their painted limbs; the mirthful race
Of Tibarenians next, whose careless minds
Delight in play and laughter. Then advance
In garments, buckled on their spacious chests,
A people, destin'd in eternal verse,
Ev'n thine, sublime Mœonides, to live.
These are the Milyans. Solymi their name
In thy celestial strains, Pisidia's hills
Their dwelling. Once a formidable train
They fac'd the strong Bellerophon in war.
Now doom'd a more tremendous foe to meet,
Themselves unnerv'd by thraldom, they must leave
Their putrid bodies to the dogs of Greece.
The Marians follow. Next is Aria's host,
Drawn from a region horrid all in thorn,
A dreary waste of sands, which mock the toil
Of patient culture; save one favour'd spot,
Which from the wild emerges like an isle,
Attir'd in verdure, interspers'd with vines
Of gen'rous nurture, yielding juice which scorns
The injuries of time: yet Nature's hand
Had sown their rocks with coral; had enrich'd
Their desert hills with veins of sapphires blue,
Which on the turban shine. On ev'ry neck
The coral blushes through the num'rous throng.
The Allarodians and Sasperian bands,
Equipp'd like Colchians, wield a falchion small.
Their heads are guarded by a helm of wood,
Their lances short, of hides undress'd their shields.
The Colchians march'd from Phasis, from the strand,
Where once Medea, fair enchantress, stood,
And, wond'ring, view'd the first adventur'rous keel,
Which cut the Pontic foam. From Argo's side
The demigods descended. They repair'd
To her fell sire's inhospitable hall.
His blooming graces Jason there disclos'd:
With ev'ry art of eloquence divine
He claim'd the golden fleece. The virgin heard,
She gaz'd in fatal ravishment, and lov'd.
Then to the hero she resigns her heart.
Her magic tames the brazen-footed bulls.
She lulls the sleepless dragon. O'er the main
He wafts the golden prize, and gen'rous fair,
The destin'd victim of his treach'rous vows.
The hostile Colchians then pursu'd their flight
In vain. By ancient enmity inflam'd,
Or to recall the long-forgotten wrong
Compell'd by Xerxes, now they menace Greece
With desolation. Next in Median garb
A crowd appear'd, who left the peopled isles
In Persia's gulf, and round Arabia strewn.
Some in their native topaz were adorn'd,
From Ophiodes, from Topazos sprung;
Some in the shells of tortoises, which brood
Around Casitis' verge. For battle range
Those, who reside, where, all beset with palms,
Erythras lies entomb'd, a potent king,
Who nam'd of old the Erythræan main,
On chariots scyth'd the Libyans sat, array'd
In skins terrific, brandishing their darts
Of wood, well-temper'd in the hard'ning flames.
Not Libya's deserts from tyrannic sway
Could hide her sons; much less could freedom dwell
Amid the plenty of Arabia's fields:
Where spicy Cassia, where the fragrant reed,
Where myrrh, and hallow'd frankincense perfume
The Zephyr's wing. A bow of largest size
Th' Arabian carries. O'er his lucid vest
Loose floats a mantle, on his shoulder clasp'd.
Two chosen myriads on the lofty backs
Of camels rode, who match'd the fleetest horse.
Such were the numbers, which, from Asia led,
In base prostration bow'd before the wheels
Of Xerxes' chariot. Yet what legions more
The Malian sand o'ershadow? Forward rolls
The regal car through nations, who in arms,
In order'd ranks unlike the orient tribes,
Upheld the spear and buckler. But, untaught
To bend the servile knee, erect they stood;
Unless that, mourning o'er the shameful weight
Of their new bondage, some their brows depress'd,
Their arms with grief disdaining. Europe's sons
Were these, whom Xerxes by resistless force
Had gather'd round his standards. Murm'ring here,
The sons of Thrace and Macedonia rang'd;
Here on his steed the brave Thessalian frown'd;
There pin'd reluctant multitudes, of Greece
Redundant plants, in colonies dispers'd
Between Byzantium, and the Malian bay.
Through all the nations, who ador'd his pride,
Or fear'd his pow'r, the monarch now was pass'd;
Nor yet among those millions could be found
One, who in beauteous feature might compare,
Or tow'ring size with Xerxes. O possess'd
Of all but virtue, doom'd to show how mean,
How weak without her is unbounded pow'r,
The charm of beauty, and the blaze of state,
How insecure of happiness, how vain!
Thou, who couldst mourn the common lot, by Heav'n
From none withheld, which oft to thousands proves
Their only refuge from a tyrant's rage;
Which in consuming sickness, age, or pain
Becomes at last a soothing hope to all:
Thou, who couldst weep, that Nature's gentle hand
Should lay her weary'd offspring in the tomb;
Yet couldst remorseless from their peaceful seats
Lead half the nations, victims to thy pride,
To famine, plague, and massacre a prey;
What didst thou merit from the injur'd world?
What suff'rings to compensate for the tears
Of Asia's mothers, for unpeopled realms,
For all this waste of Nature? On his host
Th' exulting monarch bends his haughty sight,
To Demaratus then directs his voice.
"My father, great Darius, to thy mind
Recall, O Spartan. Gracious he receiv'd
Thy wand'ring steps, expell'd their native home.
My favour too remember. To beguile
Thy benefactor, and disfigure truth,
Would ill become thee. With consid'rate eyes
Look back on these battalions. Now declare,
If yonder Grecians will oppose their march."
To him the exile. "Deem not, mighty lord,
I will deceive thy goodness by a tale
To give them glory, who degraded mine.
Nor be the king offended, while I use
The voice of truth. The Spartans never fly."
Contemptuous smil'd the monarch, and resum'd

" Wilt thou, in Lacedæmon once supreme,
Encounter twenty Persians? Yet these Greeks
In greater disproportion must engage
Our host to morrow." Demaratus then.
" By single combat were the trial vain
To show the pow'r of well-united force,
Which oft by military skill surmounts
The weight of numbers. Prince, the diff'rence learn
Between thy warriors and the sons of Greece.
The flow'r, the safeguard of thy num'rous camp
Are mercenaries. These are canton'd round
Thy provinces. No fertile field demands
Their painful hand to break the fallow glebe.
Them to the noon-day toil no harvest calls.
Nor on the mountain falls the stubborn oak
By their laborious axe. Their watchful eyes
Observe not how the flocks and heifers feed.
To them of wealth, of all possessions void,
The name of country with an empty sound
Flies o'er the ear, nor warms their joyless hearts,
Who share no country. Needy, yet in scorn
Rejecting labour, wretched by their wants,
Yet profligate through indolence, with limbs
Enervated and soft, with minds corrupt,
From misery, debauchery, and sloth,
Are these to battle drawn against a foe,
Train'd in gymnastic exercise and arms,
Inur'd to hardship, and the child of toil,
Wont through the freezing show'r, the wintry storm
O'er his own glebe the tardy ox to goad,
Or in the Sun's impetuous heat to glow
Beneath the burden of his yellow sheaves;
Whence on himself, on her, whose faithful arms
Infold him joyful, on a growing race,
Which glad his dwelling, plenty he bestows
With independence. When to battle call'd,
For them his dearest comfort, and his care,
And for the harvest promis'd to his toil,
He lifts the shield, nor shuns unequal force.
Such are the troops of ev'ry state in Greece.
One only yields a breed more warlike still,
Of whom selected bands appear in sight,
All citizens of Sparta. They the glebe
Have never turn'd, nor bound the golden sheaf.
They are devoted to severer tasks
For war alone, their sole delight and care.
From infancy to manhood they are train'd
To winter watches, to inclement skies,
To plunge through torrents, brave the tusky boar,
To arms and wounds; a discipline of pain
So fierce, so constant, that to them a camp
With all its hardships is a seat of rest,
And war itself remission from their toil."
" Thy words are folly," with redoubled scorn
Returns the monarch. " Doth not freedom dwell
Among the Spartans? Therefore will they shun
Superior foes. The unrestrain'd and free
Will fly from danger; while my vassals, born
To absolute controlment from their king,
Know, if th' allotted station they desert,
The scourge awaits them, and my heavy wrath."
To this the exile. " O conceive not, prince,
That Spartans want an object, where to fix
Their eyes in rev'rence, in obedient dread,
To them more awful, than the name of king
To Asia's trembling millions, is the LAW;
Whose sacred voice enjoins them to confront
Unumber'd foes, to vanquish, or to die."
Here Demaratus pauses. Xerxes halts.
Its long defile Thermopylæ presents.
The satraps leave their cars. On foot they form
A splendid orb around their lord. By chance
The Spartans then compos'd th' external guard.
They, in a martial exercise employ'd,
Heed not the monarch, or his gaudy train;
But poise the spear, protended, as in fight;
Or lift their adverse shields in single strife;
Or, trooping, forward rush, retreat and wheel
In ranks unbroken, and with equal feet:
While others calm beneath their polish'd helms
Draw down their hair, whose length of sable curls
O'erspread their necks with terrour. Xerxes here
The exile questions. " What do these intend,
Who with assiduous hands adjust their hair?"
To whom the Spartan. " O imperial lord,
Such is their custom, to adorn their heads,
When full determin'd to encounter death.
Bring down thy nations in resplendent steel;
Arm, if thou canst, the gen'ral race of man,
All, who possess the regions unexplor'd
Beyond the Ganges, all, whose wand'ring steps
Above the Caspian range the Scythian wild
With those, who drink the secret fount of Nile:
Yet to Laconian bosoms shall dismay
Remain a stranger." Fervour from his lips
Thus breaks aloud; when, gushing from his eyes,
Resistless grief o'erflows his cheeks. Aside
His head he turns. He weeps in copious streams.
The keen remembrance of his former state,
His dignity, his greatness, and the sight
Of those brave ranks, which thus unshaken stood,
And spread amazement through the world in arms,
Excite these sorrows. His impassion'd looks
Review the godlike warriors, who beneath
His standard once victorious fought, who call'd
Him once their king, their leader; then again,
O'ercharg'd with anguish, he bedews with tears
His rev'rend beard, in agony bemoans
His faded honours, his illustrious name
Forgotten long, his majesty defil'd
By exile, by dependence. So obscur'd
By sordid moss, and ivy's creeping leaf,
Some princely palace, or stupendous fane,
Magnificent in ruin nods; where Time
From under shelving architraves hath mow'd
The column down, and cleft the pond'rous dome.
Not unobserv'd by Hyperanthes, mourn'd
Th' unhappy Spartan. Kindly in his own
He press'd the exile's hand, and thus humane.
" O Demaratus, in this grief I see,
How just thy praises of Laconia's state.
Though cherish'd here with universal love,
Thou still deplor'st thy absence from her face,
Howe'er averse to thine. But swift relief
From indignation borrow. Call to mind
Thy injuries. Th' auspicious fortune bless,
Which led thee far from calumny and fraud,
To peace, to honour in the Persian court."
As Demaratus with a grateful mind
His answer was preparing, Persia's king
Stern interrupted. " Soon as morning shines,
Do you, Tigranes and Phraortes, head
The Medes and Cissians. Bring these Grecians bound."
This said, the monarch to his camp returns.
Th' attendant princes reascend their cars,
Save Hyperanthes, by the Carian queen
Detain'd, who thus began. " Impartial, brave,
Nurs'd in a court, yet virtuous, let my heart
To thee its feelings undisguis'd reveal.

Thou hear'st thy royal brother. He demands
These Grecians bound. Why stops his mandate there?
Why not command the mountains to remove,
Or sink to level plains. You Spartans view,
Their weighty arms, their countenance. To die
My gratitude instructs me in the cause
Of our imperial master. To succeed
Is not within the shadow of my hopes
At this dire pass. What evil genius sways?
Tigranes, false Argestes, and the rest
In name a counsel, ceaseless have oppos'd
My dictates, oft repeated in despite
Of purpled flatt'rers, to embark a force,
Which, pouring on Laconia, might confine
These sons of valour to their own defence.
Vain are my words. The royal ear admits
Their sound alone; while adulation's notes
In syren sweetness penetrate his heart,
There lodge ensnaring mischief." In a sigh,
To her the prince. "O faithful to thy lord,
Discreet adviser, and in action firm,
What can I answer? My afflicted soul
Must seek its refuge in a feeble hope,
Thou mayst be partial to thy Doric race,
Mayst magnify our danger. Let me hope,
Whate'er the danger, if extreme, believe
That Hyperanthes for his prince can bleed,
Not with less zeal than Spartans for their laws."
They separate. To Xerxes he repairs.
The queen, surrounded by the Carian guard,
Stays and retraces with sagacious ken
The destin'd field of war, the vary'd space,
Its depth, its confines both of hill and sea.
Meantime a scene more splendid hath allur'd
Her son's attention. His transported sight
With ecstasy, like worship, long pursues
The pomp of Xerxes in retreat, the throne,
Which show'd their idol to the nations round,
The bounding steeds, caparison'd in gold,
The plumes, the chariots, standards. He excites
Her care, express'd in these pathetic strains.
"Look on the king with gratitude. His sire
Protected thine. Himself upholds our state.
By loyalty inflexible repay
The obligation. To immortal pow'rs
The adoration of thy soul confine;
And look undazzled on the pomp of man,
Most weak when highest. Then the jealous gods
Watch to supplant him. They his paths, his courts,
His chambers fill with flatt'ry's pois'nous swarms,
Whose honey'd bane, by kingly pride devour'd,
Consumes the health of kingdoms." Here the boy
By an attention, which surpass'd his years,
Unlocks her inmost bosom. "Thrice accurs'd
Be those," th' indignant heroine pursues,
"Those, who have tempted their imperial lord
To that prepost'rous arrogance, which cast
Chains in the deep to manacle the waves,
Chastis'd with stripes in Heav'n's offended sight
The Hellespont, and fondly now demands
The Spartans bound. O child, my soul's delight,
Train'd by my care to equitable sway,
And imitation of the gods by deeds
To merit their protection, heed my voice.
They, who alone can tame, or swell the floods,
Compose the winds, or guide their strong career,
O'erwhelming human greatness, will confound
Such vanity in mortals. On our fleet
Their indignation hath already fall'n.
Perhaps our boasted army is prepar'd
A prey for death, to vindicate their pow'r."
This said, a curious search in ev'ry part
Her eye renews. Adjoining to the straits,
Fresh bloom'd a thicket of entwining shrubs,
A seeming fence to some sequester'd ground,
By travellers unbeaten. Swift her guards
Address'd their spears to part the pliant boughs.
Held back, they yield a passage to the queen,
And princely boy. Delicious to their sight
Soft dales, meand'ring, show their flow'ry laps
Among rude piles of Nature. In their sides
Of rock are mansions hewn; nor loaden trees
Of cluster'd fruit are wanting: but no sound,
Except of brooks in murmur, and the song
Of winged warblers, meets the list'ning ear.
No grazing herd, no flock, nor human form
Is seen, no careful husband at his toil,
Beside her threshold no industrious wife,
No playful child. Instructive to her son
The princess then. "Already these abodes
Are desolate. Once happy in their homes,
Th' inhabitants forsake them. Pleasing scene
Of Nature's bounty, soon will savage Mars
Deform the lovely ringlets of thy shrubs,
And coarsely pluck thy violated fruits
Unripe; will deafen with his clangour fell
Thy tuneful choirs. I mourn thy destin'd spoil,
Yet come thy first despoiler. Captains, plant,
Ere morning breaks, my secret standard here.
Come, boy, away. Thy safety will I trust
To Demaratus; while thy mother tries
With these her martial followers, what sparks,
Left by our Doric fathers, yet inflame
Their sons and daughters in a stern debate
With other Dorians, who have never breath'd
The soft'ning gales of Asia, never bow'd
In forc'd allegiance to barbarian thrones.
Thou heed my order. Those ingenuous looks
Of discontent suppress. For thee this fight
Were too severe a lesson. Thou mightst bleed
Among the thousands, fated to expire
By Sparta's lance. Let Artemisia die,
Ye all-disposing rulers, but protect
Her son." She ceas'd. The lioness, who reigns
Queen of the forest, terrible in strength,
And prone to fury, thus, by Nature taught,
Melts o'er her young in blandishment and love.
Now slowly tow'rds the Persian camp her steps
In silence she directs; when a voice,
Sent from a rock, accessible which seem'd
To none but feather'd passengers of air,
By this reproof detain'd her. "Caria's queen
Art thou, to Greece by Doric blood ally'd?
Com'st thou to lay her fruitful meadows waste,
Thou homager of tyrants?" Upward gaz'd
Th' astonish'd princess. Lo! a female shape,
Tall and majestic, from th' impendent ridge
Look'd awful down. A holy fillet bound
Her graceful hair, loose flowing. Seldom wept
Great Artemisia. Now a springing tear
Between her eyelids gleam'd. "Too true," she sigh'd,
"A homager of tyrants! Voice austere,
And presence half-divine!" Again the voice.
"O Artemisia, hide thy Doric sword.
Let no barbarian tyrant through thy might,
Thy counsels, valiant as thou art and wise,
Consume the holy fanes, deface the tombs,
Subvert the laws of Greece, her sons enthrall"

The queen made no reply. Her breast-plate
The tremulous attire of cov'ring mail [heav'd.
Confess'd her struggle. She at length exclaim'd.
"Olympian thund'rer, from thy neighb'ring hill
Of sacred oaths remind me!" Then aside
She turns to shun that majesty of form,
In solemn sounds upbraiding. Torn her thoughts
She feels. A painful conflict she endures
With recollection of her Doric race;
Till gratitude, reviving, arms her breast.
Her royal benefactor she recalls,
Back to his sight precipitates her steps.

LEONIDAS.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Leonidas, rising by break of day, hears the intelligence, which Agis and Melibœus bring from the upper pass, then commands a body of Arcadians with the Platæans and Thespians, to be drawn out for battle, under the conduct of Demophilus, in that part of Thermopylæ, which lies close to the Phocian wall, from whence he harangues them. The enemy approaches. Diomedon kills Tigranes in single combat. Both armies join battle. Dithyrambus kills Phraortes. The Persians, entirely defeated, are pursued by Demophilus to the extremity of the pass. The Arcadians, inconsiderately advancing beyond it, fall into an ambush, which Artemisia had laid to cover the retreat of the Persians. She kills Clonius, but is herself repulsed by Demophilus. Diomedon and Dithyrambus give chase to her broken forces over the plains in the sight of Persia's camp, whence she receives no assistance. She rallies a small body, and, facing the enemy, disables Dithyrambus by a blow on his helmet. This puts the Grecians into some confusion, and gives her an opportunity of preserving the remainder of her Carians by a timely retreat. She gains the camp, accuses Argestes of treachery, but, pacified by Demaratus, is accompanied by him with a thousand horse to collect the dead bodies of her soldiers for sepulchre.

AURORA dawn'd. Leonidas arose.
With Melibœus, Agis, now return'd,
Address'd the king. "Along the mountain's side
We bent our journey. On our way a voice
Loud from a crag on Melibœus call'd.
He look'd and answer'd. 'Mycon, ancient friend!
Far hast thou driv'n thy bearded train to day;
But fortunate thy presence. None like thee,
Inhabitant of Œta from thy birth,
Can furnish that intelligence, which Greece
Wants for her safety.' Mycon show'd a track.
We mounted high. The summit, where we stopp'd,
Gave to the sight a prospect wide o'er hills,
O'er dales and forests, rocks, and dashing floods
In cataracts. The object of our search
Beneath us lay, the secret pass to Greece,
Where not five warriors in a rank can tread.
We thence descended to the Phocian camp,
Beset with scatter'd oaks, which rose and spread
In height and shade; on whose sustaining boughs
Were hung in snowy folds a thousand tents,
Containing each a Phocian heavy-mail'd
With two light-weapon'd menials. Northward ends
The vale, contracted to that narrow strait,
Which first we saw with Mycon."—"Prudent care
Like yours alleviates mine," well-pleas'd the king
Reply'd. "Now, Agis, from Arcadia's bands
Select a thousand spears. To them unite
The Thespians and Platæans. Draw their lines
Beneath the wall, which fortifies the pass.
There, close-embody'd, will their might repulse
The num'rous foe. Demophilus salute.
Approv'd in martial service him I name
The chief supreme." Obedient to his will
Th' appointed warriors, issuing from the tents,
Fill their deep files, and watch the high command.
So round their monarch in his stormy hall
The winds assemble. From his dusky throne
His dreadful mandates Æolus proclaims
To swell the main, or Heav'n with clouds deform,
Or bend the forest from the mountain's brow.
Laconia's leader from the rampart's height
To battle thus the list'ning host inflames.
"This day, O Grecians, countrymen and friends,
Your wives, your offspring, your paternal seats,
Your parents, country, liberty, and laws,
Demand your swords. You gen'rous, active, brave,
Vers'd in the various discipline of Mars,
Are now to grapple with ignoble foes,
In war unskilful, Nature's basest dross;
And thence a monarch's mercenary slaves.
Relax'd their limbs, their spirits are deprav'd
By eastern sloth and pleasures. Hire their cause,
Their only fruit of victory is spoil.
They know not freedom, nor its lib'ral cares.
Such is the flow'r of Asia's host. The rest,
Who fill her boasted numbers, are a crowd,
Forc'd from their homes; a populace in peace
By jealous tyranny disarm'd, in war
Their tyrant's victims. Taught in passive grief
To bear the rapine, cruelty, and spurns
Of Xerxes' mercenary band, they pine
In servitude to slaves. With terrour sounds
The trumpet's clangour in their trembling ears.
Unwonted loads, the buckler and the lance
Their hands sustain, encumber'd, and present
The mockery of war——But ev'ry eye
Shoots forth impatient flames. Your gallant breasts
Too long their swelling spirit have confin'd.
Go then, ye sons of Liberty; go, sweep
These bondmen from the field. Resistless rend
The glitt'ring standard from their servile grasp.
Hurl to the ground their ignominious heads,
The warrior's helm profaning. Think, the shades
Of your forefathers lift their sacred brows
Here to enjoy the glory of their sons."
He spake. Loud pæans issue from the Greeks.
In fierce reply barbarian shouts ascend
From hostile nations, thronging down the pass.
Such is the roar of Etna, when his mouth
Displodes combustion from his sulph'rous depths
To blast the smiles of Nature. Dauntless stood
In deep array before the Phocian wall
The phalanx, wedg'd with implicated shields,
And spears protended, like the graceful range
Of arduous elms, whose interwoven boughs

Before some rural palace wide expand
Their venerable umbrage to retard
The North's impetuous wing. As o'er the main
In lucid rows the rising waves reflect
The Sun's effulgence; so the Grecian helms
Return'd his light, which o'er their convex pour'd
A splendour, scatter'd through the dancing plumes.
Down rush the foes. Exulting in their van,
Their haughty leader shakes his threat'ning lance,
Provoking battle. Instant from his rank
Diomedon bursts furious. On he strides,
Confronts Tigranes, whom he thus defies.
"Now art thou met, barbarian. Wouldst thou prove
Thy actions equal to thy vaunts, command
Thy troops to halt, while thou and I engage."
Tigranes, turning to the Persians, spake.
"My friends and soldiers, check your martial haste,
While my strong lance that Grecian's pride confounds."
He ceas'd. In dreadful opposition soon
Each combatant advanc'd. Their sinewy hands
Grip'd fast their spears, high-brandish'd. Thrice they drove
With well-directed force the pointed steel
At either's throat, and thrice their wary shields
Repell'd the menac'd wound. The Asian chief
At length, with pow'rs collected for the stroke,
His weapon rivots in the Grecian targe.
Aside Diomedon inclines, and shuns
Approaching fate; then all his martial skill
Undaunted summons. His forsaken spear
Beside him cast, his falchion he unsheaths.
The blade, descending on Tigranes' arm,
That instant struggling to redeem his lance,
The nervous hand dissevers. Pale affright
Unmans the Persian; while his active foe
Full on his neck discharg'd the rapid sword,
Which open'd wide the purple gates of death.
Low sinks Tigranes in eternal shade.
His prostrate limbs the conqueror bestrides;
Then in a tuft of blood-distilling hair
His hand entwining, from the mangled trunk
The head disjoins, and whirls with matchless strength
Among the adverse legions. All in dread
Recoil'd, where'er the ghastly visage flew
In sanguine circles, and pursu'd its track
Of horrour through the air. Not more amaz'd,
A barb'rous nation, whom the cheerful dawn
Of science ne'er illumin'd, view on high
A meteor, waving its portentous fires;
Where oft, as Superstition vainly dreams,
Some demon sits amid the baneful blaze,
Dispersing plague and desolation round.
Awhile the stern Diomedon remain'd
Triumphant o'er the dire dismay, which froze
The heart of Persia; then with haughty pace
In sullen joy among his gladsome friends
Resum'd his station. Still the hostile throng
In consternation motionless suspend
The charge. Their drooping hearts Phraortes warms.
"Heav'n! can one leader's fate appal this host,
Which counts a train of princes for its chiefs?
Behold Phraortes. From Niphates' ridge
I draw my subject files. My hardy toil
Through pathless woods and deserts hath explor'd
The tiger's cavern. This unconquer'd hand
Hath from the lion rent his shaggy hide.
So through this field of slaughter will I chase
You vaunting Greek." His ardent words revive
Declining valour in the van. His lance
Then in the rear he brandishes. The crowd
Before his threat'ning ire, affrighted, roll
Their numbers headlong on the Grecian steel.
Thus with his trident ocean's angry god
From their vast bottom turns the mighty mass
Of waters upward, and o'erwhelms the beach.
Tremendous frown'd the fierce Plataean chief
Full in the battle's front. His ample shield
Like a strong bulwark prominent he rais'd
Before the line. There thunder'd all the storm
Of darts and arrows, His undaunted train
In emulating ardour charg'd the foe.
Where'er they turn'd the formidable spears,
Which drench'd the glebe of Marathon in blood,
Barbarian dead lay heap'd. Diomedon
Led on the slaughter. From his nodding crest
The sable plumes shook terrour. Asia's host
Shrunk back, as blasted by the piercing beams
Of that unconquerable sword, which fell
With lightning's swiftness on dissever'd helms,
And, menacing Tigranes' doom to all,
Their multitude dispers'd. The furious chief,
Encompass'd round by carnage, and besmear'd
With sanguine drops, inflames his warlike friends.
"O Dithyrambus, let thy deeds this day
Surmount their wonted lustre. Thou in arms,
Demophilus, worn grey, thy youth recall.
Behold, these slaves without resistance bleed.
Advance, my hoary friend. Propitious fame
Smiles on thy years. She grants thy aged hand
To pluck fresh laurels for thy honour'd brow."
As, when endu'd with Promethean heat,
The molten clay respir'd; a sudden warmth
Glows in the venerable Thespian's veins;
In ev'ry sinew new-born vigour swells.
His falchion, thund'ring on Cherasmes' helm,
The forehead cleaves. Ecbatana to war
Sent forth Cherasmes. From her potent gates
He proud in hope her swarming numbers led.
Him Ariazus and Peucestes join'd,
His martial brothers. They attend his fate,
By Dithyrambus pierc'd. Their hoary sire
Shall o'er his solitary palace roam;
Lamenting loud his childless years, shall curse
Ambition's fury, and the lust of war,
Then, pining, bow in anguish to the grave.
Next by the fierce Plataean's fatal sword
Expir'd Damates, once the host and friend
Of fall'n Tigranes. By his side to fight
He left his native bands. Of Syrian birth
In Daphné he resided near the grove,
Whose hospitable laurels in their shade
Conceal'd the virgin fugitive averse
To young Apollo. Hither she retir'd
Far from her parent stream. Here fables feign,
Herself a laurel, chang'd her golden hair
To verdant leaves in this retreat, the grove
Of Daphné call'd, the seat of rural bliss,
Fann'd by the breath of Zephyrs, and with rills
From bubbling founts irriguous. Syria's boast,
The happy rival of Thessalia's vale,
Now hid for ever from Damates' eyes.
Demophilus, wise leader, soon improves
Advantage. All the vet'rans of his troop,
In age his equals, to condense the files,
To rivet close their bucklers he commands.
As some broad vessel, heavy in her strength,
But well-compacted, when a fav'ring gale
Invites the skilful master to expand

The sails at large, her slow but steady course
Impels through myriads of dividing waves;
So, unresisted, through barbarian throngs
The hoary phalanx pass'd. Arcadia's sons
Pursu'd more swift. Gigantic Clonius press'd
The yielding Persians, who before him sunk,
Crush'd like vile stubble underneath the steps
Of some glad peasant, visiting his fields
Of new-shorn harvest. On the gen'ral rout
Phraortes look'd intrepid still. He sprang
O'er hills of carnage to confront the foe.
His own inglorious friends he thus reproach'd.
"Fly then, ye cowards, and desert your chief.
Yet single here my target shall oppose
The shock of thousands." Raging, he impels
His deathful point through Aristander's breast.
Him Dithyrambus lov'd. A sacred bard,
Rever'd for justice, for his verse renown'd,
He sung the deeds of heroes, those who fell,
Or those who conquer'd in their country's cause,
Th' enraptur'd soul inspiring with the love
Of glory, earn'd by virtue. His high strain
The Muses favour'd from their neighb'ring bow'rs,
And bless'd with heav'nly melody his lyre.
No more from Thespia shall his feet ascend
The shady steep of Helicon; no more
The stream divine of Aganippe's fount
Bedew his lip harmonious: nor his hands,
Which, dying, grasp the unforsaken lance,
And prostrate buckler, ever more accord
Their lofty numbers to the sounding shell.
Lo! Dithyrambus weeps. Amid the rage
Of war and conquest swiftly-gushing tears
Find one sad moment's interval to fall
On his pale friend. But soon the victor proves
His stern revenge. Through shield and corselet plung'd,
His forceful blade divides the Persian's chest;
Whence issue streams of royal blood, deriv'd
From ancestors, who sway'd in Ninus old
Th' Assyrian sceptre. He, to Xerxes' throne
A tributary satrap, rul'd the vales,
Where Tigris swift between the parted hills
Of tall Niphates drew his foamy tide,
Impregnating the meads. Phraortes sinks,
Not instantly expiring. Still his eyes
Flash indignation, while the Persians fly.

Beyond the Malian entrance of the straits
Th' Arcadians rush; when, unperceiv'd till felt,
Spring from concealment in a thicket deep
New swarms of warriors, clustring on the flank
Of these unwary Grecians. Tow'rds the bay
They shrink. They totter on the fearful edge,
Which overhangs a precipice. Surpris'd,
The strength of Clonius fails. His giant bulk
Beneath the chieftain of th' assailing band
Falls prostrate. Thespians and Platæans wave
Auxiliar ensigns. They encounter foes,
Resembling Greeks in discipline and arms.
Dire is the shock. What less, than Caria's queen
In their career of victory could check
Such warriors? Fierce she struggles; while the rout
Of Medes and Cissians carry to the camp
Contagious terrour: thence no succour flows.
Demophilus stands firm; the Carian band
At length recoil before him. Keen pursuit
He leaves to other, like th' almighty Sire,
Who sits unshaken on his throne, while floods,
His instruments of wrath; o'erwhelm the Earth,
And whirlwinds level on her hills the growth
Of proudest cedars. Through the yielding crowd
Platæa's chief and Dithyrambus range
Triumphant side by side. Thus o'er the field,
Where bright Alpheus heard the rattling car
And concave hoof along his echoing banks,
Two gen'rous coursers, link'd in mutual reins,
In speed, in ardour equal, beat the dust
To reach the glories of Olympia's goal.
Th' intrepid heroes on the plain advance,
They press the Carian rear. Not long the queen
Endures that shame. Her people's dying groans
Transpiercé her bosom. On their bleeding limbs
She looks maternal, feels maternal pangs.
A troop she rallies. Goddess-like she turns,
Not less than Pallas with her Gorgon shield.
Whole ranks she covers like th' imperial bird
Extending o'er a nest of callow young
Her pinion broad, and pointing fierce her beak,
Her claws outstretch'd. The Thespian's ardent hand,
From common lives refraining, hastes to snatch
More splendid laurels from that nobler head.
His pond'rous falchion, swift descending, bears
Her buckler down, thence glancing, cuts the thong,
Which holds her headpiece fast. That golden fence
Drops down. Thick tresses, unconfin'd, diselose
A female warrior; one, whose summer pride
Of fleeting beauty had begun to fade,
Yet by th' heroic character supply'd;
Which grew more awful, as the touch of time
Remov'd the soft'ning graces. Back he steps,
Unmann'd by wonder. With indignant eyes,
Fire-darting, she advances. Both her hands
Full on his crest discharge the furious blade.
The forceful blow compels him to recede
Yet further back, unwounded, though confus'd.
His soldiers flock around him. From a scene
Of blood more distant speeds Platæa's chief.
The fair occasion of suspended fight
She seizes, bright in glory wheels away,
And saves her Carian remnant. While his friend
In fervent sounds Diomedon bespake.
"If thou art slain, I curse this glorious day.
Be all thy trophies; be my own accurs'd."
The youth, recover'd, answers in a smile.
"I am unhurt. The weighty blow proclaim'd
The queen of Caria, or Bellona's arm.
Our longer stay Demophilus may blame.
Let us prevent his call." This said, their steps
They turn, both striding through empurpled heaps
Of arms, and mangled slain, themselves with gore
Distain'd like two grim tigers, who have fore'd
A nightly mansion, on the desert rais'd
By some lone-wand'ring traveller, then, dy'd
In human crimson, through the forest deep
Back to their covert's dreary gloom retire.

Stern Artemisia, sweeping o'er the field,
Bursts into Asia's camp. A furious look
She casts around. Abrocomes remote
With Hyperanthes from the king were sent.
She sees Argestes in that quarter chief,
Who from battalions numberless had spar'd
Not one to succour, but his malice gorg'd
With her distress. Her anger now augments.
Revenge frowns gloomy on her darken'd brow.
He cautious moves to Xerxes, where he sat
High on his car. She follows. Lost her helm,
Resign'd to sportive winds her cluster'd locks,
Wild, but majestic like the waving boughs
Of some proud elm, the glory of the grove,
And full in foliage. Her emblazon'd shield

With gore is tarnish'd. Pale around are seen
All faint, all ghastly from repeated wounds
Her bleeding soldiers. Brandishing her sword,
To them she points, to Xerxes thus she speaks.
"Behold these mangled Carians, who have spent
Their vital current in the king's defence,
Ev'n in his sight; while Medes and Cissians fled,
By these protected, whom Argestes saw
Pursu'd by slaughter to thy very camp,
Yet left unhelp'd to perish. Ruling sire,
Let Horomazes be thy name, or Jove,
To thee appealing, of the king I claim
A day for justice. Monarch, to my arm
Give him a prey. Let Artemisia's truth
Chastise his treason." With an eye submiss,
A mein obsequious, and a soothing tone
To cheat the king, to moderate her ire
Argestes utters these fallacious words.
"May Horomazes leave the fiend at large
To blast my earthly happiness, confine
Amid the horrours of his own abode
My ghost hereafter, if the sacred charge
Of Xerxes' person was not my restraint,
My sole restraint! To him our all is due,
Our all how trifling with his safety weigh'd!
His preservation I prefer to fame,
And bright occasion for immortal deeds
Forego in duty. Else my helpful sword,
Fair heroine of Asia, hadst thou seen
Among the foremost blazing. Lo! the king
A royal present will on thee bestow;
Perfumes and precious unguents on the dead,
A golden wreath to each survivor brave."
Aw'd by her spirit, by the flatt'rers spell
Deluded, languid through dismay and shame
At his defeat, the monarch for a time
Sat mute, at length unlock'd his falt'ring lips.
"Thou hear'st, great princess. Rest content.
I ratify. Yet further, I proclaim [His words
Thee of my train first counsellor and chief."
"O eagle-ey'd discernment in the king!
O wisdom equal to his boundless power!"
The purpled sycophant exclaims. "Thou seest
Her matchless talents. Wanting her, thy fleet,
The floating bulwark of our hopes, laments,
Foil'd in her absence, in her conduct safe.
Thy penetrating sight directs the field;
There let her worth be hazarded no more."
"Thy words are wise," the blinded prince rejoins.
"Return, brave Carian, to thy naval charge."
Thus to remove her from the royal ear
Malicious guile prevails. Redoubled rage
Swells in her bosom. Demaratus sees;
And calms the storm by rend'ring up his charge
To her maternal hand. Her son belov'd
Dispels the furies. Then the Spartan thus.
"O Artemisia, of the king's command
Be thou observant. To thy slaughter'd friends
Immediate care, far other than revenge,
Is due. The ravens gather. From his nest
Among those clifts the eagle's rapid flight
Denotes his scent of carnage. Thou, a Greek,
Well know'st the duty sacred to the dead.
Depart; thy guide is piety. Collect,
For honourable sepulchres prepare
Those bodies, mark'd with honourable wounds.
I will assist thee. Xerxes will entrust
To my command a chosen guard of horse."
As oft, when storms in summer have o'ercast
The night with double darkness, only pierc'd
By Heav'n's blue fire, while thunder shakes the pole,
The orient Sun, diffusing genial warmth,
Refines the troubled air; the blast is mute;
Death-pointed flames disperse; and placid Jove
Looks down in smiles: so prudence from the lips
Of Demaratus, by his tone, his mien,
His aspect strength'ning smooth persuasion's flow,
Compos'd her spirit. She with him departs.
The king assigns a thousand horse to guard
Th' illustrious exile and heroic dame.

LEONIDAS.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Grecian commanders after the pursuit retire for refreshment to a cave in the side of mount Œta. Demophilus returns to the camp; Diomedon remains in the cave: while Dithyrambus, discovering a passage through it, ascends to the temple of the Muses. After a long discourse with Melissa, the daughter of Oileus, she entrusts him with a solemn message to Leonidas. Dithyrambus deputes this charge to Megistias, the augur. Leonidas, recalling the forces first engaged, sends down a fresh body. Diomedon and Dithyrambus are permitted on their own request to continue in the field with the Platæans. By the advice of Diomedon the Grecians advance to the broadest part of Thermopylæ, where they form a line of twenty in depth, consisting of the Platæans, Mantineans, Tegæans, Thebans, Corinthians, Phliasians, and Mycenæans. The Spartans compose a second line in a narrower part. Behind them are placed the light armed troops under Alpheus, and further back a phalanx of Locrians under Medon, the son of Oileus. Dieneces commands the whole.

Now Dithyrambus and Platæa's chief,
Their former post attaining, had rejoin'd
Demophilus. Recumbent on his shield
Phraortes, gasping there, attracts their sight.
To him in pity Thespia's gallant youth
Approaching, thus his gen'rous soul express'd.
"Liv'st thou, brave Persian? By propitious Jove,
From whom the pleasing stream of mercy flows
Through mortal bosoms, less my soul rejoic'd,
When fortune bless'd with victory my arm,
Than now to raise thee from this field of death."
His languid eyes the dying prince unclos'd,
Then with expiring voice. "Vain man, forbear
To proffer me, what soon thyself must crave.
The day is quite extinguish'd in these orbs.
One moment fate allows me to disdain
Thy mercy, Grecian. Now I yield to death."
This effort made, the haughty spirit fled.
So shoots a meteor's transitory gleam
Through nitrous folds of black nocturnal clouds,
Then dissipates for ever. O'er the corse
His rev'rend face Demophilus inclin'd,
Pois'd on his lance, and thus address'd the slain.

" Alas! how glorious were that bleeding breast,
Had Justice brae'd the buckler on thy arm,
And to preserve a people bade thee die.
Who now shall mourn thee? Thy ungrateful king
Will soon forget thy worth. Thy native land
May raise an empty monument, but feel
No public sorrow. Thy recorded name
Shall wake among thy countrymen no sighs
For their lost hero. What to them avail'd
Thy might, thy dauntless spirit? Not to guard
Their wives, their offspring from th' oppressor's hand;
But to extend oppression didst thou fall,
Perhaps with inborn virtues in thy soul,
Which, but thy froward destiny forbade,
By freedom cherish'd, might have bless'd mankind.
All-bounteous Nature, thy impartial laws
To no selected race of men confine
The sense of glory, fortitude, and all
The nobler passions, which exalt the mind,
And render life illustrious. These thou plant'st
In ev'ry soil. But freedom, like the Sun,
Must warm the gen'rous seeds. By her alone
They bloom, they flourish; while oppression blast
The tender virtues: hence a spurious growth,
False honour, savage valour taint the soul,
And wild ambition: hence rapacious pow'r
The ravag'd Earth unpeoples, and the brave,
A feast for dogs, th' ensanguin'd field bestrew."
He said. Around the venerable man
The warriors throng'd attentive. Conquest, hush'd
In joyful transports. O'er the horrid field,
Late scene so late of tumult, all was calm.
As when the song of Thracian Orpheus drew
To Hebrus' margin from their dreary seats
The savage breed, which Hæmus, wrapp'd in clouds,
Pangæus cold, and Rhodopean snows
In blood and discord nurs'd, the soothing strain
Flow'd with enchantment through the ravish'd ear,
Their fierceness melted, and, amaz'd, they learn'd
The sacred laws of justice, which the bard
Mix'd with the music of his heav'nly string.
Meantime th' Arcadians with inverted arms
And banners, sad and solemn on their shields
The giant limbs of Clonius bore along
To spread a gen'ral woe. The noble corse,
Dire spectacle of carnage, passing by
To those last honours, which the dead partake,
Struck Dithyrambus. Swift his melted eye
Review'd Phraortes on the rock supine;
Then on the sage Demophilus he look'd
Intent, and spake. " My heart retains thy words.
This hour may witness, how rapacious pow'r
The Earth unpeoples. Clonius is no more.
But he, by Greece lamented, will acquire
A signal tomb. This gallant Persian, crush'd
Beneath my fortune, bath'd in blood still warm,
May lie forgotten by his thankless king;
Yet not by me neglected shall remain
A naked corse." The good old man replies.
" My gen'rous child, deserving that success
Thy arm hath gain'd! When vital breath is fled,
Our friends, our foes are equal dust. Both claim
The fun'ral passage to that future seat
Of being, where no enmity revives.
There Greek and Persian will together quaff
In amaranthine bow'rs the cup of bliss
Immortal. Him, thy valour slew on Earth,
In that bless'd region thou mayst find a friend."
This said, the ready Thespians he commands
To lift Phraortes from his bed of death,
Th' empurpled rock. Outstretch'd on targets broad,
Sustain'd by hands late hostile, now humane,
He follows Clonius to the fun'ral pyre.
A cave not distant from the Phocian wall
Through Œta's cloven side had Nature form'd
In spacious windings. This in moss she clad;
O'er half the entrance downward from the roots
She hung the shaggy trunks of branching firs,
To Heav'n's hot ray impervious. Near the mouth
Reluctant laurels spread before the Sun
A broad and vivid foliage. High above,
The hill was darken'd by a solemn shade,
Diffus'd from ancient cedars. To this cave
Diomedon, Demophilus resort,
And Thesp a's youth. A deep recess appears,
Cool as the azure grot where Thetis sleeps
Beneath the vaulted ocean. Whisper'd sounds
Of waters, trilling from the riven stone
To feed a fountain on the rocky floor,
In purest streams o'erflowing to the sea,
Allure the warriors, hot with toil and thirst,
To this retreat serene. Against the sides
Their disencumber'd hands repose their shields;
The helms they loosen from their glowing cheeks;
Propp'd on their spears they rest: when Agis brings
From Lacedæmon's leader these commands.
" Leonidas recalls you from your toils,
Ye meritorious Grecians. You have reap'd
The first bright harvest on the field of fame.
Our eyes in wonder from the Phocian wall
On your unequall'd deeds incessant gaz'd."
To whom Platæa's chief. " Go, Agis, say
To Lacedæmon's ruler, that, untir'd,
Diomedon can yet exalt his spear,
Nor feels the armour heavy on his limbs.
Then shall I quit the contest? Ere he sinks,
Shall not this early Sun again behold
The slaves of Xerxes tremble at my lance,
Should they adventure on a fresh assault?"
To him the Thespian youth. " My friend, my guide
To noble actions, since thy gen'rous heart
Intent on fame disdains to rest, O grant,
I too thy glorious labours may partake,
May learn once more to imitate thy deeds.
Thou, gentlest Agis, Sparta's king entreat
Not to command us from the field of war."
" Yes, persevering heroes," he reply'd,
" I will return, will Sparta's king entreat
Not to command you from the field of war."
Then interpos'd Demophilus. " O friend,
Who leadst to conquest brave Platæa's sons;
Thou too, lov'd offspring of the dearest man,
Who dost restore a brother to my eyes;
My soul your magnanimity applauds:
But, O reflect, that unabating toil
Subdues the mightiest. Valour will repine,
When the weak hand obeys the heart no more.
Yet I, declining through the weight of years,
Will not assign a measure to your strength.
If still you find your vigour undecay'd,
Stay and augment your glory. So, when time
Casts from your whiten'd heads the helm aside;
When in the temples your enfeebled arms
Have hung their consecrated shields, the land
Which gave you life, in her defence employ'd,
Shall then by honours, doubled on your age,
Requite the gen'rous labours of your prime."
So spake the senior, and forsook the cave,
But from the fount Diomedon receives

Th' o'erflowing waters in his concave helm,
Addressing thus the genius of the stream.
"Whoe'er thou art, divinity unstain'd,
Of this fair fountain, till unsparing Mars
Heap'd carnage round thee, bounteous are thy streams
To me, who ill repay thee. I again
Thy silver-gleaming current must pollute, [slime."
Which, mix'd with gore, shall tinge the Malian
He said, and lifted in his brimming casque
The bright, refreshing moisture. Thus repairs
The spotted panther to Hydaspes' side,
Or eastern Indus, feasted on the blood
Of some torn deer, which nigh his cruel grasp
Had roam'd, unheeding, in the secret shade;
Rapacious o'er the humid brink he stoops,
And in the pure and fluid crystal cools
His reeking jaws. Meantime the Thespian's eye
Roves round the vaulted space; when sudden
Of music, utter'd by melodious harps, [sounds
And melting voices, distant, but in tones
By distance soften'd, while the Echoes sigh'd
In lulling replication, fill the vault
With harmony. In admiration mute,
With nerves unbrac'd by rapture, he, entranc'd,
Stands like an eagle, when his parting plumes
The balm of sleep relaxes, and his wings
Fall from his languid side. Platæa's chief,
Observing, rous'd the warrior. "Son of Mars,
Shall music's softness from thy bosom steal
The sense of glory? From his neighb'ring camp
Perhaps the Persian sends fresh nations down.
Soon in bright steel Thermopylæ will blaze.
Awake. Accustom'd to the clang of arms,
Intent on vengeance for invaded Greece,
My ear, my spirit in this hour admit
No new sensation, nor a change of thought."
The Thespian, starting from oblivious sloth
Of ravishment and wonder, quick reply'd.
"These sounds were more than human. Hark! Again!
O honour'd friend, no adverse banner streams
In sight. No shout proclaims the Persian freed
From his late terrour. Deeper let us plunge
In this mysterious dwelling of the nymphs,
Whose voices charm its gloom." In smiles rejoin'd
Diomedon. "I see thy soul enthrall'd.
Me thou wouldst rank among th' unletter'd rout
Of yon barbarians, should I press thy stay.
Time favours too. Till Agis be return'd,
We cannot act. Indulge thy eager search.
Here will I wait, a sentinel unmov'd,
To watch thy coming." In exploring haste
Th' impatient Thespian penetrates the cave.
He finds it bounded by a steep ascent
Of rugged steps; where down the hollow rock
A modulation clear, distinct, and slow
In movement solemn from a lyric string,
Dissolves the stagnant air to sweet accord
With these sonorous lays. "Celestial maids!
While, from our cliffs contemplating the war,
We celebrate our heroes, O impart
Orphean magic to the pious strain!
That from the mountain we may call the groves,
Swift motion through these marble fragments
To overleap the high Œtæan ridge, [breathe
And crush the fell invaders of our peace."
The animated hero upward springs
Light, as a kindled vapour, which, confin'd
In subterranean cavities, at length
Pervading, rives the surface to enlarge
The long-imprison'd flame. Ascending soon,
He sees, he stands abash'd, then rev'rent kneels.
An aged temple with insculptur'd forms
Of Jove's harmonious daughters, and a train
Of nine bright virgins, round their priestess rang'd,
Who stood in awful majesty, receive
His unexpected feet. The song is hush'd.
The measur'd movement on the lyric chord
In faint vibration dies. The priestess sage,
Whose elevated port and aspect rose
To more than mortal dignity, her lyre
Consigning graceful to attendant hands,
Looks with reproof. The loose, uncover'd hair
Shades his inclining forehead; while a flush
Of modest crimson dyes his youthful cheek.
Her pensive visage softens to a smile
On worth so blooming, which she thus accosts.
"I should reprove thee, inadvertent youth,
Who through the sole access by Nature left
To this pure mansion, with intruding steps
Dost interrupt our lays. But rise. Thy sword
Perhaps embellish'd that triumphant scene,
Which wak'd these harps to celebrating notes.
What is the impress on thy warlike shield?"
"A golden eagle on my shield I bear,"
Still bending low, he answers. She pursues.
"Art thou possessor of that glorious orb,
By me distinguish'd in the late defeat
Of Asia, driv'n before thee? Speak thy name.
Who is thy sire? Where lies thy native seat?
Com'st thou for glory to this fatal spot,
Or from barbarian violence to guard
A parent's age, a spouse, and tender babes,
Who call thee father?" Humbly he again.
"I am of Thespia, Dithyrambus nam'd,
The son of Harmatides. Snatch'd by fate,
He to his brother, and my second sire,
Demophilus, consign'd me. Thespia's sons
By him are led. His dictates I obey,
Him to resemble strive. No infant voice
Calls me a father. To the nuptial vow
I am a stranger, and among the Greeks
The least entitled to thy partial praise."
"None more entitled," interpos'd the dame.
"Deserving hero! thy demeanour speaks,
It justifies the fame, so widely spread,
Of Harmatides' heir. O grace and pride
Of that fair city, which the Muses love,
Thee an accepted visitant I hail
In this their ancient temple. Thou shalt view
Their sacred haunts." Descending from the dome,
She thus pursues. "First know, my youthful hours
Were exercis'd in knowledge. Homer's Muse
To daily meditation won my soul,
With my young spirit mix'd undying sparks
Of her own rapture. By a father sage
Conducted, cities, manners, men I saw,
Their institutes and customs. I return'd.
The voice of Locris call'd me to sustain
The holy function here. Now throw thy sight
Across that meadow, whose enliven'd blades
Wave in the breeze, and glisten in the Sun
Behind the hoary fane. My bleating train
Are nourish'd there, a spot of plenty, spar'd
From this surrounding wilderness. Remark
That fluid mirror, edg'd by shrubs and flow'rs,
Shrubs of my culture, flow'rs by Iris dress'd.
Nor pass that smiling concave in the hill,
Whose pointed crags are soften'd to the sight

By figs and grapes." She pauses; while around
His eye, delighted, roves, in more delight
Soon to the spot returning, where she stood
A deity in semblance, o'er the place
Presiding awful, as Minerva wise,
August like Juno, like Diana pure,
But not more pure than fair. The beauteous lake,
The pines wide-branching, falls of water clear,
The multifarious glow on Flora's lap
Lose all attraction, as her gracious lips
Resume their tale. "In solitude remote
Here I have dwelt contemplative, serene.
Oft through the rocks responsive to my lyre,
Oft to th' Amphictyons in assembly full,
When at this shrine their annual vows they pay,
In measur'd declamation I repeat
The praise of Greece, her liberty and laws.
From me the hinds, who tend their wand'ring goats
In these rude purlieus, modulate their pipes
To smoother cadence. Justice from my tongue
Dissentions calm, which ev'n in deserts rend
Th' unquiet heart of man. Now furious war
My careful thoughts engages, which delight
To help the free, th' oppressor to confound.
Thy feet auspicious fortune hither brings.
In thee a noble messenger I find.
Go, in these words Leonidas address.
Medusa, *priestess of the tuneful Nine,*
By them behests invites thy honour'd feet
To her divine abode. Thee, first of Greeks,
Conference of high import she calls."
The obedient Thespian down the holy cave
Returns. His swiftness suddenly prevents
His friend's impatience, who salutes him thus.
"Let thy adventure be hereafter told.
Look yonder. Fresh battalions from the camp
File through the Phocian barrier to construct
Another phalanx, moving tow'r of war,
Which scorns the strength of Asia. Let us arm;
That, ready station'd in the glorious van,
We may secure permission from the king
There to continue, and renew the fight."
That instant brings Megistias near the grot.
To Sparta's phalanx his paternal hand
Was leading Menalippus. Not unheard
By Dithyrambus in their slow approach,
The father warns a young and lib'ral mind.
"Sprung from a distant boundary of Greece,
A foreigner in Sparta, cherish'd there,
Instructed, honour'd, nor unworthy held
To fight for Lacedæmon in her line
Of discipline and valour, lo! my son,
The hour is come to prove thy gen'rous heart:
That in thy hand, not ill-entrusted, shine
The spear and buckler to maintain the cause
Of thy protectress. Let thy mind recall
Leonidas. On yonder bulwark plac'd,
He overlooks the battle; he discerns
The bold and fearful. May the gods I serve,
Grant me to hear Leonidas approve
My son! No other boon my age implores."
The augur paus'd. The animated cheek
Of Menalippus glows. His eager look
Demands the fight. This struck the tender sire,
Who then with moisten'd eyes. "Remember too,
A father sees thy danger. Oh! my child,
To me thy honour, as to thee, is dear;
Yet court not death. By ev'ry filial tie,
By all my fondness, all my cares I sue!
Amid the conflict, or the warm pursuit
Still by the wise Dieneces abide.
His prudent valour knows th' unerring paths
Of glory. He admits thee to his side.
He will direct thy ardour. Go"—They part.
Megistias, turning, is accosted thus
By Dithyrambus. "Venerable seer,
So may that son, whose merit I esteem,
Whose precious head in peril I would die
To guard, return in triumph to thy breast,
As thou deliver'st to Laconia's king
A high and solemn message. While anew
The line is forming, from th' embattled field
I must not stray, uncall'd. A sacred charge
Through hallow'd lips will best approach the king."
The Acarnanian in suspense remains
And silence. Dithyrambus quick relates
Melissa's words, describes the holy grot,
Then quits th' instructed augur, and attends
Diomedon's loud call. That fervid chief
Was reassuming his distinguish'd arms,
Which, as a splendid recompense, he bore
From grateful Athens, for achievements bold;
When he with brave Miltiades redeem'd
Her domes from Asian flames. The sculptur'd helm
Enclos'd his manly temples. From on high
A four-fold plumage nodded; while beneath
A golden dragon with effulgent scales,
Itself the crest, shot terrour. On his arm
He brac'd his buckler. Bord'ring on the rim,
Gorgonian serpents twin'd. Within, the form
Of Pallas, martial goddess, was emboss'd.
Low, as her feet, the graceful tunic flow'd.
Betwixt two griffins on her helmet sat
A sphynx with wings expanded; while the face
Of dire Medusa on her breast-plate frown'd.
One hand supports a javelin, which confounds
The pride of kings. The other leads along
A blooming virgin, Victory, whose brow
A wreath encircles. Laurels she presents;
But from her shoulders all her plumes were shorn,
In favour'd Athens ever now to rest.
This dread of Asia on his mighty arm
Diomedon uprear'd. He snatch'd his lance,
Then spake to Dithyrambus. "See, my friend,
Alone of all the Grecians, who sustain'd
The former onset, inexhausted stand
Platæa's sons. They well may keep the field,
Who with unslacken'd nerves endur'd that day,
Which saw ten myriads of barbarians driv'n
Back to their ships, and Athens left secure.
Charge in our line. Amid the foremost rank
Thy valour shall be plac'd to share command,
And ev'ry honour with Platæa's chief."
He said no more, but tow'rds the Grecian van
Impetuous, ardent strode. Nor slow behind
The pride of Thespia, Dithyrambus mov'd
Like youthful Hermes in celestial arms;
When lightly graceful with his feather'd feet
Along Scamander's flow'ry verge he pass'd
To aid th' incens'd divinities of Greece
Against the Phrygian tow'rs. Their eager haste
Soon brings the heroes to th' embattling ranks,
Whom thus the brave Diomedon exhorts.
"Not to contend, but vanquish, are ye come.
Here in the blood of fugitives your spears
Shall, unoppos'd, be stain'd. My valiant friends,
But chief, ye men of Sparta, view that space,
Where from the Malian gulf more distant rise
Th' Œtæan rocks, and less confine the straits.

There if we range, extending wide our front,
An ampler scope to havoc will be giv'n."
To him Dioneces. "Plataean friend,
Well dost thou counsel. On that widening ground
Close to the mountain place thy vet'ran files.
Proportion'd numbers from thy right shall stretch
Quite to the shore in phalanx deep like thine.
The Spartans wedg'd in this contracted part
Will I contain. Behind me Alpheus waits
With lighter bodies. Further back the line
Of Locris forms a strong reserve." He said.
The diffrent bands, confiding in his skill,
Move on successive. The Plataeans first
Against the hill are station'd. In their van
Is Dithyrambus rank'd. Triumphant joy
Distends their bosoms, sparkles in their eyes.
"Bless'd be the great Diomedon," they shout,
"Who brings another hero to our line.
Hail! Dithyrambus. Hail! illustrious youth.
Had tender age permitted, thou hadst gain'd
An early palm at Marathon." His post
He takes. His gladness blushes on his cheek
Amid the foremost rank. Around him crowd
The long-try'd warriors. Their unnumber'd scars
Discov'ring, they in ample phrase recount
Their various dangers. He their wounds surveys
In veneration, nor disdains to hear
The oft-repeated tale. From Sparta's king
Return'd, the gracious Agis these address'd.
"Leonidas salutes Platæa's chief
And Dithyrambus. To your swords he grants
A further effort with Platæa's band,
If yet by toil unconquer'd—but I see,
That all, unyielding, court the promis'd fight.
Hail! glorious veterans. This signal day
May your victorious arms augment the wreaths
Around your venerable heads, and grace
Thermopylæ with Marathonian fame."
This said, he hastens back. Meantime advance
The Mantinean, Diophantus brave,
Then Hegesander, Tegea's dauntless chief,
Who near Diomedon in equal range
Erect their standards. Next the Thebans form.
Alcmæon, bold Eupalamus succeed
With their Corinthian and Phliasian bands.
Last on the Malian shore Myceuæ's youth
Aristobulus draws. From Œtá's side
Down to the bay in well-connected length
Each gleaming rank contains a hundred spears,
While twenty bucklers ev'ry file condense.
A sure support, Dieneces behind
Arrays the Spartans. Godlike Agis here,
There Menalippus by their leader stand
Two bulwarks. Breathing ardour in the rear,
The words of Alpheus fan the growing flame
Of expectation through his light-arm'd force;
While Polydorus present in his thoughts
To vengeance sharpens his indignant soul.
No foe is seen. No distant shout is heard.
This pause of action Dithyrambus chose.
The solemn scene on Œta to his friend
He open'd large; portray'd Melissa's form,
Reveal'd her mandate; when Platæa's chief.
"Such elevation of a female mind
Bespeaks Melissa worthy to obtain
The conference she asks. This wondrous dame
Amid her hymns conceives some lofty thought
To make these slaves, who loiter in their camp,
Dread ev'n our women. But, my gentle friend,
Say, Dithyrambus, whom the liquid spell
Of song enchants, should I reproach the gods,
Who form'd me cold to music's pleasing pow'r?
Or should I thank them, that the soft'ning charm
Of sound or numbers ne'er dissolv'd my soul?
Yet I confess thy valour breaks that charm
Which may enrapture, not unman thy breast."
To whom his friend. "Doth he, whose lays record
The woes of Priam, and the Grecian fame,
Doth he dissolve thy spirit? Yet he flows
In all the sweetness harmony can breathe."
"No, by the gods," Diomedon rejoins.
"I feel that mighty Muse. I see the car
Of fierce Achilles, see th' encumber'd wheels
O'er heroes driv'n, and clotted with their gore.
Another too demands my soul's esteem,
Brave Æschylus of Athens. I have seen
His Muse begirt by furies, while she swell'd
Her tragic numbers. Him in equal rage
His country's foes o'erwhelming I beheld
At Marathon. If Phœbus would diffuse
Such fire through ev'ry bard, the tuneful band
Might in themselves find heroes for their songs.
But, son of Harmatides, lift thine eye
To yonder point, remotest in the bay.
Those seeming clouds, which o'er the billows fleet
Successive round the jutting land, are sails.
Th' Athenian pendant hastens to salute
Leonidas. O Æschylus, my friend,
First in the train of Phœbus and of Mars,
Be thou on board! Swift-bounding o'er the waves,
Come and be witness to heroic deeds!
Brace thy strong harp with loftier-sounding chords
To celebrate this battle! Fall, who may;
But if they fall with honour, let their names
Round festive goblets in thy numbers ring,
And joy, not grief, accompany the song."
Conversing thus, their courage they beguil'd,
Which else, impatient of inactive hours,
At long-suspended glory had repin'd.

LEONIDAS.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Megistias delivers Melissa's message to Leonidas. Medon, her brother, conducts him to the temple. She furnishes Leonidas with the means of executing a design he had premeditated to annoy the enemy. They are joined by a body of mariners under the command of Æschylus, a celebrated poet and warrior among the Athenians. Leonidas takes the necessary measures; and, observing from a summit of Œta the motions of the Persian army, expects another attack: this is renewed with great violence by Hyperanthes, Abrocomes, and the principal Persian leaders at the head of some chosen troops.

Megistias, urging to unwonted speed
His aged steps, by Dithyrambus charg'd
With sage Melissa's words, had now rejoin'd
The king of Lacedæmon. At his side
Was Maron posted, watchful to receive
His high injunctions. In the rear they stood
Behind two thousand Locrians, deep-array'd

By warlike Medon, from Oïleus sprung.
Leonidas to them his anxious mind
Was thus disclosing. "Medon, Maron, hear.
From this low rampart my exploring eye
But half commands the action, yet hath mark'd
Enough for caution. Yon barbarian camp,
Immense, exhaustless, deluging the ground
With myriads, still o'erflowing, may consume
By endless numbers and unceasing toil
The Grecian strength. Not marble is our flesh,
Nor adamant our sinews. Sylvan pow'rs,
Who dwell on Œta, your superior aid
We must solicit. Your stupendous cliffs
In those loose rocks, and branchless trunks, contain
More fell annoyance than the arm of man."
He ended; when Megistias. "Virtuous king,
Melissa, priestess of the tuneful Nine,
By their behests invites thy honour'd feet
To her chaste dwelling, seated on that hill.
To conference of high import she calls
Thee, first of Grecians." Medon interpos'd.
"She is my sister. Justice rules her ways
With piety and wisdom. To her voice
The nations round give ear. The Muses breathe
Their inspiration through her spotless soul,
Which borders on divinity. She calls
On thee. O truly styl'd the first of Greeks,
Regard her call. Yon cliff's projecting head
To thy discernment will afford a scope
More full, more certain; thence thy skilful eye
Will best direct the fight." Melissa's sire
Was ever present to the king in thought,
Who thus to Medon. "Lead, Oïleus' son.
Before the daughter of Oïleus place
My willing feet." They hasten to the cave.
Megistias, Maron follow. Through the rock
Leonidas, ascending to the fane,
Rose like the god of Morning from the cell
Of Night, when, shedding cheerfulness and day
On hill and vale emblaz'd with dewy gems,
He gladdens Nature. Lacedæmon's king,
Majestically graceful and serene,
Dispels the rigour in that solemn seat
Of holy sequestration. On the face
Of pensive-ey'd Religion rapture glows
In admiration of the godlike man.
Advanc'd Melissa. He her proffer'd hand
In hue, in purity like snow, receiv'd.
A heav'n-illumin'd dignity of look
On him she fix'd. Rever'd by all, she spake.
"Hail! chief of men, selected by the gods
For purer fame than Hercules acquir'd.
This hour allows no pause." She leads the king
With Medon, Maron, and Megistias down
A slope, declining to the mossy verge,
Which terminates the mountain. While they pass,
She thus proceeds. "These marble masses view,
Which lie dispers'd around you. They were hewn
From yonder quarry. Note those pond'rous beams,
The sylvan offspring of that hill. With these
At my request th' Amphictyons from their seat
Of gen'ral council piously decreed
To raise a dome, the ornament of Greece.
Observe those wither'd firs, those mould'ring oaks,
Down that declivity, half-rooted, bent,
Inviting human force—Then look below.
There lies Thermopylæ."—"I see," exclaims
The high-conceiving hero. "I recall
Thy father's words and forecast. He presag'd,
I should not find his daughter's counsel vain.
He to accomplish, what thy wisdom plans,
Hath amplest means supply'd. Go, Medon, bring
The thousand peasants from th' Oïlean vale
Detach'd. Their leader Melibœus bring.
Fly, Maron. Ev'ry instrument provide
To fell the trees, to drag the massy beams,
To lift the broad-hewn fragments."—"Are not these
For sacred use reserv'd?" Megistias said.
"Can these be wielded by the hand of Mars
Without pollution?" In a solemn tone
The priestess answer'd. "Rev'rend man, who bearst
Pontific wreaths, and thou, great captain, hear.
Forbear to think, that my unprompted mind,
Calm and sequester'd in religion's peace,
Could have devis'd a stratagem of war;
Or, unpermitted, could resign to Mars
These rich materials, gather'd to restore
In strength and splendour yon decrepit walls,
And that time-shaken roof. Rejecting sleep,
Last night I lay contriving swift revenge
On these barbarians, whose career profane
O'erturns the Grecian temples, and devotes
Their holy bow'rs to flames. I left my couch,
Long ere the Sun his orient gates unbarr'd.
Beneath yon beach my pensive head reclin'd.
The rivulets, the fountains, warbling round,
Attracted slumber. In a dream I saw
Calliope. Her sisters, all with harps,
Were rang'd around her; as their Parian forms
Show in the temple. 'Dost thou sleep?' she said;
'Melissa, dost thou sleep? The barb'rous host
Approaches Greece. The first of Grecians comes
By death to vanquish. Priestess, let him hurl
These marble heaps, these consecrated beams,
Our fane itself, to crush the impious ranks.
The hero summon to our sacred hill.
Reveal the promis'd succour. All is due
To liberty against a tyrant's pride.'
She struck her shell. In concert full reply'd
The sister lyres. Leonidas they sung
In ev'ry note and dialect yet known,
In measures new, in language yet to come."
She finish'd. Then Megistias. "Dear to Heav'n,
By nations honour'd, and in tow'ring thought
O'er either sex pre-eminent, thy words
To me a soldier and a priest suffice.
I hesitate no longer." But the king,
Wrapt in ecstatic contemplation stood,
Revolving deep an answer, which might suit
His dignity and hers. At length he spake.
"Not Lacedæmon's whole collected state
Of senate, people, ephori, and kings,
Not the Amphictyons, whose convention holds
The universal majesty of Greece,
E'er drew such rev'rence as thy single form,
O all-surpassing woman, worthy child
Of time-renown'd Oïleus. In thy voice
I hear the goddess Liberty. I see
In thy sublimity of look and port
That daughter bright of Eleutherian Jove.
Me thou hast prais'd. My conscious spirit feels,
That not to triumph in thy virtuous praise
Were want of virtue. Yet, illustrious dame,
Were I assur'd, that oracles delude;
That, unavailing, I should spill my blood;
That all the Muses of subjected Greece
Hereafter would be silent, and my name
Be ne'er transmitted to recording time;
There is in virtue, for her sake alone,

What should uphold my resolution firm.
My country's laws I never would survive."
Mov'd at his words, reflecting on his fate,
She had relax'd her dignity of mind,
Had sunk in sadness; but her brother's helm
Before her beams. Relumining her night,
He through the cave like Hesperus ascends,
Th' Oilean hinds conducting to achieve
The enterprise she counsels. Now her ear
Is pierc'd by notes, shrill-sounding from the vault.
Up starts a diff'rent band; alert and light,
Athenian sailors. Long and sep'rate files
Of lusty shoulders, eas'd by union, bear
Thick, well-compacted cables, wont to heave
The restiff anchor. To a naval pipe,
As if one soul invigorated all,
And all compos'd one body, they had trod
In equal paces, mazy, yet unbroke
Throughout their passage. So the spinal strength
Of some portentous serpent, whom the heats
Of Libya breed, indissolubly knit,
But flexible, across the sandy plain,
Or up the mountain draws his spotted length,
Or where a winding excavation leads
Through rocks abrupt and wild. Of stature large,
In arms which show'd simplicity of strength,
No decoration of redundant art,
With sable horse-hair, floating down his back,
A warrior moves behind. Compos'd in gait,
Austerely grave and thoughtful, on his shield
The democratic majesty he bore
Of Athens. Carv'd in emblematic brass,
Her image stood with Pallas by her side,
And trampled under each victorious foot
A regal crown, one Persian, one usurp'd
By her own tyrants, on the well-fought plain
Of Marathon confounded. He commands
These future guardians of their country's weal,
Of gen'ral Greece the bulwarks. Their high deeds
From Artemisium, from th' empurpled shores
Of Salamis renown shall echo wide;
Shall tell posterity in latest times,
That naval fortitude controls the world.
Swift Maron, following, brings a vig'rous band
Of Helots. Ev'ry instrument they wield
To delve, to hew, to heave; and active last
Bounds Meliboeus, vigilant to urge
The tardy forward. To Laconia's king
Advanc'd th' Athenian leader, and began.
"Thou godlike ruler of Eurotas, hail!
Thee by my voice Themistocles salutes,
The admiral of Athens. I conduct
By public choice the squadron of my tribe,
And Æschylus am call'd. Our chief hath giv'n
Three days to glory on Eubœa's coast,
Whose promontories almost rise to meet
Thy ken from Œta's cliffs. This morning saw
The worsted foe, from Artemisium driv'n,
Leave their disabled ships, and floating wrecks,
For Grecian trophies. When the fight was clos'd,
I was detach'd to bring th' auspicious news,
To bid thee welcome. Fortunate my keel
Hath swiftly borne me. Joyful I concur
In thy attempt. Appris'd by yonder chiefs,
Who met me landing, instant from the ships
A thousand gallant mariners I drew,
Who till the setting Sun shall lend their toil."
"Themistocles and thou accept my heart,"
Leonidas reply'd, and closely strain'd
The brave, the learn'd Athenian to his breast.
"To envy is ignoble, to admire
Th' activity of Athens will become
A king of Sparta, who like thee condemn'd
His country's sloth. But Sparta now is arm'd.
Thou shalt commend. Behold me station'd here
To watch the wild vicissitudes of war,
Direct the course of slaughter. To this post
By that superior woman I was call'd.
By long protracted fight lest fainting Greece
Should yield, outnumber'd, my enlighten'd soul
Through her, whom Heav'n enlightens, hath devis'd
To whelm the num'rous, persevering foe
In hideous death, and signalize the day
With horrours new to war. The Muses prompt
The bright achievement. Lo! from Athens smiles
Minerva too. Her swift, auspicious aid
In thee we find, and these, an ancient race,
By her and Neptune cherish'd." Straight he meets
The gallant train, majestic with his arms
Outstretch'd, in this applauding strain he spake.
"O lib'ral people, earliest arm'd to shield
Not your own Athens more than gen'ral Greece,
You best deserve her gratitude. Her praise
Will rank you foremost on the rolls of Fame."
They hear, they gaze, revering and rever'd.
Fresh numbers muster, rushing from the hills,
The thickets round. Melissa, pointing, spake.
"I am their leader. Natives of the hills
Are these, the rural worshippers of Pan,
Who breathes an ardour through their humble minds
To join you warriors. Vassals these, not mine,
But of the Muses, and their hallow'd laws
Administer'd by me. Their patient hands
Make culture smile, where Nature seems to chide;
Nor wanting my instructions, or my pray'rs,
Fertility they scatter by their toil
Around this aged temple's wild domain.
Is Meliboeus here! Thou fence secure
To old Oileus from the cares of time,
Thrice art thou welcome. Useful, wise, belov'd,
Where'er thou sojournest, on Œta known,
As oft the bounty of a father's love
Thou on Melissa's solitude dost pour,
Be thou director of these mountain hinds."
Th' important labour to inspiring airs
From flutes and harps in symphony with hymns
Of holy virgins, ardent all perform,
In bands divided under diff'rent chiefs.
Huge timbers, blocks of marble, to remove
They first attempted; then assembled stones
Loose in their beds, and wither'd trunks, uptorn
By tempests; next dismember'd from the rock
Broad, rugged fragments; from the mountains hew'd
Their venerable firs, and aged oaks,
Which, of their branches by the lightning bar'd,
Presented still against the blasting flame
Their hoary pride unshaken. These the Greeks,
But chief th' Athenian mariners, to force
Uniting skill, with massy leavers heave,
With strong-knit cables drag: till, now dispos'd,
Where great Leonidas appoints, the piles
Nod o'er the straits. This new and sudden scene
Might lift imagination to belief,
That Orpheus and Amphion from their beds
Of ever-blooming asphodel had heard
The Muses call; had brought their fabled harps,
At whose mellifluent charm once more the trees
Had burst their fibrous bands, and marbles leap'd
In rapid motion from the quarry's womb,
That day to follow harmony in aid

Of gen'rous valour. Fancy might discern
Cerulean Tethys, from her coral grot
Emerging, seated on her pearly car,
With Nereids floating on the surge below,
To view in wonder from the Malian bay
The attic sons of Neptune; who forsook
Their wooden walls to range th' Œtæan crags,
To rend the forests, and disjoin the rocks.
Meantime a hundred sheep are slain. Their limbs
From burning piles fume grateful. Bounty spreads
A decent board. Simplicity attends.
Then spake the priestess. "Long-enduring chiefs,
Your efforts, now accomplish'd, may admit
Refection due to this hard-labour'd train,
Due to yourselves." Her hospitable smile
Wins her well-chosen guests, Laconia's king,
Her brother, Maron, Æschylus divine
With Acarnania's priest. Her first commands
To Melibœus sedulous and blithe
Distribute plenty through the toiling crowd,
Then, skreen'd beneath close umbrage of an oak,
Each care-divested chief the banquet shares.
Cool breezes, whisp'ring, flutter in the leaves,
Whose verdure, pendent in an arch, repel
The west'ring Sun's hot glare. Favonius bland
His breath impregnates with exhaling sweets
From flow'ry beds, whose scented clusters deck
The gleaming pool in view. Fast by, a brook
In limpid lapses over native steps
Attunes his cadence to sonorous strings,
And liquid accents of Melissa's maids.
The floating air in melody respires.
A rapture mingles in the calm repast.
Uprises Æschylus. A goblet full
He grasps. "To those divinities, who dwell
In yonder temple, this libation first,
To thee, benignant hostess, next I pour,
Then to thy fame, Leonidas." He said.
His breast, with growing heat distended, prompts
His eager hand, to whose expressive sign
One of the virgins cedes her sacred lyre.
Their choral song complacency restrains.
The soul of music, bursting from his touch,
At once gives birth to sentiment sublime.
"O Hercules and Perseus," he began,
"Star-spangled twins of Leda, and the rest
Of Jove's immediate seed, your splendid acts
Mankind protected, while the race was rude;
While o'er the Earth's unciviliz'd extent
The savage monster, and the ruffian sway'd,
More savage still. No policy nor laws
Had fram'd societies. By single strength
A single ruffian, or a monster fell.
The legislator rose. Three lights in Greece,
Lycurgus, Solon, and Zaleucus, blaz'd.
Then, substituting wisdom, Jove, profuse
Of his own blood no longer, gave us more
In discipline and manners, which can form
A hero like Leonidas, than all
The god-begotten progeny before.
The pupils next of Solon claim the Muse.
Sound your hoarse conchs, ye Tritons. You beheld
The Atlantean shape of Slaughter wade
Through your astonish'd deeps, his purple arm
Uplifting high before th' Athenian line.
You saw bright Conquest riding on the gale
Which swell'd their sails; saw Terrour at their helms
To guide their brazen beaks on Asia's pride.
Her adamantine grapple from their decks
Fate threw, and ruin on the hostile fleet
Inextricably fasten'd. Sound, ye nymphs
Of Œta's mountains, of her woods and streams,
Who hourly witness to Melissa's worth,
Ye Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, sound her praise.
Proclaim Zaleucus by his daughter grac'd
Like Solon and Lycurgus by their sons."
Laconia's hero and the priestess bow'd
Their foreheads grateful to the bard sublime.
She, rising, takes the word. "More sweet thy lyre
To friendship's ear, than terrible to foes
Thy spear in battle, though the keenest point
Which ever pierc'd barbarians. Close we here
The song and banquet. Hark! a distant din
From Asia's camp requires immediate care."
She leads. Along the rocky verge they pass.
In calm delight Leonidas surveys
All in the order which he last assign'd;
As o'er Thermopylæ beneath he cast
A wary look. The mountain's furthest crag
Now reach'd, Melissa to the king began.
"Observe that space below, dispers'd in dales,
In hollows, winding through dissever'd rocks.
The slender outlet, skreen'd by yonder shrubs,
Leads to the pass. There stately to my view
The martial queen of Caria yester Sun,
Descending, show'd. Her loudly I reprov'd,
But she, devoted to the Persian king,
In ambush there preserv'd his flying host.
She last retreated; but, retreating, prov'd
Her valour equal to a better cause!
Again I see the heroine approach."
Megistias then. "I see a powerful arm,
Sustaining firm the large, emblazon'd shield,
Which, fashion'd first in Caria, we have learn'd
To imitate in Greece. Sublime her port
Bespeaks a mighty spirit. Priestess, look.
An act of piety she now performs,
Directing those, perhaps her Carian band,
To bear dead brethren from the bloody field.
Among the horsemen an exalted form
Like Demaratus strikes my searching eye.
To me, recalling his transcendant rank
In Sparta once, he seems a languid sun,
Which dimly sinks in exhalations dark,
Enveloping his radiance." While he spake,
Intent on martial duty Medon views
The dang'rous thicket; Lacedæmon's chief,
Around the region his consid'rate eye
Extending, marks each movement of the foe.
Th' imperial Persian from his lofty car
Had in the morning's early conflict seen
His vanquish'd army pouring from the straits
Back to their tents, and o'er his camp dispers'd
In consternation; as a river bursts
Impetuous from his fountain, then, enlarg'd,
Spreads a dead surface o'er some level marsh.
Th' astonish'd king thrice started from his seat;
Shame, fear, and indignation rent his breast;
As ruin irresistible were near
To overwhelm his millions. "Haste," he call'd
To Hyperanthes, "haste and meet the Greeks.
Their daring rage, their insolence repel.
From such dishonour vindicate our name."
His royal brother through th' extensive camp
Obedient mov'd. Deliberate and brave,
Each active prince from ev'ry tent remote,
The hardiest troops he summon'd. Caria's queen,
To Hyperanthes bound by firm esteem
Of worth, unrival'd in the Persian court,
In solemn pace was now returning slow

Before a band, transporting from the field
Their slain companions to the sandy beach.
She stopp'd, and thus address'd him. "Learn, O prince,
From one, whose wishes on thy merit wait,
The only means to bind thy gallant brow
In fairest wreaths. To break the Grecian line
In vain ye struggle, unarray'd and lax,
Depriv'd of union. Try to form one band
In order'd ranks, and emulate the foe.
Nor to secure a thicket next the pass
Forget. Selected numbers station there.
Farewell, young hero. May thy fortune prove
Unlike to mine. Had Asia's millions spar'd
One myriad to sustain me, none had seen
Me quit the dang'rous contest. But the head
Of base Argestes on some future day
Shall feel my treasur'd vengeance. From the fleet
I only stay, till burial rites are paid
To these dead Carians. On this fatal strand
May Artemisia's grief appease your ghosts,
My faithful subjects, sacrific'd in vain."
The hero grateful and respectful heard,
What soon his warmth neglected at the sight
Of spears, which flam'd innumerable round.
Beyond the rest in lustre was a band,
The satellites of Xerxes. They forsook
Their constant orbit round th' imperial throne
At this dread crisis. To a myriad fix'd,
From their unchanging number they deriv'd
The title of immortals. Light their spears;
Set in pomegranates of refulgent gold,
Or burnish'd silver, were the slender blades.
Magnificent and stately were the ranks.
The prince, commanding mute attention, spake.
"In two divisions part your number, chiefs.
One will I lead to onset. In my ranks
Abrocomes, Hydarnes shall advance,
Pandates, Mindus, Intaphernes brave,
To wrest this short-liv'd victory from Greece.
Thou, Abradates, by Sosarmes join'd,
Orontes and Mazæus, keep the rest
From action. Future succour they must lend,
Should envious Fate exhaust our num'rous files.
For, O pure Mithra, may thy radiant eye
Ne'er see us, yielding to ignoble flight,
The Persian name dishonour. May the acts
Of our renown'd progenitors, who, led
By Cyrus, gave one monarch to the east,
In us revive. O think, ye Persian lords,
What endless infamy will blast your names;
Should Greece, that narrow portion of the Earth,
Your pow'r defy: when Babylon hath lower'd
Her tow'ring crest, when Lydia's pride is quell'd
In Crœsus vanquish'd, when her empire lost
Ecbatana deplores. Ye chosen guard,
Your king's immortal bulwark, O reflect
What deeds from your superior swords he claims.
You share his largest bounty. To your faith,
Your constancy, and prowess, he commits
His throne, his person, and this day his fame."
They wave their banners, blazing in the Sun,
Who then three hours toward Hesperus had driv'n
From his meridian height. Amid their shouts
The hoarse-resounding billows are not heard.
Of diff'rent nations, and in diff'rent garb,
Innumerous and vary'd like the shells
By restless Tethys scatter'd on the beach,
O'er which they trod, the multitude advanc'd,
Straight by Leonidas descry'd. The van
Abrocomes and Hyperanthes led,
Pandates, Mindus. Violent their march
Sweeps down the rocky, hollow-sounding pass.
So, where th' unequal globe in mountains swells,
A torrent rolls his thund'ring surge between
The steep-erected cliffs; tumultuous dash
The waters, bursting on the pointed crags:
The valley roars; the marble channel foams.
Th' undaunted Greeks immoveably withstand
The dire encounter. Soon th' impetuous shock
Of thousands and of myriads shakes the ground.
Stupendous scene of terrour! Under hills,
Whose sides, half-arching, o'er the hosts project,
The unabating fortitude of Greece
Maintains her line, th' untrain'd barbarians charge
In savage fury. With inverted trunks,
Or bent obliquely from the shagged ridge,
The Sylvan horrours overshade the fight.
The clanging trump, the crash of mingled spears,
The groan of death, and war's discordant shouts,
Alarm the Echoes in their neighb'ring caves;
Woods, cliffs, and shores return the dreadful sound.

LEONIDAS.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hyperanthes, discontinuing the fight, while he waits for reinforcements, Teribazus, a Persian remarkable for his merit and learning, and highly beloved by Hyperanthes, but unhappy in his passion for Ariana, a daughter of Darius, advances from the rest of the army to the rescue of a friend in distress, who lay wounded on the field of battle. Teribazus is attacked by Diophantus, the Mantinean, whom he overcomes; then engaging with Dithyrambus, is himself slain. Hyperanthes hastens to his succour. A general battle ensues, where Diomedon distinguishes his valour. Hyperanthus and Abrocomes, partly by their own efforts, and partly by the perfidy of the Thebans, who desert the line, being on the point of forcing the Grecians, are repulsed by the Lacedæmonians. Hyperanthes composes a select body out of the Persian standing forces, and, making an improvement in their discipline, renews the attack; upon which Leonidas changes the disposition of his army: Hyperanthes and the ablest Persian generals are driven out of the field, and several thousands of the barbarians, circumvented in the pass, are entirely destroyed.

Amid the van of Persia was a youth,
Nam'd Teribazus, not for golden stores,
Not for wide pastures, travers'd o'er by herds,
By fleece-abounding sheep, or gen'rous steeds,
Nor yet for pow'r, nor splendid honours fam'd.
Rich was his mind in ev'ry art divine;
Through ev'ry path of science had he walk'd,
The votary of wisdom. In the years,
When tender down invests the ruddy cheek,
He with the magi turn'd the hallow'd page
Of Zoroastres. Then his tow'ring thoughts

High on the plumes of contemplation soar'd.
He from the lofty Babylonian fane
With learn'd Chaldæans trac'd the heav'nly sphere,
There number'd o'er the vivid fires, which gleam
On Night's bespangled bosom. Nor unheard
Were Indian sages from sequester'd bow'rs,
While on the banks of Ganges they disclos'd
The pow'rs of Nature, whether in the woods,
The fruitful glebe, or flow'r, the healing plant,
The limpid waters, or the ambient air,
Or in the purer element of fire.
The realm of old Sesostris next he view'd,
Mysterious Egypt with her hidden rites
Of Isis and Osiris. Last he sought
Th' Ionian Greeks, from Athens sprung, nor pass'd
Miletus by, which once in rapture heard
The tongue of Thales, nor Priene's walls,
Where wisdom dwelt with Bias, nor the seat
Of Pittacus, rever'd on Lesbian shores.
Th' enlighten'd youth to Susa now return'd,
Place of his birth. His merit soon was dear
To Hyperanthes. It was now the time,
That discontent and murmur on the banks
Of Nile were loud and threat'ning. Chembes there
The only faithful stood, a potent lord,
Whom Xerxes held by promis'd nuptial ties
With his own blood. To this Egyptian prince
Bright Ariana was the destin'd spouse,
From the same bed with Hyperanthes born.
Among her guards was Teribazus nam'd
By that fond brother, tender of her weal.
Th' Egyptian boundaries they gain'd. They hear
Of insurrection, of the Pharian tribes
In arms, and Chembes in the tumult slain.
They pitch their tents, at midnight are assail'd,
Surpris'd, their leaders massacred, the slaves
Of Ariana captives borne away,
Her own pavilion forc'd, her person seiz'd
By ruffian hands: when timely to redeem
Her and th' invaded camp from further spoil
Flies Teribazus with a rally'd band,
Swift on her chariot seats the royal fair,
Nor waits the dawn. Of all her menial train
None but three female slaves are left. Her guide,
Her comforter and guardian fate provides
In him, distinguish'd by his worth alone,
No prince, nor satrap, now the single chief
Of her surviving guard. Of regal birth,
But with excelling graces in her soul,
Unlike an eastern princess she inclines
To his consoling, his instructive tongue,
An humbled ear. Amid the converse sweet
Her charms, her mind, her virtues he explores,
Admiring. Soon is admiration chang'd
To love; nor loves he sooner than despairs.
From morn till eve her passing wheels he guards
Back to Euphrates. Often, as she mounts
Or quits the car, his arm her weight sustains
With trembling pleasure. His assiduous hand
From purest fountains wafts the living flood.
Nor seldom by the fair-one's soft command
Would he repose him, at her feet reclin'd;
While o'er his lips her lovely forehead bow'd,
Won by his grateful eloquence, which sooth'd
With sweet variety the tedious march,
Beguiling time. He too would then forget
His pains awhile, in raptures vain entranc'd,
Delusion all, and fleeting rays of joy,
Soon overcast by more intense despair;
Like wintry clouds, which, op'ning for a time,
Tinge their black folds with gleams of scatter'd light,
Then, swiftly closing, on the brow of Morn
Condense their horrours, and in thickest gloom
The ruddy beauty veil. They now approach
The tow'r of Belus. Hyperanthes leads
Through Babylon an army to chastise
The crime of Egypt. Teribazus here
Parts from his princess, marches bright in steel
Beneath his patron's banner, gathers palms
On conquer'd Nile. To Susa he returns,
To Ariana's residence, and bears
Deep in his heart th' immedicable wound.
But unreveal'd and silent was his pain;
Nor yet in solitary shades he roam'd,
Nor shun'd resort: but o'er his sorrows cast
A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles
Conceal'd his anguish; while the secret flame
Rag'd in his bosom, and its peace consum'd:
His soul still brooding o'er these mournful thoughts.
"Can I, O Wisdom, find relief in thee,
Who dost approve my passion? From the snares
Of beauty only thou wouldst guard my heart.
But here thyself art charm'd; where softness, grace,
And ev'ry virtue dignify desire.
Yet thus to love, despairing to possess,
Of all the torments, by relentless Fate
On life inflicted, is the most severe.
Do I not feel thy warnings in my breast,
That flight alone can save me? I will go
Back to the learn'd Chaldæans, on the banks
Of Ganges seek the sages; where to Heav'n
With thee my elevated soul shall tow'r.
O wretched Teribazus! all conspires
Against thy peace. Our mighty lord prepares
To overwhelm the Grecians. Ev'ry youth
Is call'd to war; and I, who lately pois'd
With no inglorious arm the soldier's lance,
Who near the side of Hyperanthes fought,
Must join the throng. How therefore can I fly
From Ariana, who with Asia's queens
The splendid camp of Xerxes must adorn?
Then be it so. Again I will adore
Her gentle virtues. Her delightful voice,
Her gracious sweetness shall again diffuse
Resistless magic through my ravish'd heart;
Till passion, thus with double rage inflam'd,
Swells to distraction in my tortur'd breast,
Then—but in vain through darkness do I search
My fate—Despair and fortune be my guides."
The day arriv'd, when Xerxes first advanc'd
His arms from Susa's gates. The Persian dames,
So were accustom'd all the eastern fair,
In sumptuous cars accompany'd his march,
A beauteous train, by Ariana grac'd.
Her Teribazus follows, on her wheels
Attends and pines. Such woes oppress the youth,
Oppress, but not enervate. From the van
He in this second conflict had withstood
The threat'ning frown of adamantine Mars,
He singly, while his bravest friends recoil'd.
His manly temples no tiara bound.
The slender lance of Asia he disdain'd,
And her light target. Eminent he tower'd
In Grecian arms the wonder of his foes;
Among th' Ionians were his strenuous limbs
Train'd in the gymnic school. A fulgent casque
Enclos'd his head. Before his face and chest
Down to the knees an ample shield was spread.
A pond'rous spear he shook. The well-aim'd point
Sent two Phliasians to the realms of death

With four Tegæans, whose indignant chief,
Brave Hegesander, vengeance breath'd in vain,
With streaming wounds repuls'd. Thus far unmatch'd,
His arm prevail'd; when Hyperanthes call'd
From fight his fainting legions. Now each band
Their languid courage reinforc'd by rest.
Meantime with Teribazus thus conferr'd [youth,
Th' applauding prince. "Thou much deserving
Had twenty warriors in the dang'rous van
Like thee maintain'd the onset, Greece had wept
Her prostrate ranks. The weary'd fight awhile
I now relax, till Abradates strong,
Orontes and Mazæus are advanc'd.
Then to the conflict will I give no pause.
If not by prowess, yet by endless toil
Successive numbers shall exhaust the foe."
He said. Immers'd in sadness, scarce reply'd,
But to himself complain'd the am'rous youth.
"Still do I languish, mourning o'er the fame
My arm acquires. Tormented heart! thou seat
Of constant sorrow, what deceitful smiles
Yet canst thou borrow from unreal hope
To flatter life? At Ariana's feet
What if with supplicating knees I bow,
Implore her pity, and reveal my love.
Wretch! canst thou climb to yon effulgent orb,
And share the splendours which irradiate Heav'n?
Dost thou aspire to that exalted maid,
Great Xerxes' sister, rivalling the claim
Of Asia's proudest potentates and kings?
Unless within her bosom I inspir'd
A passion fervent as my own, nay more,
Such, as dispelling ev'ry virgin fear,
Might, unrestrain'd, disclose its fond desire,
My love is hopeless; and her willing hand,
Should she bestow it, draws from Asia's lord
On both perdition." By despair benumb'd,
His limbs their action lose. A wish for death
O'ercasts and chills his soul. When sudden cries
From Ariamnes rouse his drooping pow'rs.
Alike in manners they of equal age
Were friends, and partners in the glorious toil
Of war. Together they victorious chas'd
The bleeding sons of Nile, when Egypt's pride
Before the sword of Hyperanthes fell.
That lov'd companion Teribazus views
By all abandon'd, in his gore outstretch'd,
The victor's spoil. His languid spirit starts;
He rushes ardent from the Persian line;
The wounded warrior in his strong embrace
He bears away. By indignation stung,
Fierce from the Grecians Diophantus sends
A loud defiance. Teribazus leaves
His rescu'd friend. His massy shield he rears;
High brandishing his formidable spear,
He turns intrepid on th' approaching foe.
Amazement follows. On he strides, and shakes
The plumed honours of his shining crest.
Th' ill-fated Greek awaits th' unequal fight,
Pierc'd in the throat with sounding arms he falls.
Through ev'ry file the Mantineans mourn.
Long on the slain the victor fix'd his sight
With these reflections. "By thy splendid arms
Thou art a Greek of no ignoble rank.
From thy ill fortune I perhaps derive
A more conspicuous lustre—What if Heav'n
Should add new victims, such as thou, to grace
My undeserving hand? Who knows, but she
Might smile upon my trophies. Oh! vain thought!
I see the pride of Asia's monarch swell
With vengeance fatal to her beauteous head.
Disperse, ye phantom hopes. Too long, torn heart,
Hast thou with grief contended. *Lo!* I plant
My foot this moment on the verge of death,
By fame invited, by despair impell'd
To pass th' irremeable bound. No more
Shall Teribazus backward turn his step,
But here conclude his doom. Then cease to heave,
Thou troubled bosom, ev'ry thought be calm
Now at th' approach of everlasting peace."
He ended; when a mighty foe drew nigh,
Not less than Dithyrambus. Ere they join'd,
The Persian warrior to the Greek began.
"Art thou th' unconquerable chief, who mow'd
Our battle down? That eagle on thy shield
Too well proclaims thee. To attempt thy force
I rashly purpos'd. That my single arm
Thou deign'st to meet, accept my thanks, and know,
The thought of conquest less employs my soul,
Than admiration of thy glorious deeds,
And that by thee I cannot fall disgrac'd."
He ceas'd. These words the Thespian youth return'd.
"Of all the praises from thy gen'rous mouth
The only portion my desert may claim,
Is this my bold adventure to confront
Thee, yet unmatch'd. What Grecian hath not mark'd
Thy flaming steel? From Asia's boundless camp
Not one hath equall'd thy victorious might.
But whence thy armour of the Grecian form?
Whence thy tall spear, thy helmet? Whence the weight
Of that strong shield? Unlike thy eastern friends,
O if thou be'st some fugitive, who, lost
To liberty and virtue, art become
A tyrant's vile stipendiary, that arm,
That valour thus triumphant I deplore,
Which after all their efforts and success
Deserve no honour from the gods, or men."
Here Teribazus in a sigh rejoin'd.
"I am to Greece a stranger, am a wretch
To thee unknown, who courts this hour to die,
Yet not ignobly, but in death to raise
My name from darkness, while I end my woes."
The Grecian then. "I view thee, and I mourn.
A dignity, which virtue only bears,
Firm resolution, seated on thy brow, [mand
Though grief hath dimm'd thy drooping eye, de-
My veneration: and, whatever be
The malice of thy fortune, what the cares
Infesting thus thy quiet, they create
Within my breast the pity of a friend.
Why then, constraining my reluctant hand
To act against thee, will thy might support
Th' unjust ambition of malignant kings,
The foes to virtue, liberty, and peace?
Yet free from rage or enmity I lift
My adverse weapon. Victory I ask.
Thy life may fate for happier days reserve."
This said, their beaming lances they protend,
Of hostile hate, or fury both devoid,
As on the isthmian, or Olympic sands,
For fame alone contending. Either host,
Pois'd on their arms, in silent wonder gaze.
The fight commences. Soon the Grecian spear,
Which, all the day in constant battle worn,
Unnumber'd shields and corselets had transfix'd,
Against the Persian buckler, shiv'ring, breaks,
Its master's hand disarming. Then began

Th' sense of honour, and the dread of shame
To swell in Dithyrambus. Undismay'd,
He grappled with his foe, and instant seiz'd
His threat'ning spear, before th' uplifted arm
Could execute the meditated wound.
The weapon burst between their struggling grasp.
Their hold they loosen, bare their shining swords.
With equal swiftness to defend or charge
Each active youth advances and recedes.
On ev'ry side they traverse. Now direct,
Obliquely now the wheeling blades descend.
Still is the conflict dubious; when the Greek,
Dissembling, points his falchion to the ground,
His arm depressing, as o'ercome by toil:
While with his buckler cautious he repels
The blows, repeated by his active foe.
Greece trembles for her hero. Joy pervades
The ranks of Asia; Hyperanthes strides
Before the line, preparing to receive
His friend triumphant: while the wary Greek
Calm and defensive bears th' assault. At last,
As by th' incautious fury of his strokes,
The Persian swung his cov'ring shield aside,
The fatal moment Dithyrambus seiz'd.
Light darting forward with his feet outstretch'd,
Between th' unguarded ribs he plung'd his steel.
Affection, grief, and terrour wing the speed
Of Hyperanthes. From his bleeding foe
The Greek retires, not distant, and awaits
The Persian prince. But he with watry cheeks
In speechless anguish clasps his dying friend;
From whose cold lip with interrupted phrase
These accents break. "O dearest, best of men!
Ten thousand thoughts of gratitude and love
Are struggling in my heart—O'erpow'ring Fate
Denies my voice the utt'rance—O my friend!
O Hyperanthes! Hear my tongue unfold
What, had I liv'd, thou never shouldst have known.
I lov'd thy sister. With despair I lov'd.
Soliciting this honourable doom,
Without regret in Persia's sight and thine
I fall." Th' inexorable hand of Fate
Weighs down his eyelids, and the gloom of death
His fleeting light eternally o'ershades.
Him on Choaspes o'er the blooming verge
A frantic mother shall bewail; shall strew
Her silver tresses in the crystal wave:
While all the shores re-echo to the name
Of Teribazus lost. Th' afflicted prince,
Contemplating in tears the pallid corse,
Vents in these words the bitterness of grief.
"Oh! Teribazus! Oh! my friend, whose loss
I will deplore for ever. Oh! what pow'r,
By me, by thee offended, clos'd thy breast
To Hyperanthes in distrust unkind!
She should, she must have lov'd thee—Now no more
Thy placid virtues, thy instructive tongue,
Shall drop their sweetness on my secret hours.
But in complaints doth friendship waste the time,
Which to immediate vengeance should be giv'n?"
He ended, rushing furious on the Greek;
Who, while his gallant enemy expir'd,
While Hyperanthes tenderly receiv'd
The last embraces of his gasping friend,
Stood nigh, reclin'd in sadness on his shield,
And in the pride of victory repin'd.
Unmark'd, his foe approach'd. But forward sprung
Diomedon. Before the Thespian youth
Aloft he rais'd his targe, and loudly thus.

"Hold thee, barbarian, from a life more worth
Than thou and Xerxes with his host of slaves."
His words he seconds with his rapid lance.
Soon a tremendous conflict had ensu'd;
But Intaphernes, Mindus, and a crowd
Of Persian lords, advancing, fill the space
Betwixt th' encount'ring chiefs. In mutual wrath,
With fruitless efforts they attempt the fight.
So rage two bulls along th' opposing banks
Of some deep flood, which parts the fruitful mead.
Defiance thunders from their angry mouths
In vain: in vain the furrow'd sod they rend;
Wide rolls the stream, and intercepts the war.
As by malignant fortune if a drop
Of moisture mingles with a burning mass
Of liquid metal, instant show'rs of death
On ev'ry side th' exploding fluid spreads;
So disappointment irritates the flame
Of fierce Platæa's chief, whose vengeance bursts
In wide destruction. Embas, Daucus fall,
Arsæus, Ochus, Mendes, Artias die;
And ten most hardy of th' immortal guard,
To shivers breaking on the Grecian shield
Their gold embellish'd weapons, raise a mound
O'er thy pale body, O in prime destroy'd,
Of Asia's garden once the fairest plant,
Fall'n Teribazus! Thy distracted friend
From this thy temporary tomb is dragg'd
By forceful zeal of satraps to the shore;
Where then the brave Abrocomes arrang'd
The succours new, by Abradates brought,
Orontes and Mazæus. Turning swift,
Abrocomes inform'd his brother thus.
"Strong reinforcement from th' immortal guard
Pandates bold to Intaphernes leads,
In charge to harass by perpetual toil
Those Grecians next the mountain. Thou unite
To me thy valour. Here the hostile ranks
Less stable seem. Our joint impression try;
Let all the weight of battle here impend.
Rouse, Hyperanthes. Give regret to winds.
Who hath not lost a friend this direful day?
Let not our private cares assist the Greeks.
Too strong already; or let sorrow act:
Mourn and revenge." These animating words
Send Hyperanthes to the foremost line.
His vengeful ardour leads. The battle joins.
Who stemm'd this tide of onset? Who imbru'd
His shining spear the first in Persian blood?
Eupalamus. Artembares he slew
With Derdas fierce, whom Caucasus had rear'd
On his tempestuous brow, the savage sons
Of violence and rapine. But their doom
Fires Hyperanthes, whose vindictive blade
Arrests the victor in his haughty course.
Beneath the strong Abrocomes o'erwhelm'd,
Melissus swells the number of the dead.
None could Mycenæ boast of prouder birth,
Than young Melissus, who in silver mail
The line embellish'd. He in Cirrha's mead,
Where high Parnassus from his double top
O'ershades the Pythian games, the envy'd prize
Of Fame obtain'd. Low sinks his laurell'd head
In death's cold night; and horrid gore deforms
The graceful hair. Impatient to revenge,
Aristobulus strides before the van.
A storm of fury darkens all his brow.
Around he rolls his gloomy eye. For death
Is Alyattes mark'd, of regal blood,
Deriv'd from Cræsus, once imperial lord

Of nations. Him the nymphs of Halys wept;
When, with delusive oracles beguil'd
By Delphi's god, he pass'd their fatal waves
A mighty empire to dissolve: nor knew
Th' ill-destin'd prince, that envious Fortune watch'd
That direful moment from his hand to wrest
The sceptre of his fathers. In the shade
Of humble life his race on Timolus' brow
Lay hid; till, rous'd to battle, on this field
Sinks Alyattes, and a royal breed
In him extinct for ever. Lycis dies,
For boist'rous war ill-chosen. He was skill'd
To tune the lulling flute, and melt the heart;
Or with his pipe's awak'ning strain allure
The lovely dames of Lydia to the dance.
They on the verdant level graceful mov'd
In vary'd measures; while the cooling breeze
Beneath their swelling garments wanton'd o'er
Their snowy breasts, and smooth Caijster's stream,
Soft-gliding, murmur'd by. The hostile blade
Draws forth his entrails. Prone he falls. Not long
The victor triumphs. From the prostrate corse
Of Lycis while insulting he extracts
The reeking weapon, Hyperanthes' steel
Invades his knee, and cuts the sinewy cords.
The Mycenæans with uplifted shields,
Corinthians and Phliasians close around
The wounded chieftain. In redoubled rage
The contest glows. Abrocomes incites
Each noble Persian. Each his voice obeys,
Here Abradates, there Mazæus press,
Orontes and Hydarnes. None retire
From toil, or peril. Urg'd on ev'ry side,
Mycenæ's band to Fortune leave their chief:
Despairing, raging, destitute he stands,
Prop on his spear. His wound forbids retreat,
None, but his brother, Eumenes, abides
The dire extremity. His studded orb
Is held defensive. On his arm the sword
Of Hyperanthes rapidly descends.
Down drops the buckler, and the sever'd hand
Resigns its hold. The unprotected pair
By Asia's hero to the ground are swept;
As to a reaper crimson poppies low'r
Their heads luxuriant on the yellow plain.
From both their breas.s the vital currents flow,
And mix their streams. Elate the Persians pour
Their numbers, deep'ning on the foe dismay'd.
The Greeks their station painfully maintain.
This Anaxander saw, whose faithless tongue
His colleague Leontiades bespake.

"The hour is come to serve our Persian friends.
Behold, the Greeks are press'd. Let Thebes retire,
A bloodless conquest yielding to the king."

This said, he drew his Thebans from their post,
Not with unpunish'd treachery. The lance
Of Abradates gor'd their foul retreat;
Nor knew the Asian chief, that Asia's friends
Before him bled. Meantime, as mighty Jove,
Or he more ancient on the throne of Heav'n,
When from the womb of Chaos dark the world
Emerg'd to birth, where'er he view'd the jar
Of atoms yet discordant and unform'd,
Confusion thence with pow'rful voice dispell'd,
Till light and order universal reign'd;
So from the hill Leonidas survey'd
The various war. He saw the Theban rout;
That Corinth, Phlius, and Mycenæ look'd
Affrighted backward. Instantly his charge
Is borne by Maron, whom obedience wings,
Precipitating down the sacred cave,
That Sparta's ranks, advancing, should repair
The disunited phalanx. Ere they move,
Dicneces inspires them. "Fame, my friends,
Calls forth your valour in a signal hour.
For you this glorious crisis she reserv'd
Laconia's splendour to assert. Young man,
Son of Megistias, follow." He conducts [wedg'd
Th' experienc'd troop. They lock their shields, and
In dense arrangement, repossess the void
Left by the faithless Thebans, and repulse
Th' exulting Persians. When with efforts vain
These oft renew'd the contest, and recoil'd,
As oft confounded with diminish'd ranks;
Lo! Hyperanthes blush'd, repeating late
The words of Artemisia. "Learn, O chiefs,
The only means of glory and success.
Unlike the others, whom we newly chas'd,
These are a band, selected from the Greeks,
Perhaps the Spartans, whom we often hear
By Demaratus prais'd. To break their line
In vain we struggle, unarray'd and lax,
Depriv'd of union. Do not we preside
O'er Asia's armies, and our courage boast,
Our martial art above the vulgar herd?
Let us, ye chiefs, attempt in order'd ranks
To form a troop, and emulate the foe."

They wait not dubious. On the Malian shore
In gloomy depth a column soon is form'd
Of all the nobles, Abradates strong,
Orontes bold, Mazæus, and the might
Of brave Abrocomes with each, who bore
The highest honours, and excell'd in arms;
Themselves the lords of nations, who before
The throne of Xerxes tributary bow'd.
To these succeed a chosen number, drawn
From Asia's legions, vaunted most in fight;
Who from their king perpetual stipends share;
Who, station'd round the provinces, by force
His tyranny uphold. In ev'ry part
Is Hyperanthes active, ardent seen
Throughout the huge battalion. He adjusts
Their equal range, then cautious, lest on march
Their unaccustom'd order should relax,
Full in the centre of the foremost rank
Orontes plants, committing to his hand
Th' imperial standard; whose expanded folds
Glow'd in the air, presenting to the Sun
The richest dye of Tyre. The royal bird
Amid the gorgeous tincture shone express'd
In high-embroider'd gold. The wary prince
On this conspicuous, leading sign of war,
Commands each satrap, posted in the van,
To fix his eye regardful, to direct
By this alone his even pace and slow,
Retiring, or advancing. So the star,
Chief of the spangles on that fancy'd Bear,
Once an Idæan nymph, and nurse of Jove,
Bright Cynosura to the Boreal pole
Attracts the sailor's eye; when distance hides
The headland signals, and her guiding ray,
New-risn, she throws. The hero next appoints,
That ev'ry warrior through the length'ning files,
Observing none, but those before him plac'd,
Shall watch their motions, and their steps pursue.
Nor is th' important thicket next the pass
Forgot. Two thousand of th' immortal guard
That station seize. His orders all perform'd,
Close by the standard he assumes his post.
Intrepid thence he animates his friends.

"Heroic chieftains, whose unconquer'd force
Rebellious Egypt, and the Libyan felt,
Think, what the splendour of your former deeds
From you exacts. Remember, from the great
Illustrious actions are a debt to Fame.
No middle path remains for them to tread,
Whom she hath once ennobled. Lo! this day
By trophies new will signalize your names,
Or in dishonour will for ever cloud."
He said, and vig'rous all to fight proceed.
As, when tempestuous Eurus stems the weight
Of western Neptune, struggling through the straits
Which bound Alcides' labours, here the storm
With rapid wing reverberates the tide;
There the contending surge with furrow'd tops
To mountains swells, and, whelming o'er the beach
On either coast, impells the hoary foam
On Mauritanian and Iberian strands:
Such is the dreadful onset. Persia keeps
Her foremost ranks unbroken, which are fill'd
By chosen warriors; while the num'rous crowd,
Though still promiscuous pouring from behind,
Give weight and pressure to th' embattled chiefs,
Despising danger. Like the mural strength
Of some proud city, bulwark'd round and arm'd
With rising tow'rs to guard her wealthy stores,
Immoveable, impenetrable stood
Laconia's serry'd phalanx. In their face
Grim Tyranny her threat'ning fetters shakes,
Red Havoc grinds insatiable his jaws.
Greece is behind, entrusting to their swords
Her laws, her freedom, and the sacred urns
Of their forefathers. Present now to thought
Their altars rise, the mansions of their birth,
Whate'er they honour, venerate, and love.
Bright in the Persian van th' exalted lance
Of Hyperanthes flam'd. Beside him press'd
Abrocomes, Hydarnes, and the bulk
Of Abradates terrible in war.
Firm, as a Memphian pyramid, was seen
Dieneces; while Agis close in rank
With Menalippus, and the added strength
Of dauntless Maron, their connected shields
Upheld. Each unrelax'd array maintains
The conflict undecided; nor could Greece
Repel the adverse numbers, nor the weight
Of Asia's band select remove the Greeks.
Swift from Laconia's king, perceiving soon
The Persian's new arrangement, Medon flew,
Who thus the staid Dieneces address'd.
"Leonidas commands the Spartan ranks
To measure back some paces. Soon he deems
The unexperienc'd foes in wild pursuit
Will break their order. Then the charge renew."
This heard, the signal of retreat is giv'n.
The Spartans seem to yield. The Persians stop.
Astonishment restrains them, and the doubt
Of unexpected victory. Their sloth
Abrocomes awakens. "By the Sun
They fly before us. My victorious friends,
Do you delay to enter Greece? Away,
Rush on intrepid. I already hear
Our horse, our chariots thund'ring on her plains.
I see her temples wrapt in Persian fires."
He spake. In hurry'd violence they roll
Tumultuous forward. All in headlong pace
Disjoin their order, and the line dissolve.
This when the sage Dieneces descries,
The Spartans halt, returning to the charge
With sudden vigour. In a moment pierc'd
By his resistless steel, Orontes falls,
And quits th' imperial banner. This the chief
In triumph waves. The Spartans press the foe.
Close-wedg'd and square, in slow, progressive pace
O'er heaps of mangled carcasses and arms
Invincible they tread. Composing flutes
Each thought, each motion harmonize. No rage
Untunes their souls. The phalanx yet more deep
Of Medon follows; while the lighter bands
Glide by the flanks, and reach the broken foe.
Amid their flight what vengeance from the arm
Of Alpheus falls? O'er all in swift pursuit
Was he renown'd. His active feet had match'd
The son of Peleus in the dusty course;
But now the wrongs, the long-remember'd wrongs
Of Polydorus animate his strength
With ten-fold vigour. Like th' empurpled Moon,
When in eclipse her silver disk hath lost
The wonted light, his buckler's polish'd face
Is now obscur'd; the figur'd bosses drop
In crimson, spouting from his deathful strokes.
As, when with horrour wing'd, a whirlwind rends
A shatter'd navy; from the ocean cast,
Enormous fragments hide the level beach;
Such as dejected Persia late beheld
On Thessaly's unnavigable strand:
Thus o'er the champaign satraps lay bestrewn
By Alpheus, persevering in pursuit
Beyond the pass. Not Phœbus could inflict
On Niobè more vengeance, when, incens'd
By her maternal arrogance, which scorn'd
Latona's race, he twang'd his ireful bow,
And one by one from youth and beauty hurl'd
Her sons to Pluto; nor severer pangs
That mother felt, than pierc'd the gen'rous soul
Of Hyperanthes, while his noblest friends
On ev'ry side lay gasping. With despair
He still contends. Th' immortals from their stand
Behind th' entangling thicket next the pass
His signal rouses. Ere they clear their way,
Well-caution'd Medon from the close defile
Two thousand Locrians pours. An aspect new
The fight assumes. Through implicated shrubs
Confusion waves each banner. Falchions, spears,
And shields are all encumber'd; till the Greeks
Had forc'd a passage to the yielding foe.
Then Medon's arm is felt. The dreadful boar,
Wide-wasting once the Calydonian fields,
In fury breaking from his gloomy lair,
Rang'd with less havoc through unguarded folds,
Than Medon, sweeping down the glitt'ring files,
So vainly styl'd immortal. From the cliff
Divine Melissa, and Laconia's king
Enjoy the glories of Oileus' son.
Fierce Alpheus too, returning from his chase,
Joins in the slaughter. Ev'ry Persian falls.
To him the Locrian chief. "Brave Spartan, thanks.
Through thee my purpose is accomplish'd full.
My phalanx here with level'd rows of spears
Shall guard the shatter'd bushes. Come what may
From Asia's camp, th' assailant, flank'd and driv'n
Down yonder slope, shall perish. Gods of Greece,
You shall behold your fanes profusely deck'd
In splendid off'rings from barbarian spoils,
Won by your free-born supplicants this day."
This said, he forms his ranks. Their threat'ning points
Gleam through the thicket, whence the shiv'ring foes
Avert their sight, like passengers dismay'd,

Who on their course by Nile's portentous banks
Descry in ambush of perfidious reeds
The crocodile's fell teeth. Contiguous lay
Thermopylæ. Dieneces secur'd . . . show'd,
The narrow mouth. Two lines the Spartans
One tow'rds the plain observ'd the Persian camp;
One, led by Agis, fac'd th' interior pass.
Not yet discourag'd, Hyperanthes strives
The scatter'd host to rally. He exhorts,
Entreats, at length indignant thus exclaims.
"Degen'rate Persians! to sepulchral dust
Could breath return, your fathers from the tomb
Would utter groans. Inglorious, do ye leave
Behind you Persia's standard to adorn
Some Grecian temple! Can your splendid cars,
Voluptuous couches, and delicious boards,
Your gold, your gems, ye satraps, be preserv'd
By cowardice and flight? The eunuch slave
Will scorn such lords, your women lothe your beds."
Few hear him, fewer follow; while the fight
His unabating courage oft renews,
As oft repuls'd with danger: till, by all
Deserted, mixing in the gen'ral rout,
He yields to fortune, and regains the camp.
In short advances thus the dying tide
Beats for awhile against the shelving strand,
Still by degrees retiring, and at last
Within the bosom of the main subsides.
Though Hyperanthes from the fight was driv'n,
Close to the mountain, whose indented side
There gave the widen'd pass an ample space
For numbers to embattle, still his post
Bold Intaphernes underneath a cliff
Against the firm Platæan line maintain'd.
On him look'd down Leonidas like Death,
When, from his iron cavern call'd by Jove,
He stands gigantic on a mountain's head;
Whence he commands th' affrighted Earth to quake,
And, crags and forests in his direful grasp
High-wielding, dashes on a town below,
Whose deeds of black impiety provoke
The long-enduring gods. Around the verge
Of Œta, curving to a crescent's shape,
The marbles, timbers, fragments lay amass'd.
The Helots, peasants, mariners attend
In order nigh Leonidas. They watch
His look. He gives the signal. Rous'd at once
The force, the skill, activity, and zeal
Of thousands are combin'd. Down rush the piles.
Trees, roll'd on trees, with mingled rock descend,
Unintermitted ruin. Loud resound
The hollow trunks against the mountain's side.
Swift bounds each craggy mass. The foes below
Look up aghast, in horrour shrink and die.
Whole troops, o'erwhelm'd beneath th' enormous load,
Lie hid and lost, as never they had known
A name, or being. Intaphernes, clad
In regal splendour, progeny of kings,
Who rul'd Damascus and the Syrian palms,
Here slept for ever. Thousands of his train
In that broad space the ruins had not reach'd.
Back to their camp a passage they attempt
Through Lacedæmon's line. Them Agis stopp'd.
Before his powerful arm Pandates fell,
Ssarmes, Tachos. Menalippus dy'd
His youthful steel in blood. The mightier spear
Of Maron pierc'd battalions, and enlarg'd
The track of slaughter. Backward turn'd the rout,
Nor found a milder fate. Th' unweary'd swords
Of Dithyrambus and Diomedon,
Who from the hill are wheeling on their flank,
Still flash tremendous. To the shore they fly,
At once envelop'd by successive bands
Of diff'rent Grecians. From the gulf profound
Perdition here inevitable frowns,
While there, encircled by a grove of spears,
They stand devoted hecatombs to Mars.
Now not a moment's interval delays
Their gen'ral doom; but down the Malian steep
Prone are they hurry'd to th' expanded arms
Of Horrour, rising from the oozy deep,
And grasping all their numbers, as they fall.
The dire confusion like a storm invades
The chafing surge. Whole troops Bellona rolls
In one vast ruin from the craggy ridge.
O'er all their arms, their ensigns, deep-engulf'd,
With hideous roar the waves for ever close.

LEONIDAS.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Night coming on, the Grecians retire to their tents. A guard is placed on the Phocian wall under the command of Agis. He admits into the camp a lady, accompanied by a single slave, and conducts them to Leonidas; when she discovers herself to be Ariana, sister of Xerxes and Hyperanthes, and sues for the body of Teribazus; which being found among the slain, she kills herself upon it. The slave, who attended her, proves to be Polydorus, brother to Alpheus and Maron, and who had been formerly carried into captivity by a Phœnician pirate. He relates before an assembly of the chiefs a message from Demaratus to the Spartans, which discloses the treachery of the Thebans, and of Epialtes, the Malian, who had undertaken to lead part of the Persian army through a pass among the mountains of Œta. This information throws the council into a great tumult, which is pacified by Leonidas, who sends Alpheus to observe the motions of these Persians, and Dieneces with a party of Lacedæmonians to support the Phocians, with whom the defence of these passages in the hills had been entrusted. In the mean time Agis sends the bodies of Teribazus and Ariana to the camp of Xerxes.

In sable vesture, spangled o'er with stars,
The Night assum'd her throne. Recall'd from war,
Their toil, protracted long, the Greeks forget,
Dissolv'd in silent slumber, all but those
Who watch th' uncertain perils of the dark,
A hundred warriors. Agis was their chief.
High on the wall, intent the hero sat.
Fresh winds across the undulating bay
From Asia's host the various din convey'd
In one deep murmur, swelling on his ear.
When by the sound of footsteps down the pass
Alarm'd, he calls aloud. "What feet are these,

Which beat the echoing pavement of the rock?
Reply, nor tempt inevitable fate."
A voice reply'd. "No enemies we come,
But crave admittance in an humble tone."
The Spartan answers. "Through the midnight shade
What purpose draws your wand'ring steps abroad?"
To whom the stranger. "We are friends to Greece.
Through thy assistance we implore access
To Lacedæmon's king." The cautious Greek
Still hesitates; when musically sweet
A tender voice his wond'ring ear allures.
"O gen'rous warrior, listen to the pray'r
Of one distress'd, whom grief alone hath led
Through midnight shades to these victorious tents,
A wretched woman, innocent of fraud."
The chief, descending, through th' unfolded gates
Upheld a flaming torch. The light disclos'd
One first in servile garments. Near his side
A woman graceful and majestic stood,
Not with an aspect rivalling the pow'r
Of fatal Helen, or th' insnaring charms
Of love's soft queen, but such as far surpass'd
Whate'er the lily, blending with the rose,
Spreads on the cheek of beauty soon to fade;
Such as express'd a mind by wisdom rul'd,
By sweetness temper'd; virtue's purest light
Illumining the countenance divine:
Yet could not soften rig'rous Fate, nor charm
Malignant Fortune to revere the good;
Which oft with anguish rends a spotless heart,
And oft associates wisdom with despair.
In courteous phrase began the chief humane.
"Exalted fair, whose form adorns the night,
Forbear to blame the vigilance of war.
My slow compliance, to the rigid laws
Of Mars impute. In me no longer pause
Shall from the presence of our king withhold
This thy apparent dignity and worth."
Here ending, he conducts her. At the call
Of his lov'd brother from his couch arose
Leonidas. In wonder he survey'd
Th' illustrious virgin, whom his presence aw'd.
Her eye submissive to the ground declin'd
In veneration of the godlike man.
His mien, his voice her anxious dread dispel,
Benevolent and hospitable thus.
"Thy looks, fair stranger, amiable and great,
A mind delineate, which from all commands
Supreme regard. Relate, thou noble dame,
By what relentless destiny compell'd,
Thy tender feet the paths of darkness tread;
Rehearse th' afflictions, whence thy virtue mourns."
On her wan cheek a sudden blush arose
Like day, first dawning on the twilight pale;
When, wrapt in grief, these words a passage found.
"If to be most unhappy, and to know,
That hope is irrecoverably fled;
If to be great and wretched may deserve
Commiseration from the brave: behold,
Thou glorious leader of unconquer'd bands,
Behold, descended from Darius' loins,
Th' afflicted Ariana; and my pray'r
Accept with pity, nor my tears disdain.
First, that I lov'd the best of human race,
Heroic, wise, adorn'd by ev'ry art,
Of shame unconscious doth my heart reveal.
This day, in Grecian arms conspicuous clad,
He fought, he fell. A passion, long conceal'd,
For me, alas! within my brother's arms
His dying breath resigning, he disclos'd.
Oh! I will stay my sorrows! will forbid
My eyes to stream before thee, and my breast,
O'erwhelm'd by anguish, will from sighs restrain!
For why should thy humanity be griev'd
At my distress, why learn from me to mourn
The lot of mortals, doom'd to pain and woe.
Hear then, O king, and grant my sole request,
To seek his body in the heaps of slain."
Thus to the hero su'd the royal maid,
Resembling Ceres in majestic woe,
When supplicating Jove from Stygian gloom,
And Pluto's black embraces to redeem
Her lov'd and lost Proserpina. Awhile
On Ariana fixing stedfast eyes
These tender thoughts Leonidas recall'd.
"Such are thy sorrows, O for ever dear,
Who now at Lacedæmon dost deplore
My everlasting absence." Then aside
He turn'd and sigh'd. Recov'ring, he address'd
His brother. "Most beneficent of men,
Attend, assist this princess. Night retires
Before the purple-winged morn." A band
Is call'd. The well-remember'd spot they find,
Where Teribazus from his dying hand
Dropt in their sight his formidable sword.
Soon from beneath a pile of Asian dead
They draw the hero, by his armour known.
Then, Ariana, what transcending pangs
Were thine! what horrours! In thy tender breast
Love still was mightiest. On the bosom cold
Of Teribazus, grief-distracted maid,
Thy beauteous limbs were thrown. Thy snowy hue
The clotted gore disfigur'd. On his wounds
Loose flow'd thy hair, and, bubbling from thy eyes,
Impetuous sorrow lav'd th' empurpled clay.
When forth in groans these lamentations broke.
"O torn for ever from these weeping eyes!
Thou, who despairing to obtain a heart
Which then most lov'd thee, didst untimely yield
Thy life to Fate's inevitable dart
For her, who now in agony reveals
Her tender passion, who repeats her vows
To thy deaf ear, who fondly to her own
Unites thy cheek insensible and cold.
Alas! do those unmoving, ghastly orbs
Perceive my gushing sorrow! Can that heart
At my complaint dissolve the ice of death
To share my sufferings! Never, never more
Shall Ariana bend a list'ning ear
To thy enchanting eloquence, nor feast
Her mind on wisdom from thy copious tongue!
Oh! bitter, insurmountable distress!"
She could no more. Invincible despair
Suppress'd all utt'rance. As a marble form,
Fix'd on the solemn sepulchre, inclines
The silent head in imitated woe
O'er some dead hero, whom his country lov'd;
Entranc'd by anguish, o'er the breathless clay
So hung the princess. On the gory breach,
Whence life had issu'd by the fatal blow,
Mute for a space and motionless she gaz'd;
When thus in accents firm. "Imperial pomp,
Foe to my quiet, take my last farewell.
There is a state, where only virtue holds
The rank supreme. My Teribazus there
From his high order must descend to mine."
Then with no trembling hand, no change of look,
She drew a poniard, which her garment veil'd;

And instant sheathing in her heart the blade,
On her slain lover silent sunk in death.
The unexpected stroke prevents the care
Of Agis, pierc'd by horrour and distress
Like one, who, standing on a stormy beach,
Beholds a found'ring vessel, by the deep
At once engulf'd; his pity feels and mourns,
Depriv'd of pow'r to save: so Agis view'd
The prostrate pair. He dropp'd a tear and thus.
"Oh! much lamented! Heavy on your heads
Hath evil fall'n, which o'er your pale remains
Commands this sorrow from a stranger's eye.
Illustrious ruins! May the grave impart
That peace, which life deny'd! And now receive
This pious office from a hand unknown."
He spake, unclasping from his shoulders broad
His ample robe. He strew'd the waving folds
O'er each wan visage; turning then, address'd
The slave, in mute dejection standing near.
"Thou, who attendant on this hapless fair,
Hast view'd this dreadful spectacle, return.
These bleeding relics bear to Persia's king,
Thou with four captives, whom I free from bonds."
"Art thou a Spartan," interrupts the slave?
"Dost thou command me to return, and pine
In climes unbless'd by liberty, or laws?
Grant me to see Leonidas. Alone
Let him decide, if wretched, as I seem,
I may not claim protection from this camp."
"Whoe'er thou art," rejoins the chief, amaz'd,
But not offended, "thy ignoble garb
Conceal'd a spirit, which I now revere.
Thy countenance demands a better lot
Than I, a stranger to thy hidden worth,
Unconscious offer'd. Freedom dwells in Greece,
Humanity and justice. Thou shalt see
Leonidas their guardian." To the king
He leads him straight, presents him in these words.
"In mind superior to the base attire, [comes,
Which marks his limbs with shame, a stranger
Who thy protection claims." The slave subjoins.
"I stand thy suppliant now. Thou soon shalt
If I deserve thy favour. I request [learn
To meet th' assembled chieftains of this host.
Oh! I am fraught with tidings, which import
The weal of ev'ry Grecian." Agis swift,
Appointed by Leonidas, convenes
The diff'rent leaders. To the tent they speed.
Before them call'd, the stranger thus began.
"O Alpheus! Maron! Hither turn your sight,
And know your brother." From their seats they
From either breaks in ecstasy the name [start,
Of Polydorus. To his dear embrace
Each fondly strives to rush; but he withstands:
While down his cheek a flood of anguish pours
From his dejected eyes, in torture bent
On that vile garb, dishonouring his form.
At length these accents, intermix'd with groans,
A passage found, while mute attention gaz'd.
"You first should know, if this unhappy slave
Yet merits your embraces." Then approach'd
Leonidas. Before him all recede,
Ev'n Alpheus' self, and yields his brother's hand,
Which in his own the regal hero press'd.
Still Polydorus on his gloomy front
Repugnance stern to consolation bore;
When thus the king with majesty benign.
"Lo! ev'ry heart is open to thy worth.
Injurious fortune, and enfeebling time,
By servitude and grief severely try
A lib'ral spirit. Try'd, but not subdu'd,
Do thou appear. Whatever be our lot
Is Heav'n's appointment. Patience best becomes
The citizen and soldier. Let the sight
Of friends and brethren dissipate thy gloom."
Of men the gentlest, Agis too advanc'd,
Who with increas'd humanity began.
"Now in thy native liberty secure,
Smile on thy pass'd affliction, and relate,
What chance restores thy merit to the arms
Of friends and kindred." Polydorus then.
"I was a Spartan. When my tender prime
On manhood border'd, from Laconia's shores,
Snatch'd by Phœnician pirates, I was sold
A slave, by Hyperanthes bought and giv'n
To Ariana. Gracious was her hand.
But I remain'd a bondman, still estrang'd
From Lacedæmon. Demaratus oft
In friendly sorrow would my lot deplore;
Nor less his own ill-fated virtue mourn'd,
Lost to his country in a servile court,
The centre of corruption; where in smiles
Are painted envy, treachery, and hate
With rankling malice; where alone sincere
The dissolute seek no disguise; where those,
Possessing all a monarch can bestow,
Are far less happy than the meanest heir
To freedom, far more groveling than the slave
Who serves their cruel pride. Yet here the Sun
Ten times his yearly circle hath renew'd,
Since Polydorus hath in bondage groan'd.
My bloom is pass'd, or, pining in despair,
Untimely wither'd. I at last return
A messenger of fate, who tidings bear
Of desolation." Here he paus'd in grief
Redoubled; when Leonidas. "Proceed.
Should from thy lips inevitable death
To all be threatened, thou art heard by none,
Whose dauntless hearts can entertain a thought,
But how to fall the noblest." Thus the king.
The rest in speechless expectation wait.
Such was the solemn silence, which o'erspread
The shrine of Ammon, or Dodona's shades,
When anxious mortals from the mouth of Jove
Their doom explor'd. Nor Polydorus long
Suspends the counsel, but resumes his tale.
"As I this night accompany'd the steps
Of Ariana, near the pass we saw
A restless form, now traversing the way,
Now, as a statue, rivetted by doubt,
Then on a sudden starting to renew
An eager pace. As nearer we approach'd,
He by the Moon, which glimmer'd on our heads,
Descry'd us. Straight advancing, whither bent
Our midnight course, he ask'd. I knew the voice
Of Demaratus. To my breast I clasp'd
The venerable exile, and reply'd.
'Laconia's camp we seek. Demand no more.
Farewell.' He wept. 'Be Heav'n thy guide,' he said,
'Thrice happy Polydorus.' Thou again [said,
Mayst visit Sparta, to these eyes deny'd,
Soon as arriv'd at those triumphant tents,
Say to the Spartans from their exil'd king,
Although their blind credulity depriv'd
The wretched Demaratus of his home;
From ev'ry joy secluded, from his wife,
His offspring torn, his countrymen and friends,
Him from his virtue they could ne'er divide.
Say, that ev'n here, where all are kings or slaves,
Amid the riot of flagitious courts

Not quite extinct his Spartan spirit glows,
Though grief hath dimm'd its fires. Rememb'ring this,
Report, that newly to the Persian host
Return'd a Malian, Epialtes nam'd,
Who, as a spy, the Grecian tents had sought.
He to the monarch magnify'd his art,
Which by delusive eloquence had wrought
The Greeks to such despair, that ev'ry hand
To Persia's sov'reign standard would have bow'd,
Had not the spirit of a single chief,
By fear unconquer'd, and on death resolv'd,
Restor'd their valour: therefore would the king
Trust to his guidance a selected force,
They soon should pierce th' unguarded bounds of Greece
Through a neglected aperture above,
Where no Leonidas should bar their way:
Meantime by him the treach'rous Thebans sent
Assurance of their aid. Th' assenting prince
At once decreed two myriads to advance
With Hyperanthes. Ev'ry lord besides,
Whom youth, or courage, or ambition warm,
Rous'd by the traitor's eloquence, attend
From all the nations with a rival zeal
To enter Greece the foremost. In a sigh
He clos'd—like me." Tremendous from his seat
Uprose Diomedon. His eyes were flames.
When swift on trembling Alexander broke
These ireful accents from his livid lips.
"Yet ere we fall, O traitor, shall this arm
To Hell's avenging furies sink thy head."
All now is tumult. Ev'ry bosom swells
With wrath untam'd and vengeance. Half unsheath'd,
Th' impetuous falchion of Platæa flames.
But, as the Colchian sorceress, renown'd
In legends old, or Circé, when they fram'd
A potent spell, to smoothness charm'd the main,
And lull'd Æolian rage by mystic song;
Till not a billow heav'd against the shore,
Nor ev'n the wanton-winged Zephyr breath'd
The lightest whisper through the magic air:
So, when thy voice, Leonidas, is heard,
Confusion listens; ire in silent awe
Subsides. "Withhold this rashness," cries the king.
"To proof of guilt let punishment succeed.
Not yet barbarian shouts our camp alarm.
We still have time for vengeance, time to know,
If menac'd ruin we may yet repell,
Or how most glorious perish." Next arose
Dioneces, and thus th' experienc'd man.
"Ere they surmount our fences, Xerxes' troops
Must learn to conquer, and the Greeks to fly.
The spears of Phocis guard that secret pass.
To them let instant messengers depart,
And note the hostile progress." Alpheus here.
"Leonidas, behold, my willing feet
Shall to the Phocians bear thy high commands;
Shall climb the hill to watch th' approaching foe."
"Thou active son of valour," quick returns
The chief of Lacedæmon, "in my thoughts
For ever present, when the public weal
Requires the swift, the vigilant, and bold.
Go, climb, surmount the rock's aerial height.
Observe the hostile march. A Spartan band,
Dioneces, provide. Thyself conduct
Their speedy succour to our Phocian friends."
The council rises. For his course prepar'd,
While day, declining, prompts his eager feet,
"O Polydorus," Alpheus thus in haste,

"Long lost, and late recover'd, we must part
Again, perhaps for ever. Thou return
To kiss the sacred soil which gave thee birth,
And calls thee back to freedom. Brother dear,
I should have sighs to give thee—but farewell.
My country chides me, loit'ring in thy arms."
This said, he darts along, nor looks behind,
When Polydorus answers. "Alpheus, no.
I have the marks of bondage to erase.
My blood must wash the shameful stain away."
"We have a father," Maron interpos'd.
"Thy unexpected presence will revive
His heavy age, now childless and forlorn."
To him the brother with a gloomy frown.
"Ill should I comfort others. View these eyes.
Faint is their light; and vanish'd was my bloom
Before its hour of ripeness. In my breast
Grief will retain a mansion, nor by time
Be dispossess'd. Unceasing shall my soul
Brood o'er the black remembrance of my youth,
In slavery exhausted. Life to me
Hath lost its savour." Then in sullen woe
His head declines. His brother pleads in vain.
Now in his view Dieneces appear'd,
With Sparta's band. Immoveable his eyes
On them he fix'd, revolving these dark thoughts.
"I too like them from Lacedæmon spring,
Like them instructed once to poise the spear,
To lift the pond'rous shield. Ill-destin'd wretch!
Thy arm is grown enervate, and would sink
Beneath a buckler's weight. Malignant Fates!
Who have compell'd my freeborn hand to change
The warrior's arms for ignominious bonds;
Would you compensate for my chains, my shame,
My ten years anguish, and the fell despair
Which on my youth have prey'd; relenting once,
Grant I may bear my buckler to the field,
And, known a Spartan, seek the shades below."
"Why, to be known a Spartan, must thou seek
The shades below?" impatient Maron spake.
"Live, and be known a Spartan by thy deeds.
Live, and enjoy thy dignity of birth.
Live, and perform the duties which become
A citizen of Sparta. Still thy brow
Frowns gloomy, still unyielding. He, who leads
Our band, all fathers of a noble race,
Will ne'er permit thy barren day to close
Without an offspring to uphold the state."
"He will," replies the brother in a glow,
Prevailing o'er the paleness of his cheek,
"He will permit me to complete by death
The measure of my duty; will permit
Me to achieve a service, which no hand
But mine can render, to adorn his fall
With double lustre, strike the barb'rous foe
With endless terrour, and avenge the shame
Of an enslav'd Laconian." Closing here
His words mysterious, quick he turn'd away
To find the tent of Agis. There his hand
In grateful sorrow minister'd her aid;
While the humane, the hospitable care
Of Agis, gently by her lover's corse
On one sad bier the pallid beauties laid
Of Ariana. He from bondage freed
Four eastern captives, whom his gen'rous arm
That day had spar'd in battle; then began
This solemn charge. "You, Persians, whom my sword
Acquir'd in war, unransom'd shall depart.
To you I render freedom, which you sought

To wrest from me. One recompense I ask,
And one alone. Transport to Asia's camp
This bleeding princess. Bid the Persian king
Weep o'er this flow'r, untimely cut in bloom.
Then say, th' all-judging pow'rs have thus ordain'd.
Thou, whose ambition o'er the groaning Earth
Leads desolation; o'er the nations spreads
Calamity and tears; thou first shalt mourn,
And through thy house destruction first shall range."
Dismiss'd, they gain the rampart, where on guard
Was Dithyrambus posted. He perceiv'd
The mournful bier approach. To him the fate
Of Ariana was already told.
He met the captives, with a moisten'd eye,
Full bent on Teribazus, sigh'd and spake.
" O that, assuming with those Grecian arms
A Grecian spirit, thou in scorn hadst look'd
On princes! Worth like thine, from slavish courts
Withdrawn, had ne'er been wasted to support
A king's injustice. Then a gentler lot
Had bless'd thy life, or, dying, thou hadst known
How sweet is death for liberty. A Greek
Affords these friendly wishes, though his head
Had lost the honours gather'd from thy fall,
When fortune favour'd, or propitious Jove
Smil'd on the better cause. Ill-fated pair,
Whom in compassion's purest dew I lave,
But that my hand infix'd the deathful wound,
And must be grievous to your loathing shades,
From all the neighb'ring valleys would I cull
Their fairest growth to strew your hearse with flow'rs.
Yet, O accept these tears and pious pray'rs!
May peace surround your ashes! May your shades
Pass o'er the silent pool to happier seats!"
He ceas'd in tears. The captives leave the wall,
And slowly down Thermopylæ proceed.

LEONIDAS.

BOOK. X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Medon convenes the Locrian commanders, and harangues them; repairs at midnight to his sister Melissa in the temple, and receives from her the first intelligence, that the Persians were in actual possession of the upper straits, which had been abandoned by the Phocians. Melibœus brings her tidings of her father's death. She strictly enjoins her brother to preserve his life by a timely retreat, and recommends the enforcement of her advice to the prudence and zeal of Melibœus. In the morning the bodies of Teribazus and Ariana are brought into the presence of Xerxes, soon after a report had reached the camp, that great part of his navy was shipwrecked. The Persian monarch, quite dispirited, is persuaded by Argestes to send an ambassador to the Spartan king. Argestes himself is deputed, who, after revealing his embassy in secret to Leonidas, is by him led before the whole army, and there receives his answer. Alpheus returns, and declares, that the enemy was master of the passages in the hills, and would arrive at Thermopylæ the next morning; upon which Leonidas offers to send away all the troops except his three hundred Spartans; but Diomedon, Demophilus, Dithyrambus, and Maistias refuse to depart: then to relieve the perplexity of Medon on this occasion, he transfers to him the supreme command, dismisses Argestes, orders the companions of his own fate to be ready in arms by sunset, and retires to his pavilion.

The Grecian leaders, from the counsel ris'n,
Among the troops dispersing, by their words,
Their looks undaunted, warm the coldest heart
Against new dangers threat'ning. To his tent
The Locrian captains Medon swift convenes,
Exhorting thus. " O long-approv'd my friends,
You, who have seen my father in the field
Triumphant, bold assistants of my arm
In labours not inglorious, who this day
Have rais'd fresh trophies, be prepar'd. If help
Be further wanted in the Phocian camp,
You will the next be summon'd. Locris lies
To ravage first expos'd. Your ancient fane,
Your goddesses, your priestess half-ador'd,
The daughter of Oïleus, from your swords
Protection claim against an impious foe."
All anxious for Melissa, he dismiss'd
Th' applauding vet'rans; to the sacred cave
Then hasten'd. Under Heav'n's night-shaded cope
He mus'd. Melissa in her holy place
How to approach with inauspicious steps,
How to accost, his pensive mind revolv'd:
When Mycon, pious vassal of the fane,
Descending through the cavern, at the sight
Of Medon stopp'd, and thus. " Thy presence, lord,
The priestess calls. To Lacedæmon's king
I bear a message, suff'ring no *delay*."
He quits the chief, whose rapid feet ascend,
Soon ent'ring where the pedestal displays
Thy form, Calliopè sublime. The lyre,
Whose accents immortality confer,
Thy fingers seem to wake. On either side,
The snowy gloss of Parian marble shows
Four of thy sisters through surrounding shade.
Before each image is a virgin plac'd.
Before each virgin dimly burns a lamp,
Whose livid spires just temper with a gleam
The dead obscurity of night. Apart
The priestess thoughtful sits. Thus Medon breaks
The solemn silence. " Anxious for thy state,
Without a summons to thy pure abode
I was approaching. Deities, who know
The present, pass'd, and future, let my lips,
Unblam'd, have utt'rance. Thou, my sister, hear.
Thy breast let wisdom strengthen. Impious foes
Through Œta now are passing." She replies.
" Are passing, brother! They, alas! are pass'd,
Are in possession of the upper strait.
Hear in thy turn. A dire narration hear.
A favour'd goat, conductor of my herd,
Stray'd to a dale, whose outlet is the post
To Phocians left, and penetrates to Greece.
Him Mycon following, by a hostile band,
Light-arm'd forerunners of a num'rous host,
Was seiz'd. By fear of menace'd torments forc'd,
He show'd a passage up that mountain's side,
Whose length of wood o'ershades the Phocian land.
To dry and sapless trunks in diff'rent parts

Fire, by the Persians artfully apply'd,
Soon grew to flames. This done, the troop return'd,
Detaining Mycon. Now the mountain blaz'd.
The Phocians, ill-commanded, left their post,
Alarm'd, confus'd. More distant ground they chose.
In blind delusion forming there, they spread
Their ineffectual banners to repell
Imagin'd peril from those fraudful lights,
By stratagem prepar'd. A real foe
Meantime secur'd the undefended pass.
This Mycon saw. Escaping thence to me,
He by my orders hastens to inform
Leonidas." She paus'd. Like one who sees
The forked light'ning into shivers rive
A knotted oak, or crumble tow'rs to dust,
Aghast was Medon; then, recov'ring, spake.
" Thou boasted glory of th' Oïlean house,
If e'er thy brother bow'd in rev'rence due
To thy superior virtues, let his voice
Be now regarded. From th' endanger'd fane,
My sister, fly. Whatever be my lot,
A troop select of Locrians shall transport
Thy sacred person where thy will ordains."
" Think not of me," returns the dame. " To Greece
Direct thy zeal. My peasants are conven'd,
That by their labour, when the fatal hour
Requires, with massy fragments I may bar
That cave to human entrance. Best belov'd
Of brothers, now a serious ear incline.
Awhile in Greece to Fortune's wanton gale
His golden banner shall the Persian king,
Deluded, wave. Leonidas, by death
Preserving Sparta, will his spirit leave
To blast the glitt'ring pageant. Medon, live
To share that glory. Thee to perish here
No law, no oracle enjoins. To die,
Uncall'd, is blameful. Let thy pious hand
Secure Oïleus from barbarian force.
To Sparta, mindful of her noble host,
Entrust his rev'rend head." Th' assembled hinds,
Youths, maidens, wives with nurselings at their breasts,
Around her now in consternation stood,
The women weeping, mute, aghast the men.
To them she turns. " You never, faithful race,
Your priestess shall forsake. Melissa here,
Despairing never of the public weal,
For better days in solitude shall wait,
Shall cheer your sadness. My prophetic soul
Sees through time's cloud the liberty of Greece
More stable, more effulgent. In his blood
Leonidas cements th' unshaken base
Of that strong tow'r, which Athens shall exalt
To cast a shadow o'er the eastern world."
This utter'd, tow'rd the temple's inmost seat
Of sanctity her solemn step she bends,
Devout, enraptur'd. In their dark'ning lamps
The pallid flames are fainting. Dim through mists
The morning peeps. An awful silence reigns.
While Medon pensive from the fane descends,
But instant reappears. Behind him close
Treads Melibœus, through the cavern's mouth
Ascending pale in aspect, not unlike
What legends tell of spectres, by the force
Of necromantic sorcery constrain'd; [join'd,
Through Earth's dark bowels, which the spell dis-
They from Death's mansion in reluctant sloth
Rose to divulge the secrets of their graves,
Or mysteries of Fate. His cheerful brow,
O'erclouded, paleness on his healthful cheek,
A dull, unwonted heaviness of pace
Portend disast'rous tidings. Medon spake.
" Turn, holy sister. By the gods belov'd,
May they sustain thee in this mournful hour.
Our father, good Oïleus, is no more."
" Rehearse thy tidings, swain." He takes the word.
" Thou wast not present, when his mind, outstretch'd
By zeal for Greece, transported by his joy
To entertain Leonidas, refus'd
Due rest. Old age his ardour had forgot,
To his last waking moment with his guest
In rapturous talk redundant. He at last,
Compos'd and smiling in th' embrace of sleep,
To Pan's protection at the island fane
Was left. He wak'd no more. The fatal news,
To you discover'd, from the chiefs I hide."
Melissa heard, inclin'd her forehead low
Before th' insculptur'd deities. A sigh
Broke from her heart, these accents from her lips.
" The full of days and honours through the gate
Of painless slumber is retir'd, His tomb
Shall stand among his fathers in the shade
Of his own trophies. Placid were his days,
Which flow'd through blessings. As a river pure,
Whose sides are flow'ry, and whose meadows fair,
Meets in his course a subterranean void;
There dips his silver head, again to rise,
And, rising, glide through flow'rs and meadows new:
So shall Oïleus in those happier fields,
Where never tempests roar, nor humid clouds
In mists dissolve, nor white-descending flakes
Of winter violate th' eternal green;
Where never gloom of trouble shades the mind,
Nor gust of passion heaves the quiet breast,
Nor dews of grief are sprinkled. Thou art gone,
Host of divine Leonidas on Earth,
Art gone before him to prepare the feast,
Immortalizing virtue." Silent here,
Around her head she wraps her hallow'd pall.
Her prudent virgins interpose a hymn,
Not in a plaintive, but majestic flow,
To which their fingers, sweeping o'er the chords,
The lyre's full tone attemper. She unveils,
Then with a voice, a countenance compos'd.
" Go, Medon, pillar of th' Oïlean house,
New cares, new duties claim thy precious life,
Perform the pious obsequies. Let tears,
Let groans be absent from the sacred dust,
Which Heav'n in life so favour'd, more in death.
A term of righteous days, an envy'd urn
Like his, for Medon is Melissa's pray'r.
Thou, Melibœus, cordial, high in rank
Among the prudent, learn and watch thy lord.
My benediction shall reward thy zeal."
Sooth'd by the blessings of such perfect lips,
They both depart. And now the climbing sun
To Xerxes' tent discover'd from afar
The Persian captives with their mournful load,
Before them Rumour through her sable trump
Breathes lamentation. Horrour leads his voice
To spread the tidings of disastrous fate
Along Spercheos. As a vapour black,
Which, from the distant, horizontal verge,
Ascending, nearer still and nearer bends
To higher lands its progress, there condens'd
Throws darkness o'er the valleys, while the face
Of Nature saddens round; so step by step,
In motion slow th' advancing bier diffus'd

A solemn sadness o'er the camp. A hedge
Of trembling spears on either hand is form'd.
Tears underneath his iron-pointed cone
The Sacian drops. The Caspian savage feels
His heart transpierc'd, and wonders at the pain.
In Xerxes' presence are the bodies plac'd,
Nor he forbids. His agitated breast
All night had weigh'd against his future hopes
His present losses, his defeated ranks,
By myriads thinn'd, their multitude abash'd,
His fleet thrice worsted, torn by storms, reduc'd
To half its number. When he slept, in dreams
He saw the haggard dead, which floated round
Th' adjoining strands. Disasters new their ghosts
In sullen frowns, in shrill upbraidings bode.
Thus, ere the gory bier approach'd his eyes,
He in dejection had already lost
His kingly pride, the parent of disdain,
And cold indifference to human woes.
Not ev'n beside his sister's nobler corse
Her humble lover could awake his scorn.
The captives told their piercing tale. He heard;
He felt awhile compassion. But ere long
Those traces vanish'd from the tyrant's breast.
His former gloom redoubles. For himself
His anxious bosom heaves, oppress'd by fear
Lest he with all his splendour should be cast
A prey to Fortune. Thoughtful near the throne
Laconia's exile waits, to whom the king.

"O Demaratus, what will Fate ordain?
Lo! Fortune turns against me. What shall check
Her further malice, when her daring stride
Invades my house with ravage, and profanes
The blood of great Darius. I have sent
From my unguarded side the chosen band,
My bravest chiefs, to pass the desert hill;
Have to the conduct of a Malian spy
My hopes entrusted. May not there the Greeks,
In opposition more tremendous still,
More ruinous than yester Sun beheld,
Maintain their post invincible, renew
Their stony thunder in augmented rage,
And send whole quarries down the craggy steeps
Again to crush my army? Oh! unfold
Thy secret thoughts, nor hide the harshest truth.
Say, what remains to hope?" The exile here.

"Too well, O monarch, do thy fears presage,
What may befall thy army. If the Greeks,
Arrang'd within Thermopylæ, a pass
Accessible and practis'd, could repel
With such destruction their unnumber'd foes;
What scenes of havoc may untrodden paths,
Confin'd among the craggy hills, afford?"

Lost in despair, the monarch silent sat.
Not less unmann'd than Xerxes, from his place
Uprose Argestes; but concealing fear,
These artful words deliver'd. "If the king
Propitious wills to spare his faithful bands,
Nor spread at large the terrours of his pow'r;
More gentle means of conquest than by arms,
Nor less secure, may artifice supply.
Renown'd Darius, thy immortal sire,
Bright in the spoil of kingdoms, long in vain
The fields of proud Euphrates with his host
O'erspread. At length, confiding in the wiles
Of Zopyrus, the mighty prince subdu'd
The Babylonian ramparts. Who shall count
The thrones and states, by stratagem o'erturn'd?
But if Corruption join her pow'rful aid,
Not one can stand. What race of men possess
That probity, that wisdom, which the veil
Of craft shall never blind, nor proffer'd wealth,
Nor splendid pow'r seduce? O Xerxes, born
To more than mortal greatness, canst thou find
Through thy unbounded sway no dazzling gift,
Which may allure Leonidas? Dispel
The cloud of sadness from those sacred eyes.
Great monarch, proffer to Laconia's chief,
What may thy own magnificence declare,
And win his friendship. O'er his native Greece
Invest him sov'reign. Thus procure his sword
For thy succeeding conquests." Xerxes here,
As from a trance awak'ning, swift replies.

"Wise are thy dictates. Fly to Sparta's chief,
Argestes, fall before him. Bid him join
My arms, and reign o'er ev'ry Grecian state."

He scarce had finish'd, when in haste approach'd
Artuchus. Startled at the ghastly stage
Of death, that guardian of the Persian fair
Thus in a groan. "Thou deity malign,
O Arimanius, what a bitter draught
For my sad lips thy cruelty hath mix'd!
Is this the flow'r of women, to my charge
So lately giv'n? Oh! princess, I have rang'd
The whole Sperchean valley, woods, and caves,
In quest of thee, found here a lifeless corse.
Astonishment and horrour lock my tongue."

Pride now, reviving in the monarch's breast,
Dispell'd his black despondency awhile,
With gall more black effacing from his heart
Each merciful impression. Stern he spake.

"Remove her, satrap, to the female train.
Let them the due solemnities perform.
But never she, by Mithra's light I swear,
Shall sleep in Susa with her kindred dust;
Who by ignoble passions hath debas'd
The blood of Xerxes. Greece beheld her shame;
Let Greece behold her tomb. The low-born slave
Who dar'd to Xerxes' sister lift his hopes,
On some bare crag expose." The Spartan here.

"My royal patron, let me speak—and die,
If such thy will. This cold, disfigur'd clay
Was late thy soldier, gallantly who fought,
Who nobly perish'd, long the dearest friend
Of Hyperanthes, hazarding his life
Now in thy cause. O'er Persians thou dost reign;
None more, than Persians, venerate the brave."

"Well hath he spoke," Atruchus firm subjoins.
"But if the king his rigour will inflict
On this dead warrior—Heav'n o'erlook the deed.
Nor on our heads accumulate fresh woes!
The shatter'd fleet, th' intimidated camp,
The band select, through Œta's dang'rous wilds
At this dread crisis struggling, must obtain
Support from Heav'n, or Asia's glory falls."

Fell pride, recoiling at these awful words
In Xerxes' frozen bosom, yields to fear,
Resuming there the sway. He grants the corse
To Demaratus. Forth Artuchus moves
Behind the bier, uplifted by his train.

Argestes, parted from his master's side,
Ascends a car; and, speeding o'er the beach,
Sees Artemisia. She the ashes pale
Of slaughter'd Carians, on the pyre consum'd,
Was then collecting for the fun'ral vase
In exclamation thus. "My subjects, lost
On Earth, descend to happier climes below——
The fawning, dastard counsellors, who left
Your worth deserted in the hour of need,
May kites disfigure, may the wolf devour——

Shade of my husband, thou salute in smiles
These gallant warriors, faithful once to thee,
Nor less to me. They tidings will report
Of Artemisia to revive thy love——
May wretches like Argestes never clasp
Their wives, their offspring! Never greet their homes!
May their unbury'd limbs dismiss their ghosts
To wail for ever on the banks of Styx!"
Then, turning tow'rd her son. "Come, virtuous boy,
Let us transport these relics of our friends.
To yon tall bark, in pendent sable clad.
They, if her keel be destin'd to return,
Shall in paternal monuments repose.
Let us embark. Till Xerxes shuts his ear
To false Argestes; in her vessel hid,
Shall Artemisia's gratitude lament
Her bounteous sov'reign's fate. Leander, mark.
The Doric virtues are not eastern plants.
Them foster still within thy gen'rous breast,
But keep in covert from the blaze of courts;
Where flatt'ry's guile in oily words profuse,
In action tardy, o'er th' ingenuous tongue,
The arm of valour, and the faithful heart,
Will ever triumph. Yet my soul enjoys
Her own presage, that Destiny reserves
An hour for my revenge." Concluding here,
She gains the fleet. Argestes sweeps along
On rapid wheels from Artemisia's view,
Like Night, protectress foul of heinous deeds,
With treason, rape, and murder at her heel,
Before the eye of Morn retreating swift
To hide her loathsome visage. Soon he reach'd
Thermopylæ; descending from his car,
Was led by Dithyrambus to the tent
Of Sparta's ruler. Since the fatal news
By Mycon late deliver'd, he apart
With Polydorus had consulted long
On high attempts; and, now sequester'd, sat
To ruminate on vengeance. At his feet
Prone fell the satrap, and began. "The will
Of Xerxes bends me prostrate to the earth
Before thy presence. Great and matchless chief,
Thus says the lord of Asia. 'Join my arms;
Thy recompense is Greece. Her fruitful plains,
Her gen'rous steeds, her flocks, her num'rous towns,
Her sons I render to thy sov'reign hand.'
And, O illustrious warrior, heed my words.
Think on the bliss of royalty, the pomp
Of courts, their endless pleasures, trains of slaves,
Who restless watch for thee, and thy delights:
Think on the glories of unrivall'd sway.
Look on th' Ionic, on th' Æolian Greeks.
From them their phantom liberty is flown;
While in each province, rais'd by Xerxes' pow'r,
Some favour'd chief presides; exalted state,
Ne'er giv'n by envious freedom. On his head
He bears the gorgeous diadem; he sees
His equals once in adoration stoop
Beneath his footstool. What superior beams
Will from thy temples blaze, when gen'ral Greece,
In noblest states abounding, calls thee lord,
Thee only worthy. How will each rejoice
Around thy throne, and hail th' auspicious day,
When thou, distinguish'd by the Persian king,
Didst in thy sway consenting nations bless,
Didst calm the fury of unsparing war,
Which else had delug'd all with blood and flames."
Leonidas replies not, but commands
The Thespian youth, still watchful near the tent,
To summon all the Grecians. He obeys.
The king uprises from his seat, and bids
The Persian follow. He, amaz'd, attends,
Surrounded soon by each assembling band;
When thus at length the godlike Spartan spake.
"Here, Persian, tell thy embassy." Repeat,
That to obtain my friendship Asia's prince
To me hath proffer'd sov'reignty o'er Greece.
Then view these bands, whose valour shall preserve
That Greece unconquer'd, which your king bestows;
Shall strew your bodies on her crimson'd plains:
The indignation painted on their looks,
Their gen'rous scorn, may answer for their chief.
Yet from Leonidas, thou wretch, inur'd
To vassalage and baseness, hear. The pomp,
The arts of pleasure in despotic courts
I spurn abhorrent. In a spotless heart
I look for pleasure. I from righteous deeds
Derive my splendour. No adoring crowd,
No purpled slaves, no mercenary spears
My state embarrass. I in Sparta rule
By laws, my rulers, with a guard unknown
To Xerxes,—public confidence and love.
No pale suspicion of th' empoison'd bowl,
Th' assassin's poniard, or provok'd revolt
Chase from my decent couch the peace, deny'd
To his resplendent canopy. Thy king,
Who hath profan'd by proffer'd bribes my ear,
Dares not to meet my arm. Thee, trembling slave,
Whose embassy was treason, I despise,
And therefore spare." Diomedon subjoins.
"Our marble temples these barbarians waste,
A crime less impious than a bare attempt
Of sacrilege on virtue. Grant my suit,
Thou living temple, where the goddess dwells.
To me consign the caitiff. Soon the winds
Shall parch his limbs on Œta's tallest pine."
Amidst his fury suddenly return'd
The speed of Alpheus. All, suspended, fix'd
On him their eyes impatient. He began.
"I am return'd a messenger of ill.
Close to the passage, op'ning into Greece,
That post committed to the Phocian guard,
O'erhangs a bushy cliff. A station there
Behind the shrubs by dead of night I took,
Though not in darkness. Purple was the face
Of Heav'n. Beneath my feet the valleys glow'd.
A range immense of wood-invested hills,
The boundaries of Greece, were clad in flames;
An act of froward chance, or crafty foes
To cast dismay. The crackling pines I heard;
Their branches sparkled, and the thickets blaz'd.
In hillocks embers rose. Embody'd fire,
As from unnumber'd furnaces, I saw
Mount high, through vacant trunks of headless oaks,
Broad-bas'd, and dry with age. Barbarian helms,
Shields, javelins, sabres, gleaming from below,
Full soon discover'd to my torture'd sight
The straits in Persia's pow'r. The Phocian chief,
Whate'er the cause, relinquishing his post,
Was to a neighb'ring eminence remov'd;
There, by the foe neglected, or contemn'd,
Remain'd in arms, and neither fled, nor fought.
I stay'd for day-spring. Then the Persians mov'd.
To morrow's sun will see their numbers here."
He said no more. Unutterable fear
In horrid silence wraps the list'ning crowd,
Aghast, confounded. Silent are the chiefs,
Who feel no terrour; yet in wonder fix'd,

Thick-wedg'd, enclose Leonidas around,
Who thus in calmest elocution spake.
"I now behold the oracle fulfill'd.
Then art thou near, thou glorious, sacred hour,
Which shalt my country's liberty secure.
Thrice hail! thou solemn period. Thee the tongues
Of virtue, fame, and freedom shall proclaim,
Shall celebrate in ages yet unborn.
Thou godlike offspring of a godlike sire,
To him my kindest greetings, Medon, bear.
Farewell, Megistias, holy friend and brave.
Thou too, experienc'd, venerable chief,
Demophilus, farewell. Farewell to thee,
Invincible Diomedon, to thee,
Unequall'd Dithyrambus, and to all,
Ye other dauntless warriors, who may claim
Praise from my lips, and friendship from my heart.
You, after all the wonders which your swords
Have here accomplish'd, will enrich your names
By fresh renown. Your valour must complete
What ours begins. Here first th' astonish'd foe
On dying Spartans shall with terrour gaze,
And tremble, while he conquers. Then, by Fate
Led from his dreadful victory to meet
United Greece in phalanx o'er the plain,
By your avenging spears himself shall fall."
Forth from the assembly strides Platæa's chief.
"By the twelve gods, enthron'd in Heav'n supreme;
By my fair name, unsully'd yet, I swear,
Thine eye, Leonidas, shall ne'er behold
Diomedon forsake thee. First let strength
Desert my limbs, and fortitude my heart.
Did I not face the Marathonian war?
Have I not seen Thermopylæ? What more
Can fame bestow, which I should wait to share?
Where can I, living, purchase brighter praise
Than dying here? What more illustrious tomb
Can I obtain than, bury'd in the heaps
Of Persians, fall'n my victims, on this rock
To lie distinguish'd by a thousand wounds?"
He ended; when Demophilus. "O king
Of Lacedæmon, pride of human race,
Whom none e'er equall'd but the seed of Jove,
Thy own forefather, number'd with the gods,
Lo! I am old. With falt'ring steps I tread
The prone descent of years. My country claim'd
My youth, my ripeness. Feeble age but yields
An empty name of service. What remains
For me, unequal to the winged speed
Of active hours, which court the swift and young?
What eligible wish can wisdom form,
But to die well? Demophilus shall close
With thee, O hero, on this glorious Earth
His eve of life." The youth of Thespia next
Address'd Leonidas. "O king of Greeks,
Me too think worthy to attend thy fame
With this most dear, this venerable man,
For ever honour'd from my tend'rest age,
Ev'n till on life's extremity we part.
Nor too aspiring be my hopes he deem'd;
Should the barbarian in his triumph mark
My youthful limbs among the gory heaps,
Perhaps remembrance may unnerve his arm
In future fields of contest with a race,
To whom the flow'r, the blooming joys of life,
Are less alluring than a noble death."
To him his second parent. "Wilt thou bleed,
My Dithyrambus? But I here withhold
All counsel from thee, who art wise as brave.
I know thy magnanimity. I read
Thy gen'rous thoughts. Decided is thy choice.
Come then, attendants on a godlike shade,
When to th' Elysian ancestry of Greece
Descends her great protector, we will show
To Harmatides an illustrious son,
And no unworthy brother. We will link
Our shields together. We will press the ground,
Still undivided in the arms of death.
So if th' attentive traveller we draw
To our cold relics, wond'ring, shall he trace
The diff'rent scene, then pregnant with applause,
'O wise old man,' exclaim, 'the hour of fate
Well didst thou choose; and, O unequall'd youth,
Who for thy country didst thy bloom devote,
May'st thou remain for ever dear to fame!
May time rejoice to name thee! O'er thy urn
May everlasting peace her pinion spread'."
This said, the hero with his lifted shield
His face o'ershades; he drops a secret tear:
Not this a tear of anguish, but deriv'd
From fond affection, grown mature with time,
Awak'd a manly tenderness alone,
Unmix'd with pity, or with vain regret.
A stream of duty, gratitude, and love,
Flow'd from the heart of Harmatides' son,
Addressing straight Leonidas, whose looks
Declar'd unspeakable applause. "O king
Of Lacedæmon, now distribute praise
From thy accustom'd justice, small to me,
To him a portion large. His guardian care,
His kind instruction, his example train'd
My infancy, my youth. From him I learn'd
To live, unspotted. Could I less, than learn
From him to die with honour." Medon hears.
Shook by a whirlwind of contending thoughts
Strong heaves his manly bosom, under awe
Of wise Melissa, torn by friendship, fir'd
By such example high. In dubious state
So rolls a vessel, when th' inflated waves
Her planks assail, and winds her canvass rend;
The rudder labours, and requires a hand
Of firm, delib'rate skill. The gen'rous king
Perceives the hero's struggle, and prepares
To interpose relief; when instant came
Dieneces before them. Short he spake.
"Barbarian myriads through the secret pass
Have enter'd Greece. Leonidas, by morn
Expect them here. My slender force I spar'd.
There to have died was useless. We return
With thee to perish. Union of our strength
Will render more illustrious to ourselves,
And to the foe more terrible our fall."
Megistias last accosts Laconia's king.
"Thou, whom the gods have chosen to exalt
Above mankind in virtue and renown,
O call not me presumptuous, who implore
Among these heroes thy regardful ear.
To Lacedæmon I a stranger came,
There found protection. There to honours rais'd,
I have not yet the benefit repaid.
That now the gen'rous Spartans may behold
In me their large beneficence not vain,
Here to their cause I consecrate my breath."
"Not so, Megistias," interpos'd the king.
Thou and thy son retire." Again the seer.
"Forbid it, thou eternally ador'd,
O Jove, confirm my persevering soul!
Nor let me these auspicious moments lose,
When to my bounteous patrons I may show,
That I deserv'd their favour. Thou, my child,

Dear Menalippus, heed the king's command,
And my paternal tenderness revere.
Thou from these ranks withdraw thee, to my use
Thy arms surrend'ring. Fortune will supply
New proofs of valour. Vanquish then, or find
A glorious grave; but spare thy father's eye
The bitter anguish to behold thy youth
Untimely bleed before him." Grief suspends
His speech, and interchangeably their arms
Impart the last embraces. Either weeps,
The hoary parent, and the blooming son.
But from his temples the pontific wreath
Megistias now unloosens. He resigns
His hallow'd vestments; while the youth in tears
The helmet o'er his parent's snowy locks,
O'er his broad chest adjusts the radiant mail.
Dieneces was nigh. Oppress'd by shame,
His downcast visage Menalippus hid [blush.
From him, who cheerful thus. "Thou needst not
Thou hear'st thy father and the king command,
What I suggested, thy departure hence.
Train'd by my care, a soldier thou return'st.
Go, practice my instructions. Oft in fields
Of future conflict may thy prowess call
Me to remembrance. Spare thy words. Farewell."
While such contempt of life, such fervid zeal
To die with glory animate the Greeks,
Far diff'rent thoughts possess Argestes' soul.
Amaze and mingled terrour chill his blood.
Cold drops, *distill'd* from every pore, bedew
His shiv'ring flesh. His bosom pants. His knees
Yield to their burden. Ghastly pale his checks,
Pale are his lips and trembling. Such the minds
Of slaves corrupt; on them the beauteous face
Of virtue turns to horrour. But these words
From Lacedæmon's chief the wretch relieve.
"Return to Xerxes. Tell him, on this rock
The Grecians, faithful to their trust, await
His chosen myriads. *Tell him*, thou hast seen,
How far the lust of empire is below
A freeborn spirit; that my death, which seals
My country's safety, *is* indeed a boon
His folly gives, a precious boon, which Greece
Will by perdition to his throne repay."
He said. The Persian hastens through the pass.
Once more the stern Diomedon arose.
Wrath overcast his forehead while he spake.
"Yet more must stay and bleed. Detested Thebes
Ne'er shall receive her traitors back. This spot
Shall see their perfidy aton'd by death,
Ev'n from that pow'r, to which their abject hearts
Have sacrific'd their faith. Nor dare to hope,
Ye vile deserters of the public weal,
Ye coward slaves, that, mingled in the heaps
Of gen'rous victims to their country's good,
You shall your shame conceal. Whoe'er shall pass
Along this field of glorious slain, and mark
For veneration ev'ry nobler corse;
His heart, though warm in rapturous applause,
Awhile shall curb the transport to repeat
His execrations o'er such impious heads,
On whom that fate, to others yielding fame,
Is infamy and vengeance." Dreadful thus
On the pale Thebans sentence he pronounc'd,
Like Rhadamanthus from th' infernal seat
Of judgment, which inexorably dooms
The guilty dead to ever-during pain;
While Phlegethon his flaming volumes rolls
Before their sight, and ruthless furies shake
Their hissing serpents. All the Greeks assent
In clamours, echoing through the concave rock.
Forth Anaxander in th' assembly stood,
Which he address'd with indignation feign'd.
"If yet your clamours, Grecians, are allay'd,
Lo! I appear before you to demand,
Why these my brave companions, who alone
Among the Thebans through dissuading crowds
Their passage forc'd to join your camp, should bear
The name of traitors? By an exil'd wretch
We are traduc'd, by Demaratus, driv'n
From Spartan confines, who hath meanly sought
Barbarian courts for shelter. Hath he drawn
Such virtues thence, that Sparta, who before
Held him unworthy of his native sway,
Should trust him now, and doubt auxiliar friends?
Injurious men! We scorn the thoughts of flight.
Let Asia bring her numbers; unconstrain'd,
We will confront them, and for Greece expire."
Thus in the garb of virtue he adorn'd
Necessity. Laconia's king perceiv'd
Through all its fair disguise the traitor's heart.
So, when at first mankind in science rude
Rever'd the Moon, as bright in native beams,
Some sage, who walk'd with Nature through her works,
By Wisdom led, discern'd the various orb,
Dark in itself, in foreign splendours clad.
Leonidas concludes. "Ye Spartans, hear;
Hear you, O Grecians, in our lot by choice
Partakers, destin'd to enrol your names
In time's eternal record, and enhance
Your country's lustre: lo! the noontide blaze
Inflames the broad horizon. Each retire;
Each in his tent invoke the pow'r of sleep
To brace his vigour, to enlarge his strength
For long endurance. When the Sun descends,
Let each appear in arms. You, brave allies
Of Corinth, Phlius, and Mycenæ's tow'rs,
Arcadians, Locrians, must not yet depart.
While we repose, embattled wait. Retreat,
When we our tents abandon. I resign
To great Oileus' son supreme command.
Take my embraces, Æschylus. The fleet
Expects thee. To Themistocles report,
What thou hast seen and heard."—"O thrice farewell!"
Th' Athenian answer'd. "To yourselves, my friends,
Your virtues immortality secure,
Your bright examples victory to Greece."
Retaining these injunctions, all dispers'd;
While in his tent Leonidas remain'd
Apart with Agis, whom he thus bespake.
"Yet in our fall the pond'rous hand of Greece
Shall Asia feel. This Persian's welcome tale
Of us, inextricably doom'd her prey,
As by the force of sorcery will wrap
Security around her, will suppress
All sense, all thought of danger. Brother, know,
That soon as Cynthia from the vault of Heav'n
Withdraws her shining lamp, through Asia's host
Shall massacre and desolation race.
Yet not to base associates will I trust
My vast design. Their perfidy might warn
The unsuspecting foe, our fairest fruits
Of glory thus be wither'd. Ere we move
While on the solemn sacrifice intent,
As Lacedæmon's ancient laws ordain,
Our prayers we offer to the tuneful Nine,
Thou whisper through the willing ranks of Thebes
Slow and in silence to disperse and fly."

Now left by Agis, on his couch reclin'd,
The Spartan king thus meditates alone.
"My fate is now impending. O my soul,
What more auspicious period couldst thou choose
For death than now, when, beating high in joy,
Thou tell'st me I am happy? If to live,
Or die, as virtue dictates, be to know
The purest bliss; if she her charms displays
Still lovely, still unfading, still serene
To youth, to age, to death: whatever be
Those other climes of happiness unchang'd,
Which Heav'n in dark futurity conceals,
Still here, O Virtue, thou art all our good.
Oh! what a black, unspeakable reverse
Must the unrighteous, must the tyrant prove?
What in the struggle of departing day,
When life's last glimpse, extinguishing, presents
Unknown, inextricable gloom? But how
Can I explain the terrours of a breast,
Where guilt resides? Leonidas, forego
The horrible conception, and again
Within thy own felicity retire;
Bow grateful down to him, who form'd thy mind
Of crimes unfruitful never to admit
The black impression of a guilty thought.
Else could I fearless by delib'rate choice
Relinquish life? This calm from minds deprav'd
Is ever absent. Oft in them the force
Of some prevailing passion for a time
Suppresses fear. Precipitate they lose
The sense of danger; when dominion, wealth,
Or purple pomp enchant the dazzled sight,
Pursuing still the joys of life alone.
"But he, who calmly seeks a certain death,
When duty only, and the general good
Direct his courage, must a soul possess,
Which, all content deducing from itself,
Can by unerring virtue's constant light
Discern, when death is worthy of his choice.
"The man, thus great and happy, in the scope
Of his large mind is stretch'd beyond his date.
Ev'n on this shore of being he in thought,
Supremely bless'd, anticipates the good,
Which late posterity from him derives."
At length the hero's meditations close.
The swelling transport of his heart subsides
In soft oblivion; and the silken plumes
Of sleep envelop his extended limbs.

LEONIDAS.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Leonidas, rising before day-break, dismisses the forces under the command of Medon; but observing a reluctance in him to depart, reminds him of his duty, and gives him an affectionate farewell. He then relates to his own select band a dream, which is interpreted by Megistias, arms himself, and marches in procession with his whole troop to an altar, newly raised on a neighbouring meadow; there offers a sacrifice to the Muses: he invokes the assistance of those goddesses; he animates his companions; then, placing himself at their head, leads them against the enemy in the dead of the night.

The day was closing. Agis left his tent.
He sought his godlike brother. Him he found
Stretch'd o'er his tranquil couch. His looks retain'd
The cheerful tincture of his waking thoughts
To gladden sleep. So smile soft evening skies,
Yet streak'd with ruddy light, when summer's suns
Have veil'd their beaming foreheads. Transport fill'd
The eye of Agis. Friendship swell'd his heart.
His yielding knee in veneration bent.
The hero's hand he kiss'd, then fervent thus.
"O excellence ineffable, receive
This secret homage; and may gentle sleep
Yet longer seal thine eyelids, that, unblam'd,
I may fall down before thee." He concludes
In adoration of his friend divine,
Whose brow the shades of slumber now forsake.
So, when the rising Sun resumes his state,
Some white-rob'd magus on Euphrates side,
Or Indian seer on Ganges, prostrate falls
Before th' emerging glory, to salute
That radiant emblem of th' immortal mind.
Uprise both heroes. From their tents in arms
Appear the bands elect. The other Greeks
Are filing homeward. Only Medon stops.
Melissa's dictates he forgets awhile.
All inattentive to the warning voice
Of Melibœus, earnest he surveys
Leonidas. Such constancy of zeal
In good Oileus' offspring brings the sire
To full remembrance in that solemn hour,
And draws these cordial accents from the king.
"Approach me, Locrian. In thy look I trace
Consummate faith and love. But, vers'd in arms,
Against thy gen'ral's orders wouldst thou stay?
Go, prove to kind Oileus, that my heart
Of him was mindful, when the gates of death
I barr'd against his son. Yon gallant Greeks,
To thy commanding care from mine transferr'd,
Remove from certain slaughter. Last repair
To Lacedæmon. Thither lead thy sire.
Say to her senate, to her people tell,
Here didst thou leave their countrymen and king
On death resolv'd, obedient to the laws."
The Locrian chief, restraining tears, replies.
"My sire, left slumb'ring in the island-fane,
Awoke no more."—"Then joyful I shall meet
Him soon," the king made answer. "Let thy worth
Supply thy father's. Virtue bids me die,
Thee live. Farewell." Now Medon's grief, o'eraw'd
By wisdom, leaves his long-suspended mind
To firm decision. He departs, prepar'd
For all the duties of a man, by deeds
To prove himself the friend of Sparta's king,
Melissa's brother, and Oileus' son.
The gen'rous victims of the public weal,
Assembled now, Leonidas salutes,
His pregnant soul disburd'ning. "O thrice hail!
Surround me, Grecians; to my words attend.
This evening's sleep no longer press'd my brows,
Than o'er my head the empyreal form
Of heav'n-enthron'd Alcides was display'd.
I saw his magnitude divine. His voice
I heard, his solemn mandate to arise.
I rose. He bade me follow. I obey'd.
A mountain's summit, clear'd from mist, or cloud,
We reach'd in silence. Suddenly the howl
Of wolves and dogs, the vulture's piercing shriek,
The yell of ev'ry beast and bird of prey
Discordant grated on my ear. I turn'd.

A surface hideous, delug'd o'er with blood,
Beyond my view illimitably stretch'd,
One vast expanse of horrour. There supine,
Of auge dimension, cov'ring half the plain,
A giant corse lay mangled, red with wounds,
Delv'd in th' enormous flesh, which, bubbling, fed
Ten thousand thousand grisly beaks and jaws,
Insatiably devouring. Mute I gaz'd,
When from behind I heard a second sound
Like surges, tumbling o'er a craggy shore.
Again I turn'd. An ocean there appear'd
With riven keels and shrouds, with shiver'd oars,
With arms and welt'ring carcasses bestrewn
Innumerous. The billows foam'd in blood.
But where the waters, unobserv'd before,
Between two adverse shores, contracting, roll'd
A stormy current, on the beach forlorn
One of majestic stature I descry'd
In ornaments imperial. Oft he bent
On me his clouded eyeballs. Oft my name
He sounded forth in execrations loud;
Then rent his splendid garments; then his head
In rage divested of its graceful hairs.
Impatient now he ey'd a slender skiff, [proach'd.
Which, mounted high on boistrous waves, ap-
With indignation, with reluctant grief
Once more his sight reversing, he embark'd
Amid the perils of the frowning deep.
'O thou, by glorious actions rank'd in Heav'n,'
I here exclaim'd, 'instruct me. What produc'd
This desolation?' Hercules reply'd.
'Let thy astonish'd eye again survey
The scene thy soul abhorr'd.' - I look'd. I saw
A land, where Plenty with disporting hands
Pour'd all the fruits of Amalthea's horn;
Where bloom'd the olive; where the clustring vine
With her broad foliage mantled ev'ry hill;
Where Ceres with exuberance enrob'd
The pregnant bosoms of the fields in gold:
Where spacious towns, whose circuits proud contain'd
The dazzling works of wealth, along the banks
Of copious rivers show'd their stately tow'rs,
The strength and splendour of the peopled land.
Then in a moment clouds obscur'd my view;
At once all vanish'd from my waking eyes."
"Thrice I salute the omen," loud began
The sage Megistias. "In this mystic dream
I see my country's victories. The land,
The deep shall own her triumphs; while the tears
Of Asia and of Lybia shall deplore
Their offspring, cast before the vulture's beak,
And ev'ry monstrous native of the main.
Those joyous fields of plenty picture Greece,
Enrich'd by conquest, and barbarian spoils.
He, whom thou saw'st, in regal vesture clad,
Print on the sand his solitary step,
Is Xerxes, foil'd and fugitive." So spake
The rev'rend augur. Ev'ry bosom felt
Enthusiastic rapture, joy beyond
All sense, and all conception, but of those,
Who die to save their country. Here again
Th' exulting band Leonidas address'd.
"Since happiness from virtue is deriv'd,
Who for his country dies, that moment proves
Most happy, as most virtuous. Such our lot.
But go, Megistias. Instantly prepare
The sacred fuel, and the victim due;
That to the Muses (so by Sparta's law
We are enjoin'd) our off'rings may be paid,
Before we march. Remember, from the rites
Let ev'ry sound be absent; not the fife,
Not ev'n the music-breathing flute be heard.
Meantime, ye leaders, ev'ry band instruct
To move in silence." Mindful of their charge,
The chiefs depart. Leonidas provides
His various armour. Agis close attends,
His best assistant. First a breastplate arms
The spacious chest. O'er this the hero spreads
The mailed cuirass, from his shoulders hung.
A shining belt infolds his mighty loins.
Next on his stately temples he erects
The plumed helm; then grasps his pond'rous shield:
Where nigh the centre on projecting brass
Th' inimitable artist had emboss'd
The shape of great Alcides; whom to gain
Two goddesses contended. Pleasure here
Won by soft wiles th' attracted eye; and there
The form of Virtue dignify'd the scene.
In her majestic sweetness was display'd
The mind sublime and happy. From her lips
Seem'd eloquence to flow. In look serene,
But fix'd intensely on the son of Jove,
She wav'd her hand, where, winding to the skies,
Her paths ascended. On the summit stood,
Supported by a trophy near to Heav'n,
Fame, and protended her eternal trump.
The youth, attentive to her wisdom, own'd
The prevalence of Virtue; while his eye,
Fill'd by that spirit which redeem'd the world
From tyranny and monsters, darted flames;
Not undescry'd by Pleasure, where she lay
Beneath a gorgeous canopy. Around
Were flowrets strewn, and wantonly in rills
A fount meander'd. All relax'd her limbs;
Nor wanting yet solicitude to gain,
What lost she fear'd, as struggling with despair,
She seem'd collecting ev'ry pow'r to charm:
Excess of sweet allurement she diffus'd
In vain. Still Virtue sway'd Alcides' mind.
Hence all his labours. Wrought with vary'd art,
The shield's external surface they enrich'd.
This portraiture of glory on his arm
Leonidas displays, and, tow'ring, strides
From his pavilion. Ready are the bands.
The chiefs assume their station. Torches blaze
Through ev'ry file. All now in silent pace
To join in solemn sacrifice proceed.
First Polydorus bears the hallow'd knife,
The sacred salt and barley.* At his side
Diomedon sustains a weighty mace.
The priest, Megistias, follows like the rest
In polish'd armour. White, as winter's fleece,
A fillet round his shining helm reveals
The sacerdotal honours. By the horns,
Where laurels twine with Alpheus, Maron leads
The consecrated ox. And, lo! behind,
Leonidas advances. Never he
In such transcendent majesty was seen,
And his own virtue never so enjoy'd.
Successive move Dieneces the brave;
In hoary state Demophilus; the bloom
Of Dithyrambus, glowing in the rose
Of future praise; the gen'rous Agis next,
Serene and graceful; last the Theban chiefs,
Repining, ignominious: then slow march
The troops all mute, nor shake their brazen arms.
Not from Thermopylæ remote the hills
Of Œta, yielding to a fruitful dale,
Within their side, half-circling, had enclos'd

A fair expanse in verdure smooth. The bounds
Were edg'd by wood, o'erlook'd by snowy cliffs,
Which from the clouds bent frowning. Down a rock
Above the loftiest summit of the grove
A tumbling torrent wore the shagged stone;
Then, gleaming through the intervals of shade,
Attain'd the valley, where the level stream
Diffus'd refreshment. On its banks the Greeks
Had rais'd a rustic altar, fram'd of turf.
Broad was the surface, high in piles of wood,
All interspers'd with laurel. Purer deem'd
Than river, lake, or fountain, in a vase
Old Ocean's briny element was plac'd
Before the altar; and of wine unmix'd
Capacious goblets stood. Megistias now
His helm unloosen'd. With his snowy head,
Uncover'd, round the solemn pile he trod.
He shook a branch of laurel, scatt'ring wide
The sacred moisture of the main. His hand
Next on the altar, on the victim strew'd
The mingled salt and barley. O'er the horns
Th' inverted chalice, foaming from the grape,
Discharg'd a rich libation. Then approach'd
Diomedon. Megistias gave the sign.
Down sunk the victim by a deathful stroke,
Nor groan'd. The augur bury'd in the throat
His hallow'd steel. A purple current flow'd.
Now smok'd the structure, now it flam'd abroad
In sudden splendour. Deep in circling ranks
The Grecians press'd. Each held a sparkling brand;
The beaming lances intermix'd; the helms,
The burnish'd armour multiply'd the blaze.
Leonidas drew nigh. Before the pile
His feet he planted. From his brows remov'd,
The casque to Agis he consign'd, his shield,
His spear to Dithyrambus; then, his arms
Extending, forth in supplication broke.

"Harmonious daughters of Olympian Jove,
Who, on the top of Helicon ador'd,
And high Parnassus, with delighted ears
Bend to the warble of Castalia's stream,
Or Aganippe's murmur, if from thence
We must invoke your presence; or along
The neighb'ring mountains with propitious steps
If now you grace your consecrated bow'rs,
Look down, ye Muses; nor disdain to stand
Each an immortal witness of our fate.
But with you bring fair Liberty, whom Jove
And you must honour. Let her sacred eyes
Approve her dying Grecians; let her voice
In exultation tell the Earth and Heav'ns,
These are her sons. Then strike your tuneful shells.
Record us guardians of our parent's age,
Our matron's virtue, and our children's bloom,
The glorious bulwarks of our country's laws,
Who shall ennoble the historian's page,
Shall on the joyous festival inspire
With loftier strains the virgin's choral song.
Then, O celestial maids, on yonder camp
Let night sit heavy. Let a sleep like death
Weigh down the eye of Asia. O infuse
A cool, untroubled spirit in our breasts,
Which may in silence guide our daring feet,
Control our fury, nor by tumult wild
The friendly dark affright; till dying groans
Of slaughter'd tyrants into horrour wake
The midnight calm. Then turn destruction loose.
Let terrour, let confusion rage around,
In one vast ruin heap the barb'rous ranks,
Their horse, their chariots. Let the spurning steed
Imbrue his hoofs in blood, the shatter'd cars
Crush with their brazen weight the prostrate necks
Of chiefs and kings, encircled, as they fall,
By nations slain. You, countrymen and friends,
My last commands retain. Your gen'ral's voice
Once more salutes you, not to rouse the brave,
Or minds, resolv'd and dauntless, to confirm.
Too well by this expiring blaze I see
Impatient valour flash from ev'ry eye.
O temper well that ardour, and your lips
Close on the rising transport. Mark, how Sleep
Hath folded millions in his black embrace.
No sound is wafted from th' unnumber'd foe.
The winds themselves are silent. All conspires
To this great sacrifice, where thousands soon
Shall only wake to [illegible] Their [illegible]owded train
This night perhaps to Pluto's dreary shades
Ev'n Xerxes's [illegible]ess reserv'd
From this destin[illegible] doom
Of more disgra[illegible] confounds that pow'r
Which we will s[illegible]ok, the setting Moon
Shuts on our darksome paths her waning horns.
Let each his head distinguish by a wreath
Of well earn'd laurel. [illegible]hen the victim share,
Then crown the goblet. Take your last repast;
With your forefathers, and the heroes old,
You next will banquet in the bless'd abodes."

Here ends their leader. Through th' encircling crowd
The agitation of their spears denotes
High ardour. So the spiky growth of pines
Is rock'd, when Æolus in eddies winds
Among their stately trunks on Pelion's brow.
The Acarnanian seer distributes swift
The sacred laurel. Snatch'd in eager zeal,
Around each helm the woven leaves unite
Their glossy verdure to the floating plumes.
Then is the victim portion'd. In the bowl
Then flows the vine's empurpled stream. Aloof
The Theban train, in wan dejection mute,
Brood o'er their shame, or cast affrighted looks
On that determin'd courage, which, unmov'd
At Fate's approach, with cheerful lips could taste
The sparkling goblet, could in joy partake
That last, that glorious banquet. Ev'n the heart
Of Anaxander had forgot its wiles,
Dissembling fear no longer. Agis here,
Regardful ever of the king's command,
Accosts the Theban chiefs in whispers thus.

"Leonidas permits you to retire.
While on the rites of sacrifice employ'd,
None heed your motions. Separate and fly
In silent pace." This heard, th' inglorious troop,
Their files dissolving, from the rest withdraw.
Unseen they moulder from the host like snow,
Freed from the rigour of constraining frost;
Soon as the Sun exerts his orient beam,
The transitory landscape melts in rills
Away, and structures, which delude the eye,
Insensibly are lost. The solemn feast
Was now concluded. Now Laconia's king
Had reassum'd his arms. Before his step
The crowd roll backward. In their gladden'd sight
His crest, illumin'd by uplifted brands,
Its purple splendour shakes. The tow'ring oak
Thus from a lofty promontory waves
His majesty of verdure. As with joy
The sailors mark his heav'n-ascending pride,
Which from afar directs their foamy course
Along the pathless ocean; so the Greeks
In transport gaze, as down their op'ning ranks

The king proceeds: from whose superior frame
A soul like thine, O Phidias, might conceive
In Parian marble, or effulgent brass,
The form of great Apollo; when the god,
Won by the pray'rs of man's afflicted race,
In arms forsook his lucid throne to pierce
The monster Python in the Delphian vale.
Close by the hero Polydorus waits
To guide destruction through the Asian tents.
As the young eagle near his parent's side
In wanton flight essays his vig'rous wing,
Ere long with her to penetrate the clouds,
To dart impetuous on the fleecy train,
And dye his beak in gore; by Sparta's king
The injur'd Polydorus thus prepares
His arm for death. He feasts his angry soul
On promis'd vengeance. His impatient thoughts
Ev'n now transport him furious to the seat
Of his long sorrows, not with fetter'd hands,
But now once more a Spartan with his spear,
His shield restor'd, to lead his country's bands,
And with them devastation. Nor the rest
Neglect to form. Thick-rang'd, the helmets blend
Their various plumes, as intermingling oaks
Combine their foliage in Dodona's grove;
Or as the cedars on the Syrian hills
Their shady texture spread. Once more the king,
O'er all the phalanx his consid'rate view
Extending, through the ruddy gleam descries
One face of gladness; but the godlike van
He most contemplates: Agis, Alpheus there,
Megistias, Maron with Plataea's chief,
Dieneces, Demophilus are seen
With Thespia's youth: nor they their steady sight
From his remove, in speechless transport bound
By love, by veneration; till they hear
His last injunction. To their diff'rent posts
They sep'rate. Instant on the dewy turf
Are cast th' extinguish'd brands. On all around
Drops sudden darkness, on the wood, the hill,
The snowy ridge, the vale, the silver stream.
It verg'd on midnight. Tow'rd the hostile camp
In march compos'd and silent down the pass
The phalanx mov'd. Each patient bosom hush'd
Its struggling spirit, nor in whispers breath'd
The rapt'rous ardour virtue then inspir'd.
So louring clouds along th' ethereal void
In slow expansion from the gloomy north
Awhile suspend their horrours, destin'd soon
To blaze in lightnings, and to burst in storms.

LEONIDAS.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Leonidas and the Grecians penetrate through the Persian camp to the very pavilion of Xerxes, who avoids destruction by flight. The barbarians are slaughtered in great multitudes, and their camp is set on fire. Leonidas conducts his men in good order back to Thermopylæ, engages the Persians, who were descended from the hills, and after numberless proofs of superior strength and valour, sinks down covered with wounds, and expires the last of all the Grecian commanders.

Across th' unguarded bound of Asia's camp
Slow pass the Grecians. Through innum'rous tents,
Where all is mute and tranquil, they pursue
Their march sedate. Beneath the leaden hand
Of Sleep lie millions motionless and deaf,
Nor dream of Fate's approach. Their wary foes,
By Polydorus guided, still proceed.
Ev'n to the centre of th' extensive host
They pierce unseen; when, lo! th' imperial tent
Yet distant rose before them. Spreading round
Th' august pavilion, was an ample space
For thousands in arrangement. Here a band
Of chosen Persians, watchful o'er the king,
Held their nocturnal station. As the hearts
Of anxious nations, whom th' unsparing sword
Or famine threaten, tremble at the sight
Of fear-engender'd phantoms in the sky,
Aerial hosts amid the clouds array'd,
Portending woe and death; the Persian guard
In equal consternation now descry'd
The glimpse of hostile armour. All disband,
As if auxiliar to his favour'd Greeks
Pan held their banner, scatt'ring from its folds
Fear and confusion, which to Xerxes couch,
Swift-winged, fly; thence shake the gen'ral camp,
Whose numbers issue naked, pale, unarm'd,
Wild in amazement, blinded by dismay,
To ev'ry foe obnoxious. In the breasts
Of thousands, gor'd at once, the Grecian steel
Reeks in destruction. Deluges of blood
Float o'er the field, and foam around the heaps
Of wretches, slain unconscious of the hand
Which wastes their helpless multitude. Amaze,
Affright, distraction from his pillow chase
The lord of Asia, who in thought beholds
United Greece in arms. Thy lust of pow'r!
Thy hope of glory! whither are they flown
With all thy pomp? In this disast'rous hour
What could avail th' immeasurable range
Of thy proud camp, save only to conceal
Thy trembling steps, O Xerxes, while thou fly'st?
To thy deserted couch, with other looks,
With other steps, Leonidas is nigh.
Before him Terrour strides. Gigantic Death,
And Desolation at his side, attend.
The vast pavilion's empty space, where lamps
Of gold shed light and odours, now admits
The hero. Ardent throngs behind him press,
But miss their victim. To the ground are hurl'd
The glitt'ring ensigns of imperial state.
The diadem, the sceptre, late ador'd
Through boundless kingdoms, underneath their feet
In mingled rage and scorn the warriors crush,
A sacrifice to freedom. They return
Again to form. Leonidas exalts,
For new destruction, his resistless spear;
When double darkness suddenly descends.
The clouds, condensing, intercept the stars.
Black o'er the furrow'd main the raging east
In whirlwinds sweeps the surge. The coasts resound.
The cavern'd rocks, the crashing forests, roar.
Swift through the camp the hurricane impells
Its rude career; when Asia's numbers, veil'd
Amid the shelt'ring horrours of the storm,
Evade the victor's lance. The Grecians halt;
While to their gen'rals pregnant mind occurs
A new attempt and vast. Perpetual fire
Beside the tent of Xerxes, from the hour
He lodg'd his standards on the Malian plains,

Had shone. Among his Magi to adore
Great Horomazes was the monarch wont
Before the sacred light. Huge piles of wood
Lay nigh, prepar'd to feed the constant flame.
On living embers these are cast. So wills
Leonidas. The phalanx then divides.
Four troops are form'd, by Dithyrambus led,
By Alpheus, by Diomedon. The last
Himself conducts. The word is giv'n. They seize
The burning fuel. Sparkling in the wind,
Destructive fire is brandish'd. All, enjoin'd
To reassemble at the regal tent,
By various paths the hostile camp invade.
Now devastation, unconfin'd, involves
The Malian fields. Among barbarian tents
From diff'rent stations fly consuming flames.
The Greeks afford no respite; and the storm
Exasperates the blaze. To ev'ry part
The conflagration like a sea expands,
One waving surface of unbounded fire.
In ruddy volumes mount the curling flames
To Heav'n's dark vault, and paint the midnight clouds.
So, when the north emits his purpled lights,
The undulated radiance, streaming wide,
As with a burning canopy invests
Th' ethereal concave. Œta now disclos'd
His forehead, glitt'ring in eternal frost;
While down his rocks the foamy torrents shone.
Far o'er the main the pointed rays were thrown;
Night snatch'd her mantle from the Ocean's breast;
The billows glimmer'd from the distant shores.
But, lo! a pillar huge of smoke ascends,
Which overshades the field. There horrour, there
Leonidas presides. Command he gave
To Polydorus, who, exulting, show'd
Where Asia's horse and warlike cars possess'd
A crowded station. At the hero's nod
Devouring Vulcan riots on the stores
Of Ceres, empty'd of the ripen'd grain,
On all the tribute from her meadows brown,
By rich Thessalia render'd to the scythe.
A flood of fire envelopes all the ground.
The cordage bursts around the blazing tents.
Down sink the roofs on suffocated throngs,
Close-wedg'd by fear. The Lybian chariot burns
Th' Arabian camel, and the Persian steed
Bound through a burning deluge. Wild with pain
They shake their singed manes. Their madding hoofs [flames,
Dash through the blood- thousands, mix'd with
Which rage augmented [illegible] whirlwind's blast.
Meantime the scepter'd [illegible] of half the globe
From tent to tent precipitate [illegible] flight.
Dispers'd are all his satraps. [illegible] herself
Shuns his dejected brow. Despair alone
Waits on th' imperial fugitive, and shows,
As round the camp his [illegible] directed, roves,
No limits to destruction. Now is seen
Aurora, mounting from her eastern hill
In rosy sandals, and with dewy locks.
The winds subside before her; darkness flies;
A stream of light proclaims the cheerful day,
Which sees at Xerxes' tent the conqu'ring bands,
All reunited. What could Fortune more
To aid the valiant, what to gorge revenge?
Lo! Desolation o'er the adverse host
Hath empty'd all her terrours. Ev'n the hand
Of languid Slaughter dropt the crimson steel;
Nor Nature longer can sustain the toil
Of unremitted conquest. Yet what pow'r
Among these sons of Liberty reviv'd [recall'd
Their drooping warmth, new-strung their nerves,
Their weary'd swords to deeds of brighter fame?
What, but th' inspiring hope of glorious death
To crown their labours, and th' auspicious look
Of their heroic chief, which, still unchang'd,
Still in superior majesty declar'd,
No toil had yet relax'd his matchless strength,
Nor worn the vigour of his godlike soul.
Back to the pass in gentle march he leads
Th' embattled warriors. They behind the shrubs,
Where Medon sent such numbers to the shades,
In ambush lie. The tempest is o'erblown.
Soft breezes only from the Malian wave
O'er each grim face, besmear'd with smoke and gore,
Their cool refreshment breathe. The healing gale,
A crystal rill near Œta's verdant feet,
Dispel the languor from their harass'd nerves,
Fresh brac'd by strength returning. O'er their heads
Lo! in full blaze of majesty appears
Melissa, bearing in her hand divine
Th' eternal guardian of illustrious deeds,
The sweet Phœbean lyre. Her graceful train
Of white-rob'd virgins, seated on a range
Half down the cliff, o'ershadowing the Greeks,
All with concordant strings, and accents clear,
A torrent pour of melody, and swell
A high, triumphal, solemn dirge of praise,
Anticipating fame. Of endless joys
In bless'd Elysium was the song. "Go, meet
Lycurgus, Solon, and Zaleucus sage,
Let them salute the children of their laws.
Meet Homer, Orpheus, and th' Ascræan bard,
Who with a spirit, by ambrosial food
Refin'd, and more exalted, shall contend
Your splendid fate to warble through the bow'rs
Of amaranth and myrtle ever young,
Like your renown. Your ashes we will cull.
In yonder fane deposited, your urns
Dear to the Muses shall our lays inspire.
Whatever off'rings, genius, science, art
Can dedicate to virtue, shall be yours,
The gifts of all the Muses, to transmit
You on th' enliven'd canvass, marble, brass,
In wisdom's volume, in the poet's song,
In ev'ry tongue, through ev'ry age and clime,
You of this earth the brightest flow'rs, not cropt,
Transplanted only to immortal bloom
Of praise with men, of happiness with gods."
The Grecian valour on religion's flame
To ecstasy is wafted. Death is nigh.
As by the Graces fashion'd, he appears
A beauteous form. His adamantine gate
Is half unfolded. All in transport catch
A glimpse of immortality. Elate
In rapturous delusion they believe,
That to behold and solemnize their fate
The goddesses are present on the hills
With celebrating lyres. In thought serene
Leonidas the kind deception bless'd,
Nor undeceiv'd his soldiers. After all
Th' incessant labours of the horrid night, [pares
Through blood, through flames continu'd, he pre-
In order'd battle to confront the pow'rs
Of Hyperanthes from the upper straits.
Not long the Greeks in expectation wait
Impatient. Sudden with tumultuous shouts
Like Nile's rude current, where in deaf'ning roar
Prone from the steep of Elephantis falls

A sea of waters, Hyperanthes pours
His chosen numbers on the Grecian camp
Down from the hills precipitant. No foes
He finds. The Thebans join him. In his van
They march conductors. On, the Persians roll
In martial thunder through the sounding pass.
They issue forth impetuous from its mouth.
That moment Sparta's leader gave the sign;
When, as th' impulsive ram in forceful sway
O'erturns a nodding rampart from its base,
And strews a town with ruin, so the band
Of ferry'd heroes down the Malian steep,
Tremendous depth, the mix'd battalions swept
Of Thebes and Persia. There no waters flow'd.
Abrupt and naked all was rock beneath.
Leonidas, incens'd, with grappling strength
Dash'd Anaxander on a pointed crag;
Compos'd, then gave new orders. At the word
His phalanx, wheeling, penetrates the pass.
Astonish'd Persia stops in full career.
Ev'n Hyperanthes shrinks in wonder back.
Confusion drives fresh numbers from the shore.
The Malian ooze o'erwhelms them. Sparta's king
Still presses forward, till an open breadth
Of fifty paces yields his front extent
To proffer battle. Hyperanthes soon
Recalls his warriors, dissipates their fears.
Swift on the great Leonidas a cloud [close.
Of darts is show'r'd. Th' encount'ring armies
Who first, sublimest hero, felt thy arm?
What rivers heard along their echoing banks
Thy name, in curses sounded from the lips
Of noble mothers, wailing for their sons?
What towns with empty monuments were fill'd
For those, whom thy unconquerable sword
This day to vultures cast? First Bessus died,
A haughty satrap, whose tyrannic sway
Despoil'd Hyrcania of her golden sheaves,
And laid her forests waste. For him the bees
Among the branches interwove their sweets;
For him the fig was ripen'd, and the vine
In rich profusion o'er the goblet foam'd.
Then Diris bled. On Hermus' side he reign'd;
He long assiduous, unavailing woo'd
The martial queen of Caria. She disdain'd
A lover's soft complaint. Her rigid ear
Was fram'd to watch the tempest while it rag'd,
Her eye accustom'd on the rolling deck
To brave the turgid billow. Near the shore
She now is present in her pinnace light.
The spectacle of glory crouds her breast
With diff'rent passions. Valiant, she applauds
The Grecian valour; faithful, she laments
Her sad presage of Persia; prompts her son
To emulation of the Greeks in arms,
And of herself in loyalty. By Fate
Is she reserv'd to signalize that day
Of future shame, when Xerxes must behold
The blood of nations overflow his decks,
And to their bottom tinge the briny floods
Of Salamis; whence she with Asia flies,
She only not inglorious. Low reclines
Her lover now, on Hermus to repeat
Her name no more, nor tell the vocal groves
His fruitless sorrows. Next Maduces fell,
A Paphlagonian. Born amid the sound
Of chasing surges, and the roar of winds,
He o'er th' inhospitable Euxin foam
Was wont from high Carambis' rock to ken
Ill-fated keels, which cut the Pontic stream,
Then with his dire associates through the deep
For spoil and slaughter guides the savage prow.
Him dogs will rend ashore. From Medus far,
Their native current, two bold brothers died,
Sisamnes and Tithraustes, potent lords
Of rich domains. On these Mithrines grey,
Cilician prince, Lilæus, who had left
The balmy fragrance of Arabia's fields,
With Babylonian Tenagon, expir'd.
The growing carnage Hyperanthes views
Indignant, fierce in vengeful ardour strides
Against the victor. Each his lance protends;
But Asia's numbers interpose their shields,
Solicitous to guard a prince rever'd:
Or thither Fortune whelm'd the tide of war,
His term protracting for augmented fame.
So two proud vessels, lab'ring on the foam,
Present for battle their destructive beaks;
When ridgy seas, by hurricanes uptorn,
In mountaneous commotion dash between,
And either deck, in black'ning tempests veil'd,
Waft from its distant foe. More fiercely burn'd
Thy spirit, mighty Spartan. Such dismay
Relax'd thy foes, that each barbarian heart
Resign'd all hopes of victory. The steeds
Of day were climbing their meridian height.
Continu'd shouts of onset from the pass
Resounded o'er the plain. Artuchus heard.
When first the spreading tumult had alarm'd
His distant quarter, starting from repose,
He down the valley of Spercheos rush'd
To aid his regal master. Asia's camp
He found the seat of terrour and despair.
As in some fruitful clime, which late hath known
The rage of winds and floods, although the storm
Be heard no longer, and the deluge fled,
Still o'er the wasted region Nature mourns
In melancholy silence; through the grove
With prostrate glories lie the stately oak,
Th' uprooted helm and beach; the plain is spread
With fragments, swept from villages o'erthrown,
Around the pastures flocks and herds are cast
In dreary piles of death: so Persia's host
In terrour mute one boundless scene displays
Of devastation. Half-devour'd by fire,
Her tall pavilions, and her martial cars,
Deform the wide encampment. Here in gore
Her princes welter, nameless thousands there,
Not victims all to Greeks. In gasping heaps
Barbarians, mangled by barbarians, show'd
The wild confusion of that direful night;
When, wanting signals, and a leader's care,
They rush'd on mutual slaughter. Xerxes' tent
On its exalted summit, when the dawn
First streak'd the orient sky, was wont to bear
The golden form of Mithra, clos'd between
Two lucid crystals. This the gen'ral host
Observ'd, their onward signal to arrange
In arms complete, and numberless to watch
Their monarch's rising. This conspicuous blaze
Artuchus places in th' accustom'd seat.
As, after winds have ruffled by a storm,
The plumes of darkness, when her welcome face
The Morning lifts serene, each wary swain
Collects his flock dispers'd; the neighing steed,
The herds forsake their shelter: all return
To well-known pastures, and frequented streams:
So now this cheering signal on the tent
Revives each leader. From inglorious flight
Their scatter'd bands they call, their wonted ground

Resume, and hail Artuchus. From their swarms
A force he culls. Thermopylæ he seeks.
Fell shouts in horrid dissonance precede.
His phalanx swift Leonidas commands
To circle backward from the Malian bay.
Their order changes. Now, half-orb'd, they stand
By Œta's fence protected from behind,
With either flank united to the rock.
As by the excelling architect dispos'd,
To shield some haven, a stupendous mole,
Fram'd of the grove and quarry's mingled strength,
In ocean's bosom penetrates afar:
There, pride of art, immoveable it looks
On Eolus and Neptune; there defies
Those potent gods combin'd: unyielding thus,
The Grecians stood a solid mass of war
Against Artuchus, join'd with numbers new
To Hyperanthes. In the foremost rank
Leonidas his dreadful station held.
Around him soon a spacious void was seen
By flight, or slaughter in the Persian van.
In gen'rous shame and wrath Artuchus burns,
Discharging full at Lacedæmon's chief
An iron-studded mace. It glanc'd aside,
Turn'd by the massy buckler. Prone to earth
The satrap fell. Alcander aim'd his point,
Which had transfix'd him prostrate on the rock,
But for th' immediate succour he obtain'd
From faithful soldiers, lifting on their shields
A chief belov'd. Not such Alcander's lot.
An arrow wounds his heart. Supine he lies,
The only Theban, who to Greece preserv'd
Unviolated faith. Physician sage,
On pure Cithæron healing herbs to cull
Was he accustom'd, to expatiate o'er
The Heliconian pastures, where no plants
Of poison spring, of juice salubrious all,
Which vipers, winding in their verdant track,
Drink and expel the venom from their tooth,
Dipt in the sweetness of that soil divine.
On him the brave Artontes sinks in death,
Renown'd through wide Bithynia, ne'er again
The clam'rous rites of Cybelè to share;
While Echo murmurs through the hollow caves
Of Berecynthian Dindymus. The strength
Of Alpheus sent him to the shades of night.
Ere from the dead was disengag'd the spear,
Huge Abradates, glorying in his might,
Surpassing all of Cissian race, advanc'd
To grapple; planting firm his foremost step,
The victor's throat he grasp'd. At Nemea's games
The wrestler's chaplet Alpheus had obtain'd.
He summons all his art. Oblique the stroke
Of his swift foot supplants the Persian's heel.
He, falling, clings by Alpheus' neck, and drags
His foe upon him. In the Spartan's back
Enrag'd barbarians fix their thronging spears.
To Abradates' chest the weapons pass;
They rivet both in death. This Maron sees,
This Polydorus, frowning. Victims, strewn
Before their vengeance, hide their brother's corse.
At length the gen'rous blood of Maron warms
The sword of Hyperanthes. On the spear
Of Polydorus falls the pond'rous ax
Of Sacian Mardus. From the yielding wood
The steely point is sever'd. Undismay'd,
The Spartan stoops to rear the knotted mace,
Left by Artuchus; but thy fatal blade,
Abrocomes, that dreadful instant watch'd
To rend his op'ning side. Unconquer'd still
Swift he discharges on the Sacian's front
A pond'rous blow, which burst the scatter'd brain.
Down his own limbs meantime a torrent flows
Of vital crimson. Smiling, he reflects
On sorrow finish'd, on his Spartan name,
Renew'd in lustre. Sudden to his side
Springs Dithyramb[illegible] Through th' uplifted arm
Of Mindus, pointin[illegible]
Against the dying [illegible]
His spear. The [illegible]spent,
Urg'd by such vi[illegible]an's throat
Above his corsel[illegible]d
His languid han[illegible] youth,
Then bow'd his [illegible]ace.
While Mindus, [illegible]ng wound,
Beside him fai[illegible]ring prime
He, lord of Col[illegible]s torn
His tyrant's h[illegible].
She tow'rd th[illegible]ntive sighs;
She woos in t[illegible]y the winds:
Vain is their favour[illegible]y can never breathe
On his returning sail. At once a crowd
Of eager Persians seize the victor's spear.
One of his nervous hands retains it fast.
The other bares his falchion. Wounds and death
He scatters round. Sosarmes feels his arm
Lopt from the shoulder. Zatis leaves entwin'd
His fingers round the long-disputed lance.
On Mardon's reins descends the pond'rous blade,
Which half divides his body. Pheron strides
Across the pointed ash. His weight o'ercomes
The weary'd Thespian, who resigns his hold;
But cleaves th' elate barbarian to the brain.
Abrocomes darts forward, shakes his steel,
Whose lightning threatens death. The wary Greek
Wards with his sword the well-directed stroke,
Then, closing, throws the Persian. Now what aid
Of mortal force, or interposing Heav'n,
Preserves the eastern hero? Lo! the friend
Of Teribazus. Eager to avenge
That lov'd, that lost companion, and defend
A brother's life, beneath the sinewy arm,
Outstretch'd, the sword of Hyperanthes pass'd
Through Dithyrambus. All the strings of life
At once relax; nor fame, nor Greece demand
More from his valour. Prostrate now he lies
In glories, ripen'd on his blooming head.
Him shall the Thespian maidens in their songs
Record once loveliest of the youthful train,
The gentle, wise, beneficent, and brave,
Grace of his lineage, and his country's boast,
Now fall'n. Elysium to his parting soul
Uncloses. So the cedar, which supreme
Among the groves of Libanus hath tow'r'd,
Uprooted, low'rs his graceful top, preferr'd
For dignity of growth some royal dome,
Or Heav'n-devoted fabric to adorn.
Diomedon bursts forward. Round his friend
He heaps destruction. Troops of wailing ghosts
Attend thy shade, fall'n hero! Long prevail'd
His furious arm in vengeance uncontroll'd;
Till four Assyrians on his shelving spear,
Ere from a Cissian's prostrate body freed,
Their poud'rous maces all discharge. It broke.
Still with a shatter'd truncheon he maintains
Unequal fight. Impetuous through his eye
The well-aim'd fragment penetrates the brain
Of one bold warrior; there the splinter'd wood,
Infix'd, remains. The hero last unsheaths
His falchion broad. A second sees aghast

His entrails open'd. Sever'd from a third,
The head, steel-cas'd, descends. In blood is roll'd
The grisly beard. That effort breaks the blade
Short from its hilt. The Grecian stands disarm'd:
The fourth, Astaspes, proud Chaldæan lord,
Is nigh. He lifts his iron-plated mace.
This, while a cluster of auxiliar friends
Hang on the Grecian shield, to earth depress'd,
Loads with unerring blows the batter'd helm;
Till on the ground Diomedon extends
His mighty limbs. So, weaken'd by the force
Of some tremendous engine, which the hand
Of Mars impells, a citadel, high-tow'r'd,
Whence darts, and fire, and ruins long have aw'd
Begirding legions, yields at last, and spreads
Its disuniting ramparts on the ground;
Joy fills th' assailants, and the battle's tide
Whelms o'er the widening breach: the Persian thus
O'er the late-fear'd Diomed in advance'd
Against the Grecian remnant; when behold
Leonidas. At once their ardour froze.
He had awhile behind his friends retir'd,
Oppress'd by labour. Pointless was his spear,
His buckler cleft. As, overworn by storms,
A vessel steers to some protecting bay;
Then, soon as timely gales, inviting, curl
The azure floods, to Neptune shows again
Her masts apparell'd fresh in shrouds and sails,
Which court the vig'rous wind: so Sparta's king,
In strength repair'd, a spear and buckler new
Presents to Asia. From her bleeding ranks
Hydarnes, urg'd by destiny, approach'd.
He, proudly vaunting, left an infant race,
A spouse lamenting on the distant verge
Of Bactrian Ochus. Victory in vain
He, parting, promis'd. Wanton hope will sport
Round his cold heart no longer. Grecian spoils,
Imagin'd triumphs, pictur'd on his mind,
Fate will erase for ever. Through the targe,
The thick-mail'd corselet his divided chest
Of bony strength admits the hostile spear.
Leonidas draws back the steely point,
Bent and enfeebled by the forceful blow.
Meantime within his buckler's rim, unseen
Amphistreus stealing, in th' unguarded flank
His dagger struck. In slow effusion ooz'd
The blood, from Hercules deriv'd; but death
Not yet had reach'd his mark. Th' indignant king
Gripes irresistibly the Persian's throat.
He drags him prostrate. False, corrupt, and base,
Fallacious, fell, pre-eminent was he
Among tyrannic satraps. Phrygia pin'd
Beneath th' oppression of his ruthless sway.
Her soil had once been fruitful. Once her towns
Were populous and rich. The direful change
To naked fields and crumbling roofs, declar'd
Th' accurs'd Amphistreus govern'd. As the spear
Of Tyrian Cadmus rivetted to earth
The pois'nous dragon, whose infectious breath
Had blasted all Bœotia; so the king,
On prone Amphistreus trampling, to the rock
Nails down the tyrant, and the fractur'd staff
Leaves in his panting body. But the blood,
Great hero, dropping from thy wound, revives
The hopes of Persia. Thy unyielding arm
Upholds the conflict still. Against thy shield
The various weapons shiver, and thy feet
With glitt'ring points surround. The Lydian sword,
The Persian dagger, leave their shatter'd hilts;
Ber'is the Caspian scimitar: the lance,
The javelin, dart, and arrow all combine
Their fruitless efforts. *From Alcides sprung,*
Thou standst unshaken like a Thracian hill,
Like Rhodope, or Hæmus; where in vain
The thund'rer plants his livid bolt; in vain
Keen-pointed lightnings pierce th' encrusted snow;
And Winter, beating with eternal war,
Shakes from his dreary wings discordant storms,
Chill sleet, and clatt'ring hail. Advancing bold,
His rapid lance Abrocomes in vain
Aims at the forehead of Laconia's chief.
He, not unguarded, rears his active blade
Athwart the dang'rous blow, whose fury wastes
Above his crest in air. Then, swiftly wheel'd,
The pond'rous weapon cleaves the Persian's knee
Sheer through the parted bone. He sidelong falls.
Crush'd on the ground beneath contending feet,
Great Xerxes' brother yields the last remains
Of tortur'd life. Leonidas persists;
Till Agis calls Dieneces, alarms
Demophilus, Megistias: they o'er piles
Of Allarodian and Sasperian dead
Haste to their leader: they before him raise
The brazen bulwark of their massy shields.
The foremost rank of Asia stands and bleeds;
The rest recoil: but Hyperanthes swift
From band to band his various host pervades,
Their drooping hopes rekindles, in the brave
New fortitude excites: the frigid heart
Of fear he warms. Astaspes first obeys,
Vain of his birth, from ancient Belus drawn,
Proud of his wealthy stores, his stately domes,
More proud in recent victory: his might
Had foil'd Platæa's chief. Before the front
He strides impetuous. His triumphant mace
Against the brave Dieneces he bends.
The weighty blow bears down th' opposing shield,
And breaks the Spartan's shoulder. Idle hangs
The weak defence, and loads th' inactive arm,
Depriv'd of ev'ry function. Agis bares
His vengeful blade. At two well-level'd strokes
Of both his hands, high brandishing the mace,
He mutilates the foe. A Sacian chief
Springs on the victor. Jaxartes' banks
To this brave savage gave his name and birth.
His look erect, his bold deportment spoke
A gallant spirit, but untam'd by laws,
With dreary wilds familiar, and a race
Of rude barbarians, horrid as their clime.
From its direction glanc'd the Spartan spear,
Which, upward borne, o'erturn'd his iron cone.
Black o'er his forehead fall the naked locks;
They aggravate his fury: while his foe
Repeats the stroke, and penetrates his chest.
Th' intrepid Sacian through his breast and back
Receives the griding steel. Along the staff
He writhes his tortur'd body; in his grasp
A barbed arrow from his quiver shakes;
Deep in the streaming throat of Agis hides
The deadly point; then grimly smiles and dies.
From him fate hastens to a nobler prey,
Dieneces. His undefended frame
The shield abandons, sliding from his arm.
His breast is gor'd by javelins. On the foe
He hurls them back, extracted from his wounds.
Life, yielding slow to destiny, at length
Forsakes his riven heart; nor less in death
Thermopylæ he graces, than before
By martial deeds and conduct. What can stem
The barb'rous torrent? Agis bleeds. His spear

Lies useless, irrecoverably plung'd
In Jaxartes' body. Low reclines
Dieneces. Leonidas himself,
O'erlabour'd, wounded, with his dinted sword
The rage of war can exercise no more.
One last, one glorious effort age performs.
Demophilus, Megistias join their might.
They check the tide of conquest; while the spear
Of slain Dieneces to Sparta's chief
The fainting Agis bears. The pointed ash,
In that dire hand for battle rear'd anew,
Blasts ev'ry Persian's valour. Back in heaps
They roll, confounded, by their gen'ral's voice
In vain exhorted longer to endure
The ceaseless waste of that unconquer'd arm.
So, when the giants from Olympus chas'd
Th' inferior gods, themselves in terrour shun'd
Th' incessant streams of lightning, where the hand
Of Heav'n's great father with eternal might
Sustain'd the dreadful conflict. O'er the field
Awhile Bellona gives the battle rest;
When Thespia's leader and Megistias drop
At either side of Lacedæmon's king.
Beneath the weight of years and labour bend
The hoary warriors. Not a groan molests
Their parting spirits; but in death's calm night
All-silent sinks each venerable head:
Like aged oaks, whose deep-descending roots
Had pierc'd resistless through a craggy slope;
There during three long centuries have brav'd
Malignant Eurus, and the boist'rous north;
Till bare and sapless by corroding time,
Without a blast their mossy trunks recline
Before their parent hill. Not one remains,
But Agis, near Leonidas, whose hand
The last kind office to his friend performs,
Extracts the Scian's arrow. Life, releas'd,
Pours forth in crimson floods. O Agis, pale
Thy placid features, rigid are thy limbs;
They lose their graces. Dimm'd, thy eyes reveal
The native goodness of thy heart no more.
Yet other graces spring. The noble corse
Leonidas surveys. A pause he finds
To mark, how lovely are the patriot's wounds,
And see those honours on the breast he lov'd.
But Hyperanthes from the trembling ranks
Of Asia tow'rs, inflexibly resolv'd
The Persian glory to redeem, or fall.
The Spartan, worn by toil, his languid arm
Uplifts once more. He waits the dauntless prince.
The heroes now stand adverse. Each awhile
Restrains his valour. Each, admiring, views
His godlike foe. At length their brandish'd points
Provoke the contest, fated soon to close
The long-continu'd horrours of the day.
Fix'd in amaze and fear, the Asian throng,
Unmov'd and silent, on their bucklers pause.
Thus on the wastes of India, while the Earth
Beneath him groans, the elephant is seen,
His huge proboscis writhing, to defy
The strong rhinoceros, whose pond'rous horn
Is newly whetted on a rock. Anon
Each hideous bulk encounters. Earth her groan
Redoubles. Trembling, from their covert gaze
The savage inmates of surrounding woods
In distant terrour. By the vary'd art
Of either chief the dubious combat long
Its great event retarded. Now his lance
Far through the hostile shield Laconia's king
Impell'd. Aside the Persian swung his arm.
Beneath it pass'd the weapon, which his targe
Encumber'd. Hopes of conquest and renown
Elate his courage. Sudden he directs
His rapid javelin to the Spartan's throat.
But he his wary buckler upward rais'd,
Which o'er his shoulder turn'd the glancing steel;
For one last effort then his scatter'd strength
Collecting, levell'd with resistless force
The massive orb, and dash'd its brazen verge
Full on the Persian's forehead. Down he sunk,
Without a groan expiring, as o'erwhelm'd
Beneath a marble fragment from its seat
Heav'd by a whirlwind, sweeping o'er the ridge
Of some aspiring mansion. Gen'rous prince!
What could his valour more? His single might
He match'd with great Leonidas, and fell
Before his native band. The Spartan king
Now stands alone. In heaps his slaughter'd friends,
All stretch'd around him, lie. The distant foes
Show'r on his head innumerable darts.
From various sluices gush the vital floods;
They stain his fainting limbs. Nor yet with pain
His brow is clouded; but those beauteous wounds,
The sacred pledges of his own renown,
And Sparta's safety, in serenest joy
His closing eye contemplates. Fame can twine
No brighter laurels round his glorious head;
His virtue more to labour Fate forbids,
And lays him now in honourable rest
To seal his country's liberty by death.

THE ATHENAID.

A POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Athenaid, written by the late Richard Glover, esq.; was left by him, among other literary works, to Miss Glover (now Mrs. Halsey) who presents it to the public exactly copied from her father's manuscript, except what regards the punctuation, and introduction of now and then a connective word, inserted by the good offices of a friend. The poem was not finished early enough before Mr. Glover's decease for him to revise it, as he intended; yet, incorrect as it may be for want of such revisal, the editor flatters herself that it will be favourably received as the genuine work of an author, who was ever distinguished by public approbation. An earnest desire of doing honour to the memory of a deceased parent, and also of gratifying the literary world with the sequel to Leonidas, which the present poem contains, and which together includes the most brilliant period of the Grecian history, are the motives for her publication.

BOOK I.

The Persians vanquish'd, Greece from bondage sav'd,
The death of great Leonidas aveng'd
By Attic virtue—celebrate, O Muse!
A burning ray the summer solstice cast,
Th' Olympiad was proclaim'd; when Xerxes pour'd
His millions through Thermopylæ, new-stain'd
With blood. From Athens, Æschylus divine
In genius, arts, and valour, musing deep

On his endanger'd country's future doom,
Repairs, invited by an evening still,
To clear Ilissus, Attic stream renown'd.
Beneath an oak, in solitary state
Apart, itself a wood, the hero's limbs
On tufted moss repose. He grasps the lyre;
Unfolded scrolls voluminous he spreads
Along the ground: high lays repeating thence,
Leonidas the Spartan he extols,
And sweeps th' accordant strings. To closing day
He bade farewell, and hail'd th' ascending stars
In music long continued: till the stream
With drowsy murmur won his eye to sleep,
But left his fancy waking. In a dream
The god of day, with full meridian blaze,
Seem'd to assume his function o'er the skies;
When, lo! the Earth divided: through the cleft
A gush of radiance dimm'd the noon-tide Sun.
In structure all of diamond, self pois'd,
Amid redundant light a chariot hung
Triumphal. Twelve transparent horses breath'd
Beams from their nostrils, dancing beams of day
Shook from their manes. In lineaments of man,
Chang'd to immortal, there the mighty soul
Of Sparta's king apparent shone. His wounds
Shot forth a splendour like the clust'ring stars,
Which on Orion's chest and limbs proclaim
Him first of constellations. Round in ears
Of triumph too arrang'd, the stately forms
Of those whom virtue led to share his doom,
And consecrate Thermopylæ to fame.
Pines tipp'd with lightning seem'd their spears; their shields
Broad like Minerva's ægis: from their helms
An empyreal brightness stream'd abroad:
Ineffable felicity their eyes,
Their fronts the majesty of gods display'd.
Erect the glorious shape began to speak
In accents louder than a bursting cloud—
Pentelicus, Hymettus seem'd to shake
Through all their quarries, and Ilissus beat
His shudd'ring banks in tumult—"Thou, whose Muse
Commands th' immortalizing trump of Fame,
Go to the sage Hellanodics, the just
Elëan judges of Olympian palms;
There in thy own celestial strains rehearse,
Before that concourse wide, our deeds and fate.
Let our example general Greece inspire
To face her danger; let the Spartan shield
Protect th' Athenians, else I died in vain."
The brilliant vision, now dispersing, leaves
The wond'ring bard. He, starting, in his ken
Discerns no other than the real scene
Of shadows brown from close embow'ring wood,
Than distant mountains, and the spangled face
Of Heav'n, reflected from the silver stream.
But pensive, brooding o'er his country's fate,
His step he turns. Themistocles, who rul'd
Athenian councils, instant he accosts
With large recital of his awful dream.
"Obey the mandate," cries the chief: "alarm
Th' Olympian concourse: from the Delphian port
Of Cirrha sail for Elis: on thy way
Consult Apollo in the state's behalf,
Which to that function nominates thy worth:
Of Xerxes' march intelligence obtain."
This said, they parted. Æschylus by dawn
Commenc'd his progress, join'd by numbers arm'd,
Like him to Pisa's barrier destin'd all,
Electing him their chief. Five times the Sun
Renew'd his orbit, five successive nights
The Moon enlarg'd her crescent, ere they reach'd
Phœbean Delphi, seated on a rock
Abrupt, sublime. Yet thence the curious eye
Must upward look to meet the summits blue
Of double-topp'd Parnassus, where the god
Oracular is worshipp'd. Here they trac'd
Barbarian violence profane. Consum'd
Were hamlets, temples levell'd to the dust,
The statues broken, each religious bow'r
A burning mass of embers. Wrapt in smoke,
With cinders strewn, so glows the region round
Portentous Ætna, or Vesuvius dire,
Death's flaming cauldrons; when their stony ribs
And min'ral bowels, liquefied by fire,
O'erwhelm the fields, by Nature left unbless'd,
Alone unbless'd of all Sicania's bound,
Or lovely-fac'd Hesperia. Dubious here
Th' Athenians halt, while fierce the sultry noon
Inflames the sky. From Delphi's open gates,
To Attic eyes no stranger, Timon comes,
Sage priest of Phœbus, magistrate unsoil'd,
The public host of Athens, to the plain
Descending swift with followers who bear
His buckler, spear, and armour. On his head
Were ashes sprinkled: rent, his garb presag'd
Some black disaster. "What malignant dart
Of fortune wounds thee?" Æschylus aloud,
While by the hand Cecropia's host he press'd.
To him the Delphian: "From deserted roofs,
Depopulated streets, I come to hail
Thee, bound by hospitable ties my friend,
Thee, dear to Phœbus, by Minerva grac'd,
Thy country's goddess. Me thou often saw'st
A parent bless'd in Amarantha's bloom,
Yet ripe in virtue. Her, presenting pray'r
With votive flow'rs before Minerva's shrine,
This very hour barbarians have enthrall'd,
Borne in my sight precipitate away.
O wife lamented, gather'd in thy prime
By ruthless Pluto! in Elysian groves
How shall I meet thee, and the tidings bear
Of thy lost child, to servitude a prey,
To violation doom'd? Yet more: the rage
Of these invaders, who have spoil'd our fields,
Defac'd our temples, driv'n to shelt'ring caves,
To pathless cliffs, our populace dismay'd,
Is now ascending to insult the fane,
With sacrilegious violence to seize
Th' accumulated off'rings by the great
And good from age to age devoted there."
He scarce had finish'd, when the Earth beneath
Rock'd from her centre in convulsive throes;
From pole to pole th' ethereal concave groan'd:
Night from her cavern with gigantic steps
Bestrode the region, lifting high as Heav'n
Her broad, infernal palm, whose umbrage hides
The throne of light; while, glancing through the
Of her black mantle, overlaid with clouds, rifts
Blue vapours trail'd their fires. The double head
Of tall Parnassus reeling, from the crag
Unloos'd two fragments; mountainous in bulk,
They roll to Delphi with a crashing sound,
Like thunder nigh, whose burst of ruin strikes
The shatter'd ear with horrour. Thus the bard
Unmov'd, while round him ev'ry face is pale:
"Not on our heads these menaces are thrown
By ireful Nature, and portentous Heav'n;
Th' unrighteous now, th' oppressor of mankind,

The sacrilegious, in this awful hour
Alone should feel dismay. My Delphian host,
Who knows but thund'ring Jove's prophetic son
Now vindicates his altar; in his name
Now calls the turbid elements to war?
What shrieks of terrour fill thy native streets!
The hills with barb'rous dissonance of cries,
The caverns howl. Athenians, be prepar'd,
Best so when arm'd: then, Timon, case thy limbs;
The season teems with prodigy. Secure
In conscious virtue, let us calmly watch
The mighty birth. By Heav'n! through yonder gate
The foes are driven; confusion, wild despair,
With panic dread pursue them: friends, embrace
Th' auspicious moment; lift your pious blades,
Ye chosen men, auxiliars to a god!"
He spake, advancing with his holy friend
To battle. Shiv'ring at their own misdeed,
At heav'n-inflicted punishment, the foes,
Unnerv'd, distracted, unresisting, deem'd
The warriors two celestials from above,
Cas'd in Vulcanian panoply, to wage
The war of gods. The whole Athenian train
In equal fervour with barbarian blood
Distain their weapons. So from forests drear,
When barren winter binds the foodful Earth,
Enrag'd by famine, trooping wolves invade
A helpless village; unwithstood, they range
With greedy fangs, and dye with human gore
The snow-envelop'd ways. The Delphian race,
By fear so lately to the neighb'ring hills
And caves restrain'd, forsake their shelt'ring holds;
In clusters rushing on the foes dismay'd,
Accomplish'd their defeat. Th' Athenian chief
Triumphant, red with massacre, admits
A Persian youth to mercy, who his shield
And sword surrenders. "Persian, dost thou hope
Thy flow'ring bloom shall ripen to enjoy
A length of days?" (severe his victor spake)
"Then to my questions utter words sincere.
Reveal thy name, thy father's. Where encamps
The host of Xerxes? Whither doth he point
His inroad next? To violate this fane
By his appointment was thy youth compell'd?
Last, if thou know'st, what impious savage tore
The Delphian maiden from Minerva's shrine?"
The Persian answers with a crimson'd cheek,
With eyes in tears—"Ah! little now avails
Th' illustrious current of Argestes' blood
To me a captive, less the name I bear
Of Artamanes. By the king's decree
That we were sent, that I unwilling came,
Is truth sincere. Our leader slain, the heaps
Of these disfigur'd carcasses have made
Their last atonement to th' insulted god.
The king in rich Orchomenus I left;
Who through Bœotia meditates to march
Against th' Athenians. He, alas! who seiz'd
The beauteous virgin at Minerva's shrine,
He is my brother, eldest of the race,
Far hence secure; while captive here I mourn
His heinous outrage, and my own disgrace."
Addressing Timon, here Cecropia's bard:
"Preserve this youth a hostage for thy child:
He seems deserving; thee I know humane.
Now to Apollo's temple be my guide.
Still dost thou droop?"—"O Æschylus," exclaims
Desponding Timon, "from the woes begun
This day in Delphi, I to Athens trace
A series black with evil. Lo! the wise,
The righteous Aristides from your walls
Through jealousy of merit is expell'd;
Themistocles the cause. Himself, though great,
Yet envious, and ambitious that his light
May blaze unrivall'd, of th' Athenian state
Extinguishes the brightest. Sparta shows,
At this dread crisis, how the hearts of men
By selfish cares and falsehood are deprav'd.
She to the land of Pelops still confines
Her efforts, on the neighb'ring isthmus rears
A partial bulwark, leaving half the Greeks,
Your noble seat, this oracle, expos'd
To devastation: little she regards
Our god profan'd, our progeny enslav'd;
Her chief, Pausanias, arrogant and stern,
O'erlooks my suff'rings. Feeling what I fear
For thee and others, I must droop, my friend."
To him the bard, in these sententious strains:
"Not endless sunshine is the lot of man,
Nor ever-blooming seasons. Night succeeds
The day, as day the night: rude Winter frowns,
Fair Summer smiles. Thus variable the mind,
Not less than human fortune, feels the strife
Of truth and errour, which alternate reign
The arbiters of Nature. Dark the deed,
A deed of gloomy night, when envy fore'd
The best Athenian from his natal roof;
But light will soon return. Though Sparta break
Her promise pledg'd; though false Bœotia prop
A foreign throne; still Athens will sustain
Herself and Greece, will retribution pay
To Aristides, and her morn dispel
The mist of errour with a glorious blaze.
No more—my duty calls me to the fane."
They move, and, passing by Minerva's grove,
Two monuments of terrour see. There stopp'd
The massy fragments, from Parnassus rent:
An act of Nature, by some latent cause
Disturb'd. Tremendous o'er barbarian ranks
The ruins down the sacred way had roll'd,
Leaving its surface horrible to sight;
Such as might startle war's remorseless god,
And shake his heart of adamant. Not long
This blood-congealing spectacle detains
The troop, which swiftly to the Pythian dome
Press their ascending steps. The martial bard
First, as enjoin'd by holy form, to scenes
Far diff'rent, sweet Castalia's fount and grove,
Resorts, with pure ablution to redeem
From dust and slaughter his polluted limbs,
To holy eyes obscene. Beside the fane,
Within a flow'ring bosom of the hill,
Through veins of rock beneath embow'ring shade,
The rills divine replenish, as they flow,
A cavity of marble. O'er the brim,
In slender sheets of liquid crystal, down
They fall harmonious. Plistus takes below
To his smooth bed their tribute. Plunging there
In deep obscurity of wood, whose roof
With ridgy verdure meets the low-bent eye
From that stupendous cliff, his current winds
Through shade awhile; thence issuing large in view,
Refreshes grateful meads, by mountains edg'd,
Which terminate on Cirrha, Delphian port.
Beyond her walls blue Neptune spreads his face
Far as Achaia's wide expanse of coast,
With tow'rs and cities crown'd. The marble fount
On either side is skirted thick by groves
Of ancient laurel with luxuriant arms,
In glossy green attir'd. There Phœbus, pride

Of Parian quarries, stands a form divine,
In act to draw an arrow from the case
Loose hanging o'er his shoulder; and in look
Serene, but stern: his worshippers to guard,
As if the Pythian serpent were in sight,
He meditates the combat. Here disarm'd,
His limbs from all th' impurities of Mars
Th' Athenian purges. Menial care supplies
A garment silver-white: an olive branch
His suppliant hand sustains. He seeks the fane;
He mounts the steps magnificent: the gates
On sounding hinges turn their brazen valves.
Across an area vast, with solemn shade
Of massy columns border'd, slow he moves
His manly frame. Procumbent at the mouth
Of that abyss oracular, whose fume
Breathes wild sensation through the Pythian maid,
With hands outstretch'd, he offers up this prayer:
"O vanquisher of Python! Seed of Jove,
Whose eleutherian might the tyrant dreads!
Bright pow'r of day, dispenser of that fire
Which kindles genius in the human breast!
God of that light diffusing through the soul
The rays of truth and knowledge! Friend to man,
His monitor prophetic! O admit
Athenians, anxious for their country's weal,
In this her day of peril to consult
Thy wisdom, thy protection to implore!"
Her tripod high the prophetess ascends:
Enthusiastic motion strains her form,
In flashes rolls her eyeballs, and bespreads
Her agitated front with floating hair.
Her weight a laurel, planted nigh, upholds,
Which she embraces; her convulsive grasp
Shakes to the root the groaning trunk, the boughs,
The clatt'ring foliage. Forth she bursts in foam.
"Fly, wretched men, to Earth's extremest bound!
I see, I see th' Acropolis in flames,
Your temples crumble, and your turrets nod:
I see the blood run sable through your streets."
All unabash'd, the hero firm replies:
"*Yet further speak. Though citadel and fanes*
Be doom'd to ashes, must the nation fall?
If so, instruct thy suppliants how their fall
May prove most glorious in the sight of gods
And men."—The Pythian answers with a look
Of pity, sofr'ning her tempestuous rage:
"Ah! still my tongue like adamant is hard.
Minerva's tow'rs must perish: Jove severe
So wills; yet granting, at his daughter's suit,
Her people refuge under walls of wood.
But shun the myriads of terrific horse,
Which on your fields an eastern Mars will range."
She ceas'd; th' Athenian notes her answer down:
To one, the most entrusted of his train,
He gives the tablet. "Back to Athens fly,"
He said; "the son of Neocles alone,
By his unbounded faculties, can pierce
The hidden sense of these mysterious strains;
All which of Xerxes thou hast heard, report:
I must depart to Elis."—"Must thou go?"
Dejected Timon then: "what safety here
For me remains? Barbarians will return;
My countrymen, dishearten'd as before,
Resort to caverns. Though the god hath sav'd
His shrine, the rest of Phocis lies a prey,
Bœotia, Locris, Doris, to the foe.
Yet what have I, O Æschylus! to dread?
I have no other child for savage force
To violate: in Amarantha lost,
My joy, my hope are vanish'd; and the hand,
Which lays me breathless, will befriend me best."
Th' Athenian here: "Unmanly is despair,
A noxious weed, whose growth, my Delphian host,
Let courage wither. Phœbus hath denounc'd
The waste of Athens. Hopeful I forebode,
That prouder walls and battlements will lift
Their heads for ages; and that eye of Greece
With inextinguishable ray surpass
Its former lustre. Quit this dang'rous place,
With us embarking: borrow help from Time,
Safe counsellor to Wisdom. You, the race
Of holy Delphi, should the foe return,
Again dispersing to your caves, rely
On your protecting god. Not vers'd alone
In holy rites, in arms and council tried,
A chief like Timon fame forbids to hide
His dignity in caverns."—Timon here:
"Thou shalt conduct me, thou, my friendly star!
Meantime selected messengers I send,
The needful barks at Cirrha to prepare."
Now from the temple under Timon's roof
Admitted, vig'rous with refection due
Of rest and food, to Cirrha they proceed
With Artamanes. Ready are the barks,
The gale propitious, calm the wat'ry plain:
When, like the feather'd sojourners, who leave
Their late abode on winter's bleak approach,
To wing their flight for climates more benign,
These with extended canvass quit the port,
And, doubling round Achaia, cut the main
To sacred Pisa. On their way the harp
Of Æschylus, preluding to the strain
Which on his banks Alpheus was to hear,
Relieves the sailor toiling at his oar,
Enchants the wind retentive of the sounds
Which harmonize his breath. If round the keel
Of sweet Arion dolphins ever play'd,
Or blithsome Nereids to the pleasing mood
Of Orpheus danc'd, while Argo plough'd the deep;
They now had felt controlment as in bonds,
Not on their pliant, azure-glossy fins
Disporting light, but rigid with amaze
At this majestic Muse. Yet sounding verse,
In solemn cadence to the deep-ton'd lyre,
Which could the boisterous mariner subdue,
The ear of Timon, languid by despair,
Rejects, attentive to his grief alone,
Which sighs within. Society is pain,
Ev'n with his friend. A solitary couch
He seeks; recumbent, not reposing, there
Consumes the hours in pertinacious woe,
Which sheds no tear. If wearied Nature sinks,
His sleep is troubled; visions of the night
Appal his spirit; starting, he forsakes
A thorny pillow; rushes on the deck
With lamentations to the midnight Moon.
Alarm'd, th' Athenian chief approaching seiz'd
On Timon's hand; with earnest looks inquir'd
Why thus complaining he disturbs the calm,
From his own pillow chasing due repose?
"Ah! I have seen my daughter," he replies,
"Have seen her twice!"—"Where seen her?" all distress'd
Th' Athenian questions.—"On a rock she stood,
A naked rock," the parent wild exclaims;
"Unloos'd her zone, dishevell'd was her hair;
The ravisher was nigh. On sight of me,
Who no assistance from the shore could reach,
'O father, father! I am sham'd, deflower'd,

But here will end my sorrows and disgrace;'
She said, and plung'd precipitate. I saw
Her body swallow'd by the greedy surge,
Unwept, depriv'd of sepulture, to float."
" Illusion all!" the bard consoling spake;
The phantom offspring of distemper'd sleep."
" A second time," the frantic sire pursues,
" Did Amarantha meet my aching sight;
Then, like an eastern concubine attir'd,
Her head was blazon'd with barbaric gems;
With golden gloss her wanton garment wav'd:
With her despoiler hand in hand she walk'd,
Disclaim'd her father, and her father's gods.
Oh then I wish'd her on the waves again,
To parch in winds, or sate some vulture's beak!"
The youthful captive Artamanes, rous'd,
Stands nigh in gen'rous tears. To him the bard:
" Ingenuous Persian, check thy tears, and lend
Thy hand benign: committed to his couch
Him watch and succour."—Hourly was perform'd
The pious office; noblest Delphians round
Assist in tears; while now the moonlight twice
Danc'd on the billows. On the second morn
They land in Elis. Fame had gone before,
Promulgating the valour which aveng'd
The Delphian god, prophetic light to man,
Ev'n more than Jove in Ammon's Libyan shrine
Or Dodonæan groves. A shining car
Waits on the shore; a herald there salutes
The warrior bard. " Divine Athenian, hail!
Hail, righteous captain of a righteous band!
These olive crowns to thee and them I bear;
So have the sage Hellanodics ordain'd,
Who to their just tribunal through my voice
Invite thy presence." Æschylus receives
The victor's chaplet, and ascends the car.
Along Alpheus to th' Olympian lists
He passes through spectators all array'd
In garlands too, and num'rous like the flow'rs
Embellishing the river's fragrant sides,
Or like the pebbles in his murm'ring bed.
Th' approach of Æschylus is known. Between
Two rows of victors in their olive crowns
He o'er the sanded area greets the thrones,
Where, grac'd with sceptres magisterial, sat
Th' Elean judges. Standing on the car,
To them, uprising from their seats, he spake:
" If to have fought for Delphi and her god
Deserve this chaplet, what superior praise
To him is due, who voluntary died
For Lacedæmon? But he claims no more
Than emulation from the sons of Greece,
Like him to save their countries and their laws.
He hath his honours in the bless'd abodes;
From him I come deputed; hear in me
Leonidas. A vision, as of gods,
To me, late slumb'ring on Ilissus, rose;
In semblance rose Leonidas, begirt
With all the virtuous partners in his fate.
Before me Earth divided; through the cleft
A gushing radiance dimm'd the eye of noon.
In structure all of diamond, self-pois'd,
Amid redundant light, a chariot hung
Triumphal. Twelve transparent horses breath'd
Beams from their nostrils, dancing beams of day
Shook from their manes. In lineaments of man,
Chang'd to immortal, with a shape enlarg'd,
A stature lengthen'd, there the mighty soul
Of Sparta's king apparent shone. His wounds
Shot forth a starlike splendour. Round in cars
Triumphal too arrang'd, the stately forms
Of those whom virtue led to share his doom,
And consecrate Thermopylæ to fame.
To me these words the glorious shape address'd:
" 'Go to the sage Hellanodics, the just
Elean judges of Olympian palms:
In that wide concourse celebrate my death.
Let my example gen'ral Greece inspire
To face her danger; let the Spartan shield
Protect th' Athenians, else I died in vain'."
Attention mute th' Hellanodics command:
The thick'ning crowd is hush'd. The bard proceeds,
While inspiration swells his copious breast,
Flames in his eye, and thunders from his voice.
Parnassian Phœbus he invok'd, the pow'r
Of prophecy and song. " His aid is due
In celebration of the man who heard
The oracle of Delphi, and obey'd.
A king deriv'd from Hercules must die
For Lacedæmon. Who obedient heard?
Leonidas: he left his household gods,
His wife belov'd, his offspring; at the gate
Of Greece, Thermopylæ, he fought, he fell:
With him what heroes? Alpheus, Maron bled,
There Agis, there Dieneces, the seer
Megistias, bold Diomedon, the youth
Of Dithyrambus, Thespia's hoary chief,
Demophilus; for you they all expir'd:
Rise, Greeks, revenge their fall! in that revenge
Your laws, your manners, and religion save.
You who aspire to these Olympic wreaths,
The brightest guerdon to a Grecian brow,
Yet will you linger, till barbaric arms
Annihilate th' Olympiad? Not to die
Leonidas invites; no, Greeks, to live!
Surmounting foes enervate by the dread
His death impress'd, to fill your cup of life
With virtuous glory, to enjoy your hopes
In peace, in years and merit then mature
Be his companions in eternal bliss."
Such was the substance; but in swelling phrase
At large, full tide of poesy and zeal,
Flow'd his high-ton'd, enthusiastic song.

BOOK II.

Th' inspiring measures close. "To arms, to arms!"
Innumerable mouths concurrent sound;
" To arms, to arms!" reply the pillar'd isles
Of Jove's Olympian temple: down his banks
To distant Neptune glad Alpheus wafts
The glorious clamour. Through th' assembly vast
Meantime an elevated form is seen,
With gracious gesture, animating look,
Approaching: now before th' Elean thrones
Of solemn judgment he majestic stands,
Known for the man by Themis plac'd in rank
Above his fellow mortals; archon once
Of Athens, now an exile: him the chief
Among the grave Hellanodics address'd:
" Hail, Aristides! On th' Olympian games
Thy presence throws new dignity: what crown
Can they provide to equal thy desert?
While others court the prize of strength and skill,
Activity and valour; in the lists
Of virtue only Aristides strives.
With him on Earth competitor is none;
Him Jove, sole perfect judge of gods and m[illegible]

Can recompense alone. He scornful views
Ambitious heroes, who assume the names
Of thunder-bearers, vanquishers of towns,
And ravagers of kingdoms: vain attempt
In feeble man to imitate in pow'r
Th' inimitable gods! On thee he casts
An eye delighted; thee, by ev'ry tongue
Proclaim'd the just; thee, emulating Heav'n,
Where mortals may, in goodness. Yet our voice
Shall, what we can, decree dispraise to those
Whose envy wrong'd that sacred head of thine."

"Forbear that censure," Aristides spake:
"Though liberty may err through jealous care,
That jealous care far oft'ner saves a state
Than injures private worth. That I forgave
My condemnation, be my witness, Jove!
Whom I, departing from my native soil,
Implor'd that Athens ne'er might feel the loss
Of Aristides. To confirm that pray'r
I have employ'd my exile; not in quest
Of splendid refuge in the courts of kings,
But through each city with unwearied steps
Have pass'd, exhorting, stimulating Greece
To bold defence. I gladly am forestall'd
Here by a noble countryman, whose arm
At Marathon was fam'd, whose Attic lays
Immortalize the brave. I now invoke,
Not with less fervour, though in humbler phrase,
The patriots there triumphant e'en in death,
The manes of Leonidas, of all
Whose gen'rous blood new-spilt in freedom's cause,
Thermopylæ beholds, to spread abroad
Their glorious spirit, and exalt your minds
Above the sense of danger. Now the weal
Of gen'ral Greece a gen'ral effort claims.
March to the plain, ye Doric warriors! mount
Your decks; th' Athenians with united arms
Support, no longer in that isthmian fence
Your trust reposing. Were the wall of brass,
Were adamant the rampart, if the pow'r
Of Athens, once extinguish'd, leave your coasts
Defenceless, soon to Pelops' isle the foe,
Like death, a thousand avenues will find."

He ceas'd: a second acclamation rends
The sky; again th' Olympian temple groans
In replication, and Alphean banks
Reverberate the sound. The Attic bard
Meantime, o'erspent with labour of the mind
And voice loud straining, to the tranquil porch
Of Jove is lightly borne; nor knows the hands,
Benevolent and pious, which sustain
His languid burden; till these friendly words
In tones remember'd dissipate his trance.

"Doth Æschylus forget me? O recall
Melissa's brother, and Oileus' son,
Whose Locrian hinds at one auspicious hour
Assisted thy bold mariners to hurl
Th' Œtæan ruins on barbarian heads.
See Meliboeus off'ring to thy lip
The stream's refreshing moisture."—Soon restor'd,
Th' Athenian thus: "Illustrious Medon, hail!
How fares Melissa, how thy native land?"

"She rests, I hope, on Œta still secure,"
Returns the Locrian. "When Laconia's king
Was slain, and I, commanded to retreat,
Charg'd with a solemn notice to her state,
That he expir'd obedient to the laws;
My life, devoted to avenge his blood,
I sav'd. O'erpow'ring Xerxes soon reduc'd
The Locrians, Dorians, ev'ry northern Greek.
In time my father's treasure I remov'd;
Which with a hundred followers I bore
To Lacedæmon. There indiff'rence cold
I found to all except of Pelops' isle;
Attention sole to build an isthmian wall:
Pausanias, guardian to the minor king,
Son of divine Leonidas, disdains
Our just complaint; the Ephori confine
To this contracted region all their care,
Save Aëmnestus. Gen'rous oft he mourn'd;
In vain his torpid colleagues he reprov'd.
Disgusted there, I join'd these solemn games,
Where in contention of the warlike spear
I prov'd a victor. Olive-bound, my head
On future fields its freedom shall maintain;
Else, with my late preserver's fate in view,
Shall dying roll this chaplet in the dust."

"Repair with me to Athens," cries the bard.
"Sage is that counsel," Aristides near
Subjoins: "time presses: Æschylus, embark:
Ægina's hospitable round supplies
My place of rest."—Now swift th' Athenian band,
With Medon's, seek their Delphian barks again;
While Aristides holds an inland course,
Still to his country meditating good,
Of his own wrongs forgetful. As he roam'd
From state to state, his eloquence instill'd
The love of freedom, horrour at her loss,
Unchanging hatred to monarchal sway,
With concord, valour, fortitude, and zeal
For Greece in danger. From his wonted seat
In Heav'n, so Phœbus, patient and resign'd,
An exile wander'd on the Earth below;
Beneficent and helpful, there diffus'd
His light of science; with salubrious skill
Imparted health, and taught the varied use
Of lenient roots and plants. The Delphian keels
Meantime are loosen'd from Elean sands,
With sails outstretch'd for Athens. On his couch
Still Timon lies despairing; near him watch
The chiefs humane: in kind officious care
The Persian captive from his forehead wipes
The dews of anguish. With a sudden start
Him now the Delphian, erring, thus bespoke:

"Oh Alexander! thou hast lost, my son,
Thy dear betroth'd, the land of Phocis lost
Her noblest virgin! Reach my arms—I see
The ravisher before me: though he frowns,
Begirt with savage multitudes, my sword
Shall reach his barb'rous heart." Here Medon turns
To Æschylus: "The sight of Delphi's chief,
So nobly excellent, so honour'd, lov'd,
By all resorting to consult his god,
A sight once grateful, pierces now my soul
With agony. How oft hath music sooth'd
Distemper'd bosoms! Let thy tuneful chords,
Medicinally sweet, apply their aid."

To him the bard: "My harmony his ear
But late rejected.—Meliboeus, try
The softer sounds which Pan hath taught the swains."

"A modulation by Melissa taught
I will essay," th' obedient swain replies.
He said, and lightly touch'd his warbling flute.
Like fountains rilling, or mellifluous notes
Of birds, a soft and lulling flow attun'd
The ambient air. At first th' afflicted man
Paus'd in attention, soon a trickling tear
Bedew'd his beard; the remedy was chang'd
To pain, and thus he recommenc'd his moan.

"Thou, Amarantha, too couldst wake the soul

Of music, melting in thy parent's ear,
Refining joyful seasons, or the hours
Of care beguiling. In a foreign clime
Hang up thy harp, sad captive! Let thy hand
Forget her skill, nor charm barbarian minds.
But hark! I hear the ruffian. 'Slave!' he calls,
'Resume thy harp: some chosen hymn of Greece,
Such as delighted Phœbus, chant to me,
Me now thy god.' O Alexander, fly,
Redeem thy love. Apollo, who couldst hurl
Parnassian summits on a host of foes,
Make me thy instrument of wrath! My nerves
Convert to pierceless adamant; my lance
Point with thy father's lightning! Me thy priest,
Sprung from an old, heroic, sacred line,
Thou shouldst avenge. But vengeance is too late;
My daughter yields: a minstrel to her lord,
To her deflow'rer, with obsequious art
The Grecian chords she prostitutes, and smiles
To see my suff'rings!"—During this distress,
With canvass press'd, the squadron bounds along
By Coryphasium, by Messene's gulf
In Nestor's Pylian kingdom, by the peak
Of Tænarus, projecting o'er a cave,
Night's gloomy chamber, fabled to descend
Low as Plutonian regions. Thrice the morn
Serenely smil'd, ere Malea's top their sails
O'ershades, Laconian promontory bleak,
The residence of storms. Five distant masts
Are now descried; when Æschylus bespake
The Locrian chief: "Not friendly are those decks;
Our navy, since Thermopylæ was forc'd,
To Salamis retiring, leaves the foes
At large to range the sea. Thy counsel give;
To some Laconian harbour shall we steer,
Or wait their coming?" Here Oileus' son:
"Thou art my leader; thee propitious Mars
On land and main with equal pow'rs endues:
How can I counsel, stranger to the waves?
At thy commandment to retreat, or fight,
Behold me ready."—"Then by Mars," replies
The warrior bard, "as no resistless force
Bears down against us, yet insulting hoists
A threat'ning signal, Delphians, rest the oar;
Provide your arms; Athenians, Locrians, arm!"
This said, his pinnace, lanch'd in haste, convey'd
His orders round to form th' embattled line.
Six were the vessels; lo! a stately bark
In regal pendants leads th' opponent van.
As when a vernal sun's precarious beam
Is intercepted by a sudden cloud,
Whose turgid folds are overcharg'd with hail;
Some palace, broad, impenetrably roof'd,
Defies the clatt'ring, ineffectual drift,
Which harmless melts away—so flew a show'r
Of missive arms, of arrows, javelins, darts,
With pebbles whirling from the forceful sling,
On Grecian helms and implicated shields;
But innocently fell. Now side to side
The chieftains grappled, and gigantic Death
To either deck outstretch'd his purple feet.
Malignant art no engine hath devis'd,
To man destructive, like his own fell hand
In serried fight. But Slaughter now began
To pause in wonder, while the Asian chief,
Whose blazon'd armour beam'd with gold, engag'd
Cecropia's hardy vet'ran foot to foot,
With falchion falchion, shield encount'ring shield.
So, in the season when lascivious heat
Burns in their veins, two branching-headed stags,
Of all the herd competitors for sway,
Long with entangled horns persist in strife,
Nor yield, nor vanquish: stand in gaze the rest,
Expecting which by conquest shall assume
The mastery of all. Now Timon, rous'd
With Melibœus, and the captive youth,
Starts from his pillow: they attain the poop,
Which instant boarded from an eastern ship
By hostile arms is held. Brave Medon quits
His former station; Æschylus he leaves
A firm defender there: his falchion keen
Aloft he waves. As some tremendous shark,
Who with voracious jaws resistless foams
Along the main, and finny tribes devours,
Or drives before him on the sun-bright waves,
Where late secure they wanton'd.—Medon's might
Prevailing thus, the stecrage heaps with dead;
Though not in time victorious to retain
Unhappy Timon, Melibœus good,
And Artamanes, not unwilling borne
With them away to join his friends again.
Two Delphian vessels their auxiliar beaks
Present. More furious had the contest glow'd
In ev'ry quarter; when o'er Malean cliffs
The wind began to howl, the troubled sky
To flash sulphureous, menacing a storm,
Such as Saturnia on the Dardan fleet,
Or Neptune's rage for Polyphemus blind
Dash'd on Laërtes' much enduring son.
The squadrons separate; to the shelt'ring lee
Of Malea steer the Grecians; while their foes
Expatiate o'er the roomy sea, to shun
The local tumults of that stormy shore,
And hold a distant course. O'er Timon's fate
Th' Athenian now finds leisure to lament
With Medon, Medon with responsive grief
For Melibœus. By return of dawn
The waters calm'd invite the vig'rous oars
To recommence their progress. Coasting down
Laconia's sea-beat verge, they wear the day,
Then resting moor in Cynosura's port.
From Æschylus in sighs these accents broke:
"Here Æsculapius by his pow'rful art,
Which dar'd revive departed breath in man,
Offending Pluto, thunder-pierc'd by Jove,
Lodg'd his own clay in Cynosura's mould.
O now to immortality preferr'd,
Kind god of med'cine! wouldst thou hear my suit,
Thou shouldst restore Leonidas, to warm
Unfeeling Sparta; then thy Delphian sire
The menac'd doom of Athens would revoke,
Nor I besprinkle with indignant tears
Laconia's shore. O Locrian guest, I call'd
Thy welcome feet to Athens: thou mayst view
(For so the oracle to me denounc'd)
Her tow'rs in dust."—"Minerva's tow'rs to fall
Hath Phœbus doom'd?" the Locrian chief exclaim'd;
"I, who have lost my country, yet can find
A tear for Athens: I attest the gods,
As in one vessel, Æschylus, we steer
Together now, thy fortune I will share;
And down her stream, howe'er the tempest roar,
With thee embark'd, will never quit thy side."
The tragic bard unbends his mournful brow,
Thus answ'ring: "Gen'rous Medon, I confess,
Approaching nearer to my seat of birth,
I dropp'd a tear of anguish; Nature wept
At sad forebodings of destruction there.
But know, a true Athenian ne'er desponds;

Abandon'd by allies, condemn'd by Heav'n
To see their city burnt, that gallant race
Will yet assert their liberty; will save
Ev'n faithless Sparta, and thy home redeem."
This said, they slept, till Morning gives her sign
To weigh the anchors, and unfurl the sails.
Aurora's third appearance tips with light,
Of roseate tincture, spacious walls and tow'rs
Of no ignoble city, rising clear
From shading mists to view. The poet then:
"Lo! Medon, fair Trœzene; rich her soil,
Her people gen'rous, to Cecropia's state
Inviolably faithful. See that isle
Which fronts the port; redundant in delights
Of art and nature, though of circuit small,
Calauria shows her verdant round of wood.
Here disembarking, with devotion pure
We must invoke the trident-bearing god.
This isle from Phœbus, Neptune in exchange
For Delphi took. Thrice holy is the soil,
Deserving rev'rence, by that pow'r belov'd,
Who shar'd a third of ancient Saturn's reign,
His son a brother to Olympian Jove.
Here shall we greet some wonder of her sex,
The sacerdotal maid. Trœzene's laws
One of her noblest daughters in her bud
Establish here presiding, here confin'd
To priestly functions, till the genial god
Of marriage hence redeem her, grown mature
For care less rigid, and a tend'rer tie."
The heroes land, where opening to their sight
An elevation of the ground, attir'd
In flow'r-enamell'd turf, display'd the fane
Of structure vast in marble: brass the gates
Refulgence cast; a peristyle sustain'd
The massy roof; huge columns on their heads
The crisped foliage of Acanthus bore,
And high o'erlook'd th' impenetrable shade
Which screen'd the island round. Perennial springs
Supplied melodious currents through the woods,
In artificial beds of pearly conchs
Along the sea-beat margin cull'd by nymphs,
The temple's chaste attendants. Unrestrain'd
Here flow'd the native waters; there confin'd
By marble fountains, win th' enchanted eye
To shady-skirted lawns, to op'ning glades,
Or canopies of verdure: all the founts
Were grac'd by guardian images of gods,
The train of Neptune.—Lo! the gate is thrown
Abroad; the priestess, lovely in her shape
As virgin Thetis to the nuptial arms
Of Peleus led, more blooming than the flow'rs
Beneath her decent step, descends the slope:
A matron staid, behind her, solemn treads;
Close, to her side, in radiant arms, a youth,
Who like a brother of the Graces moves.
His head, uncas'd, discovers auburn locks
Curl'd thick, not flowing: his sustaining hand
She, rosy-finger'd, to her own admits.
He seem'd Apollo, not with martial fires
Such as on Titan's race he darted keen,
But with th' enamour'd aspect which he wore
When Clymene he won, or Daphne woo'd:
She Cynthia, not a huntress, when the chase
Of rugged boars hath flush'd her eager cheek,
But gently stooping from an argent cloud,
Illumining mount Latmus, while she view'd
Her lov'd Endymion, by her magic pow'r
Entranc'd to slumber.—Æschylus approach'd,
To whom the youth: "Great bard and warrior, hail!
Whose valiant deeds on Artemisium's flood,
In that first conflict with barbarian fleets,
I strove to copy: there was all my praise.
Me Trœzen's leader, from my post remote,
Thou see'st: forbear to wonder, and attend.
Thy Athens now is desolate—relax
That anxious brow—her constancy, her zeal
For gen'ral freedom, elevate her name
Beyond all triumphs. Her discerning chief,
Themistocles, interpreting the words
Of Pythian Phœbus, prov'd that ships alone,
The fleets of Athens, were the wooden walls
Of refuge. All persuaded, sires and sons,
With mothers, daughters, cheerfully forsook
Their native roofs. Lo! Salamis o'erflows
With your illustrious people; through her towns
Ægina swarms; to multitudes myself
Have been conductor; in Trœzenian homes,
By cordial invitation, they reside.
To each a daily stipend by a law
They find allotted, schools with teachers fill'd,
That not unletter'd from Trœzene's walls
The sons of learned Athens may depart,
When victory to come rebuilds her tow'rs.
With thee behold me ready to embark
For Salamis again, where anchor'd lies
The whole confederated fleet. I leave
My Ariphilia, this my dear betroth'd,
To fight my country's battles; but return,
I trust in Mars, more worthy of her love:
To her and Neptune I but now consign'd
The most ennobled of Athenian dames.
Ha! see on yonder beach the form divine
Of Aristides, newly wafted o'er
From Trœzen: thither, not unbid, he came
From his late virtuous progress, in our bounds
Through willing minds sage counsel to diffuse,
His own exterminated friends console."
Cleander finish'd. Soon th' arrival known
Of Aristides from the temple call'd
The Attic dames, from ev'ry purlieu near,
Who with their children in assembly throng
Around him. Silent tears confess his loss
To them and Athens. His benignant mould
By sympathy had melted into grief;
If wisdom, ever present in his soul,
Had not his long-tried constancy upheld
To their behoof. Environ'd by the troop
Of lovely mourners stood the godlike man,
Like some tall cedar in a garden plac'd,
Where glowing tufts of flow'rs and florid plants
Once bloom'd around; now, sear'd by scorching blasts,
In faded colours pine. In look, in phrase
Humane, he spake: "Be comforted, and hear
My voice applaud Themistocles, my foe,
Whose counsels have preserv'd you. But what praise
Is yours, O glories of the tender sex!
Who brave the floods, without a murmur leave
Your native, dear abodes for public good!
Ye ornaments of Greece, the pride and boast
Of happy fathers, husbands, brothers, sons!"
As yet unseen, Euphemia from the rest
Impatient stepp'd, his mother. At her sight,
The best, the greatest of mankind inclines
Before the auth'ress of his being, low
As some celestial to the rev'rend form
Of Cybele, progenitrix of gods.
Her aged arms extending, she began:
"Thy moderation aggravates the crime

Of Athens. Son, remember, when thou bad'st
Our household gods farewell, thy parting pray'r;
That Athens never might regret the loss
Of Aristides. Righteous man! then first
The righteous pow'rs denied a pray'r of thine;
Who with inflicted vengeance for thy wrong
Have sorely taught Athenians to lament
In thee their safety banish'd."—"Mother, cease,"
He quick replied; "control presumptuous thoughts;
Let such uncomfortable words no more
Be heard by these already plung'd in woe:
It is Laconia, who her aid withholds,
Cecropian tribes afflicts. But, noble dames,
In this asylum sojourning awhile,
Trust your own merits, and a guardian god;
The sons of Athens on his own domain
He will exalt by conquest, soon transport
Her daughters back to liberty and peace:
From him that grace continue to deserve,
By resignation to his brother Jove,
Who loves the patient."—As on lands adust
By hot solstitial rays, when genial clouds,
In season due unbosoming their stores
Of kindly rain, new dress the pasture brown;
Again the flowrets on the meadows spring;
O'er meadows, fresh in verdure, youthful steeds,
Led by the parent females, joyous bound,
The heifers gambol, kids and lambkins dance,
The birds in dripping bow'rs their plumes repair,
And tune their choral, gratulating throats—
So consolation from his blameless mouth,
With looks benevolent, in soothing tones
Relieves dejection. Soft composure smooths
Each matron's forehead; virgins smile around;
With sprightly feet the children beat the turf,
Him as their father hail in shrill delight.
Not so his own two daughters; infants young,
A dying mother's pledge, Euphemia's charge,
His side they leave not, clinging to his knees
Like woodbines sweet about some stately tree:
He kiss'd, he bless'd them, but control'd his tears.
Now tow'rds the bay with Æschylus he turns;
Cleander follows. Ariphilia mute
Stands fix'd in tears; as Niobe, congeal'd
By grief to marble, through its oozing pores
Distill'd sad moisture, trickling down unheard.
On Sipylus the nymphs, by pity call'd,
The weeping rock environ'd; so the train,
Who minister in Neptune's sacred dome,
Enclose their priestess, whom her matron sage
Leads from Cleander's oft reverted sight.

BOOK III.

O'ER his own squadron soon Trœzene's chief
Hath reassum'd command; the rest embark
Aboard the Delphian. Æschylus then spake:
"To Salamis we hoist returning sails:
Say, Aristides, shall my voice, of weight
Among the tribes, solicit thy recall?
Our country wants that helpful hand of thine."
"No," Aristides answers, "this again
Might waken faction; let the monster sleep.
Themistocles directs united minds,
In him confiding: not the stock reviv'd
Of all Cecropia's heroes since her birth,
Could like this union prop the Attic state.
Brave too the son of Neocles, expert,
Cool, politic; his talents will uphold
The public safety for his own renown.
May he enjoy a glory so acquir'd!
My secret counsels from Ægina's isle
Shall not be wanting: for my country's sake,
Which I forgive, him, author of my wrongs,
My utmost efforts shall advance to fame."
The gulf Saronic now admits their keel.
By Epidaurus coasting, they attain
The cape of high Spiræum, which o'erlooks
Ægina. Guided by Aurora's light,
Th' illustrious exile on that isle they land;
Thence veering, steer for Salamis. These words
Now break from Medon; "Silent have I gaz'd
On Aristides, shortly must behold
Themistocles; Athenian friend, explain
Between such men what cause produc'd their feuds."
"Their diff'rent merits," Æschylus replied,
"Rais'd emulation in their younger days.
A soldier's part they gallantly achiev'd
In the same rank at Marathon; I saw,
Admir'd their valour. For distinction high
In pow'r and fame, Themistocles hath us'd
His num'rous virtues; Aristides walk'd
In virtuous paths, alone by virtue mov'd;
For him his justice hath a title gain'd
Of Just. The son of Neocles, inflam'd
By envy, stirr'd the people's jealous fear
Against his rival to assert a law,
Where, by inscription of his name on shells,
A citizen so potent, that his will
Seems only wanting to subvert the state,
Is by concurrence of six thousand hands
Doom'd for ten years to absence from their bounds,
Without disgrace or mulct. Among the tribes
Themistocles hath since obtain'd a sway
Which might incur the rigour of that law;
Yet by the gods his influence supreme
He at this crisis gallantly employs
To save the public.—Lift thy wond'ring eyes!
The whole confederated fleet of Greece,
Four hundred gallies, bulwark all the round
Of Salamis: one animated mass
That island shows; from swarms of either sex,
And ev'ry age, dales, hillocks seem to heave
With undulating motion."—His discourse
Clos'd with his voyage: on the furrow'd sands
Of Salamis the vessels rest their keels;
Where living waters from a copious spring
Discharge their bubbling current. On a smooth,
But gently-shelving green, pavilions rose;
One from the rest sequester'd, under shade
Of oaks above, was neighbour to the fane
Of Telamonian Ajax, hero known
At Troy: the Attic phalanx then he join'd,
By Athens honour'd since with rites divine.
This tent, by ensigns of command in front
Adorn'd, Themistocles possess'd: alone
He now remain'd; artificer sublime
Of great expedients, in the greatest storms
Which rock a state, he, politic and firm,
In manly strife with Fortune when she frown'd,
Whene'er she smil'd her favour to secure—
He now, to feed his enterprising soul,
Successes past enumerating sat,
Thus in a glow of thought: "While others dream'd
Of rest and safety permanent in Greece,
I from the day of Marathon presag'd
The war begun, not finish'd; I, in time,
Exhorted Athens to construct her fleet,
A destin'd refuge; for the sail and oar,

The shrouds and rudder, I her lusty youth
Prepar'd; ere yet the Hellespont was bridg'd,
I cur'd intestine feuds distracting Greece;
When Fate remov'd Leonidas from Earth,
My penetration, fathoming the depths
Of ocean, like futurity foresaw
Lacedonia's sloth; yet undismay'd I form'd
The mighty plan to save th' Athenian state,
By yielding Athens to barbarian flames.
That I might plead the mandates of a god,
I won, by secret gifts, the Pythian maid
An oracle to render, which I fram'd;
Th' interpretation to enforce, that ships
Were wooden walls, Minerva's priest I gain'd
Among the people to imprint belief
By feign'd portents, and all religion's craft,
That to the sea their deity was fled,
Th' Acropolis deserting. Thus at will
This restive, fierce democracy I sway
For their salvation, and my own behoof
In pow'r and lustre"——Interrupting here
His eagle vanity in lofty soar,
The warrior-poet and Oileus' son
Appear. Serene and vacant he descends
At once to affability and ease;
As from his airy tow'r the lark, who strikes
Heav'n's highest concave with his matin trill,
His pinions shuts, and tranquil drops to Earth.
Of Aristides, Æschylus he knew
The friend approv'd; him courteous he salutes:
"Thy eloquence and arms, the gen'rous toils
Of Aristides too, have reach'd my ear
By late intelligence. Thus far at least
You have prevail'd; this navy is enlarg'd
By squadrons new from various Grecian states.
Is not this Medon? Honour'd in thy sire,
More in thy own deservings, my embrace
Accept; accept the welcome of this tent."
Myronides now joins him, mighty chief!
The destin'd scourge of Thebes; Xanthippus, soon
At Mycale to conquer; in his hand
Young Pericles, that future star of Greece;
Then Cimon, fated on the land and main
To gather palms in one triumphant day;
Subaltern warriors to the prudent son
Of Neocles. Saluting these, he spake:
"My gallant fellow-citizens, you come
To learn the issue of this day's debate
In gen'ral council. Wisely did we cede
To Spartan Eurybiades command;
The diff'rent squadrons to their native ports
Had else deserted. Irksome, I confess,
This acquiescence; but occasion looks
Disdainful back on him who lets her pass;
You, have embrac'd her. Yielding to the Greeks,
You fix their station here, the num'rous foe
In narrow straits between Psyttalia's isle
And Salamis to face. Can he possess,
Who sees a treasure scatter'd on the ground,
Unless he stoop? So prostrate in your sight
Lies Greece, that precious treasure. Can you rule
Before you save? On union safety grows.
Resigning now an empty name of pow'r,
Your moderation, winning grateful states,
Will to your own a real sway procure
Of long duration. Lacedæmon's pride,
Her best allies abandoning—a force
Of ten weak vessels sparing to a fleet,
Where Attic hands unfurl two hundred sails—
Shall pay hereafter retribution full
To you, Athenians, out of ashes rais'd
From her to wrest ascendancy in Greece."
Not sweetest music lulls the melting soul
Beyond his artful eloquence, which soothes
Their warm, their injur'd virtue. They reply:
"To thee, not Sparta, cheerful we submit,
Our leader sole; thou judge and act for all."
Now to his frugal Attic meal they sat;
Where Æschylus and Medea, each in turn
Unfolding amply his adventures, won
Attention: pleasing information charm'd
Deluded time, till midnight prompted sleep.
Thus, after labours past, the martial bard
His countrymen rejoin'd. The hostile ships,
Which gave him battle under Malea's cape,
Veer'd for the straits Eubœan, where the fleet
Of Asia moor'd. Subsiding on their way,
The wind grants leisure for the Persian chief
To view the captives. Artamanes steps
Before the rest: on sight of Caria's queen,
Great Artemisia, who commanded there,
His cheek, with recollection of his sire.
To her so late perfidious, reddens warm.
She first to him: "Argestes could behold
Me worsted, long resisting adverse fate
On fam'd Thermopylæ's disastrous field;
My danger he enjoy'd: his rescued son,
Whose growing merit wins observant eyes,
I see with gladness; welcome to my deck!
But who is he, disconsolate in mien?
O rev'rend man of sorrows, lift thy head!
From Artemisia no dishonour fear.
He makes no answer—Artamanes, speak."
The youth replies: "His name is Timon, chief
And priest in Delphi; on our inroad there,
My brother, Mithridates, snatch'd away
From his paternal breast a noble maid,
An only child. His mind is darken'd since
By frenzy; my compassion his distress
Hath ever tended, fervent now implores
Thou wouldst commit him to my grateful care:
Myself am debtor to indulgent Greeks."
In smiles the princess answer'd: "Gen'rous youth!
Couldst thou protect him, I would trust thy care;
But those deform'd by ignominious deeds
May exercise in malice stronger pow'r
Than thou in goodness: for the present lay
Th' unhappy Delphian on a bed of rest."
Beside her waits Aronces, high in trust,
A hoary senior, freedman of her sire.
On Melibœus, on the queen, he fix'd
Alternate looks; then earnest him address'd:
"O thou of noble frame, in lowly garb,
Speak whence thou com'st, thy own, thy father's name.
What region gave thee birth? Did Nature print,
Or some disaster, on thy cheek that mark?
I am not curious from a slender cause."
The swain replied: "From Nature I derive
That mark; of parents, of my native seat,
Within this breast no traces now survive;
In childhood stol'n by pirates, I was sold
(Heav'n there was gracious) to the best of men:
Full thirty annual suns have since elaps'd.
He oft appris'd me, that my infant lips
In Grecian accents would repeat the names
Of Lygdamis and Dirce; so I styl'd
My sire and mother."—"O imperial dame,
Thyself the seed of Lygdamis," exclaim'd
The ancient man, "if circumstance be proof,

He is thy brother, Haliartus, stol'n
Within that period from thy father's tow'r
Wash'd by the waves, that fair abode retir'd.
Halicarnassus mourn'd the dire event.
He is thy likeness. I, preferr'd to rule
Thy father's household; I, whose faithful arms
So oft the infant Haliartus bore,
So oft with eyes delighted have perus'd
That object dear, I never can forget
That signal mark, coeval with his birth,
Distinguishing thy brother."—Pensive, mute,
Uncertain rests the queen. He still proceeds:
"Behold thy son, Leander, melts in tears!
It is the touch of Nature hath unclos'd
That tender spring."—To him the regal dame:
"Old man, thou know'st I honour, I confide
In thy untainted faith. All strange events,
Dress'd in affecting circumstance, excite
These soft emotions; such in ev'ry breast
Should rise, but not decide. Pure truth is built
Not on our passions; reason is her base.
Him to accept my brother, needs more proof;
But to his manly and ingenuous looks
I render homage. Let him ease his limbs
In Carian steel, and combat near my side;
Let deeds illustrate an exalted mind;
Then, whether kin or alien to my blood,
He like a brother shall obtain regard
From Artemisia."—Meliboeus here:
"Endear'd to heroes of Oilean race,
I claim with none alliance; I have liv'd
With them in joy, from ignorance been rais'd
By them to knowledge, from the lowly state
Which Heav'n's deciding providence ordain'd,
To their deserv'd regard, my utmost wish.
To them restore me; I request no more
From deities or mortals. Case my limbs
In Carian armour splendid as thy own,
Ne'er shalt thou see me combat near thy side
Against the Grecians. Place of birth, or blood
Of noblest dye in kindred, quite estrang'd
By time and fortune, I reject for Greece;
Greece, my kind nurse, the guardian of my youth,
Who for my tutors did her heroes lend.
My dear affections all are center'd there,
My gratitude, my duty."—By the hand
She grasps the gallant captive, and proceeds:
"Thy sentiments are noble, they bespeak
The care of heroes; thy release my hopes
Forbid, my tend'rest wishes; to constrain
Thy presence here, while we assail thy friends,
I scorn. Aronces, launch a nimble skiff;
On him attendant, reach Nicæa's walls,
For him transport a suit of arms complete;
Nor let unhappy Timon want thy care:
Thee, Greek or Carian, brother, friend, or foe,
Whate'er thou prov'st hereafter, I will greet
Again, my heart so prompts me; I require
No plighted word, no token; ere we met
Once more at least, thou wilt not, I confide,
Thou canst not harbour such a thought as slight
From Artemisia."—Meliboeus look'd
Integrity; he felt too full for words,
And sees her thoughtful and perplex'd retiré.
Aronces now on Artamanes calls;
With him, and either captive, he embarks;
Of Carian arms he lodges on the poop
A rich-emblazon'd suit. The pinnace light
Along the shore, from ev'ry foe secure,
Skims o'er the waters with distended sails,
Swift as a vig'rous stag who hears no cry
Of dogs or men, but o'er the champaign green
Or valley sweeps, to glory in his speed
And branching antlers. On the form and port
Of Meliboeus long Aronces fed
His eager eye, unsated with delight;
At last he spake: "My lord, Nicæa's fort,
A garrison of Xerxes, will afford
A refuge kind, till Caria's queen her sail
Of visitation hoists; the setting Sun
Will see my lord safe landed in the cove."
"That splendid title thou dost ill bestow
On my condition," Meliboeus then.
To whom Aronces: "Oh, thou art my lord,
Thou art the son of Lygdamis! My heart,
Old as I am, experienc'd in events,
Without a cause to such excess of joy [join'd
Would ne'er mislead me."—"Honest hearts," re-
The other, "oft are credulous, and lead
The mind to errour; art thou sure, my friend,
That I am no impostor, who hath heard
Of Lygdamis and Dyrce, and apply
Their names to falsehood?"—"Haliartus, no!"
Exclaims Aronces; "I before me see
My noble master, Lygdamis, restor'd;
Such as he was when thou, his child, was lost.
Oh! lend attention—lo! the winds are still,
The sea unruffled, while my tongue begins
A tale which once with horrour pierc'd my soul,
But in thy hearing rapt'rous I repeat:
"Halicarnassus gave thy father birth,
Her most illustrious citizen; with twins
Thy mother's bed was bless'd; thy sister one,
That Artemisia, glory of her sex,
Bestow'd in marriage on the Carian king;
Thou art the other. Oft thy sire abode
Within a tow'r delightful, but remote,
Wash'd by the billows; one disastrous day,
As thou wast tripping on the silver sands,
Thy nurse attending with some faithful slaves,
A troop of pirates landed; all thy train
Defending thee were kill'd, or wounded sunk
Disabled on the beach; with various spoil,
From those unguarded borders, they convey'd
Aboard their vessels thee their richest prize."
Aronces paus'd.—From Timon, listing by,
This exclamation broke: "My daughter too
May be recover'd!"—Artamanes here:
"Myself, redeem'd from capture, pledge my faith
That I will struggle to restore thy child."
Night dropp'd her dusky veil; the pinnace gain'd
Nicæa, Locrian fortress, seated nigh
Thermopylæ; ensuing morn proclaims,
By shouts and clangour, an approaching host.
That gate of Greece, by Lacedæmon's king
So well maintain'd, defenceless now admits
Uncheck'd barbarian inroads: thus a mound
By art constructed to restrain the sea,
Or some huge river's course, neglected long,
And unsustain'd by vigilance and care,
Affords a passage new to whelming floods,
Whose surface hides fertility in waste;
Till some sagacious architect oppose
To Nature's violence a skill divine,
Prescribing where th' obedient wave shall flow.
To his companions Artamanes spake,
As in their sight, extended from a tow'r,
Thermopylæ in torrents from its mouth
Pours mingled nations: "See Mardonius there,
The son of Gobryas, author of this war,

The flow'r of Asia's captains. At the time
We first attack'd this pass, with num'rous bands;
A distant range of Macedon and Thrace
He, detach'd to ravage and subdue,
Triumphant now returning. Friends, farewell!
Him I must follow. Timon, may the light
Of Mithra shine propitious on my days
As I protect thy daughter, and restore,
If Fate so wills, her spotless to thy arms."
These words, relumining with hope, compos'd
The clouded soul of Timon. Swift the youth,
In vigour issuing through the portal, mix'd
Among his native friends: a blithsome steer,
At op'ning dawn deliver'd from the stall,
Thus o'er the flow'ry pasture bounding, joins
The well-known herd. Mardonius him receiv'd;
Foe to Argestes, cordial to his son,
Mardonius all-commanding, all in frame,
In nervous limbs excelling, like that bull
Who stemm'd the billows with his brawny chest,
Who on his back of silver whiteness bore
Europa's precious weight to Cretan strands,
Himself a god transform'd. New martial pow'rs
Are here from Hæmus, from Pangæan snows.
A Greek in lineage, Alexander here,
Young sov'reign o'er barbarians, leads to war
His Macedonian troops. To Athens bound
By mutual hospitality, he lov'd
That gen'rous city; now, by force compell'd,
He arms against her. But persuasive love,
The charms and virtues of a Grecian fair,
Will wake remembrance of his Grecian race,
To better counsels turn his youthful mind.
That Asia's king was now advanc'd to Thebes,
Intelligence is brought; this known, a steed
Of swiftest pace Mardonius mounts; command
To Tiridates delegates—"Thy force
Extend o'er Locris, o'er the Phocian bounds,
Our conquests new." *This giv'n in charge*, he speeds,
With no companion but Argestes' son,
Nor other guard than fifty horsemen light,
To greet the king. The second morning shows
Cadmean Thebes, whose citadel was rais'd
By stones descending from Cithæron's hill
Spontaneous, feign'd in fables to assume
A due arrangement in their mural bed
At sweet Amphion's lute; but truth records,
That savage breasts by eloquence he tam'd,
By his instructions humaniz'd, they felt
The harmony of laws and social ties.
To him succeeded stern Agenor's son,
Phœnician Cadmus, he who letters brought
From Tyre to Greece; yet ignorance o'erwhelm'd
His generation; barbarous of heart,
Obtuse of mind they grew; the furies there,
There parricide and incest reign'd of old,
Impiety and horrour: more debas'd,
They now for gold their liberty exchange;
They court a tyrant, whose barbaric host
Flames round their bulwarks, harrows up their plain,
Lays waste their plenty, drinks Asopus dry,
Their swift Ismenus, and Dircæan spring.

BOOK IV.

The Persian host in readiness was held
Ere dawn; Aurora sees the signal given;
Now trumpets, clarions, timbrels mix their sounds;
Harsh dissonance of accents, in the shouts
Of nations gather'd from a hundred realms,
Distract the sky. The king his march renews
In all his state, collected to descend
Precipitate on Athens; like the bird
Of Jove, who, rising to the utmost soar
Of his strong pinions, on the prey beneath
Directs his pond'rous fall. Five thousand horse,
Caparison'd in streak'd or spotted skins
Of tigers, pards, and panthers, form'd the van;
In quilted vests of cotton, azure dyed,
With silver spangles deck'd, the tawny youth
Of Indus rode; white quivers loosely cross'd
Their shoulders; not ungraceful in their hands
Were bows of glist'ning cane; the ostrich lent
His snowy plumage to the tissued gold
Which bound their temples. Next a thousand steeds
Of sable hue on argent trappings bore
A thousand Persians, all select; in gold,
Shap'd as pomegranates, rose their steely points
Above the truncheons; gilded were the shields,
Of silver'd scales the corselets; wrought with gems
Of price, high-plum'd tiaras danc'd in light.
In equal number, in resembling guise,
A squadron follow'd; save, their mail was gold,
And thick with beryls edg'd their silver shields.
In order next the Magi solemn trod.
Pre-eminent was Mizzes; snowy white
Their vestments flow'd, majestically pure,
Rejecting splendour; hymning as they mov'd,
They sung of Cyrus, glorious in his rule
O'er Sardis rich, and Babylon the proud;
Cambyses, victor of Egyptian Nile;
Darius, fortune-thron'd; but flatt'ry tun'd
Their swelling voice to magnify his son,
The living monarch, whose stupendous piles
Combin'd the Orient and Hesperian worlds,
Who pierc'd mount Athos, and o'erpower'd in fight
Leonidas of Sparta. Then succeed
Ten coursers whiter than their native snows
On wintry Media's fields; Nicæan breed,
In shape to want no trappings, none they wore
To veil their beauty; docile they by chords
Of silk were led, the consecrated steeds
Of Horomazes. Sacred too a car,
Constructed new of spoils from Grecian fanes,
In splendour dazzling as the noontide throne
Of cloudless Mithra, follow'd; link'd in reins,
In traces brilliant overlaid with gems,
Eight horses more of that surpassing race
The precious burden drew; the drivers walk'd,
None might ascend th' inviolable seat;
On either side five hundred nobles march'd
Uncover'd. Now th' imperial standard wav'd;
Of sanders wood the pedestal, inscrib'd
With characters of magic, which the charms
Of Indian wizards wrought in orient pearl,
Vain talisman of safety, was upheld
By twelve illustrious youths of Persian blood.
Then came the king; in majesty of form,
In beauty first of men, as first in pow'r,
Contemplating the glory from his throne
Diffus'd to millions round, himself he deem'd
Not less than Mithra who illumes the world.
The sons of satraps with inverted spears
His chariot wheels attend; in state their sires,
The potentates of Asia, rode behind;
Mardonius absent, of the gorgeous train
Argestes tower'd the foremost; following march'd
A square battalion of a thousand spears,
By Mithridates led, his eldest born;

Him the lascivious father had depriv'd
Of Amarantha; dangerous the flames
Of vengeance darted from his youthful eye.
Th' immortal guard succeeded; in their van
Masistius, paragon of Asia's peers,
In beauteous figure second to the king,
Among the brave pre-eminent, more good
Than brave or beauteous; to Mardonius dear,
His counsellor and friend, in Xerxes' court
Left by that gen'ral, while in Thrace remote,
To counterpoise Argestes. Tried in arms,
In manners soft, though fearless on the plain,
Of tend'rest feelings, Mindarus, to love
A destin'd captive, near Masistius rank'd;
Ariobarzanes next, whose barb'rous mien
Exemplified his fierceness. Last of horse,
With Midias, pow'rful satrap, at their head,
A chosen myriad clos'd the long array.
From these were kept three hundred paces void;
Promiscuous nations held their distant march
Beyond that limit; numberless they roll'd,
In tumult like the fluctuating sands,
Disturb'd and buoyant on the whirling breath
Of hurricanes, which rend the Libyan wastes.
To Thebes descending, soon Mardonius learn'd
That pioneers, with multitudes light-arm'd,
Detach'd before the army, bent their course
To Athens. On he speeds, rejecting food,
Disdaining rest, till midnight Cynthia shows
A vaulted hollow in a mountain's side;
There in his clanging arms Mardonius throws
His limbs for slight refreshment; by him lies
Argestes' son; to pasture springing nigh,
The troop dismiss'd their steeds, and slept around.
To superstition prone from early age
Was Gobryas' son; o'erheated now by toil,
Yet more by thirst unsated of renown,
His soul partakes not with her wearied clay
In sleep repose; the cavern to her view
Appears in vast dimension to enlarge,
The sides retire, th' ascending roof expands,
All chang'd to crystal, where pellucid walls
Expose to sight the universe around.
Thus did a dream invade the mighty breast
Of that long matchless conqueror, who gave
Italia's cline a spoil to Punic Mars,
When on the margin of Iberus lay
The slumb'ring chief, and eagerly to birth
The vast conception of his pregnant mind
Was struggling. Now Mardonius to himself
Seems roving o'er the metamorphos'd cave;
Orbicular above, an op'ning broad
Admits a flood of light, and gentlest breath
Of odorif'rous winds; amid the blaze,
Full on the centre of a pavement, spread
Beyond whate'er portentous Egypt saw
In Thebes or Memphis, Fame, presiding there,
Gigantic shape, an amethyst entire,
Sits on a throne of adamant. On strength
Of pillars, each a topaz, leans the dome;
The silver pavement's intervening space
Between the circling colonnade and wall
With pedestals of diamond is fill'd;
The crystal circuit is comparted all
In niches verg'd with rubies. From that scene
The gloom of night for ever to expel,
Imagination's wanton skill in chains
Of pearl throughout the visionary hall
Suspends carbuncles, gems of native light,
Emitting splendour, such as tales portray,
Where Fancy, winning sorceress, deludes
Th' enchanted mind, rejecting reason's clue,
To wander wild through fiction's pleasing maze.
The oriental hero in his dream
Feels wonder waking; at his presence life
Pervades the statue; Fame, slow-rising, sounds
Her trumpet loud; a hundred golden gates
Spontaneous fly abroad; the shapes divine,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry climate sprung,
Of all the worthies since recorded time,
Ascend the lucid hall. Again she sounds
A measure sweeter than the Dorian flute
Of Pan, or lyre of Phœbus; each assumes
His place allotted, there transform'd is fix'd
An adamantine statue; yet unfill'd
One niche remains. To Asia's gazing chief
The goddess then: "That vacancy for thee,
Illustrious son of Gobryas, I reserve."
He thus exults: "Bright being, dost thou grant
To Persia triumphs through my conqu'ring spear?"
He said: that moment through the sever'd Earth
She sinks; the spacious fabric is dissolv'd;
When he, upstarting in the narrow cave,
Delivers quick these accents: "Be renown
My lot! O Fortune, unconcern'd I leave
The rest to thee." Thus dauntless, ere his sleep
Was quite dispers'd; but waken'd soon he feels
Th' imperfect vision heavy on his mind
In dubious gloom; then lightly with his foot
Moves Artamanes; up he springs; the troop
Prepare the steeds; all mount; Aurora dawns.
The swift forerunners of th' imperial camp
Ere long Mardonius joins, where Athens lifts
Her tow'rs in prospect. Unexpected seen,
Their mighty chief with gen'ral, cordial shouts
They greet; their multitude, their transport, clear
His heart from trouble. Soon barbarian throngs
With shading standards through Cephissus wade,
Who, had his fam'd divinity been true,
His shallow stream in torrents would have swoln
Awhile, to save the capital of Greece,
Superb in structure, long-disputed prize
Between Minerva and the god of seas,
Of eloquence the parent, source of arts,
Fair seat of freedom! Open are the gates,
The dwellings mute, all desolate the streets,
Save that domestic animals forlorn,
In cries awak'ning pity, seem to call
Their masters home; while shrieking beaks prey,
Or birds obscene of night with heavy wings,
The melancholy solitude affright.
"Is this the city whose presumption dar'd
Invade the lord of Asia?" sternly said
Mardonius ent'ring; "whither now are fled
Th' audacious train, whose firebrands Sardis felt?
Where'er you lurk, Athenians, if in sight,
Soon shall you view your citadel in flames;
Or, if retreated to a distant land,
No distant land of refuge shall you find
Against avenging Xerxes: yet I swear
By Horomazes, if thy gallant race
Have sacrific'd their country to contend
With mightier efforts on a future day,
Them I will honour, though by honour forc'd
I must destroy. Companions, now advance;
Unnumber'd hands to overturn these walls
Employ; not Xerxes through a common gate
Shall enter Athens; lay the ruins smooth,
That this offending city may admit,

In all his state, her master with his host
In full array." His order is obey'd.
Through smooth Ismenus, and Asopus clear,
The royal host in slow procession led,
Their first encampment on a district lodge,
Platæa's neighbour; that renown'd abode
Of noblest Greeks was desert. In his tent
The king by night requested audience grants
To Leontiades, that colleague base
Of Anaxander, traitor like himself
To Sparta's hero.—Xerxes thus he warns:
"Now be the king reminded of the rage
Against his father, which Platæa bore
At Marathon; that recently she brav'd
Himself in Œta's pass; nor Thespia fought
With less distinguish'd rancour: be inform'd,
The first is near, the other not remote;
Thy vengeance both deserve. Destroy their fields,
Consume their dwellings; thy o'erflowing camp
May spare a large detachment; I will go
Their willing guide." Masistius present spake:
"O monarch, live for ever in the hearts
Of conquer'd nations, as of subjects born;
Associate clemency with pow'r, and all
Must yield obedience: thou art master here,
Treat thy new vassals kindly."—In a frown
Argestes: "Shall the king with kindness treat
Invet'rate foes and zealous friends alike?
Shall undeserving Thespians, shall the race
Of fell Platæa, unprovok'd who stain'd,
On Attic fields, her spear with Persian blood,
To help detested Athens, shall they share
The clemency of Xerxes, in despite
Of this our Theban host, who faithful gives
Such wholesome counsel? Sov'reign, when I brought
Thy condescension late to Sparta's king,
Among the grim assembly in his tent
Diomedon, Demophilus, I saw,
With Dithyrambus, men preferring death
To amity with thee, commanders all
Of these malignant cities."—Xerxes here:
"Approving, Leontiades, thy words
I hear; Masistius, thee my servant loves,
Mardonius, always victor in my name;
Yet learn at last, O satrap! who dost wear
The fullest honours to partake with me,
What I inherit from Darius, hate
Inflexible, inexpiable hate
To Athens, hate to her confed'rates all.
Go, Theban, choose what nations of our host
Thou dost prefer; thyself appoint their chief."
"I choose the Caspians, Sacians; name for chief
Brave Mithridates, great Argestes' heir,"
Rejoins the traitor. These ferocious most
He best approv'd, and Mithridates chose,
Among the youth most vigorous and fell
In acts of blood. To hear Mardonius prais'd,
Argestes, dreading his return, conceiv'd
A pain, yet temper'd by a secret joy
He felt arise; who, rival of his son,
Long wish'd him distant from the guarded roof
Where Timon's daughter was confin'd. Dismiss'd
To rest, all separate. They renew their march
By day-spring; Leontiades, to wreak
On hapless Thespiæ and Platæa's walls
The hate implacable of Thebes; the king,
With equal rage, to spoil Minerva's reign.
Her olive groves now Attica discloss'd,
The fields where Ceres first her gifts bestow'd,
The rocks whose marble crevices the bees
With sweetness stor'd; unparallel'd in art
Rose structures, growing on the stranger's eye,
Where'er it roam'd delighted. On, like Death,
From his pale courser scatt'ring waste around,
The regal homicide of nations pass'd,
Unchaining all the furies of revenge
On this devoted country. Near the banks
Of desolate Cephissus halting sat
The King; retarding night's affrighted steeds,
The conflagration wide of crumbling tow'rs,
Of ruin'd temples, of the crackling groves,
Of villages and towns, he thence enjoy'd,
Thence on the manes of Darius call'd:
"Son of Hystaspes! if the dead can hear,
Thou didst command thy servants to remind
Thy anger daily of th' Athenian race,
Who insolently plough'd the eastern waves,
Thy shores affronted with their hostile beaks,
And burnt thy town of Sardis; at my call,
Ghost of my father! lift thy awful brow;
Rememb'ring now th' Athenians, see thy son
On their presumptuous heads retaliate flames:
Depriv'd of burial, shall their bodies leave
Pale spectres here to wail their city fall'n,
And wander through its ruins."—Closing here
His barb'rous lips, the tyrant sought his couch.
Thy summits now, Pentelicus, and thine,
Haunt of sonorous bees, Hymettus sweet!
Are ting'd with orient light. The Persian host
Renew their progress; Athens soon receives
Their floating banners and extended ranks
Smooth o'er the fosse, by mural ruins fill'd.
As from a course of ravage, in her den
Of high Cithæron plung'd the monster Sphinx
Her multifarious form, preparing still
For havoc new her fangs and talons dire;
Till her enigma Laius' son resolv'd,
Whence desperation cast her headlong down
The rocky steep; so, after thy career
Of devastation, Xerxes, rest awhile
Secure in Athens, meditating there
Fresh woes to men. Than Œdipus more wise,
Th' interpreter of oracles is nigh;
Soon will the son of Neocles expel
Thee from thy hold, by policy too deep
For thy barbarian council to explore.
Before the Prytanæum stops the car.
Now savage bands enclose that rev'rend seat
Of judgment; there Mardonius waits. The king,
Pleas'd with his care, salutes him: "Thou hast long
Sweat under harness in th' eternal snows
Of Macedon and Thracia, hast my name
There dress'd in ample trophies; but thy speed,
Preventing my arrival, is unknown
To wings of eagles, or the feet of stags."
Mardonius answers: "Ever live the king
To find his servant's zeal outstrip in speed
The swiftest eagle, or the fleetest stag!
Descend, thou lord of Athens! destin'd soon
To universal sway."—They climb the steps;
Alone Argestes follows. In the hall
These words of high import Mardonius spake:
"My liege, the season calls for quick resolves;
By thee entrusted with supreme command,
When thou art absent, to Phaleron's port,
Late arsenal of Athens, all the ships
I order'd from Eubœa; they below
Lie well equipp'd and shelter'd, nor remote
The whole united armament of Greece

At Salamis. With Ariabignes great,
Thy royal brother, and for merit nam'd
Thy ruling admiral, the kings of Tyre,
Of Sidon, Caria's princess, and the rest,
I held a council; they concurr'd to fight,
And by one effort terminate the war,
All but the queen, from whose ingenuous mouth
Will I, though differing, faithfully relate
Each argument, each word.—'Mardonius, tell
The king,' she said, 'what peril I foresee
From this attempt; his ships defeated leave
His host endanger'd; ever bold, the Greeks
Are desp'rate now; the want of sustenance
Will soon disperse them to their sev'ral homes;
The sea's entire dominion to the king
Will then be left; whole armies then embark'd
Through inlets free may pour on Pelops' isle,
Whose coast I newly have explor'd with care.
Mardonius, thou art eager; do not trust
In multitude; full many in the fleet
Are false, are cowards. Let our sov'reign shun
Precipitation; short delay at least
Is safe; a naval combat lost, is bane'."
"A greater bane delay," Argestes here;
Who reading artful in the royal eye
Determination for a naval fight,
His malice thus on Artemisia vents:
"My liege forgets that Caria's queen derives
Her blood from Grecian fountains; is it strange
She should confine thy formidable hand,
And so preserve her kindred?"—Stern the king:
"Though I reject her counsel to forbear
The fight, none better will that fight sustain
Than she, whose zeal, fidelity approv'd,
And valour, none can equal but the son
Of Gobryas. Go, Mardonius, see the fleet
Prepar'd by morning; let Argestes burn
The citadel and temples; I confer
On him that office."—Utt'ring this, he turn'd
Apart; forlorn Argestes hence presag'd
Decline of regal favour, cent'ring all
In Gobrya's son, who fiercely thus pursu'd:
"Thou hear'st the king; now hear a soldier's tone:
Of old I know thee slanderer of worth;
And I, distinguish'd by a late success,
To envious eyes no welcome guest return.
Thou canst traduce the absent, whom thy tongue
Would flatter present. Not in Susa's court,
Amid the soft security of peace,
We languish now; great Xerxes on the stage
Of glorious war, amid the din of arms,
Can hear thy coz'ning artifice no more.
Oh, that he ne'er had listen'd! Asia's lord,
When to a Tyrian trafficer demean'd,
He barter'd for his glory, By my sword,
Leonidas, preferring fame to sway
O'er proffer'd Greece, was noble! What thy part,
Who tamely proff'ring wast with scorn dismiss'd?
Go, burn the fanes! Destruction is thy [illegible]."
He said, departing swiftly; on his way
Meets Artamanes, meritorious youth,
Who, not resembling an unworthy sire,
Had fix'd th' esteem of that illustrious man.
To him Mardonius: "Brave Autarctus greet
In words like these—'Exalted to the bed
Of bright Sandauce, sister of thy king,
Now is the season to approve thy worth.
Collect ten thousand warriors on the strand
Which faces Salamis; an island near,
Psyttalia nam'd, possess; ere long the foes
Against her craggy border may be driven;
Let spoils and captives signalize thy zeal.'
Thou, Artamanes, must attend him there,
Nor let me want intelligence. Farewell!"
This mandate giv'n, the active chief proceeds
With steps impatient to Phaleron's port.

BOOK V.

The Sun was set; Autarctus and his band,
In haste collected, through nocturnal shades
To small Psyttalia pass'd a narrow frith.
As on a desert forest, where at night
A branching oak sours traveller hath climb'd
To couch securely; if the trunk beset
By famish'd wolves in herd, who thirst for blood,
Pale morn discovers to his waking sight,
His hair in terrour bristles, pants his breast
In doubt of safety; thus Aurora show'd
The unexpected gleam of Persian arms,
Which fill'd Psyttalia, while the Attic strand,
With numbers equal to its sandy stores
Was cover'd, and Phaleron's road with masts,
A floating forest, crowded like the pines,
Majestic daughters of the Pontic woods.
Fair Athens burn'd in sight; embodied smoke
Rose mountainous, emitting pillar'd flames,
Whose umber'd light the newly-dawning Sun
But half eclips'd. At intervals are heard
The hollow sound of columns prostrate laid,
The crash of levell'd walls, of sinking roofs
In massy ruin. Consternation cold
Benumbs the Greek spectators, all aghast
Except th' Athenians, whose unshaken minds
To this expected fate resign'd their homes
For independence. Gigantean rang'd
From ship to ship Despair; she drives ashore
The timid leaders, changing late resolves
For gen'rous combat into base retreat.
To seek the shelter of their native ports
They clamour loud; the admiral convenes
A council; him Themistocles address'd:
"Now Eurybiades, to whose command
I voluntary yielded, from thy charge,
Not less for Athens than for gen'ral Greece,
I claim a righteous and heroic part,
The promis'd fight in these auspicious straits,
Which, rend'ring vain the multitude of foes,
Assure success. But separate this fleet,
A hundred openings may barbarians choose
To Pelops' region; not on ev'ry spot
An isthmian wall is plac'd. Depriv'd of all,
If to your succour we Athenians lose
All claim, ye Greeks, be valiant for yourselves!
See Attica in flames, the temples raz'd,
The tombs defac'd, the venerable dust
Of our forefathers scatter'd in the wind!
Would you avoid calamities like these,
To sound instruction lean; th' almighty gods
Wise counsels bless with prosperous events,
To us own folly wilful blindness leave."
Proud Xdimantus, on his birth elate,
The admiral of Corinth, envying long
Cecropia's name and pow'r, arose and spake:
"For public safety when in council meet
Men who have countries, silence best becomes
Him who hath none; shall such presume to vote,

Too patient Spartan, nay to dictate here,
Who cannot tell us they possess a home?
For Attica in flames, her temples raz'd,
Your tombs disfigur'd, for th' ignoble dust
Of thy forefathers scatter'd in the wind,
Thou low-born son of Neocles, must Greece
Her welfare hazard on a single day,
Which, unsuccessful, endless ruin brings?"
Cleander heard, Trœzene's youthful chief;
Warm was his bosom, eloquent his tongue,
Strong-nerv'd his limbs, well exercis'd in arms;
Preventing thus Themistocles, he spake:
"Though blood, Corinthian, be of noblest dye,
Base-born the soul when Folly is her sire.
Absurdity and malice no reply
Deserve from thee, Athenian! thee, more wise,
More valiant, more distinguish'd in thyself,
Than all the vaunted progeny of gods.
Did you not mourn, ye deities, to see
A nation, you created with their soil,
Forsake that ancient land? or not admire
Your greatest work, the conduct of that man,
Who such a race from such endearing homes,
Wives, husbands, elders, infants, maidens, youths,
In gen'rous quest of liberty could lead?
Do you not look indignant down to hear
Such venomous reproaches on his worth,
A wrong to Greece? Her saviour him I call,
As yet, I trust, his dictates will prevail."
While he declaim'd, Themistocles, who scorn'd
The insolent Corinthian, sat and scann'd
The looks of all; his penetrating sight
Could read the thoughts of men; the major part
He saw averse to battle, Sparta's chief
Uncertain, cold, and slow. Affecting here
Decisive looks, and scorn of more debate,
Thus brief he clos'd: "Athenians still possess
A city buoyant on two hundred keels.
Thou, admiral of Sparta, frame thy choice;
Fight, and Athenians shall thy arm sustain;
Retreat, Athenians shall retreat to shores
Which bid them welcome, to Hesperian shores,
For them by ancient oracles reserv'd,
Safe from insulting foes, from false allies,
And Eleutherian Jove will bless their flight:
So said your own Leonidas, who died
For public welfare. You that glorious death
May render, Spartans, fruitless to yourselves."
This said, he left the council; not to fly,
But with his wonted policy compet
The Greeks to battle. At a secret cove
He held in constant readiness a skiff,
In Persian colours mask'd; he there embark'd
The most entrusted of his household, charg'd
With these instructions: "Now return my love,
Sicinus, born a Persian, of my house
Not as a slave long habitant, but friend,
My children's tutor, in my trust supreme,
To Xerxes' navy sail; accost her chief
In words like these—'Themistocles, who leads
Athenian squadrons, is the monarch's friend,
Approv'd by this intelligence; the Greeks
In consternation shortly will resolve
To separate and fly; let Asia's fleet
Her numbers round in diligence extend,
Investing ev'ry passage; then, confus'd,
This whole confederated force of Greece
Will sooner yield than fight, and Xerxes close
At once so perilous a war.'"—He ceas'd.
Meanwhile the council wasted precious hours,
Till Eurybiades, at length alarm'd
Lest all th' Athenians should retreat incens'd,
Postpon'd the issue to th' ensuing day.
Themistocles, retiring to his tent,
There found *his wife; his stratagem on wings*
Of execution, left his mind serene;
Relax'd in thought, he trifled with his boy,
Young child, who playful on the mother's lap,
Soon as of Xerxes earnest she inquir'd,
With frowning graces on his brow of down,
Clench'd fast his infant hands. The dame pursues:
"O that the Greeks would emulate this child,
Clench fast their weapons, and confront the foe!
Did we abandon our paternal homes,
Our nuptial chambers, from the cradle snatch
Our helpless babes? Did tender maidens join
Unanimous the cry, 'Embark, embark
For Salamis and freedom!' to behold
The men debating (so the Attic wives
Are told) uncertain if to fight or serve?
Who are the cowards, rather traitors, say?
We will assail them, as the Trojan dames
Did Polymestor, royal thief, who broke
The holiest ties for gold."—"Take comfort, love;
All shall be well," Themistocles replied.
"Yes, I in thee have comfort," she proceeds;
"Thou canst devise some artifice to urge
Ev'n dastards on; Sicinus thou hast sent,
I ask not whither."—In a smile her lord:
"With thy permission, then, the gods remain
My confidents: to ease thee, I proclaim
This boy the first of Greeks; he governs thee,
Thou me, I Athens; who shall govern Greece,
As I am sure to circumvent the foes.
Retiring, seek the town; console the dames;
Thy husband never was so high in hope."
She pleas'd, departing, spake: "To govern thee
Requires an art which never woman knew,
Nor man; most artful, thou controllest all,
Yet call'st, nay often seem'st, thyself controll'd."
She distant, thus he meditates alone:
"True, when I seem controll'd by others most,
Then most assur'd my enterprise succeeds.
O lib'ral Nature! science, arts acquir'd,
I little value; while thy light supplies
Profuse invention, let capricious chance
With obstacles and dangers gird me round,
I can surmount them all; nor peace, nor war,
Nor all the swift vicissitudes of time,
E'er gave emergency a birth too strong
For me to govern. On this crisis hangs
My future greatness; whether joy or grief
Shall close the term of being, none foreknow;
My penetrating spirit I will trust
Thus far prophetic; for a time, at least,
I will possess authority and pow'r
To fix a name enduring like the Sun."
Thus, in his own strong faculties secure,
To rest he tranquil sunk, and slept till dawn;
Then early rose. Advancing from the shore,
A manly figure he observes, the face
Wrapt in a mantle; as dividing clouds
Reveal th' unmuffled Sun, the mantle cast
Aside discovers the majestic front
Of Aristides, who the silence breaks:
"Dissensions past, as puerile and vain,
Now to forget, and nobly strive who best
Shall serve his country, Aristides warns
His ancient foe Themistocles. I hear
Thou giv'st the best of councils, which the Greeks

Reject, through mean solicitude to fly;
Weak men! throughout these narrow seas the foe
Is station'd now, preventing all escape."
Themistocles, though covetous of fame,
Though envying pow'r in others, was not bred
In horrid deserts, not with savage milk
Of tigers nurs'd, nor bore a ruthless heart.
He thus replied: "With gratitude this foe
Accepts thy welcome news, thy proffer'd aid,
Thy noble challenge; in this glorious race
Be all our strife each other to surpass.
First know my inmost secrets; if the straits
Are all invested with barbarian ships,
The act is mine; of our intended flight
I through Sicinus have appris'd the foes;
Of his success thee messenger I hail."
The exile then: "Such policy denotes
Themistocles; I praise, the Greeks have cause
To bless, thy conduct; teach me now what task
I can achieve; to labour, to advise
With thee commanding, solely to enjoy
The secret pleasure of preserving Greece,
Is my pursuit; the glory all be thine."
"Before the council show that honour'd face,"
Rejoins the chief; "report thy tidings there.
To preparation for immediate fight
Exhort; such notice they would slight in me,
In thee all men believe."—This said, they mov'd.
Them on their way Myronides approach'd,
Xanthippus, Cimon, Æschylus, and all
The captains, fixing reverential eyes
On Aristides; this the wary son
Of Neocles remark'd; he gains the town
Of Salamis, the council there is met;
To them th' illustrious exile he presents,
At whose appearance all th' assembly rise,
Save Adimantus; fast by envy bound,
He sits morose; illib'ral then the word,
As Aristides was in act to speak,
Thus takes: "Bœotia, Attica reduc'd,
The Dorians, Locrians, you already know;
To me this morn intelligence arriv'd,
That Thespia, that Platæa were in flames,
All Phocis conquer'd; thus alone of Greece
The isle of Pelops unsubdu'd remains.
For what is lost, ye Grecians, must we face
Such mightier numbers, while barbarian hate
Lurks in Psyttalia, watching for the wrecks
Of our defeated navy? Shall we pause
Now at the isthmus with united force
To save a precious remnant? Landing there,
Your sailors turn to soldiers, oars to spears;
The only bulwark you have left, defend."
Then Aristides: "Ignominious flight
Necessity forbids; Ægina's shore
Last night I left; from knowledge I report.
The hostile navy bars at either mouth
The narrow strait between Psyttalia's isle
And Salamis, where lie your anchor'd ships.
But shall the Greeks be terrified? What more
Can they solicit of propitious Heav'n,
Than such deluded enemies to face,
Who trust in numbers, yet provoke the fight
Where multitude is fruitless?"—Closing here,
The unassuming exile straight retir'd.
Cleander, ent'ring heard; while Corinth's chief,
Blind with malignity and pride, pursued:
"Her strength must Greece for Attica destroy'd
Waste on the credit of a single tongue,
From Athens banish'd?" Swift Cleander spake:
"Is there in Greece who doubts that righteous tongue,
Save Adimantus? To suspect the truth
Of that illustrious exile, were to prove
Ourselves both false and timid. But enough
Of altercation; from the fleet I come,
The words of Aristides I confirm;
Prepare to fight; no passage have our ships
But through embattled foes."—The council rose.
In this tremendous season thronging round
Th' accomplish'd son of Neocles, their hopes
In his unerring conduct all repose.
Thus on Olympus round their father Jove
The deities collected, when the war
Of Earth's gigantic offspring menac'd Heav'n,
In his omnipotence of arm and mind
Confiding. Eurybiades, supreme
In title, ev'ry leader speeds to act
What great Themistocles suggests; himself,
In all expedients copious, seeks his wife,
Whom he accosts, encircled where she stood
With Attic dames: "Timothea, now rejoice!
The Greeks will fight; to morrow's Sun will give
A glorious day of liberty to Greece.
Assemble thou the women; let the dawn
Behold you spread the Salaminian beach;
In your selected ornaments attir'd,
As when superb processions to the gods
Your presence graces; with your children stand
Encompass'd; cull your fairest daughters, range
Them in the front; alluring be their dress,
Their beauties half discover'd, half conceal'd;
As when you practise on a lover's eye,
Through that soft portal to invade the heart;
So shall the faithful husband from his wife
Catch fire, the father from his blooming race,
The youthful warrior from the maid he loves:
Your looks will sharpen our vindictive swords."
In all the grace of polish'd Athens thus
His charge pronouncing, with a kind embrace
He quits her bosom, nor th' encircling dames
Without respectful admonition leaves
To aid his consort. Grateful in itself
A task she soon begins, which pleases more
As pleasing him. A meadow fresh in green,
Between the sea-beat margin and the walls,
Which bore the island's celebrated name,
Extended large; there oft the Attic fair
In bevies met; Themistocles the ground
To them allotted, that communion soft,
Or pastime, sweetly cheating, might relieve
The sad remembrance of their native homes.
Here at Timothea's summons they conven'd
In multitude beyond the daisies, strewn
Thick o'er the verdure from the lap of Spring,
When most profuse. The wives, the mothers here
Of present heroes, there in bud are seen
The future mothers of immortal sons,
Of Socrates, of Plato, who to birth
Had never sprung if Xerxes had prevail'd,
Or would have liv'd barbarians. On a mount
Timothea plac'd, her graceful lips unclos'd:
"Ye wives, ye mothers, and ye fair betroth'd,
Your husbands, sons, and suitors claim that aid
You have to give, and never can so well.
A glorious day of liberty to Greece
Expect to morrow; of the glorious scene
Become spectators; in a bridal dress,
Ye wives, [illegible] with your tender babes,
Ye rev'rend matrons, in your sumptuous robes,

As when superb processions to the gods
Your presence graces; but ye future brides,
Now maids, let all th' allurement of attire
Enhance your beauties to th' enamour'd eye:
So from the face he loves shall ev'ry youth
Catch fire, with animating passion look
On her, and conquer. Thus Cecropia's maids,
Who left their country rather than abide
Impure compulsion to barbarian beds,
Or ply the foreign loom with servile hands,
Shall live to see their hymeneal morn;
Bless'd in heroic husbands, shall transmit
To late posterity the Attic name.
And you, whose exemplary steps began
Our glorious emigration, you shall see
Your lords, your sons, in triumph to your homes
Return, ye matrons"—"O, with them will die,
If fortune frown," Laodice aloud;
"For this I hold a poniard; ere endure
A Persian yoke, will pierce this female heart."
Enthusiastic ardour seems to change
Their sex; with manlike firmness all consent
To meet Timothea there by early dawn
In chosen raiment, and with weapons arm'd,
As chance should furnish. Thus Timothea sway'd,
The emulator of her husband's art,
But ne'er beyond immaculate intent;
At her suggestion interpos'd her friend
Laodice, the consort young and fair
Of bold Aminias, train'd by naval Mars,
From the same bed with Æschylus deriv'd.
Trœzene's leader, passing by, admir'd
The gen'rous flame, but secretly rejoic'd
In Ariphilia at Calauria safe;
He to thy tent, Themistocles, was bound.
Thee to Sicinus list'ning, just return'd
From his successful course, Cleander found,
Thee of thy dear Timothea first inform'd,
While thou didst smile applause. The youth
pursued:
"From Aristides I deputed come;
He will adventure from Psyttalia's isle
This night to chase the foe, if thou concur
In help and counsel: bands of Attic youth,
Superfluous force excluded from the fleet,
With ready arms the enterprise demand;
Them, with his troop, Oilean Medon joins."
"A noble Grecian, sage, experienc'd, brave,"
Returns the chief; "my answer is concise:
Sicinus, fly! their pinnaces and skiffs
Command th' Athenian vessels to supply
At Aristides' call; th' attempt is wise,
Becoming such a soldier; thou remain
With him, to bring me tidings of success."
Swift as a stone from Balearic slings,
Sicinus hastens to th' Athenian fleet;
Cleander light th' important order bears
To Aristides, whose exalted voice
Collects the handling youth. So gen'rous hounds
The huntsman's call obey; with ringing peals
Their throats in tune delight Aurora's ear;
They pant impatient for the scented field,
Devour in thought the victims of their speed,
Nor dread the rav'nous wolf, nor tusky boar,
Nor lion, king of beasts. The exile feels
Returning warmth, like some neglected steed
Of noblest temper, from his wonted haunts
Who long hath languish'd in the lazy stall;
Call'd forth, he paws, he snuffs th' enliv'ning air,
His strength he proffers in a cheerful neigh
To scour the vale, to mount the shelving hill,
Or dash from thickets close the sprinkling dew.
He thus to Medon: "Of Psyttalia's shore
That eastern flat contains the Persian chief,
Known by his standard; with four thousand youths
Make thy impression there; the western end
Our foes neglect, a high and craggy part;
But Nature there through perforated rock
Hath left a passage, with its mouth above
Conceal'd in bushes; this, to me well known,
I will possess; thence rushing, will surround
The unsuspecting Persian. Darkness falls;
Let all embark; at midnight ply the oar."
They hear and march; allotted seats they take
Aboard the skiffs Sicinus had prepar'd,
Impatient waiting, but impatience keeps
Her peace. The second watch is now elaps'd,
That baneful season, mark'd in legends old,
When death-controlling sorcery compell'd
Unwilling spirits back to mortal clay
Entomb'd, when dire Thessalian charmers call'd
Down from her orb the pallid queen of night,
And Hell's tremendous avenues unclos'd;
To Asia's mothers now of real bane,
Who soon must wail ten thousand slaughter'd sons.
The boats in order move; full-fac'd the Moon
Extends the shadows of a thousand masts
Across the mirror of cerulean floods,
Which feel no ruffling wind. A western course
With his division Aristides steers,
The Locrian eastward; by whose dashing oars
A guard is rous'd, not timely to obstruct
His firm descent, yet ready on the strand
To give him battle. Medon's spear by fate
Is wielded; Locrians and Athenians sweep
The foes before them; numbers fresh maintain
Unceasing conflict, till on ev'ry side
His reinforcement Aristides pours,
And turns the fight to carnage: by his arm
Before a tent of stately structure sinks
Autarctus brave in death. The twilight breaks
On heaps of slaughter; not a Persian lives
But Artamanes, from whose youthful brow
The beaver sever'd by th' auspicious steel
Of Medon, show'd a well-remember'd face;
The Locrian swift embrac'd him, and began:
"Deserve my kindness by some grateful news
Of Melibœus and the Delphian priest;
Not Æschylus in pity shall exceed
My care in this thy second captive state."
His grateful news the Persian thus repeats:
"Nicæa, fort of Locris, them contains;
Though pris'ners, happy in the guardian care
Of Artemisia. What disastrous sight!
Autarctus there lies prostrate in his blood.
Oh, I must throw me at the victor's feet!"
He went, by Medon introduc'd to kneel;
Forbid by Aristides, he began:
"My own compassion to solicit yours,
Without disgrace might bend a satrap's knee;
I have a tale of sorrow to unfold,
Might soften hearts less humaniz'd and just
Than yours, O gen'rous Grecians! In that tent
The widow'd wife of this late envied prince,
Young, royal matron—twenty annual Suns
She hath not told—three infants."—At these words
The righteous man of Athens stays to hear
No more; he gains the tent, he enters, views
Sandauce, silent in majestic woe,
With her three children in their eastern vests

Of gems and gold; urbanity forbids
To interrupt the silence of her grief;
Sicinus, waiting nigh, he thus enjoins:
"Thou, born a Persian, from a ghastly stage
Of massacre and terrour these transport
To thy own lord, Themistocles; the spoils
Are his, not mine. Could words of comfort heal
Calamity thus sudden and severe,
I would instruct thy tongue; but mute respect
Is all thy pow'r can give, or she receive.
Apprise the gen'ral that Psyttalia's coast
I will maintain with Medon, from the wrecks
To save our friends, our enemies destroy."
He then withdraws; Athenians he commands
Autarctus' body to remove from sight;
When her pavilion now Sandauce leaves,
Preceded by Sicinus. On the ground
She bends her aspect, not a tear she drops
To ease her swelling heart; by eunuchs led,
Her infants follow; while a troop of slaves,
With folded arms across their heaving breasts,
The sad procession close. To Medon here
Spake Artamanes: "O humane! permit
Me to attend this princess, and console
At least, companion of her woes, bewail
A royal woman from Darius sprung."
Him not a moment now his friend detains;
At this affecting season he defers
Inquiry more of Melibœus, known
Safe in Nicæa; Persia's youth departs;
The mournful train for Salamis embark.

BOOK VI.

Bright pow'r, whose presence wakens on the face
Of Nature all her beauties, gilds the floods,
The crags and forests, vine-clad hills and fields,
Where Ceres, Pan, and Bacchus in thy beams
Rejoice; O Sun! thou o'er Athenian tow'rs,
The citadel and fanes in ruin huge,
Dost rising now illuminate a scene
More new, more wondrous, to thy piercing eye,
Than ever time disclos'd. Phaleron's wave
Presents three thousand barks in pendants rich;
Spectators, clust'ring like Hymettian bees,
Hang on the burden'd shrouds, the bending yards,
The reeling masts; the whole Cecropian strand,
Far as Eleusis, seat of mystic rites,
Is throng'd with millions, male and female race
Of Asia and of Libya, rank'd on foot,
On horses, camels, cars. Ægaleos tall,
Half down his long declivity where spreads
A mossy level, on a throne of gold
Displays the king environ'd by his court
In oriental pomp; the hill behind,
By warriors cover'd, like some trophy huge,
Ascends in varied arms and banners clad;
Below the monarch's feet th' immortal guard,
Line under line, erect their gaudy spears;
Th' arrangement, shelving downward to the beach,
Is edg'd by chosen horse. With blazing steel
Of Attic arms encircled, from the deep
Psyttalia lifts her surface to the sight,
Like Ariadne's heav'n-bespangling crown,
A wreath of stars; beyond, in dread array,
The Grecian fleet, four hundred gallies, fill
The Salaminian straits; barbarian prows
In two divisions point to either mouth
Six hundred brazen beaks of tow'r-like ships,
Unwieldy bulks; the gently-swelling soil
Of Salamis, rich island, bounds the view.
Along her silver-sanded verge array'd,
The men at arms exalt their naval spears
Of length terrific. All the tender sex,
Rank'd by Timothea, from a green ascent
Look down in beauteous order on their sires,
Their husbands, lovers, brothers, sons, prepar'd
To mount the rolling deck. The younger dames
In bridal robes are clad; the matrons sage
In solemn raiment, worn on sacred days;
But white in vesture like their maiden breasts,
Where Zephyr plays, uplifting with his breath
The loosely-waving folds, a chosen line
Of Attic graces in the front is plac'd;
From each fair head the tresses fall, entwin'd
With newly-gather'd flowrets; chaplets gay
The snowy hand sustains; the native curls,
O'ershading half, augment their pow'rful charms;
While Venus, temper'd by Minerva, fills
Their eyes with ardour, pointing ev'ry glance
To animate, not soften. From on high
Her large controlling orbs Timothea rolls,
Surpassing all in stature, not unlike
In majesty of shape the wife of Jove,
Presiding o'er the empyreal fair.
Below, her consort in resplendent arms
Stands near an altar; there the victim bleeds,
The entrails burn; the fervent priest invokes
The Eleutherian pow'rs. Sicinus comes,
Sandauce follows; and in sumptuous vests,
Like infant Castor and his brother fair,
Two boys; a girl like Helen, ere she threw
Delicious poison from her fatal eyes,
But tripp'd in blameless childhood o'er the meads
Of sweet Amyclæ, her maternal seat:
Nor less with beauty was Sandauce grac'd
Than Helen's mother, Leda, who enthrall'd
Th' Olympian god. A starting look the priest
Cast on the children; eager by the hand
Themistocles he grasp'd, and thus aloud:
"Accept this omen! At th' auspicious sight
Of these young captives, from the off'ring burst
Unwonted light; Fate's volume is unroll'd,
Where victory is written in their blood.
To Bacchus, styl'd Devourer, on this isle,
Amid surrounding gloom, a temple hoar
By time remains; to Bacchus I devote
These splendid victims; while his altar smokes,
With added force thy prow shall pierce the foe,
And conquest sit triumphant on thy mast."
So spake religious lips; the people heard,
Believing heard:—"To Bacchus, Bacchus give
The splendid victims!" hoarse acclaim resounds.
Myronides, Xanthippus, Cimon good,
Brave Æschylus, each leader is unmann'd
By horrour, save the cool, sagacious son
Of Neocles. The prophet he accosts:
"Wise, Euphrantides, are thy holy words!
To that propitious god these children bear;
Due time apply from each barbarian slain
To purify their limbs; attentive watch
The signal rais'd for onset; then employ
Thy pious [illegible] of Heav'n."
The chiefs amaz'd, the priest applauding look'd.
A young, a beauteous mother of this doom
Of her dear [illegible] unaware. Not her locks
She tore, nor beat in agony her breast,
Nor shriek'd in frenzy; frozen, mute, she stands,

Like Niobe just changing into stone,
Ere yet sad moisture had a passage found
To flow, the emblem of maternal grief:
At length the rigour of her tender limbs
Dissolving, Artamanes bears away
Her fainting burden, while th' inhuman seer
To slaughter leads her infants. Ev'ry eye
On them is turn'd. Themistocles, unmark'd
By others, beck'ning draws Sicinus nigh,
In secret thus commission'd: "Choose a band
From my entrusted menials; swift o'ertake,
Like an assistant join this holy man;
Not dead, but living, shall these infant heads
Avail the Grecians. When the direful grove,
Impenetrably dark'ning, black with night,
That antiquated seat of horrid rites,
You reach, bid Euphrantides, in my name,
This impious, fruitless homicide forbear;
If he refuse, his savage zeal restrain
By force."—This said, his disencumber'd thoughts
For instant fight prepare; with matchless art
To rouse the tend'rest passions of the soul
In aid of duty, from the altar's height,
His voice persuasive, audible, and smooth,
To battle thus his countrymen inflames:
"Ye pious sons of Athens, on that slope
Behold your mothers! husbands, fathers, see
Your wives and race! before such objects dear,
Such precious lives defending, you must wield
The pond'rous naval spear; ye gallant youths,
Look on those lovely maids, your destin'd brides,
Who of their pride have disarray'd the meads
To bind your temples with triumphal wreaths;
Can you do less than conquer in their sight,
Or, conquer'd, perish? Women ne'er deserv'd
So much from men; yet what their present claim?
That by your prowess their maternal seat
They may revisit; that Cecropia's gates
May yield them entrance to their own abodes,
There meritorious to reside in peace.
Who *cheerful, who magnanimous,* those homes
To hostile flames, their tender limbs resign'd
To all the hardships of this crowded spot,
For preservation of the Attic name,
Laws, rites, and manners.' Do your women ask
Too much, along their native streets to move
With grateful chaplets for Minerva's shrine,
To view th' august Acropolis again,
And in procession celebrate your deeds?
Ye men of Athens! shall those blooming buds
Of innocence and beauty, who disclose
Their snowy charms by chastity reserv'd
For your embraces, shall those spotless maids
Abide compulsion to barbarian beds?
Their Attic arts and talents be debas'd
In Persian bondage? Shall Cephissian banks,
Callirhoë's fountain, and Ilissus pure,
Shall sweet Hymettus never hear again
Their graceful step rebounding from the turf,
With you companions in the choral dance,
Enamour'd youths, who court their nuptial hands?"
A gen'ral pæan intercepts his voice;
On ringing shields the spears in cadence beat,
While notes more soft, but, issued from manly lips,
Far more inspiring, to the martial song
Unnumber'd daughters of Cecropia join.
Such interruption pleas'd the artful chief,
Who said no more. Descending, swift he caught
The favourable moment; he embark'd,
All ardent follow'd; on his deck conven'd,
Myronides, Xanthippus, Cimon bold,
Aminias, Æschylus, he thus exhorts:
"My brave associates, publish o'er the fleet,
That I have won the Asian Greeks, whom force
Not choice against us ranges, to retain [blood."
Their weapons sheath'd, unting'd with kindred
Not less magnanimous, and more inflam'd,
Mardonius too ascends the stately deck
Of Ariabignes; there each leader, call'd
To hear the royal mandate, he address'd:
"Behold your king, enclos'd by watchful scribes,
Unfolding volumes like the rolls of Fate!
The brave, the fearful, character'd will stand
By name, by lineage there; his searching eye
Will note your actions, to dispense rewards
Of wealth and rank, or punishment and shame
Irrevocably doom. But see a spoil
Beyond the power of Xerxes to bestow,
By your own prowess singly to be won,
Those beauteous women; emblems they of Greece,
Show what a country you are come to share.
Can victory be doubtful in this cause?
Who can be slow when riches, honours, fame,
His sov'reign's smile, and beauty, are the prize?
Now lift the signal for immediate fight."
He spake applauded; in his rapid skiff
Was wafted back to Xerxes, who enthron'd
High on Ægaleos anxious sat to view
A scene which Nature never yet display'd,
Nor fancy feign'd. The theatre was Greece,
Mankind spectators; equal to that stage
Themistocles, great actor! by the pow'r
Of fiction present in his teeming soul,
Blends confidence with courage, on the Greeks
Imposing firm belief in heav'nly aid.
"I see, I see divine Eleusis shoot
A spiry flame auspicious tow'rds the fleet.
I see the bless'd Æcidæ; the ghosts
Of Telamon and Peleus, Ajax there,
There bright Achilles buoyant on the gale,
Stretch from Ægina their propitious hands.
I see a woman! It is Pallas! Hark!
She calls! How long, insensate men, your prows
Will you keep back, and victory suspend?"
He gives the signal. With impetuous heat
Of zeal and valour, urging sails and oars,
Th' Athenians dash the waters, which disturb'd,
Combine their murmur with unnumber'd shouts;
The gallies rush along like gliding clouds,
That utter hollow thunder as they sweep
A distant ridge of hills. The crowded lines
Of Xerxes' navy, in the straits confus'd,
Through their own weight and multitude ill steer'd,
Are pierc'd by diff'rent squadrons, which their chiefs,
Each with his tribe, to dreadful onset led.
Th' unerring skill of Pallas seem'd to form,
Then guide their just arrangement. None surpass'd
The effort bold of Æschylus; two ships
Of large construction, boast of naval Tyre,
His well-directed beak, o'erlaid with brass,
Transpierces; Attic Neptune whelms his floods
O'er either found'ring bulk. Three more, by flight
Wreck'd on Psyttalia, yield their victim crews
To Aristides; vigilant and dire
Against the ravager of Greece he stood,
Like that Hesperian dragon, wakeful guard
To Atlantean fruit. Th' intrepid son
Of Neocles, disdaining meaner spoil
Than Asia's king-born admiral, with sails
Outspread to fresh'ning breezes, swiftly steer'd

By Ariabignes, crashing as he pass'd
The triple tire of oars; then grappling, pour'd
His fierce assailants on the splendid poop.
To this attack the gallant prince oppos'd
His royal person; three Athenians bleed
Beneath him; but Themistocles he meets.
Seed of Darius, Ariabignes falls
In Xerxes' view, by that unrivall'd chief
Whose arm, whose conduct, Destiny that day
Obey'd, while Fortune steady on her wheel
Look'd smiling down. The regal flag descends,
The democratic standard is uprear'd,
Where that proud name of Eleutheria shines
In characters of silver. Xerxes feels
A thrilling horrour, such as pierc'd the soul
Of pale Belshazzar, last on Ninus' throne,
When in the pleasures of his festive board
He saw the hand portentous on the wall
Of Babylon's high palace write his doom,
With great Assyria's downfall. Caria's queen
Not long continues in a distant post,
Where blood-stain'd billows on her active oars
Dash thick-adhering foam; tremendous sight
To Adimantus, who before her flies
With his dismay'd Corinthians! She suspends
Pursuit; her sov'reign's banner to redeem
Advances; furious in her passage sends
Two ships to perish in the green abyss
With all their numbers; this her sov'reign sees,
Exclaiming loud, "My women fight like men,
The men like women." Fruitless yet her skill,
Her courage vain; Themistocles was there;
Cilicians, Cyprians shunn'd his tow'ring flag
On Ariabignes' mast. The efforts joint
Of gallant Trœzen and Ægina broke
Th' Egyptian line, whose chief-commanding deck
Presents a warrior to Cleander's eye,
A warrior bright in gold, for valour more
Conspicuous still than radiancy of arms.
Cleander him assails; now front to front,
Each on his grappled gunnel firm maintains
A fight still dubious, when their pointed beaks
Auxiliar Æschylus and Cimon strike
Deep in the hostile ship, whose found'ring weight,
Swift from her grapples loosen'd by the shock,
Th' affrighted master on Psyttalia drives
A prey to Medon. Then th' Egyptians fly,
Phœnicians, fam'd on oriental waves,
Resign the day. Mironides in chase,
Xanthippus, Cimon, bold Aminias gor'd
The shatter'd planks; the undefended decks
Ran purple. Boist'rous hurricanes, which sweep
In blasts unknown to European climes
The western world remote, had Nature call'd
Their furies hither, so with wrecks and dead
Had strewn the floods, disfigur'd thus the strands.
Behold Cleander from achievements high
Bears down with all Trœzene's conqu'ring line
On Artemisia: yet she stops awhile,
In pious care to save the floating corse
Of Ariabignes; this perform'd, retreats;
With her last effort whelming, as she steer'd,
One Grecian more beneath devouring waves,
Retreats illustrious. So in trails of light
To Night's embrace departs the golden Sun,
Still in remembrance shining; none believe
His rays impair'd, none doubt his rise again
In wonted splendour to emblaze the sky.
Laconian Eurybiades engag'd
Secure of conquest; his division held
The eastern straits, where loose Pamphylians spread
A timid canvass, Hellespontine Greeks,
Ionians, Dorians, and Æolians rear'd
Unwilling standards. A Phœnician crew,
Cast on the strand, approach th' imperial throne,
Accusing these of treachery. By chance
A bold Ionian, active in the fight,
To Xerxes true, that moment in his ken
Bears down an Attic ship.—Aloud the king:
"Scribes, write the name of that Ionic chief,
His town, his lineage. Guards, surround these slaves,
Who, fugitive themselves, traduce the brave;
Cut off their heads:" the order is perform'd.
A favour'd lord, expressing in his look
A sign of pity, to partake their doom
The tyrant wild commands. Argestes' heart
Admits a secret joy at Persia's foil;
He trusts that, blind by fear, th' uncertain prince
To him his wonted favour would restore,
Would crush Mardonius, author of the war,
Beneath his royal vengeance; or that chief,
By adverse fate oppress'd, his sway resign.
But as the winds or thunders never shook
Deep-rooted Ætna, nor the pregnant clouds
Discharg'd a flood extinguishing his fires,
Which inexhausted boil the surging mass
Of fumy sulphur; so this grim event
Shook not Mardonius, in whose bosom glow'd
His courage still unquench'd, despising Chance
With all her band of evils. In himself
Collected, on calamity he founds
A new, heroic structure in his mind,
A plan of glory forms to conquer Greece
By his own prowess, or by death atone
For his unprosp'rous counsels. Xerxes now,
Amid the wrecks and slaughter in his sight,
Distracted vents his disappointed pride:
"Have I not sever'd from the side of Thrace
Mount Athos? bridg'd the Hellespont? Go, fill
Yon sea; construct a causeway broad and firm;
As o'er a plain my army shall advance
To overwhelm th' Athenians in their isle."
He rises; back to Athens he repairs.
Sequester'd, languid, him Mardonius finds,
Deliv'ring bold this soldierly address:
"Be not discourag'd, sov'reign of the world!
Not oars, not sails and timber, can decide
Thy enterprise sublime. In shifting strife,
By winds and billows govern'd, may contend
The sons of traffic; on the solid plain
The gen'rous steed and soldier; they alone
Thy glory must establish, where no swell
Of fickle floods, nor breath of casual gales,
Assist the skilful coward, and control,
By Nature's wanton but resistless might,
The brave man's arm. Unaided by her hand,
Not one of these light mariners will face
Thy regal presence at the isthmian fence
To that small part of yet unconquer'd Greece
The land of Europe. Seek the Spartans there;
There let the slain Leonidas revive
With all his warriors whom thy pow'r destroy'd;
A second time their gen'rous blood shall give
The world of Asia. Sons of those who [illegible]
Th' Assyrian, [illegible] from their [illegible]
Thy Medes and Persians, whose triumphant [illegible]
From distant shores of Hellespont [illegible]
Such martial nations, have thy trophies rais'd
In Athens, bold aggressor; they shall plant
Before thy sight, on fam'd Eurota's shore,

Th' imperial standard, and repair the shame
Of that uncertain flutt'ring naval flag,
The sport of winds." The monarch's look betray'd
That to expose his person was the least
Of his resolves. Mardonius pierc'd his thoughts,
And thus in manly policy pursued:
"If Susa, long forlorn, at length may claim
The royal presence; if the gracious thought
Of his return inspire my sov'reign's breast
Throughout his empire to rekindle joy;
Let no dishonour on thy Persians fall,
Thy Medes; not they accomplices in flight
With vile Egyptians, with Cilicians base,
Pamphylians, Cyprians. Let not Greece deride
A baffled effort in a gallant race
Who under Cyrus triumph'd, whom to fame
Darius led, and thou with recent wreaths,
O conqueror of Athens! hast adorn'd.
Soce they are blameless, though thy will decree
Thy own return, and wisely would secure
Superfluous millions in their native homes,
Before chill Winter in his barren arms
Constrain the genial Earth; yet leave behind
But thirty myriads of selected bands
To my command, I pledge my head that Greece
Shall soon be Persia's vassal." Xerxes, pleas'd,
Concealing yet that pleasure, artful thus:
"Deliberation to thy counsel due
Shall be devoted;" call the Carian queen.
She then was landed; through Cecropia's streets
A solemn bier she follow'd, where the corse
Of Ariabignes lay. Mardonius met,
And thus address'd her: "Meritorious dame,
Of all the myriads whom retreat hath sav'd,
Hail! crown'd with honour! Xerxes through my voice
Requires thy counsel to decide on mine.
I add no more; thy wisdom, candour, faith
I trust: without a murmur will submit
To thy decision, but to thine alone.
My care shall tend that clay, among the dead
Perhaps the only glorious."—She departs.
He seeks the Magi, greeted in these words:
"Receive this body, all which now remains
Of Ariabignes; let no dirge deplore
Him as unhappy; Horomazes smiles
On such a death; your lamentations vent
On human nature, humbled and debas'd
By cowards, traitors, who surviv'd this day,
Ne'er to outlive their shame. Ye vet'ran bands
Of Medes and Persians, who surround in tears
These honour'd relics; warriors who subdued
The banks of Nile, where Hyperanthes fought,
And late with me through Macedon and Thrace
Swept like a whirlwind; change your grief to rage,
To confidence that, unresisted still,
You on the plain recov'ring what by sea
Is lost, avenging this illustrious dead,
From this enthrall'd metropolis of Greece
Shall carry devastation, sword, and flames
To Lacedæmon, now your only foe."
The native Medes and Persians at his words
Are fir'd, in strength, in courage, not unlike
Their brave commander, look all forth beheld
Th' inferior herds of nations. Now the Sun
Glows on the ocean. To his tent retires
Mardonius; sternly in his wounded soul
The late disgrace of Xerxes he revolves,
Yet soothes his anguish by reliv'ning hope
Of glory. Thus the tawny king of beasts,
Who o'er Numidian wastes hath lost a day
In fruitless chase, of wonted food depriv'd,
Growls in his den; but meditates a range,
Enlarg'd and ceaseless, through unbounded woods,
To glut his empty maw. Her charge perform'd,
Before him sudden Artemisia stands.
As Cynthia steps unveil'd from sable clouds
On some benighted traveller, who beats
A path untried, but persevering firm
With undiminish'd vigour, well deserves
Her succ'ring light,—the queen in cheering smiles
Accosts the hero: "I have seen the king,
Have heard thy counsel, have approv'd, confirm'd,
Thy spirit, son of Gobryas, I applaud.
Thou, not discourag'd by our foul defeat,
From this unwieldy multitude the brave
Wouldst separate, and boldly at their head
Thy life adventure. Xerxes may assume
A doubtful aspect. Counsel given by thee,
By me approv'd, Argestes may oppose
With all his malice. Only thou suppress
The fiery sparks which animate thy blood;
In patience wait; thy dictates will prevail,
Our common vengeance too that traitor feel,
Whom I saw lurking near the king's retreat.
Farewell."—She leaves him happy in her voice
Of approbation, happier in her eye,
Which spoke for his prosperity a wish;
That eye, enlightening her majestic face
With added lustre, from his grateful sense
Of her transcendent talents thus applied
To his behoof. His manly bosom feels,
Beyond a veneration of her worth,
Beyond a friendship to her friendship due,
Desire of her society in war,
Perhaps in peace. Participated thoughts
With her, united counsels, he esteems
A gain to both. His high-aspiring soul
Enjoys the thought, nor entertains a shade
Of jealousy or envy at her fame.
He ruminates: observing her advice,
"I shall succeed." Then starting—"Earth and Heaven!
Where is Masistius! Oh, ungen'rous heart!
Which on the scent of its ambitious chase
Forgot that best of counsellors and guides,
Friend of my infant, youthful, manly age!
If he be lost!—Oh, ominous the thought!
Masistius lost!—My fortune, hopes, and joys,
My virtues are no more!"—He rushes wild
Abroad; commands a gen'ral search; himself
Down to the port precipitates his course.
The son of Gobryas and the Carian queen
Were thus removed. Argestes in that hour
Obtain'd access to Xerxes. Cold with fear,
By fortune tam'd, tormented still by pride,
Th' uncertain king to him their counsel told;
When thus Argestes, feigning wonder, spake:
"Dost thou appoint Mardonius king in Greece?
O liberal prince! what servant in thy train
Would not confront all danger to possess
An empire, which the Hellespont alone
Will bound? Already Macedonia's lord,
Young Alexander, all the Thracian chiefs,
Like humble vassals, to Mardonius bend.
Why should the king himself not conquer Greece,
Now more than half reduc'd? Complete the work
Appointed; choke the Salaminian floods;
O'erwhelm th' Athenians in their isle, and reign

Thyself supreme." The monarch starts, and wild
In look, commands Argestes to pursue
Th' impracticable toil with all the host;
Then, stretch'd along, in vain solicits rest.

BOOK VII.

Meantime while Venus from her Colian dome,
Which o'er Phaleron cast a holy shade,
Beheld the shatter'd fleet of Xerxes driv'n
To refuge there precarious; from pursuit
Recall'd, the Greeks, observant of their laws,
Applied their pious labour to collect
Their floating dead, and send with honours due
Such glorious manes to the blest abodes.
With artful assiduity remain'd
Themistocles presiding, so to court
Religion's favour. From the solemn toil,
Accomplish'd now, to Salaminian strands
He veers; the slain are landed; then his deck
Himself forsakes. As Neptune, when the winds,
His ministers of anger to o'erwhelm
The pride of daring mortals, have fulfill'd
His stern behests, and shook the vast profound,
At length composing his afflicted reign,
Serene from sated vengeance seeks the arms
Of Amphitrite, watching his return
With soft impatience in her placid grot
Amidst encircling Nereids; so the chief
To his Timothea in triumphant pace
Advances. She that day had never left
The beach; surrounded by Athenian fair,
She rushes forward to his wish'd embrace.
He stops; defil'd by slaughter, robs his heart
Of such delights, and elegantly thus:
"O all-surpassing woman, do not dye
That lovely bosom in barbarian gore;
The blood of Ariabignes, not my own,
Encrusts thy husband's cuirass." She replies:
"Since not thy own, but hostile crimson stains
Thy manly chest, Timothea will partake
The honourable dye. O man divine!
Thus for the public with a public kiss
Thee I salute, thee saviour of all Greece,
Thee scourge of Asia; thus will ev'ry wife
Her husband; sisters, daughters thus enfold
Their brothers, sires; their tender hands like mine,
Like mine their panting breasts, in transport bear
These glorious marks of victory. Behold
Those damsels pure, whose maidenly reserve
Forbids such rapture; they in smiles, in tears
Of gratitude and gladness, on the heads
Of gallant youths triumphal garlands place."
Laodice is nigh; she quits th' embrace
Of her Aminias, and accosts the chief:
"Think'st thou, O Neocles, the dames
Of Athens shrink to see barbarian blood,
Who would have spilt their own, had Fortune
frown'd;
Had you, our slaughter'd husbands, left your wives
No other choice than servitude or death?"
"Fair dame, united to the bravest chief,"
In smiles he answers, "Fortune more benign
Preserv'd those husbands for the happiest lot,
Society with you. In holy brine
Of Neptune's flood permit them now to lave,
That love in bridal decency may greet
Athenian wives. Ye men of Athens, vote
That ev'ry youth and ev'ry maid betroth'd
To night be wedded." This the gen'ral voice
Confirms a law. His winning words dispers'd
Th' obedient fair; each warrior in the deep
Immers'd his limbs, while Phœbe's argent wheels
Their track pursuing through unclouded skies,
Diffuse around serenity and light.
To his Timothea's mansion soon repair'd
Themistocles; Sicinus there he found,
Who earnest thus address'd him: "Thrice I hail
My lord victorious; from thy servant's lips
Now hear a tale to melt the stoniest hearts
Of all but Euphrantides, yet with joy
Reward compassion.—To the sable grove,
Where yew and cypress veil'd the hoary walls
Of homicidal Bacchus, swift I led
My choice companions; to the seer I told
Thy pleasure; he indignant heard, and forc'd
The victims forward to the fane abhorr'd.
I follow'd careful, still in patient hope
That he, though slow, would uncompell'd submit
To thy commanding will; we enter'd all;
Sandauce there at length her silence broke,
Whom from her infants none so fell to part.
"'O house of great Darius! where will end
Thy woes? How many of thy sons are fall'n!
Sad Ariana, sacrifice to love!
Thou sleep'st; thy wretched sister lives to see
Her children butcher'd'.—On the pavement damp
She threw her limbs, she clasp'd her lovely babes;
They shudd'ring view Sandauce in distress;
Too young to know their danger, they bewail
Their mother, not themselves. The captive youth,
Still sedulous and tender, from the spot,
Where as in shackles of despair she lay,
Essay'd in vain to raise her. Now the seer,
Who in my look determination saw,
Approach'd the loathsome idol, foul by age,
In fell presumption utt'ring thus his wrath:
"'These victims, Bacchus, did my voice devote
To thy neglected altar; of thy spoil
Themistocles defrauds thee; on his head
Let fall thy vengeance, not on mine, stern god!'
"This heard, the willing captives I remov'd
From that grim seat of terrour to these walls
Of hospitality." Sicinus clos'd,
When Aristides enter'd. "Hail," he said,
"Well hast thou done, Themistocles! behold
Me come attendant on illustrious dead,
Whom on Psyttalia cast I bring to share
The public funeral honours."—"I salute
Thee too," the son of Neocles return'd;
"Our noble strife to serve the public best
We both have well commenc'd. Prepare thee now
To give thy counsel on my new device
For better service still. Our climate holds
All Asia now, her princes, wealth, and arms;
I can detain her, till consuming time
By famine, sword, and pestilence, exhaust
Her strength, and cover Greece with Persian graves."
"Too high thy ardour mounts," replies the sage;
Forbear to think of strength'ning such a pow'r
By desperation. To the feeble brute
Necessity gives courage. Such a host
Of [illegible] and steeds innum'rous on [illegible]
By nature [illegible] compell'd
[illegible] might blast our budding hopes.
Ah! rather [illegible]
To send the Persians back; [illegible]
Let pestilence pursue their tedious flight,
Depriv'd of succour from their vanquish'd fleet,

Which do thou chase and bury in the waves.
Farewell! my post demands me. Since their foil,
I have observ'd the enemies employ'd
In wild attempts to fill the strait profound
Between Psyttalia and th' Athenian shore."
He gone, these thoughts Themistocles revolves:
"I will adopt his counsel, safe for Greece,
Nor less for me; his banishment prolong'd
Will discontent the people, and repeal'd
Place him commander in th' Athenian camp
To rival me. Discouraging the war
By land, confining to the sea our strength,
I shall secure preeminence." From thought
To action turn'd, Sicinus he bespake:
"Before my presence all the captives bring."
As Bacchus, no devourer, in a smile
Of heav'nly sweetness, proffer'd soft relief
To Ariadne, when forlorn she sat,
Her fate deploring on the Naxian rock;
So gracious, so consoling were the looks
Themistocles assum'd, in soothing phrase
Accosting thus Sandauce: "Thou shalt prove,
So shall thy royal house, afflicted fair!
A cordial friend in me. Sicinus, haste;
Equip the bark which eastern colours dress,
That, ere the Moon forsake her lucid path,
Thou mayst transport this princess to the king,
Her infant train, and this ingenuous youth,
With my best greetings. Say, the Athenian chief,
Themistocles, these pledges of his truth
And friendship sends; them rescued I restore,
Him next will save. His Hellespontine bridge
The Greeks vindictive menace to destroy,
An enterprise of horrour; this my pow'r,
My dictates singly can and shall impede,
Till he in safety hath regain'd his throne."
Sandauce answers: "O thou gen'rous Greek,
To thee, to thine, may Fortune ne'er be cold.
But I, partaker of imperial pomp,
In ease, in safety nurtur'd, who have deem'd
My state above the sorrows which torment
Inferior mortals, when my soul reflects
On this new lesson by misfortune taught,
Reflects how lately on a field of blood,
Young as I am, I saw my husband fall,
My children doom'd to sacrifice, myself
To endless bondage, had not Heav'n achiev'd
This marvel of compassion in a foe,
I, (O forgive me!) I suspect the lot
Of all, ev'n thine. O prosp'rous, godlike man,
May Horomazes from thy head avert
Vicissitudes like mine! may envious Fate
Ne'er bring Sandauce's gratitude to proof!
Thou never want the pity thou hast shown!"
She ceas'd; she wept. When Artamanes spake:
"Her debt Sandauce can discharge alone
By grateful tears; but I can promise more.
In Persian thraldom lies a beauteous Greek,
Nam'd Amarantha, Delphian Timon's child;
For that bright maid's redemption I am pledg'd
To her afflicted sire. Thy goodness shower'd
On this excelling princess, shall augment
My zeal the obligation to repay
By Amarantha's freedom; till that hour
Of retribution to thy [illegible]
We will proclaim them; nations shall admire
Themistocles, and ev'ry heart abhor
Inhuman Euphrantides." Now return'd
Sicinus; him they follow'd. On her breast
The lovely mother hush'd her female babe;
But cold with horrour at remembrance deep
Of her unmateh'd calamities that day,
She feebly falter'd o'er the sandy beach;
While Artamanes led in either hand
The tripping boys. Themistocles remain'd
In these reflections, flowing from this proof
Of Fortune's changes: "Few in Athens long
Sustain their greatness—but to muse on ills
Before they come, both time and thought I waste;
Content at present that esteem procur'd,
By this fair Persian, in her brother's court,
May prove a gain." Timothea now approach'd;
His hand affectionate she press'd and spake:
"How sudden thou my hospitable cares
Of their endearing object hast depriv'd!
In woe how graceful is that eastern dame!
How young a mother! On a widow'd bed
How early cast by Fortune! Thou hast sent
Sicinus with her; ever-watchful man,
Some new contrivance thou dost bring to birth;
Thou smil'st in silence; listen then to me.
Since Aristides on this isle hath shown
That face rever'd, when banish'd, his recall
The men of Athens, nay the women wish.
This by Aminias to th' assembled tribes,
Laodice informs me, will be mov'd;
In this expect Myronides the brave,
Xanthippus, Cimon, Æschylus will join."—
"So will thy husband," interpos'd the chief;
I will forestall them, not to others leave
Such merit with our people."—She rejoin'd:
"All will applaud thee. Now, my anxious lord,
The second watch its measure hath consum'd;
The Moon descends, the sprightly birds are still;
Dead sleep hath laid the soldier on his shield;
The active sailor slumbers; all forget
The hardships, rage, and tumult of the day;
All but thyself reposing. Shall that mind
Continue ranging o'er the field of thought,
In pregnancy exhaustless, till the lark
Salute the day-spring with his early song?
Till thou unresting, unrefresh'd, resume
The statesman's troubles, and the soldier's toils?
Be counsell'd; oft the thunder-bearing god
To Juno listens; thou my voice obey."
He hears; serene conducts her to repose.
As Jove on Ida, by Saturnia charm'd,
Confess'd a rapture never felt before,
While lucid dew of odours from a cloud
Of gold distill'd around him; from the turf
Beneath his feet while hyacinths upsprung,
The unctuous lotos, and the crocus gay,
To grace his secret tabernacle there
Of love celestial; so the Attic chief
To his Timothea, in her chamber pure,
With bridal honours deck'd, perfum'd with flow'rs,
Whate'er the meads of Salamis supplied,
His tender flame in winning language breath'd:
"Whoe'er had whisper'd on our nuptial day
That I should view thee, in a time remote
From that sweet era, with superior joy,
I should have held him ignorant of love,
What is the cause, Timothea, that I feel
My bosom pierc'd by transport yet unknown?
That eastern fair, deliver'd from distress,
Appearing then the fairest of her sex,
Thou dost exceed." Timothea smiling spake:
"O thou artificer of sweetest wiles,
Wouldst thou seduce me into vain belief,
That I exceed Sandauce's youthful charms?

But wouldst thou know, my husband," (solemn here
She modulates her accents) "wouldst thou know
Why thou survey'st me with uncommon joy?
It is the conscience of a noble deed,
Of gather'd trophies never match'd before,
Creates this change. The perils of this day
Were new to Athens, to thy race, and me;
Thy sword hath rescued all, increas'd thy fame,
Thy heart exalted; with increas'd delight,
Through that bright medium of a happy mind,
Thou look'st on ev'ry object—sure on me
Not less than others." Artless were these words,
By Nature prompted, Nature's noblest fire.
They ceas'd discourse. Her loftiness of mind,
His valour, talents, policy, to love
Subside. Perhaps the first of human pairs,
Who in the blest Assyrian garden met,
Were not more happy in their first embrace,
Than fair Timothea and her conqu'ring lord!
A pleasing stillness on the water sleeps;
The land is hush'd; from either host proceeds
No sound, no murmur. With his precious charge
Embark'd, Sicinus gently steers along;
The dip of oars in unison awake
Without alarming silence; while the Moon,
From her descending, horizontal car,
Shoots lambent silver on the humid blades
Which leave the curling flood. On carpets soft
Sandauce's babes devoid of sorrow lie,
In sweet oblivious innocence compos'd
To smiling slumber. But the mother's breast
Admits no consolation; when they skim
Psyttalia's frith, at memory severe
Of that disast'rous isle, she sudden sinks
A lifeless image in the watchful arms
Of Artamanes, who had studied well
Her sorrows, knew each tender thought and care,
Humanity his tutor. Swift he calls
Sicinus: "Friendly pilot, stay thy course;
We must not leave Autarctus in his gore
Behind, lest grief incurable reside
In this fair breast, perhaps eternal shade
In these extinguish'd eyes." Sicinus feels
A sympathizing pain, of Persian stock
Himself a branch, in Attic soil matur'd;
He stops the bark and lands. The Asian tents
Were still erect, whence Aristides comes
In steel accoutred, to salute the dawn,
Then breaking. Him Sicinus humbly greets,
Requests, obtains the body, which convey'd
On board he careful on the deck bespreads
With canvass new. Impell'd by active strokes
Of oars resum'd, the bounding vessel gains
Phaleron's haven. Artemisia there,
Whose vigilance, augmented by defeat,
Had kenn'd the bark while distant, now arrests
Her further progress; but no sooner hears
The sad intelligence Sicinus gives,
Than swift descending where Sandauce lay,
That mourning fair in friendly strains accosts:
"O lift thy head, thou daughter of a king!
Our sov'reign's sister, sister to the man
My soul rever'd, to Hyperanthes good,
The flow'r of Asia's princes! In thy woes,
I sharing cordial, cordially rejoice
In thy redemption. Leave this doleful keel;
Think of thy duty to approach the king;
Thy other cares entrust to me."—She said;
They row to shore. To Xerxes, then retir'd,
The queen conducts Sandauce and her train.
The princess thus to him amaz'd began:
"A widow'd sister, late a wretched slave,
With these three orphans just redeem'd from death,
Sandauce greets her brother; but her tongue
Would be disloyal to obtrude her tale,
Her tedious tale of sorrows on his ear.
The preservation of her king demands
His first attention; that attention grant
To him who comes deputed by a Greek,
Thy friend, my guardian, saviour of those babes;
Oh, listen! thy salvation from his lips
Receive." Fast bound by terrour was the mouth
Of Xerxes.—Then Sicinus: "He who ranks
Among the Greeks superior in command,
In talents, prudence, policy, and arms,
Themistocles, these pledges of his truth
And friendship sends; them rescued he restores;
Thee next will save. Thy Hellespontine bridge
The Greeks vindictive menace to destroy;
An enterprise of horrour, which his pow'r,
His dictates singly can and will impede,
Till thou in safety hast regain'd thy throne."
All from his presence straight the king commands,
Save Artemisia; her in broken tones
Addresses: "Queen of Caria, singly wise
Among my council, pity, not upbraid
Thy master, suff'ring by his rash neglect
Of thy sage voice unutterable pangs."
He paus'd in torture. Prudent, she replied:
"Without a cause the lord of nations droops;
Mardonius well hath counsell'd thy retreat,
Who undertakes to finish, what his sword
Hath well begun through Macedon and Thrace,
This mighty war. Thy servant may succeed;
In whose behalf? His master's: thou wilt reap
His fruits of glory; if Mardonius fail,
He the disgrace. Thy march commence by dawn;
Appoint the fleet's departure swift this night,
To guard with force collected and repair'd
The Hellespontine bridge; with grace accept
The proffer'd service of th' Athenian chief;
Load his returning messenger with gifts
Of royal price, and, O my gracious lord!
Fraternal kindness on Sandauce show'r.
Her gallant lord hath perish'd in thy cause,
Herself been menac'd by a barb'rous priest
To see her children sacrific'd; a doom
Themistocles withstood, and set them free."
As when a timid child perceives a cloud
Obscure the sky, and hears the thunder's peal,
He weeps, he trembles, but the cloud dispers'd,
The clamour ceasing, and the Sun restor'd,
His wonted sport resumes, forgetting fear;
So chang'd the monarch. "Artemisia, go,"
He said; "the satraps instantly convene;
Th' Athenian messenger, Argestes' son,
Again before us with Sandauce call;
Ne'er will I deviate from thy counsels more."
First to Sicinus ent'ring he began:
"Say to thy sender, I accept well pleas'd
His service pass'd and proffers; thou return;
To him ten golden talents thou shalt bear.
Then from the depths of sorrow shall the king,
Sandauce, thee demand a present boon;
Thou can'st not ask what Xerxes will refuse."
By grandeur surmounting grief inspir'd,
Mov'd to assimilate kindness in the shape
Herself had prov'd, the gen'rous suppliant thus:
"In Persian thraldom is a Grecian maid

Of Delphian lineage, Amarantha nam'd;
Her I demand of Xerxes, that my [illegible]
A captive daughter to a ten[illegible]
May render back; fre[illegible] head,
Now in Nicæa, an[illegible]
Of gratitude discha[illegible] here,
Admiring such perfe[illegible]
Spake Artamanes: "[illegible]!
There is a captive who[illegible] nam'd—"
"Fly thou in search [illegible]
Son of Argestes," interru[illegible];
"Let none withhold her f[illegible]
The female train before the [illegible]
Shall move by dawn for The[illegible]
The rest of Asia's dames behi[illegible]
On our late march; the guard, [illegible] thousand horse,
Thou, Artamanes, shalt command."—He said;
They all retir'd. A pensive grief o'ercasts
Sandauce, moving with her children slow,
By slaves attended, to the vacant tent
Antarctus late possess'd. Argestes' son
Observes her anguish, penetrates her thoughts,
In guarded words then proffers this relief:
"O fairest princess, whose external form
But half displays thy excellence of mind,
Wilt thou forgive thy servant, if he feels
With thee a present sorrow, which the heart
Forbids the tongue to name? Sandauce, trust
My pious service, and those thoughts compose."
She, weeping, looks assent; he speeds away,
But meets the body of Antarctus borne
By Artemisia's soldiers. She at first,
With care conceal'd, had order'd from the bark
His precious relics; these the noble youth
With equal care delivers to that skill,
Which with Sabæan gums, and scented growths
Of bless'd Arabia, purifies the clay
Depriv'd of life, and Time's consuming breath
Repels. A regal car he next provides,
In full apparel of funereal pomp.

BOOK VIII.

The satraps now, and leaders, at the call
Of Artemisia, were collected round
Their monarch. Seated on his throne, he spake:
"Ye princes, satraps, heed our fix'd decree.
Our native Asia wants her king; by morn
To Susa we return, but leave behind,
In Greece, Mardonius, and a chosen host
Of thirty myriads. With command supreme,
With our imperial equipage and state,
Him we invest; to him submission pay
As to our presence. Artemisia, bear
Our sov'reign pleasure to the naval chiefs,
That all abandon, ere the dawn return,
Phaleron's port, and hoist their sails to guard
The Hellespont. But thou, entrusted queen,
Thy own tried squadron to Spercheos bring;
Whence thou must waft to Ephesus a charge
Of high import, the children of thy king."
He ceas'd. A stranger, cas'd in steel, approach'd,
In look ferocious, [illegible]bs and shape robust,
Of stature huge; the satraps look'd amaz'd,
As were th' immortals, when, th' Olympian steep
Ascending, grim Briareus first produc'd
His mountain-bulk, and spread his hundred hands,
Auxiliary to Jove. The warrior stood,
Unbending, far as nature would permit,
His rugged brow; when, crouching to the king,
"O Xerxes, live for ever," he began:
"I am Eubœan Demonax, the prince
Of Oreus late, who earth and water sent,
Acknowledging thy empire; from my throne
By curs'd Themistocles expell'd, I join'd
Thy shelt'ring fleet; at Salamis I fought.
An aid of troops and treasure can replace
Me thy true vassal, who will soon reduce
The granary of Athens to thy sway,
Eubœa, fertile, populous, and rich."
The monarch thus: "Mardonius, thou hast heard;
Begin to use thy plenitude of power;
Reject or favour at thy will this pray'r."
Mardonius then: "My sov'reign liege, the truth
Flows from his lips; twelve thousand of thy host
With Mindarus commanding, and of gold
A hundred talents, would be well bestow'd
On this important Greek." The king assents;
He rises; all disperse. Mardonius now
Accosts the queen, descending to the port:
"Alas! how uncontrollable the will
Of Xerxes! must thou leave me? Since the day
Of Salamis, my best belov'd of friends,
Masistius, whether by the waves devour'd,
Or slain, or captive, to my search is lost.
Foe to inaction, though compos'd and wise,
Of courage prone to perilous attempts,
He would embark; permitted by the king,
Against my warm remonstrance would partake
The naval conflict. Drooping, while I doubt
His preservation, must I further lose
Thy fellowship, auspicious, generous queen!
Yet stop, a moment listen. On the march
To Athens first, reposing in a cave,
I had a dream, perhaps a vision saw,
To me presaging glory—but success
Was wrapp'd in clouded mystery. My heart
Teems with ill-boding thoughts, yet shall not faint;
At least impart thy wishes ere thou sail'st,
Thy last instructions! Fortunate thy voice,
Benign to me; repeat one parting strain!
If I successful to thy presence bring
The palms of conquest, say, accomplish'd queen,
Thou wilt accept them with a gracious hand;
If unsuccessful I the forfeit pay
Of this frail being, as becomes the brave,
Say, thou wilt praise Mardonius." Sage and grave
She answers: "First, despair not to regain
The good Masistius; at the worst endure
That common lot, the death of dearest friends,
With patience; long thy courage I have prais'd,
Now moderate the flame against a foe
Not less discreet than disciplin'd and bold;
Nor let the gloom of superstition awe
Thy noble ardour. On the sharpest sword,
The strongest arm, on prudence, martial skill,
Not dreams and visions, looks the goddess Fame.
If Artemisia's wishes can avail,
Be sure to prosper, prosp'ring here to soar
Above the flight of Cyrus."—She departs.
Behind her, like the sinking globe of day,
She leaves a trail of radiance on his soul;
But, to protect him from returning shade,
Her light should ne'er forsake him, never set.
O'er gen'rous cares not thus Argestes broods;
Within his tent he meditates conceal'd;
By struggling pride tormented, thus he strives

To soothe her pangs: "I see my pow'r eclips'd;
Mardonius governs. Pow'r, thou fleeting gleam,
Thee I possess no longer; why regret,
When Amarantha's beauty can exchange
Thy thorns for lilies? To my own domain
I will transport her; Sipylus hath flow'rs
To drop perfumes in Amarantha's walk;
Pactolus, Hermus, my subjected streams,
Shall furnish gold; her gems shall India send
To deck that form, and I in pleasure's folds
Forget ambition, stranger to the peace
Which honour yields." Libidinous in thought,
The statesman thus would cheat his baffled pride;
Accurs'd of men! who borrow'd from one vice
His med'cine for another (both deform
His ravag'd bosom in alternate strife)
Flagitious parent! rivalling in love
His eldest born! prepost'rous passion, big
With horrour! while the youngest, lov'd by all,
By Xerxes favour'd, to Mardonius dear,
He held in detestation for his worth,
Nor knew the comfort of a virtuous child.
With diff'rent thoughts that sleepless youth em-
The night, serenely happy in the charge [ploy'd
Humanity impos'd. Before the dawn
His band is arm'd, Sandauce in her car,
Among innumerable fair the chief
In state and woe. Tears trickle at the sight
Of great Autarctus in his fun'ral pomp
Down ev'ry cheek; a solemn sadness reigns;
So oft Aurora, sable-suited, leads
A train of clouds, dissolving as they pass
In silent show'rs. Through Attica's waste fields,
Through half Bœotia, ere his ev'ning clos'd,
The second sun conducts them to the gates
Of ancient Thebes. They enter; they ascend
The citadel; they find commanding there,
New from the ruins of unpeopled towns,
Fierce Mithridates. With a kind embrace,
To him the gentle Artamanes thus:
"Hail! brother: twice a captive since we last
At Delphi parted, I would gladly know
Thy fortune. Tell me, where that beauteous maid,
Whom thou didst carry from the Delphian walls?"
The grim barbarian spoiler, quick reply'd:
"Curs'd be her name, her beauty, which could melt
A heart like mine! Accurs'd my father's lust,
Which seiz'd my captive! Guarded by a troop
Of jealous eunuchs, and attendants arm'd,
Her in this citadel he still detains.
If I resign her, may Platæa's tow'rs,
May Thespia's hostile walls, by me o'erthrown,
A second time to brave me rise from dust."
"Oh! unbecoming strife," the brother cry'd,
"Which startles Nature! Thanks to Heav'n, the king
Hath now decided Amarantha's fate;
Her to his royal sister he hath giv'n,
A promis'd boon. Sandauce, by the foe
Restor'd to freedom, will requite that grace,
By rend'ring up this damsel to her sire,
Himself a pris'ner in Nicæa's fort,
Then both release from bondage. Further know,
In Thebes to morrow Xerxes will appear
On his retreat to Susa. I conduct
This train of eastern dames. By rising dawn
To her protection will the princess take
The Delphian maiden, then proceed." These words
Sting Mithridates; an atrocious deed
He meditates, but artful thus conceals:
"Not to my father, to the king I yield."

This said, they parted. Mithridates held
The town; his brother's squadrons lay encamp'd
Without the walls. The citadel contain'd
A fane of Juno, there Sandauce rests.
To Œdipus devoted was a dome,
Which Artamanes enter'd, while his heart
Ran cold, and shudder'd at a brother fell,
And treach'rous sire, competitors in love;
Abominable strife! His eyes he cast
O'er all the structure, lighted by the gleam
Of tapers blue attending; he surveys,
Insculptur'd round, the horrours which befel
The house of Laius; there th' ill-fated son
His father slays; incestuous there ascends
His mother's chamber; daughters he begets,
His sisters, sons his brothers; blameless he,
A man of virtues, by despair oppress'd,
Rends forth his eyeballs, on the pavement dash'd.
There sev'n dire captains, leagu'd by horrid oaths
Which startled Heav'n, are figur'd; down to Hell
Amphiaraus on his martial car,
Through Earth's dividing entrails, there descends;
Here Capaneus, blaspheming Jove, expires
Amid vindictive lightnings; mangled there,
Eteocles and Polynices fall,
Each other's victim to fraternal hate.
Full of these hideous images the youth
Reclines disturb'd, unvisited by sleep,
Till awful midnight; broken slumber adds
To his disquiet. In a thrilling dream
The eyeless ghost of Œdipus ascends;
The vacant sockets, where the orbs of sight
Once beam'd, are bleeding fresh; a Stygian pall
Infolds the wither'd, pale, sepulchral form;
The arms are stretch'd abroad: "For ever Thebes
Must thou to horrour be the guilty stage!"
It said, and vanish'd. By the phantom wak'd,
Or by a sudden clash of mingling swords,
With shrieks and tumult, Artamanes rose,
Unsheath'd his sabre, grip'd his target fast,
And issued swift. Before his startled eyes
A beauteous woman, of majestic form,
In garb disorder'd, and with ringlets fall'
Sustains aloft a poniard newly drawn
From Mithridates' heart, who, sinking, by
His last beneath her feet. So Phœbe
Orion; so the groaning Earth
His giant bulk, which violently
Attempt that chaste
With violence of love. Now spake the fair:
"If to defend her chastity and fame
Becomes a woman, self approv'd at least
I stand, great Timon's daughter, from a line
Heroic sprung, in holy Delphi born;
If to have slain a ruffian be a crime
Among the Persians, give me instant death
Such as becomes my dignity and sex."
Her words, her looks, impress'd on ev'ry heart
Amaze, and tam'd the savages combin'd
With Mithridates in his impious act.
So when, majestic on the choral scene,
Her tragic pomp Melpomene displays,
In awe profound she hushes rudest minds,
While terrour humbles tyrants. Gather'd round
Were numb
Sandauce last, environ'd by her guard,
Approach'd alarm'd. A wounded eunuch stepp'd
Before the princess: "I will clothe in truth
My voice," he said. "Argestes to thy care
Entrusted Amarantha; from that lord,

Solicitations, threat'nings, gifts she spurn'd,
While I admir'd: sure virtue hath a ray
To strike the meanest eye. To night his son
Assail'd our dwelling; with my fellow slaves,
All butcher'd, I defended long my charge,
By Mithridates from the mansion forc'd;
Her chastity the noble maid hath sav'd,
Her poniard stretch'd the ravisher in blood."
To Artamanes, weeping o'er the corse,
Sandauce then: "To thy consoling words
I oft have listen'd, listen thou to mine:
Forgive the maid; illustrious is her deed
For every maid to imitate. With me,
Come Amarantha; thou art mine; not long
Shalt so continue; at Nicæa's fort
I will restore thee to a joyful sire,
And both to freedom." Morning breaks; the cars,
The troops attend; the royal dame renews
Her progress; seated at her footstool weeps,
In speechless gratitude, the Delphian fair.
By public duty Artamanes rous'd,
Not long remains. This last farewell he sighs:
"Oh! early fall'n! Oh! cut from proudest hopes!
Thee, Horomazes, may a brother's tears
For him propitiate! he hath none to shed.
These silent ruins to our father show,
Thou faithful eunuch. May he feel like me!"
His steed he mounts, and rapidly o'ertakes
The squadrons, op'ning on Cadmean plains.
Now Amarantha lifts her grateful head,
Intent to speak; but, heavy on the front
Of her protectress, heavier in her breast
Sat grief, each sense devouring, and her frame
Enfeebling; which, too delicately wrought,
Endures not ev'n remembrance of distress
So new, so strange in her exalted state,
To youth untry'd by evils. She forgets
Her late benignant act, till chance directs
Her eye to Amarantha; when her heart,
Sooth'd by the conscience of a gen'rous deed,
Her faded cheeks relumines with a smile.
Then spake the prudent virgin: "Persian queen,
(Sure such thou art) what marvellous event
Gave thee a knowledge of my sire, his place
Of residence, and my disastrous fate?
Sense of thy goodness, from my breast would chase
The memory of troubles, if, alas!
I did not see thy countenance o'ercast.
If thou repent thee, of thy favour deem
Me undeserving; send me to abide
The punishment ordain'd by Persian laws;
But if thy sorrows are thy own, unmix'd
With my misfortunes, let assiduous zeal,
Let tenderest service of my grateful hand,
Strive to relieve the burdens which oppress
My benefactress." In the captive's hand
Sandauce drops her own; in sighs replies:
"O! by thy aspect of superior mould
To all I e'er beheld of regal race,
Resembling me in fortune, lend an ear;
My soul conceives a melancholy wish
That thou shouldst hear my story, I to thine
Alternate listen." Mournful converse soon
Between these fairest in their native climes
Began, continued; so to direful sounds
The Sun perform'd, till intercourse of grief,
Communicated sighs, unite their minds
In tender friendship. Diff'rent yet their lots;
On Amarantha's cheek the bloom revives;
A joyful sire, perhaps a dear betroth'd,
Her fortune promis'd. In Sandauce's train
A husband follow'd on his fun'ral bier;
Her fleeting hue a sickly paleness taints,
Which Artamanes with a sad'ning eye
Observes, portent of malady. Now rose
The eighth sad morn, revealing to their sight
Nicæa's neighb'ring gate. Sandauce then
To Artamanes: "Take this virtuous maid;
To her my promise, to her father thine
Fulfill; conduct her. Amarantha dear,
From thee I part, rejoicing in thy joy;
Amid thy comforts in a sire's embrace,
Or bliss more tender with a destin'd spouse,
Forget not me. Autarchus near the tomb
Of Ariana by these widow'd hands
Deposited"——She stops; the weaken'd pow'rs
Of heath relax, nor furnish sound to grief:
Mute too is Delphi's maid. The Persian youth,
To leave a moment in her sick'ning state
The princess, feels a struggle, but resolves
In rapid haste her mandate to obey.
Nicæa's gate he enters; Timon soon
He finds: "Receive thy daughter," swift he spake;
"Receive thy freedom from the bounteous hand
Of Xerxes' sister; but a short farewell
My urgent cares allow; to set thee free
At thy own time I hasten to enjoin
The chief commander here." He said, and turn'd
Precipitate away, unheard, unmark'd
By Timon, who no other voice nor form
Than Amarantha's heeds. In Carian steel
Now Melibœus from the gymnic school,
Where he was daily exercis'd in arms,
Approach'd; to him in transport Timon spake:
"Behold my daughter!"—Instant from the port
Appears Aronces, who proclaims the news
Of Artemisia landed. She had left
Phaleron; station'd in the Malian bay,
She waits the king's arrival, not remote
Now with his army; all advance to meet
The Carian queen; when sudden clouds of dust
The sky envelop; loud the hollow sound
Of trampling hoofs is heard. The portal pass'd
By Artamanes fac'd the southern Sun;
An entrance eastward rudely is possess'd
By Caspian horsemen, in the hairy skins
Of goats all horrid; round their brawny loins
From shaggy belts keen cimeters depend;
Well-furnish'd quivers rattle on their backs.
Now fifty grim-fac'd savages dismount
To seize on Amarantha. Then his arm
New-train'd to battle Melibœus proves;
With native strength, agility, and fire,
He springs, confronts the Caspians; from the first
He lops the ruffian hand; by diff'rent wounds
Five more lie prostrate. As a vessel new,
Compact, and strong, impetuous from the dock
In her first lanch divides the troubled waves,
On either side recoiling, till the weight
Of reuniting waters stops her course,
And beats her lofty ribs; so valour drives
The warrior on, till rallying numbers join'd,
Arrest his progress; fearless yet he stands
Awhile defensive. Timon from the dead
Lifts two forsaken cimeters; both hands
His indignation arms; he sends to Hell
Three miscreants gasping at his daughter's feet.
With aiding Theseus, so Pirithous heap'd
With centaurs slain the Lapithæan hall,
When in flagitious tumult they deform'd

The nuptial banquet, and his fair espous'd
With violation menac'd. But the eye
Of Amarantha mark'd th' unequal fight;
Her poniard drawn, the only succour left,
She holds intrepid, resolute on death,
No second thraldom; when th' auspicious sight
Of Caria's queen revives her fainting hopes.
Stern Artemisia, rapid on the call
Of vigilant Aronces, now approach'd
In awful tone the Caspians: "Sheath your blades,
Ye fierce in look, not courage, or this arm
(Her falchion here she waves) shall hide these streets
With your vile carrion. Despicable herd
Of rebels, led by what presumptuous fiend
Dare you invade a fortress of your king,
Ev'n in my presence, he perhaps in sight?"
They hear; they pause. Enclosed by thick'ning [guards,
In multitude confiding, urg'd by lust,
Which lends a courage new, Argestes fell,
Inciting loud his ruffians to persist,
Strikes her indignant eye. What wrath, what hopes
Of just, of long-sought vengeance swell her breast!
As when the mother of a lion brood,
From wonted chase returning, sees a wolf
Or treach'rous tiger stealing towards her den,
Who in her absence would securely prey
On her defenceless whelps, her eyeballs roll
In fire, she rushes on th' insidious foe
With fangs resistless; he contends in vain,
His chest she rends asunder, and his heart
Devours unsated; so incens'd the queen,
Begirt by Carians terrible in war,
To each barbarian terrible who saw
Their high exploits on Salaminian waves,
Rush'd on Argestes; Melibœus brave
March'd by her side a second, whom the god
Of arms might rank among his foremost sons.
The Caspians shrunk; by desperation bold,
The satrap spurr'd his courser on the queen,
And whirl'd a javelin shiv'ring on her shield;
She on the forehead smote the restiff horse,
Who, rearing, hurl'd his rider to the ground,
Then points her dreadful weapon tow'rds the breast
Of her detested foe, intent to pierce
The trait'rous heart. This invocation first
She solemn utters: "Manes of the brave!
Whom he devoted on the Malian fields
Unpitied victims of his hate to me,
To you, my subjects, this malignant head
I immolate. Hence, satrap, once the chief
In pow'r and state, in vice and falsehood chief,
Seek Rhadamanthus; tell him, while he frowns
On his tribunal, Themis to my hand
Her sword resign'd to cut thy treason short."
Her vengeance levels now the mortal blow,
When dignity restrains her. "Rise," she said,
"Thou criminal, unworthy by this arm
To die; preserve him, Carians, to abide
The ignominous lot, by justice doom'd
To common villains. Melibœus, change
Thy name; I clasp thee Haliartus now,
My brother, prov'd by gallant deeds; at least
No evidence but virtue I require
For nobler union than congenial birth.
By friendship's sacred ties to call thee mine."
She scarce had finish'd, when a second troop
Of horsemen through the southern portal spread
New terrour. In their front a splendid chief,
Who wears a regal circle; round he casts
A searching eye, impatient soon beholds
Bright Amarantha, where she stands beset
By Caspians, strangers to their leader's fate,
Persisting still in pertinacious strife
Against Aronces, and her manly sire;
Then swift as sulph'rous ether, when its flame
Divides a knotted oak or cleaves a tow'r,
Flies on the ruffians: "Do ye lift," he cries,
"Your hands profane against the destin'd queen
Of Macedon?" a carnage wide he spreads
Beneath his trampling steed and pond'rous blade.
Dismounting victor, he unclasps his helm,
Her dear betroth'd to Amarantha shows
In Alexander, Macedonia's king.
Ne'er yet so comely, so endearing look'd
A lover; rescu'd from barbarian spoil
She meets his arms, while Timon weeps in joy.
With Melibœus, from a stage of blood,
The Carian queen approach'd, while thus the king
His fervent soul was opening: "Oh! my love,
My Amarantha! my affianc'd love!
I feel, but cannot paint, my sorrows past,
My present joys. The day, the appointed day
To solemnize our nuptial rites was nigh,
I left my kingdom, flew to Delphi's walls;
Thou wast not there. What horrour, when I heard
Thou wast a captive! by what barb'rous hand
None could inform me; thence from march to march
I track'd the Persians; tidings of thy fate
No tongue could tell; through Attica I rang'd,
Bœotia, Phocis, Doris; Locris still
Was left to search. Disconsolate I join'd
The royal camp last ev'ning; there I heard
Of Mithridates by thy virtue slain;
At Thebes, of curs'd Argestes, who had held
Thee pris'ner there; of thy departure thence
With kind Sandauce to Nicæa's fort;
But further told, that base Argestes led
The Caspian horse forerunners of the host;
Alarm'd, my troop I gather'd, I pursu'd,
Am come to save thee, nor one hour withhold
The full protection of my nuptial band."
Th' illustrious virgin answer'd in a sigh:
"O Alexander, I am thine, thou mine
By sacred vows; yet thou a foe to Greece!"
Then Artemisia: "Noble maid, I prize
That zeal for Greece, thy country; but at present
At this momentous crisis to combine
Thy preservation with a public care;
Thou need'st protection both of rank and pow'r.
Few can resist the lustre of thy form,
Which, left unguarded through the lawless court
Of war, might light in others, less depray'd
Than foul Argestes and his barb'rous crew,
New flames to burst in violence again[st]
She ceases; Timon ratifies her wo[rds]
A mother's office now the queen perfo[rms]
In preparation for connubial rites;
Nor old Aronces, nor th' acknowledg'd heir
Of Lygdamis, are slow. With human blood
Impure, the streets are cleans'd, the slain remov'd;
Flow'rs pluck'd for chaplets, nuptial torches burn,
The altars smoke with odours, sternest hearts
Grow mild, Bellona's furies sleep forget
Her fifes and clarions, soften to delight
The ear of Hymen, [illegible] the day.

BOOK IX.

Soft rose the morn, and still; the azure flood
In gentle volumes, undisturb'd with tides

But heav'd by zephyrs, glaz'd the pebbled shore;
When Caria's princess, visiting the beach
With Haliartus, and her son belov'd,
Her bosom thus disclos'd: "O brother! friend
In danger tried, not yet are Asia's woes
Complete; to Greece new trophies I forbode.
Oh! soon transported o'er these hostile waves,
May Artemisia rest her wearied head
At length in peace, and thou, so late redeem'd,
With her partake the blessing! Ah! thy looks
Reject the proffer—yet some rev'rence bear
To Artemisia, some fraternal love.
How shall I plead? will haughty Greece admit
Thee to her honours, thee in humblest state,
Though meriting the highest, known so long?
Halicarnassus, an illustrious town,
Among her noblest citizens will rank
The son avow'd of Lygdamis. O cast
A kindred eye on this my orphan boy!
Who must become his guardian, who supply
My care, should Fate precipitate my doom?"
Tears down the beard of Haliartus flow'd,
Afflicted, though determin'd. On his hand
Izander hung; the captivating mien
Of Meliboeus had at once allur'd
The tender youth to entertain belief
In old Aronces, when he first proclaim'd
The swain true son of Lygdamis. These words
From Haliartus broke: "Thy birth, thy name,
Thy virtues, queen, I rev'rence; of thy blood
Acknowledg'd, more ennobled in thy praise,
I feel my elevation; but thy ear
Approving lend. Three suns are now elaps'd
Since gen'rous Medon, by a faithful mouth,
Convey'd his promise to redeem my head,
Exchang'd for splendid captives, by his arm
In fight acquir'd; I hourly watch to hail
His peaceful mast, perhaps yon distant keel
Contains his person. To forsake this friend,
Whose kindness bless'd my former humble state,
Friend of my childhood, youth, and ripen'd years,
Would be an act, O thou of purest fame,
To plunge thy brother in the lowest depth
Of human baseness, baseness of the mind,
Thy long-lost brother, found too soon a stain
To Lygdamis and thee." Concluding here,
He eyes the vessel bounding to the port,
With branches green of olive on her head,
Her poop, and mast; the Carian sailors hail
The fair, pacific signal. On the beach
The warrior leaps, when Haliartus cries,
"I see my patron!" with expanded arms
Flies to embrace him. Medon stops, and speaks:
"In splendid mail is Meliboeus cas'd?
Are these not Persian standards flying round?
Art thou enroll'd an enemy to Greece?"
"No," interpos'd the queen, "behold him free,
To thee, to Greece unchang'd, in arms my gift;
He is my brother, brother to the queen
Of Caria." Medon here: "Immortal pow'rs!
Do I survey the wonder of her sex,
That heroine of Asia, who alone,
While now the fate of empire balanc'd hangs,
Contributes virtue to the Persian scale?
My friend to such a sister I resign?"
"Ah! never, never," Haliartus cried,
"Shalt thou resign me; nor th' Oilean house
Will I forsake; in that belov'd abode
I was too happy for aspiring thoughts.
First to redeem thy Locris I devote
These arms; will perish there before thy foes,
If such my fate; if victor in thy ranks,
Hang in thy mansion my reposing shield;
There make my home. Yet often will I court
Thy welcome, princess, on the Carian shore
To worship still thy virtue, on thy son
Still pour the blessings of parental love."
The Carian queen subjoins: "I must approve,
To such clear honour yield; bring Timon, call
The king; time presses, we must all depart;
A sacred Delphian too from bondage freed
Thou shalt receive, O Medon." Swift the chief
To disembark his captives gave command;
Five was their number; one beyond the rest
In stature tower'd, his armour was unspoil'd,
Though rich in burnish'd gold, emboss'd with gems
Of starry light; his dignity and form
The victors rev'renc'd. Medon to the queen:
"These Aristides, at my efforts pleas'd,
Gave to my choice from numbers; an exchange
For Meliboeus and the Delphian priest
These I design'd; my friends thy bounty frees;
Take these unransom'd from a grateful hand."
"O lib'ral man!" the Carian princess here:
"Thou dost produce Masistius; virtuous lord!
How will Mardonius in thy sight rejoice,
How lift his hopes!" To her Masistius bow'd,
To Medon spake: "O Grecian! if a thought
To die thy debtor could debase my soul,
I should deserve till death all human woes.
Demand, obtain; to Asia I am dear,
Lov'd by Mardonius, honour'd by the king,
I cannot ask what either would refuse
To him who gave me liberty and life."
"Thou canst," rejoins the chief, "obtain a grace
To me of precious worth, to Xerxes none;
Nor golden stores nor gems attract my eye;
I have a sister, dearer than the mines
Of Ind, or wealth of Susa, who resides
A priestess pure, on that Oetæan ridge
Which overlooks Thermopylæ, her name
Melissa; there an ancient fane is plac'd,
No splendid seat oracular, enrich'd
By proud donations, but a mossy pile,
Where ev'ry Grecian hath from age to age
Ador'd the Muses. Lift thy hand to swear,
Thou wilt implore of Xerxes a decree,
Irrevocable like a Median law,
Forbidding all to climb that holy crag."
To him Masistius: "Not the Delian isle,
By Persians held inviolate of old,
Shall boast of safety like Melissa's hill;
For my performance, lo! I lift my hand
To Horomazes. Thou, return'd, salute
Athenian Aristides in my name;
From me, his captive in that direful war
Of carnage round Psyttalia's bloody strand,
Say, that my thankful tongue will never cease
Extolling his beneficence and thine.
To him far more than liberty and life
I owe; in bondage precious were the hours,
With him the hours of converse, who enlarg'd,
Illum'd my heart and mind; his captive freed,
I go a wiser, and a better man."
Now with his consort, Macedonia's king
And Timon were in sight; a sad'ning look
Fair Amarantha mute on Timon fix'd,
On her the father: "We must part," he said;
Alas! too many of thy father's days
Captivity hath wasted, sorrow more

Deploring thee, my child, while other Greeks,
Erecting brilliant trophies, have obtain'd
Eternal praise. Thee, Amarantha, found,
Thee wedded, happy in thy choice and mine,
I quit, my tarnish'd honours to retrieve."
She then: "In him, a husband, I avow
Felicity unstain'd; in him, ally
To Persia's tyrant, I am left unbless'd.
Malignant fortune still pursues thy child;
Before me holds a consort and a sire
In adverse ranks contending." He rejoins:
"I know thee, daughter, like the manliest Greek
The wrongs of Greece resenting, but thy heart
Keep in subjection to a tender spouse
Of constancy approv'd, whose house with mine,
From eldest times, by mutual tokens pass'd,
In sacred hospitality is link'd.
Thy pow'r of beauty never for thyself
Employ, be all compliance; use that charm,
As kind occasion whispers, in behalf
Of Greece alone; by counsel sweetly breath'd,
Diffuse remembrance of his Grecian blood
Through Alexander's heart." While these converse
Apart, the keels are lanch'd; now all embark;
Aboard his vessel Medon leads the son
Of Lygdamis with Timon; on her own
Imperial deck th' attentive queen dispos'd
The Macedonian with his beauteous bride,
And Persians freed by Medon, chief of these
Masistius merits her peculiar care;
Confin'd, Argestes trembles at his doom
From Xerxes' ire. Along thy rocky verge,
Thermopylæ, with sails and shrouds relax'd,
Smooth glide the Carian gallies through a calm,
Which o'er the Malian surface sleeps unmov'd,
Unless by measur'd strokes of sounding oars,
Or foam-besilver'd prows. A royal guard,
Preceding Xerxes, through that dreaded pass
Were then advancing, not in order'd pomp,
As on his march to Athens; now behind
The regal chariot panic fear impell'd
On its encumber'd wheels disorder'd throngs,
As if Leonidas had ris'n and shook
The snaky shield of Gorgon, or his sword,
Stain'd with Psyttalian havoc, o'er their heads
The living arm of Aristides wav'd.
On sight of Œta, Caria's queen relates
To her illustrious passengers the deeds
Which signaliz'd that rock, nor leaves untold
The fate of Teribazus, nor the wound
Of Ariana, victims both to love.
Now, where Spercheos from his spumy jaws
A tribute large delivers to the bay,
They land; Mardonius, passing tow'rds a tent
Magnificent, erected for the king,
Arriv'd but newly, on his way perceives
Masistius; transport locks his tongue; he flies,
Hangs on his friend, unutterable joy
His tears alone discover. More compos'd,
Though not less cordial, with a close embrace,
First spake the late redeem'd: "Receive thy friend,
Whom, wreck'd and captive on Psyttalia's isle,
An Attic leader, Aristides nam'd,
Restores unspoil'd, unransom'd, undisgrac'd!"
Mardonius quick: "Thy unexpected sight,
By an Athenian all unsought restor'd,
Presages all the good my warmest hopes
Could e'er suggest; the omen I enjoy;
For this shall Athens, to my friendship won,
Possess her laws, her freedom, with increase
Of rich dominion." Artemisia then:
"Behold, the king of Macedon, his wife
In Amarantha." Wond'ring at her form,
Exclaims the Persian hero; "Of one crime
I now acquit Argestes and his son;
What ice of virtue could resist that face!"
Again the queen: "For other crimes my ship
Detains Argestes; him before the king
To charge, immediate audience we demand."
Mardonius guides them to the royal tent.
With half his chiefs the monarch anxious sat,
His swift departure by the break of dawn
Arranging. Amarantha, in her shape
A deity, among them sudden spreads
A blaze of beauty, like the Sun at noon
In dazzling state amidst an ether blue
Of torrid climates: admiration loud
Wounds her offended ear. She thus began:
"What you admire, ye Persians, O that Heav'n
Had ne'er conferr'd! the cause of woe to me,
Of guilt in others; then a maiden hand
Had ne'er been dipp'd in slaughter, nor these eyes
Survey'd the pavement of Nicæa strewn
With subjects made rebellious by my fate,
Thy subjects, monarch. With a Caspian troop
Argestes forc'd thy castle me to seize,
Th' affianc'd bride of Macedonia's king,
Me, to Sandauce giv'n a royal boon,
Me, then in freedom by the gracious will
Of thy imperial sister. Help, unhop'd,
From Artemisia, from my husband came;
Me they preserv'd, Argestes pris'ner bring
To undergo thy justice." Caria's queen
With Macedon's indignant prince confirm
This accusation. On his own retreat
Secure to Susa, Xerxes all intent,
Turns to Mardonius: "Thou be judge," he said;
"Take to thyself the forfeits of this crime."
"The king commands his servant shall be judge,"
Mardonius answer'd; "chief among my foes
Hath been Argestes, therefore must not die
By my decree. Let Cyra, fort remote
On Iaxartes, hide his banish'd head;
That care to Artemisia I commit;
His satrapy, his treasure, and domain,
To Artamanes, his remaining son,
Thy meritorious vassal, I ordain."
This judgment pass'd, a murmur nigh the tent
Denouncing an ambassador, is heard;
Ambassador of Sparta. Soon appears
The manly frame of Aemnestus bold,
Surpassing all his countrymen in arms,
An Ephorus in office, function high,
Whose jealous vigilance imprison'd [illegible]
Unjust, or impious, or assuming pow'r
Unwarranted by laws. No train attend
He asks for Xerxes, when Mardonius stern:
"Before the future sov'reign of the world
With princes round him, single dost thou [illegible]
An embassy from Sparta?" "Spartans [illegible]
One man with one sufficient in discourse,"
Cry'd Aemnestus. Xerxes interposing:
"Reveal thy errand, stranger." He reply'd:
"Admonish'd by an oracle, the state
Of Lacedæmon, and the race divine
There dwelling, sprung from Hercules, demand
Of thee atonement for a slaughter'd king,
Leonidas, whom multitude oppress'd,
While he defended Greece; whate'er thou giv'st

I will accept." The monarch to his cheek
A shew of laughter calls; awhile is mute;
Then, breaking silence, to Mardonius points.
"They shall receive th' atonement they deserve
From him; thou hear'st, Mardonius." Then, with looks
Of scorn and menace: "Yes," the Spartan said,
"Thus I accept my victim to appease
Leonidas;" disdainful then his foot
He turns away, nor fears th' unnumber'd guard.
Meantime the royal progeny is brought
To Artemisia; urgent time requires,
Their father's fears the embarkation press
For Ephesus that night. Them down the beach
Mardonius follows, and the Carian queen
In secret thus addresses: "Didst thou mark
That Spartan's threat'ning words and haughty mien?
An oracle suggested this demand,
Strange and mysterious. On the martial field
Him I can single from Laconian ranks,
Audacious challenger! but something more
Behind the veil of Destiny may lurk
Unseen by me." "Mardonius," she replied;
Look only where no mystery can lurk,
On ev'ry manly duty; nothing dark
Overshades the track of Virtue; plain her path;
But Superstition chosen for a guide,
Misleads the best and wisest. Think no more
Of this, an object like that passing cloud
Before the Moon, who shortly will unfold
Her wonted brightness. Prudent thy design
To gain th' Athenians; to that noble race
Be large in proffers, in performance true;
Purchase but their neutrality, thy sword
Will, in despite of oracles, reduce
The rest of Greece." This utter'd, she embarks.
He seeks his tent, and finds Masistius there,
Whose honour, mindful of a promise pledg'd,
Requests protection for Melissa's fane.
Him in his arms the son of Gobrias clasp'd,
Thus fervent answ'ring: "Xerxes will renew
His rapid march to morrow; pow'r supreme
He leaves with me, which instant shall be urg'd
To render firm the promise of my friend.
Now lend thy counsel on the copious roll
Of Asia's host; assist me to select
The thirty myriads giv'n to my command."
They sat till day-spring; then the camp is mov'd;
Then Amarantha, from her husband's tent
Ascends a car, and traverses the vale,
By fluent crystal of Spercheos lav'd,
To join Sandauce. On her way she meets
Artuchus, guardian of the Persian fair;
The satrap gazes, Courtesy entranc'd
Forgets awhile her function. Thus, at length,
He greets the queen: "Fair stranger, who dost rise
A second day-spring to th' astonish'd eye,
Accept my service; whither tends thy course?
Whom dost thou seek? and gracious tell thy name."
In rosy blushes, like Aurora still,
She grateful thus: "Of Macedonia's king
I am th' espous'd; my patroness I seek,
Sandauce, issue of th' imperial house."
Artuchus answer'd: "Yesternoon beheld
Her languid steps approach this vale of woe.
Thou, beauteous princess, to Sandauce known,
Thou must have heard of Ariana's fate;
Sandauce now is mourning at her tomb,
A grave preparing for Autaretus slain.
Mayst thou suspend despair! Not distant flows
The Fount of Sorrow, so we styl'd the place,
Frequented oft by Ariana's grief;
There oft her head disconsolate she hung
To feed incessant anguish, ne'er disclos'd
Unless in sighing whispers to the stream;
Her last abode is there. The myrtles shed
Their odours round, the virgin roses bloom;
If there have caus'd a monument to rise,
That passing strangers may her name revere,
And weep her fortune; from her early grave
May learn, how Heav'n is jealous of its boons,
Not long to flourish, where they most excel.
A marble mansion new erected nigh
Her faithful slaves inhabit; who attune
To thrilling lutes a daily fun'ral song."
He leads, he stops. On gently-moving air
Sweet measures glide; this melancholy dirge,
To melting chords, by sorrow touch'd, is heard.
"Cropp'd is the rose of beauty in her bud,
Bright virtue's purest mansion is defac'd;
Like Mithra's beams her silken tresses shone
In lustre gentle as a vernal morn;
Her eye reveal'd the beauties of her mind;
The slave, the captive, in her light rejoic'd.
"Lament, ye daughters of Choaspes, wail,
Ye Cissian maids, your paragon is lost!
"Once like the fresh-blown lily in the vale,
In Susa fair, in radiancy of bloom
Like summer glowing, till consuming love
Deform'd her graces; then her hue she chang'd
To lilies pining in decay, but kept
The smile of kindness on her wasted cheek.
"Lament, ye daughters of Choaspes, wail,
Ye Cissian maids, your paragon is lost!
"O ray of wisdom, eye of virtue, form'd
To spread superior light, the dazzling brand
Of love malign obscur'd thy eagle sight;
Thy vital flames are vanish'd, ours remain,
As lamps to endless mourning in thy tomb,
Till we rejoin thee in a land of bliss.
"Lament, ye daughters of Choaspes, wail,
Ye Cissian maids, your paragon is lost!"
The song concludes. Sandauce from a bank
Of turf uprises, resting on her slaves;
A pallid visage, and a fainting step,
She brings before the sepulchre, and spake:
"O Ariana! listen from thy tomb,
To me in woe thy sister, as in blood!
By diff'rent fortunes both were doom'd to waste
An early bloom in sorrow; I admit
Autaretus first a neighbour to thy clay,
Me next, who feel my vital thread unwind.
O Heav'n! my humble spirit would submit
To thy afflicting hand — but ev'n fount
Of health is dry'd; my frame enfeebled sinks
Beneath its trial. When the inhuman priest
Condemn'd my children to his cruel knife,
The freezing sheers of Fate that moment cut
My heartstrings; never have they heal'd again;
Decay'd and wither'd in the flower of life,
My strength deserts my patience: tender friends
Provide another grave." — "For whom?" bursts forth
Emathia's queen, and threw her clasping arms
Around the princess; whose discolour'd hue
In warm affection flushes at the sight
Of Amarantha, as a languid rose,
Shrunk by the rigour of nocturnal frosts,
Awhile reviving at the tepid rays

Of wintry Phœbus, glows. "For me," she sigh'd,
"For me, that bed of endless rest is made.
Com'st thou, neglectful of thy nuptial bliss,
To poor Sandauce's burial! soon the hour,
When of the Sun these sickly eyes must take
Their last farewell, may call thy friendly hand
To close their curtains in eternal night!"
These words the Grecian fair, in sorrow try'd,
In constancy unshaken, swift return'd:
"Thou shalt not die, avoid this mournful spot,
Thou hast accomplish'd all thy duty here;
Let other duties, wak'ning in thy breast,
Strive with despair; transported in my arms,
To Alexander's capital resort.
Thou shalt not die; returning health, allur'd
By Amarantha's love and tender care,
Again shall bless her patroness, renew
Her youth in bloom, in vigour, ne'er to leave
Her infants doubly orphans." At their name
The princess faints, too sensitive a plant,
Which on the lightest touch contracts the leaves,
And seems to wither in the fold of death.
Her lovely weight Artuchus to his tent
Conveys; a litter gentle, as it moves,
Receives her soon; her children by her side,
In Macedonian chariots are dispos'd,
Her female slaves and eunuchs. Now appears
Emathia's prince to guard his matchless bride;
In arms complete, resembling Mars, he rules
The fiery courser. Artamanes swift
This royal mandate to Artuchus bears:
"The king, O satrap, hath begun his march;
Delay not thine with all thy precious charge."
To Artamanes then, the Grecian queen:
"Let me request thee in Sandauce's name
To visit yonder fount, of sorrow call'd,
There see th' unfinish'd obsequies perform'd,
To great Antarctus due. Her languid head
With me awhile at Ægæ will repose,
My consort's royal seat; and, gentle youth,
If justice whisper to thy feeling heart,
That well I sav'd my innocence and fame,
Thou wilt be welcome to the Ægæan hall."
This said, she mounts her chariot; not unpleas'd,
He to accomplish her command proceeds.
Artuchus now conducts the female train,
Unhappy victims of ambition! These,
A prey to famine, to congealing blasts
From cold Olympus, from Bisaltic hills,
And Rhodope, snow-vested, were condemn'd,
With that innumerable host in flight
Unform'd, unfurnish'd, scatter'd, to partake
Of miseries surpassing Nature's help.
On Earth's unwholsome lap their tender limbs
To couch, to feed on grass, on bitter leaves,
On noisome bark of trees, and swell the scene
Between Sperchëos and the distant shores
Of Hellespontine Sestos: real scene
Of death, beyond the massacre denounc'd
By that stern angel in the prophet's dream,
When were assembled ev'ry fowl of prey
From all the regions of the peopled air,
At Heavn's dread call, to banquet on the flesh
Of princes, captains, and of mighty men.

BOOK X.

Now is the season, when Vertumnus leads
Pomona's glowing charms through ripen'd groves
Of ruddy fruitage; now the loaden vine
Invites the gath'ring hand, which treasures joy
For hoary Winter in his turn to smile.
An eastern course before autumnal gales
To Ephesus the Carian gallies bend;
While Medon coasts by Locris, and deplores
Her state of thraldom. Thrice Aurora shows
Her placid face; devourer of mankind,
The sea, curls lightly in fallacious calms;
To Medon then the wary master thus:
"My chief, the dang'rous equinox is near,
Whose stormy breath each prudent sailor shuns,
Secure in harbour; turbulent these straits
Between Eubœa and the Locrian shore;
Fate lurks in eddies, threatens from the rocks;
The continent is hostile; we must stretch
Across the passage to Eubœa's isle,
There wait in safety till the season rude
Its wonted violence hath spent." The chief
Replies: "An island, Atalanté nam'd,
Possess'd by Locrians, rises in thy view;
There first thy shelter seek; perhaps the foe
Hath left that fragment of my native state
Yet undestroy'd." Th' obedient rudder guides,
The oars impel the well-directed keel
Safe through an inlet op'ning to a cove
Fenc'd round by rising land. At once the sight,
Caught by a lucid aperture of rock,
Strays up the island; whence a living stream,
Profuse and swift beneath a native arch,
Repels encumb'ring sands. A slender skiff,
Lanch'd from the ship, pervades the sounding vault;
With his companions Medon bounds ashore,
Addressing Timon: "Delphian guest, these steps,
Rude hewn, attain the summit of this rock;
Thence o'er the island may our wary ken,
By some sure sign, discover if we tread
A friendly soil, or hostile." They ascend.
The topmost peak was chisell'd to display
Marine Palæmon, colossean form,
In art not specious. Melicertes once,
Him Ino, flying from th' infuriate sword
Of Athamas her husband, down a cliff,
Distracted mother with herself immers'd
In ocean's salt-abyss. Their mortal state
Neptunian pity to immortal chang'd;
From Ino she became Leucothea, chief
Among the nymphs of Tethys; he that god
Benign, presiding o'er the tranquil port,
Palæmon, yielding refuge to the toils
Of mariners sea-worn. One mighty palm
Lean'd on a rudder, high the other hand
A globe of light, far shooting through the dark,
In rays auspicious to nocturnal keels,
Which plough the vex'd Euripus. [illegible]
Her cap of verdure Atalanté spreads,
Small as a region, as a pasture large;
In gentle hollows vary'd, gentle swells,
All intersected by unnumber'd tufts
Of trees fruit-laden. Bord'ring on the strait,
Rich Locris, wide Bœotia, lift their woods,
Their hills by Ceres lov'd, and cities fam'd;
Here Opus, there Tanagra; Delium shows
Her proud Phœbean edifice, her port
Capacious Aulis, whence a thousand barks
With Agamemnon sail'd; a lengthen'd range
Eubœa's rival opulence oppos'd,
Queen of that frith; superb the structures rise
Of Oreus, Chalcis, and the ruins vast
Of sad Eretria, by Darius crush'd.

The Locrian chief salutes the figur'd god:
"Still dost thou stand, Palæmon, to proclaim
Th' ancient hospitality of old,
Which carv'd thee here conspicuous, to befriend
The sailor night-perplex'd? Thou only sign
Left of Oïlean greatness! wrapp'd in woe
Is that distinguish'd house! barbarians fill
Her inmost chambers! O propitious god!
If yet some remnant of the Locrian state
Thou dost protect on Atalanté's shore,
Before I leave her shall thy image smoke
With fattest victims!" Timon quick subjoins:
"I see no hostile traces; numerous hinds
Along the meadows tend their flocks and herds;
Let us, descending, and the crested helm,
The spear, and shield, committing to our train,
In peaceful guise salute a peaceful land."
They hear, approving; lightly back they speed;
Disarm'd, they follow an inviting path,
Which cuts a shelving green. In sportive laugh,
Before the threshold of a dwelling nigh,
Appear young children; quickning then his pace,
"O Haliartus," Medon cries, "I see
My brother's offspring!" They their uncle knew,
Around him flock'd, announcing his approach
In screams of joy: their sire, Leonteus, came.
As Leda's mortal son in Pluto's vale
Receiv'd his brother Pollux, who, from Jove
Deriv'd, immortal, left the realms of day,
And half his own divinity resign'd,
His dear-lov'd Castor to redeem from death;
So rush'd Leonteus into Medon's arms,
Thus utt'ring loud his transport: "Dost thou come
To me and these a saviour! When that cloud
Of dire invasion overcast our land,
For sev'n defenceless infants what remain'd?
What for a tender mother? Instant flight
Preserv'd us; still we unmolested breathe
In Atalanté; others like ourselves
Resorted hither; barren winter soon
Will blast the scanty produce of this isle,
Pale famine waste our numbers; or, by want
Compell'd, this precious remnant of thy friends,
These rising pillars of th' Oïlean house
Must yield to Xerxes—but the gods have sent
In thee a guardian."—"Summon all our friends,"
Elated Medon answers; "ev'ry want
Shall be supply'd, their valour in return
Is all I claim." Meantime, like watchful bees
To guard th' invaded hive, from ev'ry part
The islanders assemble; but the name
Of Medon, once divulg'd, suppresses fear,
And wond'ring gladness to his presence brings
Their numbers. He, rememb'ring such a scene
Late in Cilauria, where afflicted throngs
Around his righteous friend of Athens press'd;
Now in that tender circumstance himself
Among his Locrians, conscious too of means
To mitigate their suff'rings, melts in tears
Of joy. "O countrymen below'd!" he cries,
"I now applaud my forecast, which secur'd
The whole Oïlean treasures; safe they lie
At Lacedæmon, whence expect relief
In full abundance on your wants to flow.
Amid his country's ruins Medon still
May bless the gods; by your auspicious aid,
Beyond my hopes discover'd, I may bring
No feeble standard to the Grecian camp,
When Athens, now triumphant o'er the waves,
With her deep phalanx in the field completes
The overthrow of Asia, and restores
Dejected Locris." So to Israel's sons,
Their little ones and wives, by deathful thirst
Amid the parching wilderness oppress'd,
Their legislator, with his lifted rod,
Consoling spake, who, Heav'n entrusted, knew
One stroke would open watry veins of rock,
And preservation from a flinty bed
Draw copious down. "Leonteus, lead the way,"
Resum'd his brother: "vers'd in arms, my youth,
My prime, are strangers to the nuptial tie;
Yet, in thy bliss delighting, I would greet
A sister, auth'ress of this blooming troop."
With all the clust'ring children at his side
He pass'd the threshold, and their mother hail'd.
Now o'er their heads the equinoctial gusts
Begin to chase the clouds; by tempests torn,
The hoarse Euripus sends a distant sound.
Twelve days are spent in sweet domestic joy;
Serenity returns. The master warns;
Departing Medon reascends the bark,
Whose rudder stems the celebrated frith,
Where twice sev'n times the Sun and stars behold
Reciprocating floods. Three days are pass'd
When Sunium, Attic promontory, shades
The resting sail; Belbina thence they seek
By morn's new glance, and reach at dewy eve.
Athenian too Belbina yields a port
To night-o'ertaken sailors in their course
Between Cecropia and Trœzene's walls.
A squadron there is moor'd; Cleander there,
Now ev'ry public duty well discharg'd
Dismiss'd him glorious to his native roof,
Was disembark'd. Contemplating in thought
His Ariphilia, for the day's return
He languish'd; ev'ry Nereid he invok'd
To speed his keel. Him Medon, landing, greets;
To whom Cleander: "On Caluria first
We interchang'd embraces; now accept
A salutation doubly warm, O chief!
By Aristides priz'd, his second bold
In high exploits, which signalize an isle
Obscure before, Psyttalia; be my guest
This night at least." He said; they pass'd aboard
With Haliartus and the Delphian seer.
A gen'rous meal concluded. Medon spake:
"Trœzenian chief, now give the mind repast;
I have been absent long; when first the flight
Of Asia's host and shatter'd fleet was known,
From Salamis I hoisted sail. To hear
Of Aristides and the laurell'd son
Of Neocles, to hear of all the brave,
Whose high achievements consecrate that day,
From thy narration would delight my soul."
Cleander then began: "To council all'd
By Eurybiades, the leading Greeks
Awhile debated, if their fleet combin'd
Should sail to break the Hellespontine bridge?
This he oppos'd; I readily had join'd
Th' Athenian people, eager by themselves
Without auxiliar Grecians, to pursue
The arrogant invader; but the tribes,
In form assembled, with dissuasive words
Themistocles thus cool'd. 'I oft have seen,
Have often heard, that vanquish'd men, constrain'd
By desperation, have their loss repair'd
In fight renew'd. Repelling such a cloud
Of enemies from Greece, contented rest;
The pow'r of gods and heroes, not our own,
Achiev'd the deed; pursue not those who fly.

Resort to Athens; in their old abodes
Replace your women, such obsequious wives,
Such daughters; reinstate your native walls,
Rebuild your ruin'd mansions; sow your fields,
Prevent a dearth; by early spring unfurl
Your active sails, then shake the eastern shores.'
He last propos'd, that exiles be recall'd.
" Loud acclamations rose; the honour'd name
Of Aristides thunder'd on the beach."
" O wise Athenians!" Medon cordial here:
" O happy man, whose happiness is plac'd
In virtuous actions! happiest now a scope
Is giv'n unbounded to thy hand and heart!
Proceed Cleander." He his tale renews:
" Th' Athenians lanch their gallies, all embark
With Aristides, chosen to that charge.
I set my ready canvass to perform
The last kind office, from Calauria's isle
And Trœzen's walls to waft their wives and race,
Left in our trust. Meantime the diff'rent chiefs
Meet on the isthmus, summon'd to decide
Who best had serv'd the public, who might claim
The highest honours. Every leader names
Himself the first, but all concurrent own
Themistocles the second. Envy still
Prevails; without decision they disperse,
Each to his home. Themistocles, incens'd,
In eager quest of honours justly due,
Withheld unjustly, not to Athens bends
His hast'ning step, but Sparta."—Medon here:
" Not so would Aristides—but forgive
My interrupting voice." The youth pursues:
" In Athens him I join'd, a people found,
Whom Fortune never by her frown depress'd,
Nor satisfied with favour. Active all,
Laborious, cheerful, they persist in toil,
To heave the hills of ruin from their streets,
Without repining at their present loss,
Intent on future greatness, to be rais'd
On persevering fortitude: the word
Of Aristides guides. Amidst a scene
Of desolation, decency provides
The fun'ral pomp for those illustrious slain
At Salamis; th' insculptur'd tomb I saw
Preparing; they already have ordain'd
A distant day to solemnize the rites;
The mouth of Aristides they decree
To celebrate the valiant, who have died
For Athens. While Themistocles accepts
A foreign praise in Sparta, olive crowns,
A car selected from the public store,
A guard, three hundred citizens high-rank'd,
Him through their tracts are chosen to attend,
Excess of rev'rence, by that rigid state
Ne'er shown before. To small Trœzene's walls
To morrow I return with less renown,
With less desert, perhaps to purer bliss.
My Ariphilia calls her soldier home
To give her nuptial hand. My welcome guest
You I invite; the season rude of Mars
Is clos'd; new combats will the spring supply;
Th' autumnal remnant, winter hov'ring near,
Let us possess in peace." Then Timon spake:
" Young chief, I praise thee; be a husband soon,
Be soon a parent; thou wilt bear thy shield
With constancy redoubled. If defence
Of our forefathers, sleeping in their tombs,
So oft unsheaths our swords, more strongly sure
Th' endearing, living objects of our love
Must animate the gen'rous, good, and brave."

" I am unworthy of that praise," in smiles
Subjoins the Locrian; " but thou know'st, my friend,
I have a brother, of a copious stream
The source, he, call'd to battle, shall maintain
Oïlean fame. Cleander, I am bound
To Lacedæmon; treasure there I left,
Which, well exchang'd for Nature's fost'ring gifts,
I would transport to Atalanté's shore,
Seat of that brother, who, Leonteus nam'd,
With brave companions there in refuge lies,
A future aid to Greece." A list'ning ear
Cleander yields, while Medon slips unwind
The varied series of events he call'd in
Himself and Timon, Amphiantha fair,
The Carian queen, and Meliboeus chang'd
To Haliartus. " By th' immortal gods
We will not sep'rate," fervent cries the youth;
" My Ariphilia, who is wise and good,
Will entertain society like yours,
As Æthiopia, in Mæonian song,
Receives to pure and hospitable roofs
Her visitants from Heav'n. Let youth advise,
Not inexperienc'd, but o'er land and sea
To early action train'd; retaining all
Your narrative heart-piercing, I perceive
Your wants, and feel impatience to befriend;
My lightest keel to Salamis shall bear
Thy orders, Timon, for the Delphian barks,
There left behind you, in Trœzene's port
To join you straight." His counsel they accept.
The Moon is rising, Salamis not far;
The will of Timon to his Delphian train
Is swiftly borne. The squadron next proceeds,
Passing Trœzene by, whose gen'rous chief
Accompanies to shore his Locrian guest
At Cynosura. " Spartan is this port,"
He said; " with fifty followers speed thy way;
Commit no treasure to the faithless winds;
By land return to find thy ready barks, [sails
Well-fill'd from Trœzen's stores." They part; he
To joyful welcome on his native shores.
When now, unveiling slowly, as she rolls,
Her brother's light the Moon reflected full,
Auspicious period for connubial rites,
From Lacedæmon hast'ning, Medon gains
Trœzene's ramparts; him Cleander chose
His paranymph to lead the bridal steps
Of Ariphilia. To Calauria's verge
He pass'd; beneath a nuptial chaplet gay
He wore his crisped hair; of purest white
A tunic wrapp'd his sinewy chest and loins;
A glowing mantle, new in Tyrian dye,
Fell down his shoulders. Up the shelving law
The high Neptunian structure he attains,
Where with her parents Aripbilia waits
Attir'd in roses like her hue, herself
As Flora fair, or Venus at her birth,
When from the ocean with unrill'd charms
The virgin goddess sprung. Yet, far unlike
A maid sequester'd from the public eye,
She, early train'd in dignity and state,
In sanctity of manners to attract
A nation's rev'rence, to the advancing chief
In sweet composure unreluctant yields
Her bridal hand, who down the vaulted isle,
Where Echo joins the hymeneal song,
Conducts the fair; before the costly shrine,
Perfum'd with incense, and with garlands deck'd,
Presents her charms, and thus in manly pray'r:

"My patron god, from Salamis I come,
One of thy naval sons, erecting there
Thy recent trophies; let me hence convey
With thy concurrent smile this precious prize,
Thy sacerdotal virgin. I return
To thee a pious votary, to her
A constant lover; on thy servants pour
Thy num'rous blessing. Yet, earth-shaking god,
Not bound to dwell thy warrior shall repose,
Nor, languishing obscure in sweetest bliss,
Desert thy glory. Soon as wintry storms
Thy nod controls, and vernal breezes court
The unfurling canvas, my unweary'd helm
Shall cleave thy flood till each barbarian coast
Acknowledge thy supremacy, and bow
To Grecian Neptune." Credulous, the train,
Surrounding, in religious rapture see
The colossean image of their god
Smile on their hero, meriting the smiles
Of deities and mortals. Fortune adds
Her casual favour; on Cleander's mast
To perch, a pair of turtle doves she sends
From Neptune's temple. To his vessel, crown'd
With Hymen's wreaths, bestrewn with herbs and flow'rs,
Exhaling fragrance, down the slope he guides
His Ariphilia, priestess now no more.
So Hermes, guardian of the Graces, leads
Their chief, Aglaia, o'er th' Olympian hall,
Warn'd by the Muses, in preluding strains,
The dance on Heav'n's bright pavement to begin,
And charm the festive gods. The flood repass'd,
They, as Trœzenian institutes require,
The fane of young Hippolytus approach,
That victim pure to chastity, who left
Old Theseus childless. From the youthful heads
Of both their hair is sever'd, on his shrine
Their maiden off'ring laid. They next ascend
An awful structure, sacred to the Fates,
There grateful own that goodness which decreed
Their happy union. To the Graces last
Their vows are paid, divinities benign,
Whom Ariphilia fervent thus invokes:
"O goddesses, who all its sweetness shed
On human life! whate'er is beauteous here,
Illustrious, happy, to your favour owes
Its whole endearment; wanting you, our deeds
Are cold and joyless. In my husband's eye
Preserve me lovely, not in form alone,
But that supreme of graces in my sex,
Complacency of love." She pray'd; her look
Reveal'd, that Heav'n would ratify her pray'r.
Now in her father's dwelling they remain
Till dusky ev'ning. On a bridal car,
Constructed rich, the paranymph then seats
The blooming fair; one side Cleander fills,
The other Medon, she between them rides,
By torches clear preceded. Lively sounds
The ceremonial music; soon they reach
The bridegroom's mansion; there a feast receives
Unnumber'd friends; the nuptial dance and song
Are now concluded. To her fragrant couch
A joyful mother lights the blushing bride;
Cleander follows; in the chamber shut,
He leaves the guests exulting to revive
Their song to Hymen, and renew the dance.
Three days succeeding were to gymnic feats
Devoted; Medon's warlike spear obtains
A second chaplet; Haliartus won
The wrestler's prize; to hurl the massy disk
None match'd the skill of Timon, still robust,
Though rev'rend threads of silver had begun
To streak his locks of sable. Southern gales
Now call on Medon's laden fleet to sail,
Ere Winter frowns. With Timon at his side,
And Haliarthus, in this gentle phrase
His noble host and hostess fair he greets:
"May ev'ry joy kind wishes can devise,
Or language utter, hospitable pair,
Be yours for ever! may a num'rous race
In virtue grow by your parental care!—
With sev'n dear pledges of connubial love
I left a brother, watching my return
In Atalanté, small, exhausted isle,
Which needs my instant succour. Gen'rous friend,
To thee I trust my treasure, thou discharge
The claim of Trœzen for th' abundant stores
Which load our vessels; for a time farewell,
The vernal Sun will see our love renew'd,
And swords combin'd against Mardonius bold."
He said: the lovely Ariphilia weeps;
Cleander sighs, but speeds his parting guests.

BOOK XI.

Th' unloos'd anchors to the waves resign
The Delphian keels, while Auster's friendly breath,
Their burden light'ning, soon to Sunium shows
The spreading sails. Two vessels, riding there,
Receive embarking warriors. On the beach
Looks Medon stedfast: "By almighty Jove,"
He cries aloud, "Themistocles I see!
O Haliartus, O my holy friend,
We must not leave unvisited a shore
Which holds that living trophy to our view,
The victor-chief at Salamis." The skiff
Is launch'd; they land. Themistocles begins
The salutation: "Hail! Oïleus' son,
Thou rev'rend host of Athens, Timon, hail!
Your unexpected presence here excites
A pleasing wonder. Whither do ye steer
These well-remember'd vessels, which convey'd
Thee, first of Locrians, with our Attic bard,
To Salamis from Delphi? In that course
Was Timon captive made, whom, freed at last,
My joyful arms embrace." The Locrian here:
"To Atalanté, in Eubœan straits,
We steer; another of Oïlean race,
Through bounteous Heav'n, a refuge there obtains,
My brother, good Leonteus, with a band
Of gallant Locrians, ready at my call
To lift their bucklers in defence of Greece.
But why, remote from Athens, on the strand
Of naked Sunium, do I see the son
Of Neocles, so recently by me
At Sparta left?" Themistocles replies:
"Forbear inquiry now, O virtuous branch
Of that ennobled stock, th' Oïlean house!
If e'er my conduct merited thy praise,
If thou believ'st me studious of the fame
Which follows manly deeds, forbear to doubt
Th' unwearied further efforts of my limbs,
My heart, my talents: secresy matures,
Time brings the labour of the mind to birth.
Were those first steps reveal'd, which restless thought,
Constructing some vast enterprise, ascends,
How wild a wand'rer, Medon, would appear

The policy of man! But, gen'rous chief,
Whose valour, whose experience might assure
A prosp'rous issue to a bold exploit,
Say, should I open on some future day
To thy discerning sight the clearest track,
Where to success one glorious stride might reach,
Wouldst thou be ready at my call?" He paus'd.
From such a mouth, such captivating words
Insinuate sweetness through the Locrian's ear,
Who feels th' allurement; yet, by prudence rul'd,
This answer frames: "Through such a glorious track
Whoever guides, may challenge Medon's aid;
Thou prove that guide, my steps shall follow close,
Unless by Aristides call'd, whose voice
Commands my service." Cool th' Athenian hides
The smart his wounded vanity endures,
And manly thus, unchang'd in look, rejoins:
"I ask no more; I rest my future claim
On Medon's valour, only to support
What Aristides shall approve. Farewell.
Avail thee straight of these propitious winds;
In Atalanté, known to me of old,
What force thou can'st, assemble; dread no wants,
I will be watchful to supply them all."
They part. Now Medon, under hoisted sails,
Remarks unwonted transport on the cheek
Of Haliartus. "O my peasant weeds,"
His joy exclaims, "how gratefully you rise
In my remembrance now! From you my hopes
Forebode some benefit to Greece. Dear lord,
Forbear inquiry; by yon hero warn'd,
In secresy my thoughts, till form'd complete,
Lie deeply bury'd." Timon smil'd, and spake:
"I know, full often enterprises bold
Lie in the womb of mystery conceal'd;
Thus far th' Athenian hero and thyself
Raise expectation; but I further know,
His faculties are matchless, thou art brave,
Unerring Medon like my god is wise;
Thence expectation soars on steady wings.
O light of Greece, Themistocles, exert
Thy boundless pow'rs! mature thy pregnant plan!
Whene'er the glorious mystery unveils,
Me and my Delphians thou shalt find prepar'd."
The turbulent Euripus swift they plough
In pleasing converse thus, and clasp, in hope,
Their anxious friends on Atalanté's shore.
When ev'ry mast was hid by Sunium's cape,
Thus to his faithful minister, the son
Of Neocles: "Sicinus, hast thou seen
My followers on board? The treasures brought
From Xerxes, those my spoils of war supply,
The arms, the stores, Sicinus, has thy care
Deposited in safety?"—"Yes," replies
Th' entrusted servant. "Now thyself embark,"
His lord enjoins, who, musing thus, remains:
"If my attempt to further I have won
This gallant Locrian, frankly I confess
My debt to Fortune; but this casual boon
I can forego, if wantonly her hand
Resumes; Themistocles alone can trace
A path to glory." Tow'rds the land he turns,
Proceeding thus: "Now, Attica, farewell,
Awhile farewell. To thee, barbarian gold,
Themistocles resorts; my bosom guest,
Whom Aristides in disdain would spurn,
By thee, O gift of Xerxes, I will raise
The weal of Athens, and a fresh increase
To my own laurels. Uncontroll'd, supreme
Is Aristides. He the Attic youth
In phalanx bright to victory may lead;
Minerva's bird Xanthippus may display
To Asia, trembling at their naval flag,
A private man, Themistocles will reach
Your summits, fellow citizens, prefer
To his command. Ye chosen heroes, wait
For breezy Spring to wanton in your sails,
Then range your vig'rous files, and [illegible]'d steeds;
Themistocles, amid septentrion snows,
Shall rouse Despair and Anguish from their den
Of lamentation; Poverty shall blaze
In radiant steel; pale Misery shall grasp
A standard. Athens, thy rejected son
Extorted aid from tyranny shall draw
On his own greatness to establish thine."
Swift he embarks, like Neptune when he mounts
His rapid conch to call the tempests forth,
Upturn the floods, and rule them when they rage.
The third clear morning shows Eretria's port,
Among Eubœan cities once superb,
Eretria now in ashes. She had join'd
Th' Athenians, bold invaders, who consum'd
The capital of Lydia, to revenge
Ionian Greeks enthrall'd. Eretria paid
Severe atonement to Hystaspes' son,
Incens'd Darius. To a Cissian plain,
A central space of his unbounded realm,
Far from their ancient seat, which flames devour'd,
He her exterminated race confin'd,
Sad captives, never to revisit more
Their native isle. A silent wharf admits
Themistocles on shore, a void extent,
Where sons of Neptune heretofore had swarm'd.
No mooring vessel in the haven rode,
No footstep mark'd the ways; sole inmates there,
Calamity and Horrour, as enthron'd,
Sat on o'erwhelming ruins, and forbade
The hero passage, till a seeming track
Presents, half bury'd in surrounding heaps
Of desolation, what appears a dome
Rais'd to some god. Themistocles observes
A shatter'd porch, whose proud supporters lie
In fragments, save one column, which upholds
Part of a sculptur'd pediment, where, black
By conflagration, an inscription maim'd
Retains these words, "To ELEUTHERIAN JOVE."
Th' Athenian enters, follow'd by his train
In arms complete. Excluded was the day
By ruins pil'd externally around,
Unless what broken thinly-scatter'd [illegible]
Shot through th'encumber'd portal [illegible]
Amidst obscuring dusk in silence [illegible]
All motionless in wonder, while a voice
Distinct in tone, delivers through [illegible]
These solemn accents: "Eleuther[illegible]
Since no redeemer to Eretria fall'n
Thy will vouchsafes, why longer do[illegible]
Thy aged servant on a stage of woe
Why not release him? why not close
So vainly melting o'er his country lost
Ten years are fled; the morning I have [illegible]
In sighs alone; have laid my head on thorns
Of anguish, nightly visited in dreams
By images of horrour, which employ
Each waking moment. To have seen destroy'd
From their foundations my paternal streets,
The holy structures burn, a people forc'd
In climates new and barbarous to dwell,
Was sure enough to suffer—it is time

To give my patience rest." The plaintive sound
Draws on th' Athenian, who perceives a gleam,
Pale quiv'ring o'er a solitary lamp;
Perceives a rev'rend sire, resembling Time,
Down to whose girdle hangs the snowy fleece
Of wintry age. Unaw'd his lamp he rais'd;
A dim reflection from the polish'd arms
Reveal'd the warrior, whom he thus bespake:
"Whate'er thou art, if hostile, or a friend,
A god, a mortal, or a phantom vain,
Know, that my fate no change can render worse,
All change make better."—"Father," soft replied
Th' advancing chief, "take comfort, I am come
Thy country's saviour to follow, in the day
See who I am." Betwee the op'ning band
He leads the senior through the dusky porch,
Whom he accosts before th' unclouded Sun,
Then vertical: "Rest, father, and behold
Themistocles of Athens." While the priest,
So by his fillet sacerdotal known,
In wonder paus'd, th' artificer divine
Of wiles to catch the sudden turns of chance,
Frames in a momentary cast of thought
This bright device of fiction to allure
Holy mind. "O worthy of the god!
Thou servant pure of Jupiter! I mourn,
Like thee, Eretria, not like thee despond.
Attend, thou righteous votary to Heav'n!
I, from the day of Salamis o'ertoil'd,
While courting slumber, in a vision saw
The sapient issue of th' almighty sire,
His best belov'd Minerva. Still the sound
Of her gorgonian shield my ears retain,
While earnest, striking on its rim her spear,
The virgin warrior spake: 'Triumphant son
Of Neocles, remember in thy joy
The miseries of others. Go, redeem
Eretria fall'n, whose noble remnant arm'd
Sev'n ships, exhausting all their slender stores,
To fight for Athens on this glorious day'."
As from the sooty gate of direful Dis
Deliver'd Theseus, when to cheering day
He reascended, on Alcides look'd,
Who for his lov'd companion pierc'd the gloom
Of Erebus; th' Eretrian's grateful eyes
Thus on the son of Neocles were fix'd,
In ecstasy of joy. These fervent words
He utter'd: "Heav'n hath given thee to destroy
Presumptuous foes, O favour'd by the gods!
Who give thee now to save despairing friends;
That, all-rejoicing in thy trophies new,
Great as thou art, thy gen'rous soul may prove,
How far beyond the transports conquest yields,
Are those resulting from benignant deeds.
More grateful, chief, is Charity's sweet voice,
Than Fame's shrill trumpet, in the ear of Jove,
When still, on such humanity as thine,
Accumulate his blessings. If my name
Thou never hast heard, or, hearing, hast forgot,
Know, that from lib'ral Cleobulus sprung,
I am Tisander." Interrupting swift,
Th' Athenian here: "Thy own, thy father's name,
To me, illustrious pontiff, well are known.
My recent banner in the summer's gale
Thou must remember on th' Eretrian coast.
Eretrian warriors under Cleon's charge,
In ships by me supply'd, undaunted fought
At Artemisium, and an earnest gave
Of their late prowess. From their chief, from all
Thy celebrating countrymen, I heard
Of thee, Tisander, and thy name retain; [tears'
Proceed." To him the priest: "Flow first my
Of that brave band whatever now remains
Have nought but prowess left. Alas! how few
Escap'd thy fell, exterminating hand,
When treachery surrender'd to thy pow'r,
Darius! Sons of husbandry lay hid
In woods and caverns; of the nobler class
Some on the main were absent. Priest of Jove
I was releas'd; a pious, beardless prince,
Nam'd Hyperanthus, on my rank and years
Look'd with compassion; living, I extol,
My dying breath shall bless him. I have dwelt
Within my temple, mourning o'er this waste.
Here, annually collected (lo! the day
Of that severe solemnity is nigh)
Th' unhappy relics of Eretrian blood
Accompany my tears. Thou knowst, they sail'd
At thy appointment, on Athenian decks,
They and the men of Styra from that port
For Salamis. In glory they return'd
To want and horrour, desert found their land,
Their crops, their future sustenance destroy'd,
Their huts consum'd, their cattle swept away,
Their progeny, their wives; flagitious act
Of Demonax, in Oreus late replac'd,
Her tyrant foul, a slave to Xerxes' throne,
His scourge in rich Eubœa, half-redue'd
To this dire monster's sway, by royal aid
Of endless treasure, and barbarian bands.
Such is our state. Too scanty are the means
Of willing Styra to relieve such wants;
Our wealthier neighbours of Carystus vend,
Not give; in hoarded grain, in flocks and herds
Abounding, them a sordid chief controls,
Nicomachus. An oligarchy rules
Gerœstus small, but opulent——O Jove!
I see brave Cleon yonder; from his head
He rends the hair—what gestures of distress!
He beats his troubled bosom, wrings his hands!
Not heeding great Themistocles, he points
On me alone a wild distracted look!
Say, Cleon."……Swift, with shiv'ring lips and pale,
Th' Eretrian leader, interrupting, vents
His tortur'd thoughts: "Tisander, can thy pray'rs
Repel grim famine, rushing on the blast
Of barren winter? Three disastrous days
Will lay the combatants for Greece in dust,
Behind them leaving nothing but a name
For Salamis to publish. Lo! they come,
A dying people, suppliant to repose
Within thy fane their flesh-divested bones:
Yet such a tomb, their fainting voices cry,
May those Eretrians envy who are whom'd
To lodge their captive limbs in Asia's mould."
He ends in sighs. Behold, a ghastly troop
Slow through the ruins of their native streets
In languid pace advance! So gath'ring shoals
Of ghosts from hour to hour through endless time,
The unrelenting eye of Charon views,
By sickness, plague, and famine, by the sword,
Or heart-corroding sorrow, sent from light
To pass the black irremeable floods
Of Styx. Cecropia's hero cast a look
Like Phœbus heav'nly-gentle, when, aton'd,
Th' infectious air he clear'd, awak'ning gales
To breathe salubrious o'er th' enfeebled host
Of Agamemnon, as from death they rose
Yet to assert their glory. Swift the chief
Bespake Sicinus: "Haste, unlade the ships;

Three talents bring; they, Cleon, shall be thine;
Seek those in every part who vend, not give.
The gifts of Ceres in profusion bear,
The gifts of Pan, the grape's reviving juice,
To these, my fellow warriors, who have seen
My banner streaming, twice have lent their aid
To my renown; meantime our naval food
Shall be their portion; vesture now shall cheer
Their limbs. My brave companions, I have brought
The spear and buckler for your manly hands;
Your strength restor'd shall feel the glorious weight
Of crested helms. Tisander, let them rest
Within thy shelt'ring temple, not to sink
Beneath distress, but vig'rous soon renew
Their practis'd race of honour. Pass, my friends,
Be mute; expression of your joy I wave;
Again to morrow you and I will meet."
Tisander, happy, entertains his guests,
Twelve hundred countrymen, the last remains
Of populous Eretria. Plenty's boon
Alert the Attic mariners diffuse
To all, and cordial tend their wants; discreet
Sicinus curbs excess. The tidings brought
Of his performance from a short repast
Dismiss'd his lord applauding; who serene,
Stretch'd on his naval pillow, slept till dawn.
He rose. To him Sicinus: "Will my lord
Permit his servant, with an active band
Of sailors, these obstructions to remove,
Or so dispose, that feeblest steps may find
A passage free to good Tisander's fane:
That through its wonted apertures, the round
Of that huge pile, where Jupiter should dwell,
Now dark as Pluto's palace, may admit
The light of Heav'n? Yet further, we must search
For coverts dry, if such the greedy flames
Have left among these ruins, to secure
The various stores, which Cleon may transport."
To him his lord: "Go, monitor expert,
Accomplish what thou counsell'st." Tow'rds the fane
Himself not slow proceeds. Before the front,
On scatter'd fragments of their ancient homes,
Th' Eretrians, pale with long-continu'd want,
Are seated. Thick as winter-famish'd birds
Perch on the boughs, which icicles encrust,
Yet chirp and flutter in th' attemp'ring Sun,
These, at the hero's presence, wave their hands,
Unite their efforts in acclaim not loud,
But cordial, rather in a gen'ral sigh
Of gratitude. The charitable care
Of his best warriors, some of noblest birth,
Impart their help, like parents to a race
Of tender infants. Once of might approv'd
In battle, hardiest of the naval breed,
Th' Eretrians, worn by hunger, scarce retain
The slender pow'rs of childhood. One by one
Themistocles consoles them, and devotes
In condescension sedulous the day
To kindness not impolitic. In these
His piercing genius fit materials saw
To build another structure of renown.
Ere he retires, Tisander thus he greets:
"Wilt thou, O father! on my board bestow
An evening hour?"—"My moments all belong
To this yet helpless people," said the priest.
"Such pious care through me shall Heav'n reward,"
Exclaims the chief, as round him he remarks
The toiling sailors; "soon, thou guardian good
Of wretched men committed to thy charge,
Soon shall thy temple reassume its state.
Prepare an altar; hetacombs again
Shall smoke ere long, Eretria cast as[illegible]
Her widow'd garb, and lift her festive [illegible]
To eleutherian Jove." This utter'd, a[illegible]
He seeks his vessel, while the Sun desc[illegible]
Calm, as in summer, through an ethe[illegible]
Aurora leads the day. A cheerful soun[illegible]
Of oxen, lowing from the hollow [illegible]
Which tow'rds Carystus wind, of b[illegible]eting sheep,
Yet nearer driven across the Eretrian plain,
Awake Themistocles. His couch he leaves,
Revisiting the temple; there [illegible]oys
The gen'ral transport. Plenty on the wing
Is nigh, the comforts of her fruitful horn
To pour on desolation. Cleon comes,
Accosting thus Themistocles: "My task
Is well accomplish'd through the lib'ral zeal
Of Hyacinthus near a youth unlike
His sire Nicomachus. That subtile chief
Of our Carystian neighbours is behind,
Escorting laden carriages of grain,
Thy purchase; nought his sordid hand bestows.
He, curious more than friendly in our need,
Or of thy name respectful, to explore,
Not help or pity, hither bends his course."
"Conduct the father to my ship," reply'd
Themistocles; "sure yonder is the son,
Thou hast describ'd; ingenuous are his looks.
Like him, whose name he bears, his beauteous form
Might charm the beaming god once more to court
A mortal's friendship; but, dejection pale
O'ercasts his hue; strange melancholy dims
His youthful eye; too modest, or unmann'd
By languor, child of grief, he stops and bows
In distant, seeming awe, which wounds my soul.
I must salute him. Noble youth, receive
My hand; Themistocles of Greece expects
No such obeisance from a fellow Greek.
The majesty of Athens might exact
That conquer'd tyrants, in my presence brought,
Low as the dust should crouch beneath her chief."
A start of anguish Hyacinthus gave
At these last words, then silent bow'd again
His decent brow; not awe, but latent ills
Seem'd to control his tongue. Th' observant chief
Defers inquiry to its season due,
To Cleon's charge consigns him, and retires
To his own galley. Waiting for the sire,
He meditates a moment on the son:
"I see advantage in this youth's distress—
My plan is form'd." He hastens to unbar
His copious treasure; thence in dazzling show
He spreads four silver talents on his board,
O'er them a mantle throws, and brief again
Thus ruminates: "Now, Plutus, who canst sap
The strong-bas'd tow'r, and soften rigid hearts,
Smile on this juncture. Aristides scorns
Thy deity, Themistocles invokes
Thy precious succour. From profoundest woe
Disconsolate Eretria thou hast rais'd;
Now by a sordid instrument give life
To dull Carystus." Sudden in his view,
By Cleon brought, who instantly withdraws,
Nicomachus appears, and thus begins:
"The Salaminian victor I salute,
Charg'd by Carystus; happy is my lot
To venerate the chief, and touch the hand
Which humbled Asia. Doth Eubœa see
Thee visitant illustrious to rebuild

Eretria? then instruct her to confine
That pow'r and pride, her neighbours felt of old."
"Th' Athenian here: "Eubœa sees me come
Both to advise, Carystian, and depress;
But to exalt thy state, my friend, I wish,
Wish thy possessions equal to thy worth.
Behold! Uplifting to the greedy eye
Of avarice the mantle, he pursues:
"Behold four silver talents! Them accept,
Which in this casket to thy trusted slaves
I will deliver now; I only ask
Of thy deep-fourished influence to warm
Supine Carystus: for thyself and Greece
Unite with mine thy standard. Further note,
If at my summons thou produce in arms
Thy citizens auxiliar, from this hand
Expect four added talents; but the hopes
Of no unpractis'd leader, who perceives
His enterprise assur'd, dare promise more,
A share, Nicomachus, of spoil in war,
To pass thy own belief." By present gain,
By more in promise, not by glory fir'd,
Nicomachus rejoins: "A thousand spears
Shall wait thy earliest notice." While he spake,
He snatch'd the casket, shut the treasure close,
Then rush'd to seek his confidential slave,
Who takes the precious charge. With placid looks
The cool, the politic Athenian sat
Like some experienc'd pilot, who serene,
In skilful guidance of the steady helm,
Enjoys the favour smooth of gale and tide,
Combin'd to waft o'er Ocean's fickle breast
His gliding keel, and lodge her costly freight
Secure at length in harbour. Now he spake
To his re-ent'ring guest: "Carystian friend,
Thou hast a son, well-disciplin'd to war,
Brave, lib'ral, wise, I doubt not; wilt thou trust
To my society awhile his youth?"
"He is the object of my vows to Heav'n,"
Nicomachus exclaims, in passion feign'd,
"My soul's delight, the rapture of my eye!
If he were absent, ev'ry hour my age
Would feel a growing burden."—"Come," rejoins
Th' Athenian, "him I only would detain
My messenger of orders to thy walls;
On him another talent would bestow."
"The gymnic school and letters," cries the sire,
"He follows, heeds not treasure; by his hand
Send me the talent; never let him know
The charge he bears." This said, he loudly calls
To Hyacinthus, who had gain'd the deck,
Him ent'ring thus addresses: "Son, the chief
Of Athens, great Themistocles, demands
Thee for companion." As a casual gleam
Breaks through th'unrav'lling texture of black clouds,
Which long on Winter's sullen face have hung;
So darts a ray of gladness through the gloom
Of Hyacinthus, by the Attic chief
Not observ'd. Intent on swift return,
Th' exulting father bids to both farewell.
Remaining day Themistocles employs
Among his sailors in th' Eretrian streets,
Inspects the necessary toil pursu'd
With unremitted vigour, then retires
To due refection. Cleon is a guest
With Hyacinthus, still by grief devour'd,
Which all his efforts strive in vain to hide.
Her heavy wing no sooner Night outspreads,
Than to Sicinus they are giv'n in charge,
While to his couch Themistocles repairs.

BOOK XII.

Now in the zodiac had the Sun o'erpass'd
The tenth fair sign. The new succeeding month,
Though not by Flora, nor Vertumnus deck'd,
Nor green in hue, though first of Winter's train,
Oft with unsully'd skies irradiate cheers
The prone creation, and delights mankind.
The birds yet warble on the leafless sprays,
The placid surface, glaz'd by clearest light,
In crystal rivers, and transparent lakes,
Or Ocean's smooth cerulean bosom, shows
The finny tribes in play. The active son
Of Neocles uprises, and descries
A dawn which promis'd purity of air,
Of light and calmness, tempting Sloth herself
To action. Thus he rous'd his native fire:
"Of this kind season not a moment lose,
Themistocles." Sicinus, ever nigh,
He call'd: "Provide two receptacles sure,
Each to contain twelve talents; bring my arms,
Produce a second suit, resembling mine;
Send Hyacinthus; let my chosen band
Of Attic friends, and Sparta's fifty youths,
My followers, be ready for a march."
Soon Hyacinthus enters; still he shows
The perturbation of a mind oppress'd
By some conceal'd misfortune, while, beneath
The shade of sorrow, on his front appear'd
Excelling graces. Him the chief bespake,
Gay in his look, and sprightly in his tone:
"Her eastern hill, behold, the Morning mounts
In radiance, scatter'd from the liquid gems
On her loose mantle; but the heart of youth
In ev'ry season should rejoice, in clouds
Not less than sunshine, whether Nature's voice
Be hoarse in storms, or tune to whisp'ring gales
Her vernal music. Sharp some inward grief,
When youth is sad; yet fortune oft deceives
The inexperienc'd by imagin'd ills,
Or light, which counsel of the more mature
Can lightly heal. Unlock thy lib'ral mind;
To me, a guardian pregnant of relief
Beyond thy father, countrymen, or friends,
Impart thy cares." The sighing guest replied:
"To thy control my service I devote,
O scourge of tyrants, but retain my grief!
Which thou, O first of mortals, or the king
Of high Olympus, never can redress."
Sicinus interrupts; his lord's commands
Are all accomplish'd. "Now, Carystian friend,
Resembling me in stature, size, and limbs,"
The son of Neocles proceeds, "accept
That suit of armour; I have tried it well;
Receive a shield familiar to my arm."
He next instructs Sicinus: "Thou receive
Twelve talents; hasten to the neighb'ring walls
Of stately Chalcis, populous and rich,
Queen of Eubœan cities, in whose port
The twenty ships of Athens yet remain,
Which Chalcis borrow'd, and equipp'd for war.
Of her bold race four thousand we beheld
Distinguish'd late in Artemisium's fight,
At Salamis yet later. First approach
The new-made archon in a rev'rent style,
Timoxenus most potent in that state,
A dubious, timid magistrate, unlike
Nearchus. Cordial salutation bear
To him, my brave associate; do not turn

Thy back on Chalcis, till thy prudence brings
Intelligence of weight; th' Athenian keels
With grain abundant and materials lade,
That friendly roofs th' Eretrians may obtain,
Before grim Winter harrow up these straits,
Unnavigable soon." This said, he arms;
Begirt by warriors, to the temple speeds,
And greets the priest: "In gladsome thought I see
The goddess Health, white-handed, crimson-cheek'd,
As from a silver car in roseate clouds
Look on thy people; dropping on their lips
Restoring dew, she bids them taste and live.
The convalescent piously employ
In labours, where my naval band shall join,
To free th' encumber'd temple, to repair,
To cover dwellings, lest the winter bring
New hardships. Martial exercise I leave
To Cleon's care, while ten revolving suns
Of absence I must count. Now, father, take
This hand, a hand which fortune and thy god
Have ever favour'd, which shall soon convert
The annual day of mourning in thy fane
To festival solemnity of joy."
Bless'd by Tisander, rapid he departs.
Young Hyacinthus follows, who in arms,
Once by his patron worn, to ev'ry eye
Presents a new Themistocles, but such,
As when th' allurement of his early bloom
He, not unconscious of the charm, display'd
To Attic damsels. Cloudless on their march
Apollo shoots a clear and tepid ray;
A scatter'd village in Carystian bounds
To rural hospitality admits
The wearied warriors. Hyacinthus guides
His great protector to a shelt'ring fane
Of Juno, styl'd connubial; stately round
Of beech extends a venerable shade;
Through ages time had witness'd to their growth,
Whose ruddy texture, disarray'd of green,
Glows in the purple of declining day.
They pass the marble threshold, when the youth,
With visage pale, in accents broken spake:
"Unequall'd man, behold the only place
For thy reception fit; for mine"——He paus'd;
A gushing torrent of impetuous grief
O'erwhelm'd his cheeks; now starting, on he rush'd,
Before the sacred image wrung his hands;
Then sinking down, along the pavement roll'd
His body; in distraction would have dash'd
His forehead there. Themistocles prevents,
Uplifts, and binds him in a strong embrace;
When thus in cage agony the youth:
"Is not thy purpose, godlike man, to crush
The tyrant Demonax, in torture cut
The murd'rer short, that he may feel the pangs
Of death unnatural?"—"Young man," replies
Th' Athenian grave, "to know my hidden thoughts,
Dost thou aspire, retaining still thy own?
Still in my presence thy distemper drinks
The cup of misery conceal'd, and seems,
Rejecting friendship's salutary hand,
To court the draught which poisons. Canst thou hope,
Mysterious youth, my confidence, yet none
Wilt in Themistocles repose?" His look,
His tone, in feign'd austerity he wrapp'd,
So Æsculapius bitter juice apply'd
From helpful plants, his wisdom had explor'd,
The vehicles of health. In humble tears,
Which melted more than flow'd, the mourner thus:
"Forgive me, too regardless of thy grace;
Of all forgetful, save itself, my grief
Deserves thy frown, yet less than gidd' joy,
Which, grown familiar, wantons in the smile
Of condescension. Ah! that grief will change
Reproof to more than pity; will excite
A thirst for vengeance, when thy justice hears
A tale"—"Unfold it," interpos'd the chief,
"To one who knows the various ways of man
Hath study'd long their passions and their woes,
Nor less the med'cines for a wounded mind."
Then Hyacinthus: "Mighty chief, recall
Thy first successes, when Eubœa's maids
Saw from her shores barbarian pendants lower'd
To thine, and grateful pluck'd the flow'rs of May
To dress in chaplets thy victorious deck.
Then, at thy generous instigation fir'd,
The men of Oreus from their walls expell'd
Curst Demonax, their tyrant. On a day,
Ah! source of short delight, of lasting pain!
I from the labour of a tedious chase,
O'erspent by thirst and heat, a forest gain'd.
A rill, meandring to a green recess,
I track'd; my wonder saw a damsel there
In sumptuous vesture, couch'd on fragrant tufts
Of camomile, amid surrounding flow'rs
Reposing. Tall, erect, a figure stern
Was nigh; all sable on his head and brow,
Above his lip, and shadowing his cheeks
The hair was brisled; fierce, but frank, his eye
A grim fidelity reveal'd; his belt
Sustain'd a sabre; from a quiver full
On sight of me an arrow keen he drew,
A well-strung bow presented, my approach
Forbidding loudly. She, upstarting, wak'd.
My aspect, surely gentle when I first
Beheld Cleora, more of hope than fear
Inspir'd; she crav'd protection—What, ye Fates!
Was my protection—O superior man,
Can thy sublimity of soul endure
My tedious anguish!" Interposing mild
Th' Athenian here: "Take time, give sorrow vent,
My Hyacinthus, I forbid not tears."
He now pursues: "Her suppliant hands she rais'd,
To me astonish'd, hearing from her lips,
That Demonax was author of her days.
Amid the tumult his expulsion caus'd,
She, from a rural palace, where he stor'd
Well known to her a treasure, with a slave
In faith approv'd, with gold and gems of price
Escap'd. All night on fleetest steeds they rode,
Nor knew what hospitable roof to seek.
"My father's sister, Glaucé, close behind
This fane of Juno dwelt, her priestess pure,
My kindest parent. To her roof I brought—
O, Glaucé, what—O dearest, most rever'd!
To thee I brought Cleora!" Horrour pale
Now blanch'd his visage, shook his loos'ning joints,
Congeal'd his tongue, and rais'd his rigid hair.
Th' Athenian, calm and silent, waits to hear
The reassum'd narration. "O ye flow'rs,
How were ye fragrant!" forth in transport wild
Bursts Hyacinthus: "O embow'ring woods,
How soft your shade's refreshment! Founts and rills,
How sweet your cadence, while I won the hand
Of my Cleora to the nuptial tie,
By spotless vows before thy image bound,
O goddess hymeneal! O what hours
Of happiness untainted, dear espous'd,
Did we possess! kind Glaucé smil'd on both,
The earliest birds of morning to her voice

Of benediction sung; the gracious sound
Our evening heard; content our pillow smooth'd.
Ev'n Oxus, so Cleora's slave was nam'd,
Of Sacian birth, with grim delight and zeal
Anticipates our will. My nuptials known
Brings down my father, whose resentment warm
Th' affinity with Demonax reproves,
A helpless vagabond, a hopeless wretch;
For now my sword at Salamis prevail'd.
This storm Cleora calm'd; the gen'rous fair
Before my father laid her dazzling gems;
She gave, he took them all; return'd content;
Left us too happy in exhaustless stores
Of love for envious fate to leave unspoil'd.
"Meantime no rumour pierc'd our tranquil bow'r,
That Demonax in Oreus was repair'd;
That he two golden talents, to the hand
Which should restore Cleora, had proclaim'd,
To me was all unknown. Two moons complete
Have spent their periods since one evening late
Nicomachus my presence swift requir'd,
A dying mother to embrace. By morn
I gain'd Carystus; by the close of day
A tender parent on my breast expir'd.
An agitation unexpected shook
My father's bosom as I took farewell.
On my return——I can no more——Yes, yes,
Dwell on each hideous circumstance, my tongue;
With horrour tear my heartstrings till they burst:
Poor Hyacinthus hath no cure but death.
"The Sun was broad at noon; my recent loss
Lamenting, yet assuaging by the joy
To see Cleora soon, ne'er left before,
(A tedious interval to me) I reach'd
My home, th' abode of Glaucé. Clos'd, the door
Forbids my passage; to repeated calls
No voice replies; two villagers pass by,
Who at my clamours help to force my way.
I pass one chamber; strangled on the floor,
Two damsel-ministers of Juno lie.
I hurry on; a second, where my wife
Was in my absence to partake the couch
Of Glaucé, shows that righteous woman dead.
The dear impression where Cleora's limbs
Sleep had embrac'd, I saw, the only trace
Of her, the last, these eyes shall e'er behold.
Her name my accents strong in frenzy sound:
Cleora makes no answer. Next I fly
From place to place; on Sacian Oxus call:
He is not there. A lethargy benumbs
My languid members. In a neighb'ring hut,
Lodg'd by the careful peasants, I awake,
Insensible to knowledge of my state.
The direful tidings from Carystus rouse
My friends; Nicanor to my father's home
Transports me. Ling'ring, torpid I consum'd
Seven moons successive; when too vig'rous youth
Re-call'd my strength and memory to curse
Health, sense, and thought. My rashness would have sought
Cleora ev'n in Oreus, there have fac'd
The homicide her sire; forbid, withheld,
Nicanor I deputed. When I march'd
To bid thee welcome, on the way I met
That friend return'd—Persist, my falt'ring tongue,
Rehearse his tidings; pitying Heav'n may close
Thy narrative in death—The Sacian slave
Produc'd Cleora to her savage sire;
So fame reports, all Oreus so believes.
But this is trivial to the tragic scene
Which all beheld. Her hand the tyrant doom'd
To Mindarus, a Persian lord, the chief
Of his auxiliar guard; but she refus'd,
And own'd our union, which her pregnant fruit,
Of love too well confirm'd. The monster, blind
With mad'ning fury, instantly decreed
That deadliest poison through those beauteous lips
Should choke the springs of life. My weeping friend
Saw her pale relics on the fun'ral pyre.
I am not mad—ev'n that relief the gods
Deny me. All my story I have told,
Been accurate on horrour to provoke
The stroke of death, yet live."—"Thou must," exclaims
The chief, humanely artful, "thou must live;
Without thy help I never can avenge
On Demonax thy wrongs."—"Ha!" cries the youth,
"Art thou resolv'd to lift thy potent arm
Against the murd'rer?"—"Yes," th' Athenian said,
"I will do more, thy virtue will uphold,
Whose perseverance through such floods of woe
Could wade to bid me welcome. Gen'rous youth,
Trust to the man whom myriads ne'er withstood,
Who towns from ruin can to greatness raise,
Can humble Fortune, force her fickle hand
To render up the victim she hath mark'd,
For shame and sorrow, force her to entwine
With her own finger a triumphant wreath
To deck his brow. Themistocles, who drives
Despair and desolation from the streets
Of fall'n Eretria, and from eastern bonds
Afflicted Greece at Salamis preserv'd;
He will thy genius to his native pow'rs
Restore; will make thee master of revenge
For thy own wrongs; to glorious action guide
Thy manly steps, redressing, as they tread,
The wrongs of others." Not the gracious voice
Of Juno, speaking comfort from her shrine;
Not from his tripod Jove's prophetic seed,
Imparting counsel through his Pythian maid;
Not Jove himself, from Dodonæan groves,
By oracles of promise, could have sooth'd
This young, but most distinguish'd of mankind
Among the wretched, as the well-wrought strain
Of thy heart-searching policy, expert
Themistocles, like some well-practis'd son
Of learn'd Machaon, o'er a patient's wound
Compassionate, but cool, who ne'er permits
His own sensation to control his art.
"But," said th' Athenian, "soldiers must refresh,
As well as fast, nor keep incessant watch."
They quit the temple. In the dwelling nigh,
Deep-musing, Hyacinthus light tastes
The light repast. On matted lofts they stretch
Their weary'd limbs. Themistocles had arm'd
With elevated thoughts his pupil's mind,
Which foils at intervals despair. His eyes
The transient palm of sleep would often seal,
But oft in dreams his dear espous'd he sees,
A livid spectre; an empoison'd cup
She holds, and weeps—then vanishes. Revenge,
In bloody sandals and a dusky pall,
Succeeds. Her stature growing, as he gaz'd,
Reveals a glory, beaming round her head;
A sword she brandishes, the awful sword
Which Nemesis unsheaths on crimes. He sees
Connubial Juno's image from the base
Descend, and, pointing with its marble hand,
Before him glide. A sudden shout of war,
The yell of death, Carystian banners wav'd,
An apparition of himself in arms,

Stir ev'ry sense. The dreadful tumult ends;
The headless trunk of Demonax in gore
He views in transport. Instantly his couch
Shoots forth in laurels, vaulting o'er his head;
The walls are hung with trophies. Juno comes,
No longer marble, but the queen of Heav'n,
Clad in resplendency divine. She leads
Cleora, now to perfect bloom restor'd,
Who, beck'ning, opens to th' enraptur'd eye
Of Hyacinthus, doating on the charm,
Her breast of snow; whence pure ambrosial milk
Allures an infant from an amber cloud,
Who stoops, and round her neck maternal clings.
He to embrace them striving, wak'd, and lost
Th' endearing picture of illusive air,
But wak'd compos'd. His mantle he assum'd,
To Juno's statue trod, and thus unlock'd
His pious breast: "O goddess! though thy smile,
Which I acknowledge for the hours of bliss
I once possess'd, a brief, exhausted term,
Could not protect me from malignant Fate,
Lo! prostrate fall'n before thee, I complain
No more. My soul shall struggle with despair;
Nor shall the Furies drag me to the grave.
Thou punishment dost threaten to the crime,
Which hath defac'd my happiness on Earth;
Themistocles, my patron, is thy boon,
Who will fulfil thy menace. I believe,
There is a place hereafter to admit
Such purity as hers, whose blissful hand
Thou didst bestow—I lost—I know my days
With all their evils of duration short;
I am not conscious of a black misdeed,
Which should exclude me from the seat of rest,
And therefore wait in pious hope, that soon
Shall Hyacinthus find his wife and child,
With them to dwell for ever." He concludes,
Regains the chamber, and Aurora shines.

BOOK. XIII.

When Hyacinthus first his couch forsook,
Themistocles in care had follow'd close,
But secretly had noted well the pray'r
To Juno sent, and part approving, part
Condemning, heard. Accoutr'd now in mail,
The young Carystian, to his list'ning friend,
Relates the wonders of his recent dream.
Th' Athenian, while most cordial in the care
Of Hyacinthus, who, his woes endear'd,
Still weigh'd his us... This answer he devis'd
To ease the grief he pitied, and preserve
The worth essential to his own designs.
"What thou hast told, Carystian, fires my breast;
It was a signal, by Saturnia held
To animate thy rage, and prompt thy arm
To action. She requires not, goddess wise,
Humiliation, scorns the sluggish mind,
Whose thoughts are creeping to Elysian rest.
They hush no throbs of anguish, while it rends
The mangled heartstrings, no not more than stanch
A bleeding wound, or quench a fever's flame.
We earn Elysium, and our evils here
Surmount, alike by action. Manly toil
Repels despair. Endurance of a storm,
Which rocks the vessel; marches long and swift;
A river pass'd, while enemies in front
By whirls of javelins chase the rapid ford;
A rampart scal'd; the forcing of a camp,
Are cures of sorrow. In her vision clear
So did Heav'n's empress intimate this morn.
Me too she visited in sleep; her voice
My waking thoughts confirm'd; Cleora lives;
Else why the goddess thus? 'Arise, O son
Of Neocles, of this afflicted youth
Be thou sure guide to rescue his espous'd
The profanation of my rites chastise?'"
The fiction wraps in credulous delight
The young Carystian's confidence, who feels
Circæan magic from his patron's eye,
His tongue, and gesture. He, quick-sighted, turns
To swift advantage his delusion thus:
"Come, let me try thy vigour; I am bound
To neighb'ring Styra; fly before thy friend;
Among that gen'rous people, who, their all,
Two gallies sent to Salamis, proclaim
Themistocles approaches." Like a dart,
Lanch'd from the sinews of a Parthian's arm,
Without reply th' inspir'd Carystian flew,
Cas'd as he was in steel. Meantime the chief
Salutes his Attic and Laconian bands;
His captivating presence both enjoy,
Which else no eye most piercing might discern,
Not ev'n the hundred never-sleeping lights,
Which on the margin of her parent flood
Incessant watch'd the progeny transform'd
Of Inachus, the Argive watry god;
Where undistinguish'd in the grazing herd
His daughter wept, nor he that daughter knew
A speechless suppliant. Recommenc'd, the march
Exhausts the day. Beneath a holy roof,
Which rose to Ceres, they their shelter'd limbs
To rest and food resign. There gently swell'd
Th' encircling ground, whence fair the morning
On little Styra, who, no queen superb [smil'd
Of wide dominion, like a rural nymph
In decency of garb, and native locks,
Her humble circuit not unlovely shows.
She from Athenian boundaries of old
Her first inhabitants deriv'd, and pours
Her sons now forth Themistocles to greet,
Their eldest parent's hero. Lampon bold
Accosts him: "Me the weak, but willing hand
Of Styra late enabled to enrol
My name with thine, unconquerable son
Of Neocles. Though feeble is her sword,
Her sinews boast of Attic vigour still.
Oh! that her means were equal to her love,
A lib'ral welcome thou and these should find;
But yon Geræstian oligarchy, foe
To equity and freedom, from our meads
Have newly swept our plenty." Ardent here,
Themistocles: "By Heav'n, my Styrian host,
Not thrice shall day illuminate your skies,
Ere double measure shall these petty lords
Repay to Styra. I am come to crush
Their usurpation, in Geræstus fix
Her ancient laws, and rouse her martial race
Against the Persian, and the Persian's friends.
Array thy force. To morrow's early Sun
Shall see us march, and ere his second noon
The bird of Athens shall her talons lift
Against the walls of these presumptuous thieves."
"They have no walls," Eudemus takes the word,
A righteous, brave Geræstian, exil'd late,
By hospitable Styra late receiv'd.
"A forest thick surrounds them, which affords
One scanty passage; but the axe and bill,

Apply'd with vigour, soon will open ways.
Sev'n hundred natives can Geræstus arm,
Who will not fight to rivet on their necks
A galling yoke more fast. The whole defence,
Our oligarchal tyrants have to boast,
Are poor barbarians, scarce three hundred strong,
Sav'd from the wrecks of those advent'rous ships,
Which round Eubœa's rude Capharean cape
Had been detach'd thy navy to surround
In Artemisium's conflict." Now apart
Themistocles to Hyacinthus spake,
While in his care he lodg'd a casket seal'd,
Which held the talent promis'd to his sire:
"This for thy father; tell him, I require
The stipulated bands' immediate march;
I wish to see them under thy command.
Thou know'st Diana's celebrated fane
At Amarynthus; if thou canst, young friend,
Be there before me." Pleas'd, the youth departs.
As in excursion from their waxen homes
A hive's industrious populace obey
The tinkling sound, which summons all to swarm;
So, when the trumpet's well-known voice proclaims
To arms, the Styrians, round the banner'd staff,
Which Lampon rais'd, are gather'd. There enjoin'd
To reassemble at a stated hour,
Their clinking armour in their homes they cleanse;
They whet their spears and falchions to chastise
Geræstian rapine. Ere the morning breaks,
Four hundred join Themistocles. He bends
To Amarynthus, seat of Dian pure,
His rapid course. Her edifice sublime,
Which overtops her consecrated bow'r,
The second noon discovers. Just arriv'd,
Carystian helmets round the temple shine,
By Hyacinthus and Nicanor led,
Joint captains. Staid Nicanor was the friend
Return'd from Oreus, who the tidings brought
Of poor Cleora's fate. Th' Athenian hails
The young commander: "Gladly do I find
Thy speed surpassing mine; but swift explain,
Who is the priestess in this pure abode?"
"Then Hyacinthus: "She, Eudora nam'd,
For sanctity of manners, rank, and birth,
Through this well-peopled island is renown'd;
Authority her hand-maid. Her rich fane
With sumptuous off'rings shines; the wealthiest
Her intercession at the thrones of Heav'n [towns
Obsequious court, and dread her brow severe.
Of elevated stature, awful port,
She from Briareus, worshipp'd in our walls,
Proud origin derives. She twangs the bow,
The javelin lances through the tusky boar,
Chas'd o'er the temple's wide domain of wood;
Tall nymphs attend her, while the eyes abash'd
Of her own vassals shun her stately step.
Ah! couldst thou win her favour!"—"Haste," replies
The ready chief, "to great Eudora say,
Themistocles of Athens humbly sues
To kiss the border of her hallow'd stole."
He calls; the martial harness from his limbs
Attentive slaves unclasp; ablution pure
From limpid streams effaces ev'ry stain
Of his laborious march; a chlamys flows
Loose from his shoulders. Casting from his brow
The plumed casque, uncover'd he ascends
The massy steps of that stupendous fane.
In admiration of the glories there,
Through cedar valves, on argent hinges pois'd,
He passes, where his own distinguish'd form
No ornament excels. In gold the shapes
Of wreaths and garlands, crescents, stars, and suns,
Hung round the columns; on the pavement broad,
Engraven tripods, vases, statues, busts
Of burnish'd brass and silver were dispos'd;
In graceful order. Pictures, where the lips
Seem speaking, limbs to act, and looks express
The various passions, which in varying hues
Exalt the human aspect, or degrade,
Enrich the walls. Orion writhes his bulk,
Transfix'd by arrows from th' insulted queen
Of chastity. Devour'd by rav'nous hounds,
His own, Actæon's metamorphos'd head
Reclines in blood his newly-branching horns.
Unbid by Œneus to th' Ætolian feast,
There on her vengeful Calydonian boar
Looks Phœbe down, while red her crescent darts
A flame of anger through disparting clouds.
Compell'd to lave her violated limbs,
Disrob'd Calisto on the fountain's brink
There weeps in vain her virgin vow profan'd.
Here deeds of mercy smile. Appeas'd, the queen
Folds in the mantle of a silver mist
Pale Iphigenia, from the holy knife
At Aulis wafts, and substitutes the doe
A full-atoning victim. Here she quits
Her Tauric dome, unhospitably stain'd
With blood of strangers. O'er th' entrusted keel
Of sad Orestes, who her image bears,
To chase the Furies from his haunted couch,
A guardian bland she hovers. Through its length
Magnificent the midmost isle conveys
The terminating sight, where deep and wide
A luminous recess, half-circling, shows
Pilasters chisell'd, and a sumptuous freeze.
An elevated pavement, yet below
The sight, whose level skims a surface broad
Of marble green, sustains the goddess form
In Parian whiteness, emblem of her state,
In height five cubits. Purity severe
O'ershades her beauty. Elegantly group'd
Without confusion, Dryads, Oreads round,
With nymphs of lakes and fountains fill the space.
Lo! not unlike the deity she serves,
Eudora stands before her, and accosts
Th' advancing hero thus: "I trust, thy soul
Some great, some righteous enterprise conceives,
Else nothing less might justify the din
Of arms around me, and these banners proud
Fix'd in my presence on religious ground
Inviolably sacred. I would know,
Themistocles, thy purpose." He one knee
Obsequious bends; his lips approach the hem
Of her pontific robe, nor she forbids.
He then replied: "I should not have besought
Thy condescension, priestess, had my soul
Less than a righteous enterprise conceiv'd,
Deserving sanction from thy holy, pure,
All-influencing wisdom; to thy feet
I bring my standard, and my sword devote
Spontaneous to thy service. While I cast
My wond'ring eyes on this enrich'd abode,
On thee, its chief embellishment, and know
That impious neighbours in Geræstus rule,
Foul pillagers and miscreants, horrour thrills
Thy soldier's bosom; from a town oppress'd,
Them to extirpate his vindictive arm
Themistocles exalts." Eudora look'd
Applauding: "Go, and prosper," she rejoin'd;

" Of this attentive piety, O chief,
Whom glory crowns, thou never shalt repent!"
Dismiss'd, he rested; under twilight grey
Renew'd his course. Meridian Phœbus view'd
Compact battalions from their shields and helms
Shoot flames of terrour on Geræstian woods.
A guard was station'd, where the narrow path
Gave entrance; thither Hyacinthus led
A chosen troop, and fierce in accent spake:
" Train'd to an oar, vile remnants of a wreck,
Drop, ye barbarian vagabonds, those arms
From your ignoble, mercenary hands;
Th' invincible Themistocles requires
Immediate passage." Dubious paus'd their chief,
A low Pamphylian rower. In contempt
From his inverted spear a pond'rous blow
The youth discharg'd, removing all suspense.
Prone fell the ruffian, like the victim beast,
Stunn'd by a brawny sacrificer's blow,
Before an altar's fire. His troop disperse.
The Styrians active, by the prudent son
Of Neocles instructed, beat the wood,
Wielding the bill and axe in wary dread
Of ambush. No resistance checks the march;
The speeding legion penetrates the shades;
Thence, rushing dreadful on Geræstus, spreads
A blaze of steel. So fiery sparks, conceal'd
Long in some ancient mansion's girding beam,
There gath'ring force unseen, a passage break
For conflagration to devour a town.
Eudemus joins Themistocles, and thus:
" Behold, our miscreant oligarchy rest
On supplication, now their sole defence;
The injur'd people follow; hear the cry
Of imprecation. Sev'n flagitious men,
By rapine, lust, and homicide deform'd,
Those olive boughs profaning by their touch,
Come to pollute thy presence." They approach,
To whom th' Athenian, stern in visage, spake:
" Ye little tyrants, who in crimes aspire
To emulate the greatest, do ye come
To render up your persons? else expect
That populace to seize you, and a pile
Of stones to crush your execrable heads."
He turns away. The fife and trumpet sound;
The sev'n surrender mute; Eudemus glad
Secures them, giv'n to Styra's band in charge.
Reviv'd Geræstus to her public place,
Which heretofore the people wont to fill
In free assembly, as her guardian god
Receives the Attic hero. All the way
He passes, curses on the tyrants heap'd
He list'ning hears, from children for their sires,
From wives for husbands, mothers for their sons,
The various victims of unlawful pow'r.
Dishonour'd damsels, early robb'd of fame,
An orphan train, of heritage despoil'd,
Indignant husbands, of their wives depriv'd,
Their joint upbraidings sound. " By all the gods,"
Th' Athenian bitterly sarcastic spake,
" Black spirits, your fertility in vice
Deserves my wonder; in this narrow spot
You are distinguish'd in the sight of Heav'n
By multifarious crimes above the king,
Who hath all Asia for his ample range.
Be not offended, my Geræstian friends;
Ere I restore your franchise, I will try
If chains and dungeons can allay these flames
Of unexampled wickedness. Thou hear'st,
Eudemus. Now, Geræstians, you are free.
Elect Eudemus archon; of the wealth
Those wretches gather'd, part to public use,
To suff'rers part distribute. I demand
But this requital; you have felt the woes
Of tyranny; obtaining from my hand
Redress, that hand enable to preserve
The liberty of others; Greece demands
From you that succour, which this happy day
She hath by me imparted." He withdraws
From acclamations and assenting hearts
To give Eudemus counsel. Night is spent.
He swiftly back to Amarynthus flies;
Each tyrant follows; from his dungeon drawn,
The Sun, spectator of his chains and shame,
He dreads; in horrour, conscious of his guilt,
He shrinks at day like Cerberus, when dragg'd
By Hercules from Hell. Th' accepted chief,
His captives ranging in Eudora's sight,
Unfolds their dire variety of crimes,
Left to her sentence; awful she decides:
" He, who oppresses, who enslaves mankind,
Himself should feel enthralment, shame, and stripes.
Let these to some fell traficker in slaves
Be sold, transported in remotest climes
To witness Greek severity on vice;
So by my voice should Xerxes be condemn'd;
So shall the monster Demonax. The means
I find, Themistocles, in thee." Elate
To hear this great, authoritative dame,
The chief replies: " Thy mandate is my law,
Thy equity is mine." Her stately brow
Unbending, she concisely questions thus:
" How shall Eudora's favour mark thy worth?"
" Thy blessing grant," he answers, well appris'd,
That asking little best attains to all.
" I may do more," she said; " thy ripen'd thoughts
Impart hereafter; my extent of aid
Diana must determine. Now farewell."
He press'd no further, tow'rds Carystus turn'd
His march, and reach'd her portals, while the Sun
Wanted three hours to finish his career.
There was a temple to Briareus built,
The son of Titan. In th' enormous shrine
His image vast to thirty cubits rose
In darkest marble. Terrour, thick with curls
O'erlaid the forehead, thick th' engraven beard
The spacious chest o'ershadow'd; fifty shields,
As many maces of refulgent brass
The hundred hands upheld. Broad steps around
The pedestal ascended, that before
Th' outstretch'd Titanian feet religious fear
Accumulated off'rings might dispose,
So to propitiate the tremendous god.
In single state before this image stood
Nicomachus, the archon, to receive
His son triumphant with Cecropia's chief.
They now had pass'd th' expanded gates, and slow
Approach'd the shrine in military pomp
Along th' extensive aisle. The walls and dome
Replied to fifes and trumpets, to the clink
Of manacles and fetters, piercing sound,
Which told the wearer's guilt. Till now unmark'd,
A figure, grim and ghastly, from the crowd
Darts, and a poniard plunging in the breast
Of old Nicomachus, himself ascends
The pedestal, and lifting his red steel
On high, between the god's gigantic feet
Intrepid takes his station. Terrour dims
Each gazing eye; th' illusive medium swells
His size; in fancy'd magnitude he tow'rs

Another son of Titan. As he stands
Intent to speak, Themistocles, alone
Of all th' assembly master of himself,
Cool gives a sign, when thus th' assassin speaks,
In phrase barbaric, and a soften'd look:
" I am that Oxus, whom suspicion marks
A traitor to Cleora. Mistress dear,
(At this a torrent gushes from his eyes)
Thou knew'st me faithful. Listen, gracious lord,
Thou tend'rest consort of the tend'rest wife,
O Hyacinthus! listen to my tale,
Thou too wilt own me faithful:—On the night,
Thy first of absence from Cleora's bed,
No more thy love to bless, assassins forc'd
Grand Glauce's dwelling; me they bound; my voice
They barr'd; the priestess and her blameless maids
They strangled. Mounted on a rapid steed
One bore Cleora; two, robust and fell,
Were my unresting guards. Through trackless woods
Not far we journey'd; Demonax was near,
Just march'd to waste Eretria's neighb'ring land.
Conducting me to loneliest shades, my guides
Remain'd awhile conferring. One, I knew,
Was Dacus, Dacus whom thy sire preferr'd
In trust to all his menials. Words like these
He utter'd: 'Thus Nicomachus enjoin'd;
Transporting Oxus to obscurest wilds,
Destroy, conceal him there. Access by night
To Demonax obtain; by earnest suit
From him exact a promise to declare,
That Oxus brought his daughter, then set free
Was sent rewarded to his Sacian home.
Receive the gold proclaim'd; depart. Be sure
No other name than Oxus pass your lips.'
" This said, they gor'd me with repeated wounds;
I sunk before them; they believ'd me dead.
Deep in a pit, o'ergrown with brambles thick,
They left me. Woodmen, haply passing, heard
My piercing groans; in pity, to a hut
They bore me; herbs medicinal, and time,
Restor'd my strength." His garment he unfolds,
The crimson horrours of his num'rous scars
To show. " Carystians, I my vital breath
Among the Saces on the Caspian drew.
A Genius dwells, a native in the lake,
Who, in his function rising from the deep,
Reveals foul murder. Purple are his wings,
His hue is jet, a diamond his eye,
His hair is inextinguishable flame.
Whatever man, his visitation warns,
Neglects to right the dead, he haunts, he drives
To horrid frenzy. On a whirlwind borne,
To me in momentary flight he came,
In terrours clad uncommon; o'er my couch
His clatt'ring pinions shook. His mandate high
I have obey'd, the foulest murd'rer slain.
" Now, mistress dear, sole object of my zeal,
Where'er thou art, if fleeting on some cloud
A bright aerial spirit; if below
Among the genii of the earth, or seas,
Dost trace the caves, where shine carbuncles pure,
Or pluck the coral in cerulean grots,
Thy faithful slave shall follow, still perform
With his accustom'd vigilance thy will."
This said, he struck the poniard through his breast,
The blows repeating till he pierc'd the heart,
Then on the crimson'd pedestal reclin'd
His dying limbs, nor groan'd. What thoughts were thine,
Nicomachus! To thee are open'd wide
Death's portals; cold thy blood begins to flow.
An injur'd son beside thee strives to doubt
That he, who gave him being, now descends
To sure damnation for so black a crime;
But thou remov'st all doubt: Thy sister's ghost
Before thee seems to glide, and point thy way
To Erebus; Briareus' hundred hands
To brandish serpents, lashing from his fane
A sordid, grovelling parricide to Hell.
At length, amid confession of thy guilt,
The Furies snatch thee from the light of Heav'n
To that eternal gloom. The fainting limbs
Of Hyacinthus forth Nicanor bears.
Religious dread beholds the shrine impure
With homicide; nor knows, what man, what god
Must be consulted, or what rite perform'd
To purge from deeds thus ominous the fane;
Till recollection prompts a sudden hope,
That wise, and great, and favour'd from above,
Themistocles may succour—He is gone.
In double consternation all disperse.
Night drops her curtain on the sleepless town.

BOOK XIV.

Bright morning sheds no gladness on the face
Of pale Carystus, who, in visions fram'd
By superstitious fear, all night had seen
Briareus lift his hundred hands to crush
His fane polluted, from the base to rend
Each pillar'd mass, and hurl the fragments huge
Against her tow'rs. Anon is terrour chang'd
To wonder, which consoles her. Through her gates,
Amid the lustre of meridian day,
In slow procession, solemnly advance
A hundred youths in spotless tunics white,
Sustaining argent wands. A vig'rous band
Of sacerdotal servitors succeed,
Who draw by turns the silver graven shape
Of Dian lofty on a wheeling stage
Of artificial verdure. Virgins tall
A guard surround her, each in flowing snow
Of raiment, gather'd in a rosy knot
Above one knee. They tread in sandals white,
O'erlac'd by roseate bands; behind their necks
Of lily's hue depend their quivers full; [bows,
Hands, which can string their tough and pond'rous
Eyes, darting beams severe, of sovereign strength
Unbroke by wedlock, hearts by love untam'd;
Soft light the silver crescents on their heads
Diffuse. Eudora follows in her car;
Across her shoulders hangs a quiver large;
Full-fac'd, a crystal moon illumes her hair.
Penthesilea's Amazonian arm
Had scarce the nerves to bend Eudora's bow.
Her port, her aspect, fascinate the sight;
Before her, passing, tow'rs and temples seem
To sink below her level; she becomes
The single object eminent; her neck,
Her arms, the vestment shuts from view profane;
Low as her feet descends the sacred stole.
Eight purple-harness'd steeds of milky hue,
Her axle draw. Before her footstool sits
The vanquisher of Xerxes; to the reins
Of argent lustre his obsequious hand

Themistocles applies. A hundred guards
In burnish'd steel, and plumes like ridges new
Of winter's fleeces, not unmartial rank'd
Behind her wheels; the city's widest space
They reach. To all the people, swarming round,
In awful state the priestess thus began:
"Impiety and parricide, which spilt
In Juno's sight her servant Glaucè's blood,
Your god, by double homicide profan'd,
May well dismay Carystus. Lo! I come,
Afflicted city, in thy day of woe
Both to propitiate and conciliate Heav'n.
Learn first, no off'ring of a hundred bulls,
Not clouds of incense, nor exhausted stores
Of richest wine, can moderate his wrath,
Which visits children for the sire's offence,
And desolates whole nations for the crimes
Of kings and chiefs; unless by double zeal,
By violence of virtue, man disarm
The jealous thunderer. Happy is your lot;
The capital offender still survives;
On him inflicted vengeance by your hands,
Men of Carystus, will from Jove regain,
And multiply his blessings on yourselves,
Your sons, and daughters. Swear then, old and young,
Swear all before the fresh-polluted shrine;
Ere you remove the carnage from that fane,
Unite your valour by a gen'ral oath,
That you will strengthen this Athenian's arm,
Whom I from Dian, in the awful name
Of all the gods and goddesses, adjure
To quell the monster Demonax, by Heav'n,
By Earth detested, parricide and scourge
Tyrannic o'er Eubœa." At these words
She fix'd an arrow in her mighty bow;
Then rising, said; "Against an impious head
Incens'd Diana thus her war declares."
A cloud, low-hanging, instant by the force
Of springing wind a boreal course began
Tow'rds Oreus; thither bent Eudora's eye.
Swift from her sounding string through folds obscure
Of that thick vapour, as it fleets away,
The arrow imperceptibly descends
To earth. Fortuitous a sulph'rous spark
Flash'd from the cloud. "A prodigy!" exclaim'd
Themistocles; "the holy shaft is chang'd
To Jove's own bolt, and points the forked flame
On Demonax." "Swear, swear," the people shout;
A gen'ral exhortation rends the cope
Ethereal. Prompted by the subtle voice
Of her prevailing counsellor, again
Eudora solemn: "You for once, my friends,
Must supersede the strictness of your laws.
Though Hyacinthus has not reach'd the date,
Prescrib'd to those who wield the rule supreme,
Elect him archon. Gallant, injur'd youth,
Sage, pious, him Diana best approves,
Him her unerring counsels will inspire.
Me too, her priestess, in your need she lends;
I will promulge the sacred oath to all;
I from pollution will your town redeem."
Unanimous consent is heard. Her ear
She leaves. Before Briareus, in her words,
Sons, fathers, youth, and age, enlist their spears.
Meantime th' Athenian to Nicanor's home
Resorts. He passes to the chamber sad,
Whence Hyacinthus utters these complaints:
"Dost thou, Nicanor, parallel with mine
The Œdipean horrours, or the pangs
Felt by the race of Pelops, and deserv'd?
Thus wouldst thou waken patience in a breast,
Which feels affliction, far surpassing theirs,
Feels undeserv'd affliction? Whom, O Jove!
By errour, lust, or malice have I wrong'd?
Cut short my bloom—torment me here no more.
Let Rhadamanthus instantly decide,
If with Cleora I must taste of bliss,
Or with a father drink eternal woe.
Here for a murder'd wife my eyes to stream
Shall never cease; and—execrable sire!
Not grief, but all which furies can excite,
Rage, detestation, horrour, I must feel
For thee, my origin of life—what life!
Yet, O thou spirit damn'd, the wretch thy son,
The wretch, a father's cruelty hath made,
Perhaps might spare a tear—but Glaucè's ghost,
Thy righteous, hallow'd sister's ghost, forbids
One drop of pity on thy pains to fall—
She shrieks aloud, 'Curse, curse thy father's dust'."
Themistocles now enter'd. At his look,
Which carry'd strange ascendancy, a spell
Controlling nature, was the youth abash'd;
As if his just sensations were a shame,
Or his complaints to reach that hero's ear
Were criminal. He falt'ring spake: "Thou god
Of Hyacinthus! passion thou dost awe;
Thy presence humbles frenzy and despair."
"No, thy own manly fortitude alone
Shall chase despair and frenzy from thy breast,"
Serene Themistocles reply'd: "Arise,
Thou new-created archon; private cares
To interfere with public, neither men
Nor gods allow, nor justice, nor the sense
Of thy own wrongs. Young friend, the noble toil
Of mind and body in this righteous cause
Will give thee rank with heroes. Thou assist,
Nicanor; share the glory." By the hand
He led the passive youth. The people met
Their young, their honour'd magistrate in joy;
Eudora bless'd them; then in solemn zeal
The purifying rites perform'd, and left
Reviv'd Carystus. To her holy seat,
While on the way her goddess radiant shone,
Themistocles attended; then by dawn
Back to Eretria swiftly press'd his march.
Not Æolus, the king of winds, could still
Their gust, nor Neptune smooth his trombled waves,
Nor Jove the raging thunderbolt compose
More, than divine Themistocles had tam'd
Oppression, terrour, anguish, and despair.
This had Geræstus in her evil day,
The panic-aw'd Carystians this had prov'd,
Not less than sad Eretria. Her he finds
Rejoicing, like some widow late forlorn,
Who in the house of mourning with a train
Of pining orphans destitute had sat;
But by a hand beneficent uprais'd,
Ungirds the humble sackcloth from her loins,
Nor longer sprinkles ashes on her head,
Amid reviving plenty. Such the change
Among the Eretrians, through the copious aid
Sicinus lent, within Chalcidic walls
Still sedulous abiding. Ev'ry face
The gladd'ning touch of rosy-tinctur'd health
Illumines. Now from ruins clear'd, the streets
By stable feet of passengers are trod;
Th' impending season's turbulence to foil,
Works, under Cleon's and Tisander's eye
Begun, the vig'rous populace, inspir'd

By their protector's presence, now pursue
With industry to match the beaver breed
Laborious and sagacious, who construct
By native art their mansions, to repel
Congealing air, and hoary drifts of snow
In Winter's harsh domains. From day to day
The toil continued. Early on a morn
A stranger came, in body all deform'd,
In look oblique, but keen; an eastern garb
Enwrapp'd his limbs distorted; from his tongue
Fell barb'rous accents. He address'd the chief
In Grecian phrase, which falter'd on his tongue:
"I am a Tyrian trafficker in slaves;
Returning home from Libya, have been forc'd
By dang'rous winds to this Eubœan coast
For shelter. Watching for a friendly gale,
I learn'd from fame, that, warrior, thou dost wield
A sword which prospers, and its captives dooms
To servitude." Themistocles commands
The sev'n Geræstian tyrants from his ship,
Where at the bottom they had gnash'd their teeth
In chains unslacken'd. To the merchant then:
"Without a price these miscreants from our climes
Remove, the furthest hence will best repay
The obligation. For a master choose
The most ferocious savage on the wilds
Of horrid Scythia, or the Caspian bound."
Secure conductors he appoints, a band
To chain them fast aboard. Each irksome step
They count in curses. O'er Eubœa lost,
Not as their native region, but the seat
Of pow'r and crimes triumphantly enjoy'd,
They weep, still criminal in tears. But soon,
When from the harbour distance had obscur'd
The well-row'd bark, the fetters from their limbs
The merchant orders, who, another tone,
Another mien assuming, thus began:
"*Geræstian lords, redemption you derive*
From Demonax of Oreus. Me the first
Among his council, Lamachus by name,
He sent to practice on the wily chief
Of Athens, wiles which undermine his own."
They land at Dium, thence to Oreus march;
Where Demonax admits them, as he sat
In secret council: "Your disasters known
Obtain'd our instant succour. What intends
Themistocles?" This answer is return'd.
"Not less, great prince, Themistocles intends
Than thy destruction. Of Eretrian blood
All who survive, Geræstus, Styra join
Against thy throne. Carystus from her walls
Will pour battalions, by Eudora fir'd.
The Amarynthian priestess hath declar'd
War in Diana's name. The lab'ring hind
Will quit the furrow; shepherds from their flocks,
Youths from their sport, the keeper from his herd
Will run to arms at her commanding voice,
So prevalent the sound." The tyrant turns
To Mindarus the Persian: "Let us march
Swift to destroy the serpent in his egg."
To him the Persian: "Demonax forgets,
That winter's rigour chills the soldier's blood.
Dost thou not hear the tempest, while it howls
Around us? Ev'n Mardonius active, bold,
Now rests in covert of Thessalian roofs,
Nor fights with nature. Shall my gen'ral hear
That I conduct the race of hottest climes
In freezing rain and whirlwinds to assail
A strong-wall'd town, protected by a chief
For valour, skill, and stratagem renown'd,
With all th' unsparing elements his guard?"
Again the tyrant: "Mindarus, confine
Thy Asiatics, till the roses bud;
While I, in howling storms, in damps, or frost
Will lead my own Eubœans." "Heav'n forbid!"
The wary Lamachus subjoins: "My lord,
Repose no trust without thy foreign bands
In these new subjects. Gods! th' alluring guile
Of that Athenian would dissolve thy ranks,
To his own hostile banner would seduce
Half thy battalions." Demonax again:
"Then policy with policy shall war.
Among th' Eretrians publish, from their hands
This virulent Athenian I require
Bound and deliver'd to my will; their wives,
Their children else, late captives of my sword,
Shall from their state of servitude be dragg'd
To bleed th' immediate victims of my wrath."
Then Mindarus: "Should great Mardonius hear,
That I such inhumanity permit,
He would exert his full monarchal pow'r,
My guilty limbs condemning to a cross."
In fury foaming, Demonax exclaims:
"I am betray'd. Thee, Mindarus, the son
Of that stern prince, who laid Eretria waste,
Thee, Xerxes, future sov'reign of the world,
Appointed my supporter; in this isle
That I, a branch from his imperial root,
Might grow a splendid vassal of his throne.
My cause, his service, now thy heart disowns,
Perverse thy sword abandons. Of my friends
Thou best requited, most ingrate! preferr'd
Once to have been my son, of treasures vast
The destin'd heir, my successor in sway,
Dost thou desert me, and protect my foes?
But to Mardonius, to the mighty king,
I will accuse thee. By th' infernal pow'rs,
Themistocles hath gain'd thee; or thou fear'st
To face that captain on the field of war."
His breast the Persian striking, thus in tears:
"Dost thou recall thy parricide to wound
My inmost bosom? though another held
My dear Cleora by the holiest ties,
I would have struggled with despairing love;
But sink o'erwhelm'd by horrour of that deed,
Which, blasting such perfection, calls on Heav'n
For punishment unbounded. If thou fall'st,
It is the hand of Horomazes weighs
To earth a body overcharg'd with guilt.
Dost thou upbraid me, undeserving man,
Forgetting recent service? Who restor'd
Thy sceptre lost? What captain hath reduc'd
Orobia, Dium, half Eubœa's towns,
But Mindarus? He these achievements past
Regrets, but while appointed by his prince
Will urge his duty to accomplish new.
Then comes a season for a warrior's toil,
Themistocles shall see my banner guide
Twelve thousand spears; shall see my early sword
To gen'ral battle, or to single fight,
Defy th' experience of his pow'rful arm."
He said, and left the council. All withdrew
But Lamachus. The tiger, when escap'd,
Or fell hyena from an eager chase
Of dogs and hunters, feels not more dismay,
Mix'd with a thirst insatiate of revenge,
Than shook the monster Demonax, who thus
To Lamachus: "Insulted and control'd
By an audacious stranger, do I rule

In Oreus longer? By a poison'd draught
Or midnight poniard Mindarus shall die.
Ariobarzanes, second in command,
Will serve me best." The counsellor subjoins:
" If secret poison, or a midnight blow,
Would remedy the grievance, I would try
Their instant operation; but reflect,
Twelve thousand warriors, masters of thy fate,
Who love their gen'ral living, on his death
Might prove too harsh inquisitors. At least
His courage use once more on open foes;
A valiant leader makes the soldier brave;
So have we found in Mindarus. Reserve
Assassination for a greater mark,
Themistocles." The tyrant quick: " Proclaim
Five golden talents on his head the price."
Discreet, though wicked, Lamachus again:
" Wouldst thou incense all Greece, whose navy rules
The main? Howe'er triumphant in the field,
No timely help Mardonius could extend.
The genius of Themistocles, the nymph
Of Salamis indignant by his side,
Would range from state to state. Their loud alarm
Would send the whole confederated fleet
Before the earliest breezes of the spring
To pour vindictive myriads on our coast.
Then what our doom? No, Demonax, my lord,
These sev'n Geræstians, while thy recent grace
Transports their minds, and blows the embers hot
Of rage at recent insult, let us league
Against this formidable man by oaths
Before the Furies in their neighb'ring cave.
Thyself be present."—" Yes," the monster said,
" I will be present, though Cleora's ghost
Be there, and that vile produce, which disgrac'd
Her virgin zone!" Remembrance of his guilt,
He rous'd to strengthen fury and revenge.
There was a cavern in the bowels deep
Of naked rock by Oreus, where the stern
Eumenides possess'd a dusky shrine,
And frown'd in direful idols from the time
That Titan's offspring o'er Eubœa reign'd
The enemies of Jove. Around it slept
A stagnant water, overarch'd by yews,
Growth immemorial, which forbade the winds
E'er to disturb the melancholy pool.
To this, the fabled residence abhorr'd
Of Hell-sprung beings, Demonax, himself
Predominating demon of the place,
Conducts the sev'n assassins. There no priest
Officiates; single there, as Charon grim,
A boatman wafts them to the cavern's mouth.
They enter, fenc'd in armour; down the black
Descent, o'er moist and lubricated stone,
They tread unstable. Night's impurest birds
With noisome wings each loathing visage beat;
Of each the shudd'ring flesh through plated steel
By slimy efts, and clinging snakes, is chill'd;
Cold, creeping toads beset th' infected way.
Now at the cave's extremity obscene
They reach the sisters three, tremendous forms,
Of huge, mishapen size. Alecto there,
Tisiphoné, Megæra, on their fronts
Display their scorpion curls; within their grasp
Their serpents writh'd. Before them sulph'rous fires
In vases broad, antiquity's rude toil,
To render horrour visible, diffus'd
Such light, as Hell affords. Beside a chasm,
Whose bottom blind credulity confin'd
By Tartarus alone, with trembling feet,
Stood Lamachus, the wicked and deform'd.
An ewe, in dye like ebony, he gor'd;
The dark abyss receiv'd a purple stream.
Next to the dire conspirators he held
A vessel; o'er the brim their naked arms
They stretch'd; he pierc'd the veins; th' en-
venom'd blood,
A fit libation mix'd for Hell, he pour'd
Down the deep clift; then falt'ring, half dismay'd
At his own rites, began: " Ye injur'd men,
Of wealth and honours violently spoil'd,
Implacably condemn'd to bonds and rods
By insolent Themistocles, before
These dreadful goddesses you swear; his death
You vow, by every means revenge can prompt,
In secret ambush, or in open fight,
By day, by night, with poison, sword, or fire;
Else on your heads you imprecate the wrath
Of these inexorable pow'rs." They swore.
Meantime the object of their impious oaths,
Whate'er his future destiny, enjoy'd
The comforts which Eretria now partook
Through him, so justly her preserver styl'd;
While thus reflection whisper'd to his heart:
" This Aristides would delight to see,
For this commend his rival. Though my soul
Knows that in quest of glory for this port
I spread th' advent'rous sail, yet sweeter far
She feels that glory, since a gallant race,
Snatch'd from the gripe of misery and death
By her exalted faculties, become
Her means of pow'r and greatness. I confess,
An act like this my rival would achieve,
Nor other motive seek, than acting well.
Perhaps with more attention to myself,
More sudden, more complete is my success."
Lo! in his view Sicinus, just arriv'd
From Chalcis. Him his joyful lord thus hail'd:
" We have been long asunder; welcome thrice,
Thou long expected; on thy brow I see
Intelligence." To whom the faithful man:
" One moon I spent in Chalcis; I address'd
Nearchus first, of Chares, slain in fight
At Artemisium, successor approv'd
To lead his country's banners. He rejoic'd
In thy arrival; not so frank in joy
Timoxenus the archon. On the day
Of my return that hesitating chief,
While invitation to his roof he gave,
Was dreading thy acceptance. But supreme
O'er him, and all his house, a daughter sways,
In beauty's full meridian left to mourn
The loss of Chares, on her widow'd bed.
Not thy Timothea, not Cleander's sponse
Trœzene's wonder, not Sandauce young,
Not Medon's sister of th' Œtæan hill,
Though beauteous like the goddesses she serves,
Exceed Acanthè; she may almost vie
With Amarantha's celebrated form,
The pride of Delphian Timon! To behold
The conqueror of Xerxes is her wish."
The hero thought a moment; soon resolv'd,
He spake: " The car, the mantle, Sparta's gifts,
The gems from Ariabignes won that day,
When at my feet his proud tiara bow'd,
Provide by dawn." Retire we now to rest.

BOOK XV.

Now dimm'd by vapours, frequent in his track,
The twelfth division of his annual round
The Sun is cut'ring. Long hath vernal bloom,
Hath summer's prime, from thy descriptive lays,
O Muse! withdrawn; and now the aged year
Its last remains of beauty hath resign'd;
Transparent azure of autumnal skies
Is chang'd to mist, the air serene to storms.
But inspiration from th' imagin'd balm
Of spring, or summer's warmth, enrich'd by sweets
From flow'ry beds, and myrtles' fragrant bow'rs,
Thou dost not want; then bid thy numbers roll,
In cadence deep, to imitate the voice
Of boist'rous Winter in his mantle hoar.
All night by rude Hippotades the air
Tormented round the foaming harbour wheel'd;
Each mast was pliant to the raging gust,
The mooring cable groan'd. Long slept the son
Of Neocles, unvisited by care,
Till, as the hours attendant on the morn
Had just unclos'd the orient gate of day,
He starts. Acanthè, who controls her sire,
His active fancy pictures on his mind
Thus pond'ring: "Dear Timothea, yet less dear
Than pow'r and fame acquir'd by saving Greece,
Without Chalcidic aid thy husband's hope
Is mere abortion. Chalcis must be gain'd
Best, Aristides, by the purest means,
But well by any." Swift his inner garb
Of softest wool thick-woven he assumes,
Of finer texture than a scarlet vest;
O'er these, in dye of violet's deep hue,
His Spartan mantle negligently waves.
A golden tissue with a crimson plume,
To fence his manly temples and adorn,
He wears. His car is ready; ready wait
Th' Eretrian people, his conducting guard
To Chalcis not remote. The sounding way
Is hard and hoar; crystalline dew congeal'd
Hath tipt the spiry grass; the waters, bound
In sluggish ice, transparency have lost;
No flock is bleating on the rigid lawn,
No rural pipe attunes th' inclement air;
No youths and damsels trip the choral round
Beneath bare oaks, whose frost-incrusted boughs
Drop chilling shadows; icicles invest
The banks of rills, which, grating harsh in strife
With winter's fetters, to their dreary sides
No passenger invite. The cautious chief
In sight of Chalcis to their homes dismiss'd
The whole Eretrian number, but retain'd
His hundred Attic and Laconian friends:
He pass'd the gate before expiring day.
Sicinus, staid forerunner, not unknown
By residence in Chalcis, publish'd loud
His lord's approach. The citizens in throngs
Salute the celebrated man. His gates
Timoxenus the archon throws abroad,
And, true to hospitality, prepares
For his distinguish'd, though unwelcome guest,
Her lib'ral rites. Themistocles he leads
To share a banquet in a sumptuous hall,
Where stands divine Acanthè. Is there wife,
Or maid, or widow'd matron, now in Greece,
Who would not all her ornaments assume
To welcome this known saviour of the Greeks
Where'er he passes? As the queen of Heav'n
In dazzling dress to match her goddess form,
Grac'd by the zone of Cytherea, met
Th' Olympian king on Ida; brilliant thus
Acanthè greets Themistocles. Mature
In manhood he, nor bord'ring on decline,
The ornamental cov'ring from his head
Lifts in obeisance; careless curls releas'd,
Thick o'ershadowing his forehead high,
Present a rival to the Phidian front
Of Jupiter at Pisa. With a look,
Which summon'd all his talents, all his mind
To view, he blends a sweetness, Nature's gift,
But heighten'd now by energy of wiles,
Alluring wiles, to melt the proudest fair.
In his approach he moves the genuine sire
Of all the Graces, on Acanthè's hand
To print his lips. Invited by that hand,
Close to her lovely side of her alone
He sits observant, while the rich repast
Continu'd. Soon his vigilance perceiv'd,
That her unsated ear devour'd his words,
That from her lip an equal spell enthrall'd
Her doating father, who adoring view'd
Minerva in Acanthè. Now withdrawn
Was all attendance, when the daughter thus:
"O first of men, sole grace of each abode
Where thou art present, fortunate are those
Who saw thy actions, fortunate who hear
The bare narration; happier still those ears,
Which from thy mouth can treasure in the mind
A full impression of the glorious tale!
Forgive a woman, whom thy manners tempt
To sue—if yet thy gentleness should deem
Too curious, too importunate her suit,
Thy host Timoxenus at least indulge,
That o'er his festive hall th' achievements high,
Which Salamis and Artemisium saw,
Though now but whisper'd from thy gracious lips,
May sound hereafter loud." The wily chief,
Ne'er disinclin'd to celebrate his deeds,
Now to this lovely auditress, whose aid
His further fame requir'd, a tale began,
Where elegance of thought, and paint of words,
Embellish'd truth beyond her native guise,
In various lengthen'd texture of discourse,
A web of pleasing wonders to ensnare
The hearer's heart. Till midnight he pursues
A strain like magic to the list'ning fair;
Nor yet his thread to Salamis had reach'd,
Extended fine for many sweet repasts
To her inflam'd desire of hearing more.
Timoxenus at length to due repose
Imparts the signal; they disperse. Her guest
Delights Acanthè's pillow; but her sire
In care lies anxious, lest the season rude
Detain that guest, and fatal umbrage give
To Demonax terrific. Morn and eve
Return. Acanthè drinks the pleasing stream
Of eloquence exhaustless in its flow,
Whose draughts, repeated, but augment her thirst.
Now in description's animating gloss
The various scenes at Salamis exalt
The fair-one's mind. The Attic wives and maids
She emulates in wish, and sees in thought
Their beauteous ranks inspiring youth and age
To battle; now the tumult rude of Mars,
The crashing oars, the bloody-streaming decks
Chill her soft bosom; now that snowy seat
Of gen'rous pity heaves; her azure eyes
Melt o'er Sandauce, in her years of bloom
Disconsolately widow'd, and transpierc'd

By death-like horrour at her children doom'd
To savage Bacchus. Here the artful man
Dwells on his own humanity, but hides
The stratagem, which policy, not dimm'd
By his compassion, on compassion built,
When to her freedom he restor'd the fair,
Who blameless help'd his artifice to drive
From Greece her royal brother. To the worth
Of Artamanes tribute just he pays.
His own reception by the Spartan state
He colours high, the public chariot giv'n,
The purple mantle, and the coursers proud,
Deriv'd from those, who won th' Olympian wreath
For Demaratus; but omits to speak,
How, while seducing vanity misled
His steps so far from Athens, she conferr'd
The naval guidance on Xanthippus brave,
And rule supreme on Aristides just.
Th' ensnaring story, to this period drawn,
While sev'n nocturnal rounds the planets ran,
Possesses all Acanthè, but disturbs
Her timid father, trembling at the pow'r
Of Demonax; yet fondness oft would smile
On her delight. The evening which succeeds,
Themistocles, in fiction mix'd with truth,
Not to Acanthè, but his host, began:
"Accompany'd from Sparta by the flow'r
Of her illustrious citizens I gain'd
Her borders, there indignant was appris'd,
That Demonax, whom heretofore I chas'd
From Oreus, now by Persian arms restor'd,
Was trampling on Eubœa. Vengeance fir'd
My spirit; fifty of the Spartan troop
At once became associates of my zeal,
With fifty nobles more of Attic blood.
My full stor'd vessels at Eretria's port
From Sunium's cape arriv'd." He now unfolds
The wondrous series of his recent deeds.
What divers passions, sweet Acanthè, rise
In thy attentive, gen'rous mind? What sighs
Do Hyacinthus and Cleora wake,
What horrour black Nicomachus, what joy
Reviv'd Eretria, and Geræstus freed,
What admiration great Eudora's state,
What rev'rence good Tisander's sacred locks,
What detestation Demonax accurs'd?
"Behold me here," Themistocles concludes,
"Who lift in Athens' and Laconia's name,
A guardian shield o'er Chaleis. But thy sword,
Offensive drawn, shall utterly confound
The homicide thy neighbour."—"Ah!" replies
Timoxenus, alarm'd, "thou little know'st
The might of Oreus. Demonax can range
Twelve thousand warriors call'd from Asia's host,
Of train'd Eubœan youth and light-arm'd slaves
A multitude innum'rous on the plain.
His own exactions, and the Persian's boons,
O'erload his treasure. When the annual Sun
In his new course three monthly terms hath fill'd,
Expect Mardonius from Thessalia's bounds
On Greece to pour invasion. Ah! what help,
Should we exchange tranquillity for war,
From her own wants could Attica supply,
What Lacedæmon?"—Cool th' Athenian here:
"Weigh well the grace your Polyphemus dy'd
In carnage grants, reserving for his last,
Most precious morsel, your Chalcidian wealth.
Shall this rich mansion, casket to a gem
Which none can value," (earnest here he caught
Acanthè's earnest look) "shall this abode
Feel pillage, insult, which my shudd'ring mind
Scarce dares to think, from that despoiler's hand,
Who, scourging half Eubœa, in this hour
Dreads thee, great archon? Murderer, who cut
His own Cleora's thread in early bloom,
He trembles now, Timoxenus, at thee,
O bless'd of parents, blessing such a child
As thy Acanthè; he thy vengeance dreads,
O paragon of fathers, dreads thy sword
Unsheath'd with mine. Presumption I disclaim,
Or want of def'rence to the wise like thee.
Accept this roll; contemplate there the force
Of Amarynthus, of Carystus large,
Geræstus, and Eretria; add the spears
Of Delphian Timon, of that hero fam'd,
Oïlean Medon, who my signal watch
From Atalantè's isle. Remote the time
For action; then deliberate. I wait
Without impatience thy resolves mature."
Retir'd, Acanthè, whose enlighten'd mind
Was bless'd with native talents, as her form
With beauty, strives awhile in reason's scale
To weigh th' importance of this high attempt
Propos'd; when something whispers, "Canst thou doubt
Themistocles a moment? Can his sword
Do less than conquer? Where the pow'rful arm,
The valour, where the policy to vie
With him, whose faculties no man can reach,
No god raise higher?" These conceptions prove
A guide to fancy half the sleepless night
Through all th' enchanting scenery of thought,
Which recollection of his brilliant deeds,
His courage, might, humanity, and grace,
His gentle manners, and majestic frame,
Exhibits lovely, dazzling, and sublime,
To melt her softness, and her wisdom blind.
Envelop'd now by slumber, in a dream,
Which overleaps all measur'd time and space,
She sees the laurell'd hero, as return'd
From subjugated Oreus. On his spear
The gory head of Demonax he bears.
Her yet untainted purity of heart,
Which in sincerity of grief had mourn'd
Cleora's fate, applauds the just award
By Nemesis and Themis on the guilt
Of parricide. Her nobleness of soul
Enjoys the blessings which Eubœa reaps
From such a conquest; but no vision kind
Would interpose a warning to allay
Exeess of transport at the conqueror's sight.
From fair Acanthè's own retreat at night
A well-embellish'd gallery's long range
Bounds on the splendid chamber, which admits
Themistocles to rest. Acanthè here,
When magisterial duties from his home
Her father call'd, had entertain'd the guest
By morn, and feasted all and every morn
On rich profusion of his Attic words.
The Sun was ris'n, and summon'd from her couch
To this accustom'd interview the fair.
Not meeting straight the object of her search,
As each preceding morn, she feels a pain
That he is absent. With a voice though low
His chamber sounds; to listen she disdains,
Back to her own by delicacy led.
In cautious tones Sicinus with his lord
Was thus discoursing: "In my wonted walk,
To watch events since thy arrival here,
I met Nearchus: 'Haste,' he said, 'apprise
Themistocles that long ere op'ning day

His potent friends Timoxenus conven'd,
Heads of his faction. They refuse to arm.
Some, I suspect, are tainted by the gold
Of Demonax; the major part in all
Obey the timid archon. I have strength,
Which, when Themistocles commands, shall try
To force compliance from the coward's breast;
But would Acanthè, noble dame, espouse
The glorious cause, her prevalence could guide
His doating fondness, and control his fears."
"Enough," replies Themistocles. Again
The learned tutor, fervent and sincere:
"If thy persuasive eloquence could win
Her noble spirit to direct her sire,
It would be well. But, O resistless man!
Let thy persuasion moderate its charm;
Let not a gen'rous lady's peace of mind
Become the victim of her winning guest;
The laws of hospitality revere.
Remember too the hymeneal vow,
Remember thy Timothea, fair and kind,
Who bore those children, pupils of my care;
She now in Athens at thy absence pines."
"Misjudging friend, Timothea never pines,
When I am urging my career of fame,"
Returns the chief. "Eubœans must be freed.
She shall know all, and knowing will commend.
Go, charge Nearchus to suppress all thought
Of violence; his valour shall have scope,
Dy'd in barbarian, not in civil blood."
Thus he, well-caution'd that in Chalchis pow'r
Aristocratic, both in wealth and strength,
Outweigh'd the people. Then a splendid gem,
Of all his spoils the richest, he selects,
And from his chamber o'er the sounding plank,
Which floors the echoing gallery, proceeds.
Behold Acanthè; not the orient sky
Forth from its amber gates in summer's prime
The goddess-widow of Tithonus sends
More fragrant, nor in blushes more to charm.
A new emotion heaves her gentle breast
Of swelling snow. Th' Athenian distant, mute
Remains. To speak, her hesitating lips
Awhile, though prompted by her heart, delay;
When, shap'd by chance, this elegant request
Flows from her unpremeditated thoughts:
"So much oblig'd already, courteous guest,
By thy narration, I have cause to blush
While I solicit a recital new
Of one exploit, distinguish'd from the rest,
When Ariabignes fell before thy sword
In sight of Greece." Themistocles requir'd
No repetition of the flatt'ring suit,
But in transcendent energy of style,
Impress'd the bright achievement on her mind
More deep, than ev'n by novelty before.
Thus he concluded: "Doubly now I bless
Th' auspicious hour when my successful hand
Despoil'd the bravest chief in Asia's host
Of this, my humble off'ring to adorn
The fairest head in Greece." He said, the gem
Presenting graceful, which she turn'd aside,
Rejecting not the giver, but the gift;
And answer'd thus: "To heaps of richest gems,
To all the tribute pour'd at Persia's throne,
Thy words alone, thy converse I prefer."
Her look perusing earnest, he proceeds:
"Dost thou refuse a token of regard
From one, thy hospitable hand hath bless'd
Beyond th' expression of his grateful tongue?
When, at this hour departing, he again
Perhaps may ne'er behold thee!"—"Ah! depart!"
She in unguarded consternation sighs.
Th' Athenian here in seeming sadness thus:
"Alas! thy father, I too surely know,
Will never join my arms; can I remain
Till this fair city, populous and rich,
This mansion, thy inestimable worth,
Become the prey of Demonax?"—"This Heav'n
Will ne'er permit," she eagerly replies;
"Thou wilt protect me.—Guardian to distress,
Thou wilt not hurry to desert a friend,
Whose hospitable kindness thou hast prais'd.
Fill, fill with pow'rful argument the mouth
Of me thy suppliant for another week;
My words Timoxenus regards——" The chief
By interruption soothes her troubled mind:
"I came to save thee. If another week
Thou wilt employ"——"I will, I will," she said,
"Do thou but stay; my father I will bind
To thee, whom victory can ne'er forsake."
They part; his chamber he regains; not long
He meditates. Acanthè grants her aid
Spontaneous. Now to elevate her soul
By dignity of thought, and gen'rous hope
Of glory, purchas'd by a noble deed,
He thus contrives: on tablets fair and large,
For her deportment tow'rds a doating sire,
His ready style instruction copious draws,
Clos'd in these words: "'Among the guardians
Heav'n
To Greece hath destin'd, an exalted mind
Enrolls Acanthè; let her constant feet
Pursue her leading genius; grateful flow'rs
Before her steps shall freed Eubœa strew;
The brightest laurels shall Minerva choose
Among the groves of Athens, to entwine
The first of women with immortal wreaths;
The Muses all shall triumph in their sex;
A double rapture Æschylus shall feel,
Who, fam'd in martial action, as in song,
Shall celebrate Acanthè." To her hand
This by discreet Sicinus is convey'd.
Day after day the fair-one, as inspir'd,
Now forcibly persuasive, now in tears
Of importuning tenderness, assails
A parent fond. She penetrates his heart;
His resolution melts; at length his fears
To her superior guidance yield the reign.
Meantime, instructed by their chief, the train
Of Spartans and Athenians, all dispers'd
Around the hospitable town, proclaim,
To list'ning ears, the well-advis'd design
Against the tyrant Demonax. Not long
Acanthè's purpose is unknown, divulg'd
By vigilant Sicinus; while each mind
Among th' applauding populace is warm'd,
Who venerate her name. Among the chiefs
The archon's weighty approbation known,
Hath banish'd doubt; in council they decide
To march with great Themistocles. Light Fame
Mounts on her wings, and through Eubœa sounds
The preparations ardent. Shields and spears,
Swords, corselets, helms new furbish'd, banners old
Produc'd, which gallant ancestry had wav'd,
Youth now commences, ripen'd age renews
The exercise of arms. Nearchus loud
Extols Themistocles. Like glorious Mars
From his first trophies on Phlegræan fields
Among encircling brethren of the sky,

Who from his sword perpetual conquest hop'd,
The Salaminian victor is reverʼd
In Chalcis. Daily, hourly he surveys
The martial toil. Acanthè's presence aids;
His prudence leads her through these active scenes;
He talks on military themes alone,
And pictures Freedom trampling on the necks
Of tyrants and barbarians. This at length
Might have abated in a virtuous breast
The flame, his guilty policy had raisʼd;
But fate and black conspiracy forbid.

BOOK XVI.

That month severe, unfolding to the Sun
A frosty portal, whence his steeds renew
Their yearly round, was closʼd. O'ercome at night
By toil uncommon, lay thʼ Athenian chief
In early sleep profound, which early freed
His eyes again. In suffocating fumes
He wakes. Upstarting, round his limbs he wraps
Thʼ external garment, and Sicinus calls,
Who slept not distant. He unbars a door,
Which shows the gallery in flames. Down sinks
The crackling floor. A main sustaining beam
From end to end, transverse another, stands
Yet unconsumʼd. Lo! trembling in his view
Acanthè; inextinguishable flames
Between them rage. A moment he devotes
To eye the gulf, which menaces with death
Him and his hopes, in him the Grecian weal.
"Would Aristides hesitate thus long
To save the meanest? I before me see
On life's last verge a creature half divine."
Urgʼd by that thought, along the burning beam
He rushes swift. He catches in his arms
The loose-robʼd fair-one, clinging round his neck.
Returning, not like Orpheus, who regainʼd
Eurydicè and lost, with matchless strength
He holds his prize above the pointed spires
Of fiery volumes, which on either side
Assail his passing steps The son of Jove
Not more undaunted through the livid blaze
Of Pluto's mansion bore the victim pure
Of conjugal affection back to life,
Alcestis. Lo! Sicinus stops his feet [cries;
In their mid course. "Thy chamber flames," he
"Speed o'er this traverse beam; yon open door
Leads to a passage yet unscorchʼd." He guides;
The hero follows; danger here augments.
As through a swelling tide he wades through fire,
Which scathʼd his brows, his blazing beard and hair,
Nor sparʼd the garments of his precious charge;
Yet her unhurt through that befriending door
His unrelaxʼd rapidity conveys.
Of pain regardless to the public street
He thence descends; no populace is here;
That front Vulcanian fury had not reachʼd;
The other draws the throng; confusion there
Prevails, uproar and terrour. On he speeds
Through frozen air, and fallen flakes of snow,
Unwearied still his lovely burden holds,
Acanthè fainting; her uncover'd breast,
Unless that ringlets of her locks unbound
Let fall at times their loose and silky threads,
Against his cheek with marble coldness press'd.
At last the dwelling of Nearchus nigh
Affords a refuge. On a friendly bed,
But not of rest, Themistocles in pain
Extends his limbs; Acanthè female slaves
Receive and cherish. Absent is their lord,
Who at the head of military files
In haste collected, early, but in vain
Had issued forth. The palace is consumʼd.
Timoxenus to shelter he conducts:
The archon, trembling for his daughter's fate,
Beholds her safe, and feels no other loss.
Now all salute Themistocles; but first
Sicinus spake: "Infernal arts have laid
Thy palace waste, Timoxenus. I saw
Sulphureous, glutinous materials blaze
Close to the chamber of my lord's repose."
From lips nigh parchʼd by torture of his pains
Themistocles began: "My earthly term
If Heavʼn requirʼd me now to close, enough
I have achievʼd to fill the trump of Fame.
To have preservʼd thy daughter, genʼrous host,
Would crown my glory! Medon is not far;
Well would that chief my vacant post supply,
Were I removʼd. But, friends, my hurts are light,
Which common succour of Machaon's art
Will soon repair; yet publish you my state
As dangʼrous; words and looks observe; keen spies
To Oreus send." Thus caution'd, each retir'd
Except Sicinus, who address'd his lord:
"Wilt thou trust rumour in her flight at large
To sound thy state as dangʼrous? Shall a tale
To cozen foes, and try thy new allies,
Pass unrefuted to Cecropian shores,
Rive thy Timothea's bosom, grieve thy friends,
Dismay all Athens, and suspend that aid
Which she might lend thee in some adverse hour?"
The hero then: "O monitor expert!
Thou hast forestall'd me; instant will I spare
Thee to prevent such fears. Thou canst not stem
The vex'd Euripus. From Geræstus sail;
To my Timothea fly. Thy looks inquire
How to relate my story: tell her all;
I have been faithful to my nuptial vow,
Yet have succeeded. Let thʼ Athenians know
My force and destinʼd enterprise; forbear
Of them to crave assistance; let them act
As humour sways. Cleander shouldst thou meet
In kindest greetings tell him, I should prize
Trœzenian succour.—To its healing folds
I am solicited by sleep.—Farewell."
Not so Acanthè's troubles are compos'd.
When lenient balm of Morpheus steep'd the cares
Of other bosoms, in the midnight damps
She quits a thorny pillow. Half arrayʼd,
With naked feet she roams a spacious floor,
Whence she contemplates that retreat of rest,
Enclosing all her wishes, hapless fair!
Without one hope; there, stifling sighs, she melts
In silent tears. The sullen groan of winds,
Which shake the roof, the beating rain she hears
Unmovʼd, nor heeds stern Winter, who benumbs
Her tender beauties in his harsh embrace.
O Love! to vernal sweets, to summer's air,
To bowʼrs, which temper sultry suns at noon,
Art thou confinʼd? To rills in lulling flow,
To flowʼrs, which scent thy arbours of recess,
To birds, who sing of youth and soft desire?
All is thy empire, evʼry season thine,
Thou universal origin of things,
Sole ruler, oft a tyrant? Stealing steps
Full frequent draw Acanthè to the door

Of her preserver. While he sleeps, and pain
Excites no groan to wound her list'ning ear,
Anxiety abates; but passion grows.
Then recollecting his intrepid strides
Through fiery surge, devouring, as he pass'd,
His hair majestic, wreathing round his limbs
In torment, which none else to save her life
Would face, or could endure, unguarded thought
In murm'ring transport issues from her lips.
"To boundless obligation can I show
Less, than unbounded gratitude—Base tongue,
Dar'st thou the name of gratitude profane,
Which is a virtue—Oh! thou impious flame
Within my breast, not gratitude hath blown
Thee from a spark to so intense a heat.
Deprav'd Acanthè, vagabond impure
Of night, from honour and its laws estrang'd,
A robber's criminal desire of spoil
Thou feel'st, a rage of sacrilege to force
The sanctuary of Hymen, and that fire,
Which law, religion, men, and gods protect,
Quench on his altar by the hand of vice."
She could no more. A parting cloud reveal'd
The Moon. Before the silver light she dropp'd
On her bare knee, enfeebled by the cold;
There fix'd and freezing, from that awful pow'r
Of chastity she seem'd invoking help;
When, newly-waken'd by her piercing moan,
With smarting limbs Themistocles had left
His pillow; keener his internal pang,
To see an image of despair, the work
Of his fallacious art. On his approach,
At once the worn remains of spirit fled
From her cold bosom, heaving now no more.
The twilight glimmers on the rear of night;
His painful arms uplift her from the floor,
And to her couch with decency of care
Commit her lifeless charms. To sense restor'd,
Just as the Morn's exploring eye unclos'd,
Acanthè, faint and speechless, by a sign
Forbids his presence; cautious he retires.
Now she indulg'd her agonies of shame
And self-reproach. With horrid visions teem'd
Her agitated brain; black-rob'd Despair
Stalk'd round her curtains, in his double grasp
A bloody poniard, and empoison'd bowl,
To her sad choice upholding; but ere long
That thirsty, parching malady, which boils
The putrid blood, and ravages like fire, [saw
Invades her frame. Whole days, whole nights she
A tender sire beside her pillow mourn,
Her beauties wasting hourly in his view.
To gentler forms delirium then would change;
The Moon, so lately to her aid invok'd,
She saw, descending from her lucid sphere,
Assume her shape of goddess, who inspir'd
A soothing thought to seek for health and peace
At her propitious oracle, not rob
So kind a father of his only joy.
Meantime the tidings vague of Chalcis burn'd,
And great Themistocles destroy'd, had Fame
Proclaim'd aloud through each Eubœan town,
Save where Sicinus, passing to his port
Of embarkation, spreads a milder tale,
Alarming still. Eretria scarce confines
Tisander's falt'ring age; but Cleon thence,
From Styra, Lampon hastes; Gereæstus sends
Eudemus; Hyacinthus feels no more
His own distress, and rapid, as the bird
Of Jupiter through Heav'n's aërial way,
Flies to his guardian friend. Eudora, skill'd
In healing juices, condescends to mount
Herself the sacred axle; and her state
Displays in Chalcis worshipping her wheels.
The archon waits respectful on her steps,
When she salutes th' Athenian, still recluse
From public view, though nigh restor'd. He bends
The knee before her. Him with stately grace
She raises, then addresses: "Glad I see
Thy convalescence; to impart my help
Became a duty. So Diana will'd,
By me consulted in her solemn grove
Mysterious; where an impulse warm'd my soul,
That none, but thou, can set Eubœa free,
Protect the temples, and her tyrant quell."
He kiss'd her sacred vestment, and replied:
"I now perceive how pow'rful are thy pray'rs.
To them, so favour'd by the gods, I owe
My preservation, which, O learn'd and wise,
Forestalls thy skill! Ah! since thy face hath deign'd
To cheer this city, by a long abode
Complete the blessing. As to ancient Troy
Was that Palladian image sent from Heav'n,
Be thou to Chalcis. At thy presence known
Pale Demonax will shrink. But first apply
Thy lenient succour to my friend's distress,
Whose daughter pines in sickness, and deserves
Thy full regard, most holy and benign."
To sad Acanthè's couch the archon leads
Eudora. Soon from Oreus tidings stern
Awake the native terrours in his heart;
In haste he greets Themistocles: "O guest!
Fierce Demonax assembles all his force,
But first will try an embassy; expect
Within three days the tyrant's fell demands,
Which, not accepted, bring th' avenging waste
Of his redoubled fury on our heads."
"Is he so poor in counsellors?" began
Th' Athenian, calm. "Amid disabling storms
In this rough season will th' insensate brute
Drag to the field his Asiatic host?
He thinks me dead; remember thou, my friend,
Themistocles is living, nor conceive
The rash, disturb'd, and self-tormenting breast
Of such a tyrant, whom the Furies haunt,
Hath fortitude and conduct to withstand
Themistocles in arms." Not half-reviv'd
Subjoins the archon: "Thou, alas! may'st want
The brave auxiliars promis'd to thy arms;
To thee alike unfriendly are the storms
Which lock our harbours; not a bark can sail;
Illustrious Medon dares not plough the surge
From Atalantè; nor on Attic shores
Of our distress can Aristides hear."
"True," answers, firm Themistocles, though stung,
"Nor shall we want him. Is not Cleon here,
Nearchus, Lampon, sharers of success
In my preceding conflicts? Of no price
Is staid Eudemus, Hyacinthus brave?
Is not Eudora present, sacred dame,
Who will her face majestical unveil
Among confederated ranks to bless
The Eleutherian banner, and inspire
Your populace with all religion's flame?
Yon despicable embassy prepare
To answer nobly, or let me be heard.
Now to this chamber summon all my friends."
Timoxenus convenes them. Swift the chief
Dispatch'd them ardent to their native states,

Thence their collected citizens in arms,
The guardians of Chalcidic walls, to lead.
Three days elaps'd: the embassy arriv'd.
Amid the senate, on his chair of state,
The archon sat. Th' Athenian's sure support
Behind is planted. Fierce in tone and look
Th' Orean herald represents his lord:
"Ye men of Chalcis, Demonax requires
That you acknowledge Xerxes; that your gates
A Persian garrison admit. Be wise;
Refusal draws perdition on your heads."
Timoxenus turns pale; his falt'ring lips
Make no reply. Th' indignant senate mourn
Their state dishonour'd by a timid chief,
When timely steps Themistocles in sight,
Whose name is murmur'd through th' applauding court.
As at the aspect of a single cloud,
Known by the trembling seaman to contain
Destructive blasts, the sail he swiftly furls
With anxious wish for shelter in the lee
Of some still shore; the herald thus relax'd
His alter'd features. Arrogance abash'd
Foreboded ruin from that mighty arm,
In vigour brac'd by unexpected health.
In act to speak, the hero stretch'd his hand.
To fear and impotent distress he seem'd
Extending refuge like a poplar tall,
Whose grateful branches cool the green descent
To some pellucid fountain, where his course
Th' o'erweary'd passenger suspends to slake
His eager thirst beneath such friendly shade.
Bent to provoke the tyrant, and mislead
His rashness, thus Themistocles—his look
Transpierc'd the humbled herald while he spake:
"Begone, base Greek, from Chalcis. In her name
Defiance bear to Demonax, whose head
Shall on the gate of Oreus be affix'd;
Thine to some traffieker in slaves be sold."
To Oreus back th' astonish'd herald flies,
On whose report his impious lord incens'd
Blasphemes the gods. The Furies he invokes,
To them, a human sacrifice, devotes
His first Chalcidian captives. From his host
Two chosen myriads on the plain he pours.
Brave Mindarus, by duty to his king
Compell'd to service which his sword abhors,
Ariobarzanes, second in command,
Barbarian homicide, whose joy is blood,
The sev'n Geræstians sworn to deeds of Hell,
With Lamachus, of foul mishapen frame,
Attend the tyrant, spreading to rude storms
His banner fell. So Satan from the north
Of Heav'n, his region once, with Moluc grim,
Beëlzebub and Nisroc, led the host
Of impious angels, all the destin'd prey
Of Tartarus. Meanwhile th' Athenian sat
Serene in Chalcis; his auxiliar bands
Successively arriv'd. Eretria sent
Twelve hundred spears; Carystus doubled those;
Beneath her standard Amarynthus rang'd
Eudora's vassals; Styra cas'd in steel
Five hundred warriors tried; seven hundred more
Geræstus; Chalcis from her loins supplied
Four thousand youths, Nearchus was their chief.
Th' Athenian's care had trac'd the region round.
A level champaign tow'rds septentrion skies
Extends; its western border is the frith,
Whose shore is bold, and press'd by waters deep,
A line of anchor'd vessels, which o'erlook
The land, the chief disposes here; whose crews
Were menials, train'd to missile weapons light.
Full opposite, and cross the plain, he mark'd
A quarry, parent of the domes and tow'rs,
Exalting Chalcis o'er Eubœan towns.
The subterranean passages by all
Inscrutable, but lab'ring hinds, who cleave
Earth's marble womb, he garrisons with bands
From that rough breed, supported by a force
Of heavy-mail'd Chalcideans, left in charge
To bold Nearchus. So the watchful bees
Within their hive lie dangerous on guard
Against invasion of their precious stores,
Their industry and state. By morn the care
Of active scouts proclaims the adverse host
Not far, though yet unseen. The trumpet sounds
To fight; Eudora mounts her car, and wields
The arms of Dian. Through the spacious streets,
Where under ensigns of their sev'ral states
The warriors blaze in steel, from band to band
She, by her prompter well-instructed, tow'rs
Like new-born Pallas from the head of Jove.
Her voice exhorts, her sentiments inspire,
Her majesty commands them; all are fir'd,
All, but Timoxenus. With armed files
In safe reserve, though destin'd to remain
Behind the walls, he dreads th' important day.
His gen'rous daughter, whose distemper'd mind
Eudora's converse had begun to calm,
Not so debas'd her thoughts; her country's cause
She felt; heroic talents she admir'd;
Him, who possess'd them all, her heart recall'd,
Though with abated passion. All his tale
Of Salamis, the stratagem deriv'd
From conjugal affection, from the sight
Of forms belov'd to animate the brave,
Recurr'd; she summon'd to her languid bed
The most distinguish'd matrons, them besought
To mount the walls, and overlook the fight,
In all its terrours. "Imitate," she said,
"The Attic dames, that Chalcis may partake
Of Attic glory." They approving went.
O mortals, born to err, when most you smart
With self-reproach on guilty passion's wound,
Attempt one act of virtue; then your breasts
Will, like Acanthe's now, enjoy a calm.
In supplication thus her wonder breaks:
"Ye lights, who, shining on my darkness, deign
To lift the veil of errour from my eyes,
Protecting pow'rs, accept Acanthe's pray'r
For this her native city, for a sire
Too kind, for great Themistocles, who draws
The sword of justice—Now with purer lips
I sound his name—And, O illustrious dame!
Of all Athenian excellence the flow'r,
Bless'd in a hero's love, the precious gift
Of hymeneal Juno, couldst thou know
What I have suffer'd by an envious flame,
What still I suffer, while remorse awakes
A thought of thee, thy gen'rous soul would melt
In pity, ev'n forgiveness, when I vow
To ev'ry chaste divinity invok'd,
That I will see Themistocles no more."
This victory accomplish'd, renders back
Her virtue late a captive, which recalls
Affections pure, and sanctity of mind,
Still thoughts, and hope, restorative of peace.
But on a diff'rent victory intent
Themistocles within Chalcidic walls
Contains his ready host; nor means to throw

The portals open, nor display the face
Of battle, till the enemies in sight
Yield full advantage in his choice of time.
So in his deep concealment of green reeds
On Ganges' margin, or the flaggy strand
Of Niger's flood, from Ethiopia roll'd,
The alligator vigilant maintains
His fraudful ambush, that unwary steps
May bring the prey to his voracious jaws.

BOOK XVII.

Sicinus, long by unpropitious winds
Lock'd in Geræstus, to their fickle breath,
Half-adverse still, impatient spread the sail.
Six revolutions of the Sun he spent
To gain Phaleron. To his lord's abode
He swiftly pass'd, when chance his wond'ring eyes
On Aristides fix'd. An open space
Reveal'd the hero, issuing sage commands.
Th' omnipotent artificer of worlds
From chaos seem'd with delegated pow'r
To have entrusted that selected man.
From ashes, lo! a city new ascends,
One winter's indefatigable toil
Of citizens, whose spirit, unsubdu'd,
Subdues calamity. Each visage wears
A cheerful hue, yet solemn. Through the streets
Successive numbers from adjacent fields
Drive odorif'rous loads of plants and flow'rs,
Which please the manes. Amaranth and rose,
Fresh parsley, myrtle, and whate'er the Sun,
Now not remote from Aries in his course,
Call'd from the quick and vegetating womb
Of Nature green or florid, from their seats
Of growth are borne for pious hands to weave
In fun'ral chaplets. From the Grecian states,
To honour Athens, their deputed chiefs,
Cleander foremost, throng the public place;
Whence Aristides with advancing speed
Salutes Sicinus: "Welcome is thy face,
Good man, thou know'st; from Athens long estrang'd,
Now doubly welcome. In thy looks I read
Important news." Retiring from the crowd,
Swift in discourse, but full, Sicinus ran
Through all the series of his lord's exploits,
Which drew this question: "Has thy patron ought
To ask of Aristides?" Silent bow'd
Sicinus. Smiling then, the chief pursu'd:
"Do thou attend the ceremonial pomp
Of obsequies to morrow; when the slain
At Salamis receive their just reward
From us, survivors by their glorious fall.
I have detain'd thee from Timothea long,
The first entitled to thy grateful news."
Now to that matron, whom beyond himself
He priz'd, Sicinus hastens. At her loom
He finds her placid o'er a web, whose glow
Of colours rivall'd Iris, where intent
She wove th' achievements of her lord. Her skill
Had just portray'd Sandauce in the arms
Of Artamanes, when her children's doom
Congeal'd her breast. Themistocles in look
Expresses all that subtlety humane,
Which cozen'd Superstition of her prey;
His godlike figure dignifies the work.
Two boys, two lovely little maids, surround
Th' illustrious artist, while their eyes pursue
Their mother's flying fingers in delight
Attentive. But their tutor once in view,
From absence long regretted, light with joy
To him they bound. Sicinus melts in tears
Of soft affection. They around him lift
Their gratulating voices, on his neck
Cling, and contend for kisses from those lips
Approv'd in kindness; as a flutt'ring brood
With chirping fondness, Nature's sweetest note,
Enclose their feather'd parent, who attunes
Her tender pipe, and spreads endearing plumes.
"Sicinus," cries Timothea, "thou dost bring
Auspicious tidings? from my hero I
Expect no less. Unaided by the state,
A private man, like Hercules he went,
In his own pow'rs confiding, and secure.
Sit down, thou witness of my husband's worth,
Thyself a proof of his discerning choice
In thee, good man, by me and mine rever'd,
Discreet and faithful."—"No," Sicinus spake,
"Thou art that proof, most faithful, most discreet,
Most excellent of women."—"Come," she said,
"Suppress my praises; let me hear of none
But his; and copious let thy story flow."
Glad through his whole heroic theme the sage,
By time to Attic eloquence inur'd,
Expatiates large; where loftiness of plan
Sustain'd by counsel, with exhaustless art
Pursu'd, now brought to valour's final proof,
Must end in sure success. His lord's commands
Observing strict, Acanthè's precious worth,
In talents, form, and manners, he describes;
How she the aid of Chalcis had procur'd,
Her favour how Themistocles had won.
"If he pursue to victory his plan,"
Timothea said, "and borrow from her hand
The means of glory, and the gen'ral good,
Tell him, that I can imitate with joy
Andromachè, who foster'd on her breast
Her Hector's offspring by a stol'n embrace."
"Not such thy lot, sole mistress of a form
Match'd by perfection of the mind alone,"
Sicinus cheerful answer'd. "I attest
To this my firm belief th' all-ruling sire,
Let Horomazes be his name, or Jove." [smile,
"Thou giv'st me transport—Thou hast leave to
My good Sicinus," she replies—"But Heav'n
I too attest, that transport I conceive
Less for my own, than fair Acanthè's sake.
So amiably endow'd, so clear in fame,
Her purity resigning, she, alas!
Had prov'd the only sufferer. Woman fall'n,
The more illustrious once, the more disgrac'd,
Ne'er can resume her lustre. Laurels hide
A hero's wanton lapse. The Greeks would bless
The guile which serves them, but to endless shame
The gen'rous auth'ress of that service doom.
Thou said'st, my husband from Cleander's sword
Solicits help; Cleander is my guest
With Ariphilia; ready in this port
His squadron lies; he plough'd the seas in quest
Of earliest action for the common cause.
Come, they are waiting for the night's repast."
She rose; Sicinus follow'd, and renew'd
In Ariphilia's and Cleander's ear
The wondrous narrative, but cautious veils
Acanthè's love. Timothea's looks approv'd.
He then concluded: "Thus, to battle rous'd,
The force of half Eubœa cas'd in steel
Against the tyrant Demonax I left;

But in the chase of that devouring wolf
On thee relies Themistocles for help,
Undaunted chief of Trœzen." He replies:
" Should I withhold it, by th' immortal gods,
The titles both of soldier and of friend
Were mine no longer." Ariphilia then,
Sweet as a vernal flow'r in early prime,
A Grace in manner, Hebè in her form:
" Say, gentle sage, of Delphi's rev'rend priest,
Of Haliartus, and Oïleus' son,
Kind guests of mine, no tidings dost thou bear?"
He answers: " Them in Atalantè's isle
The turbulent Euripus yet confines;
They soon, fair matron, to thy lord and mine
Will add their strength, and level from its base
The tyrant's hold." Amid this converse sweet
The warrior-poet Æschylus appears,
A grateful visitant to all. He spake:
" Fair dame, admit me, introducing men
Who saw thy gallant consort yester morn
Erecting trophies; men themselves renown'd,
Oïlean Medon, and Apollo's priest
Long lost, whom I, unknowing of their fate,
Have clasp'd in transport, as Laertes' son,
When he review'd his metamorphos'd friends
In Circe's island to their pristine forms
Uprising by her charms." Timothea glad
Salutes the ent'ring heroes, Medon known
Before, Leonteus, Delphi's holy seer
With Artemisia's brother, strangers all,
But of deportment to command regard.
Then spake the Locrian: " First of matrons, hail!
On Salaminian sands we parted last.
I have been long in Atalantè's isle
Sequester'd; but, determin'd to attend
The fun'ral honours which the morning pays
To brave Athenians slain, an hour serene
To cross the strait Euripus I embrac'd
For Chalcis. There thy consort fresh I found
In gather'd palms from Demonax, o'erthrown
That day in battle. Hear the glorious tale,
Which from Themistocles himself I learn'd.
He, well-inform'd, the chiefs in either host
Distinctly told, their history, their names,
Their birth, and deeds, on Hyacinthus most,
As most esteem'd, enlarg'd. That hapless youth
Was husband to Cleora; daughter she
Of Demonax was poison'd by her sire.
Survey this tablet, which before my sight
Thy hero took, with readiness of skill
Delineating the fight. 'Show this,' he said,
'To my Timothea, friendly thou explain.
This part is Chalcis, this a champaign wide;
Here flows the sea, there winds a quarry dark.'
" Conceive a river by impetuous floods
O'erswol'n, and spread irregular, and wild,
Beyond its bounds; tumultuous thus the foes
At first appear'd. Expecting to surprise,
Themselves surpris'd at unexpected bands,
Through open'd portals issuing to the plain,
Are forc'd, dishearten'd by a toilsome march,
To range their numbers for immediate fight.
The wary son of Neocles suspends
Th' attack, till bursting drifts of southern clouds
Bent on the faces of his harass'd foes
A storm of blinding sleet; then rushes down
In three deep columns. Of th' Orean line
The right, which Mindarus conducting wheels
Along the sea's flat margin, sore is gall'd
By unremitted show'rs from bows and slings
On well-rang'd vessels. Lamachus commands
The left. Nearchus from the quarry pours
An ambush'd force, and breaks the hostile flank.
Compact of vet'rans, cull'd from ev'ry state,
That wedge of war, whose bristly front display'd
Athenian spears and Spartan mingling beams,
(Themistocles the leader) slow but sure
Bears down the centre. At a second breach
The line gives way to Cleon, at a third
To swift Carystians. Not a life spar'd
By wrong'd, incens'd Eretrians, not a life
By Hyacinthus, boiling with revenge
For his Cleora; while her cruel sire
Exerts a desp'rate valour to revive
Hope in an army spiritless by toil,
By sudden onset broken, at the name
And sight of thy Themistocles abash'd.
The rout is gen'ral. In the bloody chase
Five thousand slain the conquerors despoil.
Thy husband, prudent in success, preserves
Two thousand heads, all Persian, to redeem
Eretrian captives from the tyrant's bonds.
He, thus defeated, not subdu'd, retir'd
To Oreus. Pow'rful remnants of his host
He draws within her circuit; furnish'd well
From boundless treasure, threatens there to hold
A firm defence, till, summon'd by the spring,
Mardonius quit Thessalia, and employ
The whole confederated pow'r of Greece."
" That threat Themistocles will render vain,"
Exults Timothea; " he unfinish'd leaves
No toil begun." Again the Locrian chief:
" Now my first duty is discharg'd; the next
To Ariphilia from her guest is due.
O soft in virtue, elegantly fair,
Cleander's favour'd paranymph retains
Thy hospitable kindness ever dear;
Thine too, my gallant host, by Neptune bless'd
In his own priestess, and with brightest fame
On his own floods adorn'd." The pleasing hours
All spend in mutual gratulation sweet,
Till for the morn's solemnity they part.
Below th' Ægalean mountain, where the king
Of humbled Asia on his golden throne
Was seated late, spectator of his shame
At Salamis, a level space extends
To Neptune's border. Green Psittalia there
Full opposite exhibits, high and large,
A new erected trophy. Twenty masts
Appear, the tallest of Phœnician pines,
In circular position. Round their base
Are massive anchors, rudders, yards, and oars,
Irregularly pil'd, with beaks of brass,
And naval sculpture from barbarian sterns,
Stupendous by confusion. Crested helms
Above, bright mail, habergeons scal'd in gold,
And figur'd shields along the spiry wood
Up to th' aërial heads in order wind,
Tremendous emblems of gigantic Mars.
Spears, bristling through the intervals, uprear
Their points obliquely; gilded staves project
Embroider'd colours; darts and arrows hang
In glitt'ring clusters. On the topmost height
Th' imperial standard broad, from Asia won,
Blaz'd in the Sun, and floated in the wind.
Of smooth Pentelic marble on the beach,
Where flow'd the brine of Salamis, a tomb
Insculptur'd rose. Achievements of that day
When Asia's navy fell, in swelling forms

Fill'd on three sides the monument. The fourth,
Unfinish'd, open'd to th' interior grave.
Now, through Minerva's populace, who kept
Religious silence, first white-vested maids,
Who from the strand of Salamis had seen
The patriots slain, their sepulchre approach
With wreaths and garlands; then of chosen youths
A troop, whose valour had the fight surviv'd.
The younger matrons, husbands ripe in age,
Nor less in fame, succeed. Of either sex
The elders follow. Kindred of the dead
Come next, their wives, their children. Urns, which
The sacred ashes, are in open ears [hold
Discover'd. One close chariot is reserv'd
For them, whose bodies fate from search conceal'd.
Last Aristides, in his civil robe,
Attracts the gazing multitude; his wheels,
Myronides, Xanthippus, Cimon great,
Aminias, Æschylus, and ev'ry chief
For prowess known attend. Around the tomb
Are plac'd the children; roses in the bud
Entwine their brows; their little grasp upholds
Green sprigs of myrtle; well instructed, all
Refrain from weeping o'er paternal dust,
Deposited by glory in the grave.
A high tribunal Aristides mounts;
Near him, on ev'ry side, are seats assign'd
To strangers held in honour. Medon there,
Leonteus, Timon, and the brother known
Of Caria's queen, Cleander, numbers more
From states ennobled in their names are seen.
The godlike man uprises; on the tomb
His eyes he fixes first; their lustre mild
He then diffuses o'er th' assembly vast,
Where not a tongue is heard, nor gesture seen.
So through unclouded skies the argent lamp
Of Dian visits with her light benign
A surface broad of water, where no breeze
Excites a swell, nor sighs among the reeds.
"Your fathers, wise and lib'ral," he began,
"Appointed public obsequies to all
Who die in battle for the public good,
Ye men of Athens. Not a groan, or tear
Must violate their ashes. These have gain'd
What all should envy; these, by virtuous death,
The height of human excellence have reach'd,
Have found the surest path to endless joy
With demigods and heroes in those fields,
Which tyrants ne'er can enter to molest
The blissful region; but are far remov'd
To realms of horrour; and from righteous Jove
Endure the pains they merit from mankind.
There, if retaining, as they surely must,
The memory of things belov'd on Earth,
It will enhance their happiness to know
Their offspring cherish'd, and their wives rever'd
By grateful Athens, whom their glorious fall
Exalts, whose daughters they preserv'd from shame,
Whose sons from bonds. This bliss benignant Jove,
Who loves the patriot, never can withhold
From them, who little would deserve that name,
Unless those sweetest charities they feel,
Paternal cares, and conjugal esteem,
The props of public and domestic weal.
Them to defend, Athenians, to maintain
Inviolate your altars, tombs, and laws,
Let contemplation of the present rites
Give principle new strength. Behold a foe,
Who hath profan'd your ancestors in dust.
Lo! on a cross Leonidas affix'd,
His patriot bones expos'd to bleaching winds
By that barbarian, Xerxes. Tyrants fell,
Obtuse of mind, illiberal, the brutes
Of human nature, can devise and act
Barbarities like these. But such a foe
Leagues Heav'n against him. Nemesis will join
With Grecian Mars, and all her furies plant
His foot on Asia's boundaries, to shake
An impious tyrant on his native throne.
Then of the patriot dead, whose swords prepar'd
Your way to glory, and achiev'd their own,
This recent tomb, when dress'd in eastern spoils,
Will best delight their manes, and proclaim
To gods and men your gratitude and arms."
He paus'd. Ægalcos echo'd to the sound
Of acclamation; Salamis reply'd.
But as the Sun, when casual clouds before
His intercepted light have pass'd away,
Renews his splendour, so the righteous man
In eloquence and counsel thus again
Breaks forth: "Xanthippus, in the gales of spring,
To brave the coast barbaric you decree;
While, on Bœotia's plains, your phalanx meets
Mardonian ranks. Now hear of wondrous acts
To you unknown, unpromis'd, just perform'd
By an Athenian. Winter hath not slept
Inactive; your Themistocles hath rous'd
That sluggish season by the clang of war;
A force creating by his matchless art,
He hath o'erthrown fierce Demonax, and coop'd
Within his fort. Delib'rate swift, my friends,
How to assist your hero: Justice calls
On ev'ry tongue ingenuous so to style
Themistocles; who wants but slender help.
Your skill, Athenians, in surmounting walls
Excels in Greece. Select experienc'd bands;
An instantaneous effort may o'erwhelm
Beneath the ruins of his last retreat
Eubœa's scourge, whose prevalence might shut
That granary of Athens, and transfer
To Asia's num'rous camp your needful stores."
All in applauding admiration hear
Disinterested virtue, which exalts
A rival's merit. But thy gen'rous breast,
To all superior in sensation, high,
Divine Timothea, entertains a warmth
Of grateful rapture in thy lord's behalf,
Which shines confess'd. Sicinus, at her side,
Condemns his lord, who nothing would request
Of Aristides; him, who grants unask'd,
His soul adores. Aminias, rising, spake;
A fearless warrior, brother to the bard,
Like him sincere, less polish'd, learn'd and wise,
By right intention more than conduct sway'd:
"Who can for all deliberate so well,
As Aristides singly? Let us fight;
But with sole pow'r of counsel and command,
Throughout this war's duration, by a law
Invest him uncontrollable." Up starts
The interrupting patriot, nor permits
The people's confidence in him to grow
In wild excess: "Ne'er yet th' almighty Sire
Created man of purity to hold
A trust like this. Athenians, mark my words;
I am your legal military chief;
If your immediate safety should require
An use of pow'r, unwarranted by laws,
I will exert it, not accept as law;
The censure or acquittal of my act
With you shall rest. At present I advise,

That from Phaleron, Æschylus transport
Two thousand skilful vet'rans. Him the seed
Of Neocles approves; not less in arms
Than arts excelling, him your warriors prize.
Them, ere two monthly periods of the Sun,
You cannot want. Thick verdure must invest
The meadows, earth her foodful stores mature,
Before Mardonius can his numbers lead
From Thessaly remote. Ere then, my friends,
Themistocles will conquer, and erect
Cecropia's standard on Orëan walls;
Your timely aid he timely will restore
To fill the army of united Greece."
The gen'ral voice assents, and all retire,
While to her home Timothea brings her guests.
To her Sicinus prudent: "Not an hour,
Till I rejoin thy consort, should be lost."
She then: "Most faithful, from my arm receive
This bracelet rich in gems, barbaric spoil;
Bear this to Chalcis, to Acanthè give;
Say, how I prize her elevated mind,
Enabling my Themistocles to quell
The hateful breed of tyrants. Further say,
The man engaging her connubial hand
I should esteem the favourite of gods.
Stay; Haliartus shall the present bear.
Thou, to my lord a messenger of love
Shalt go, Sicinus; words to thee I leave;
My heart thou know'st. One fervent wish impart,
That he in private, as in public ties,
With Aristides may at last unite."
So spake the first of women. Trœzen's chief
Subjoin'd: "Sicinus, wait till morn; embark
With these our friends of Atalantè's isle
Aboard my squadron; soon will southern gales
My succour waft, and jointly we proclaim
Brave Æschylus to follow. Let us greet
Him, who our valour into action calls
For ev'ry chief to envy; him to clasp
My bosom pants, a hero, who surmounts
The sloth of winter while so many brave
Hang up their weapons." Ariphilia heard,
Sat mute and sad. To her Timothea thus:
"We, who are wives of soldiers, will remain
Together, cheerful watch for tidings dear
Of their achievements, and rejoice at home."

BOOK XVIII.

Three days transport Cleander and his friends;
Timoxenus admits such welcome guests,
Who brings new succours. From Chalcidic walls
Th' Athenian chief was absent. With a pace
Unstable yet, a calm, but languid mien,
To grace her father's board Acanthè leaves
Her chamber; pale, but fragrant as the rose,
Which bears the hue of lilies, she descends.
Her soon the Carian, mindful of his charge,
Thus with Timothea's salution greets:
"A costly bracelet, from her beauteous arm
Th' espous'd of great Themistocles unclasp'd
On my departure, and in words like these,
Of gracious tone, deliver'd to my care:
'Bear this to Chalcis, to Acanthè give;
Say how I prize her elevated mind,
Enabling my Themistocles to quell
The hateful breed of tyrants. Further say,
The man engaging her connubial hand
I should esteem the favourite of gods'."
Timoxenus is pleas'd; Acanthè's cheeks
A burning blush of perturbation feel.
Not soon recov'ring from a start of thought
At the first mention of Timothea's name,
She took, she kiss'd the present, and disguis'd
Her conscious trouble under busy care
To fix the bracelet in its lovely seat.
The guests are plac'd around; her presence charms
The banquet. Though the lustre of her eyes
Grief had eclips'd and sickness, though her mouth
Had lost the ruby tinct and pleasing flow,
By melancholy silence long confin'd,
Her gestures speak the graces of her soul.
Trœzene's captain, lively as the lark
Whose trill preludes to Nature's various voice,
Begins discourse: "Perhaps, accomplish'd fair,
Thou dost not know the messenger, who brought
Timothea's present, Haliartus styl'd;
He is deriv'd from Lygdamis, a name
Ionia boasts. His daughter, Caria's queen,
Fam'd Artemisia, heroine of Mars,
Calls Haliartus brother; but from Greece
Could never alienate his truth. His sword
From violation, in his first essay
Against barbarian multitudes, preserv'd
Bright Amarantha, consort to the king
Of Macedon, more noble in her sire,
Who sits beside thee, Timon, *Delphi's priest.*"
Then Medon: "How unwilling do I check
Our social converse. Generous host, no tongue
Can duly praise thy hospitable roof;
Yet we must leave its pleasures; time forbids
Our longer stay. Two thousand Locrian spears,
Three hundred Delphians Atalantè holds;
Them Æschylus arriving will expect
To find in Chalcis."—"Gladly shall I hail,"
Timoxenus rejoins, "your quick return,
To guard these walls. Themistocles is march'd
To conquer Ægæ, rather to redeem [hand."
Her state aggriev'd, which courts his guardian
Sicinus here: "Illustrious men, farewell;
In Ægæ soon Themistocles shall know
Of your arrival." Instant he began,
All night pursu'd his course, and saw the morn
Shine on that city yielded to his lord.
To him Sicinus counts the pow'rful aids
Expected, large of Aristides speaks,
Large of Timothea; in a rapt'rous style
Dwells on her wish for amity to bind
The two Cecropian heroes. Glad replies
Themistocles: "On every new event
She rises lovelier, more endear'd; her worth
Shall meliorate her husband. I obey,
Content on this wide universe to see
Myself the second, Aristides first;
For still he tow'rs above me. Didst thou say,
Cleander, Medon, were already come,
That Æschylus was coming? All their force
I want, Sicinus; listen to my tale.
"Last night an ancient personage, unknown,
In length of beard most awful, not unlike
Tisander, ask'd an audience, and obtain'd
My private ear. 'Themistocles,' he said,
'If I deliver tidings, which import
Thy present safety, and thy future weal,
I shall exact thy promise in the name
Of all the gods and goddesses to wave

Inquiry, whence I come, or who I am.
First know, that Mindarus, the Persian chief
In Oreus, newly for Thessalia's coast
Embark'd, whose neighb'ring Pagasæan cape
Looks on Eubœa. He this day return'd,
And reinforcement from Mardonius brought,
Ten thousand spears. Thessalia hath supply'd,
Three thousand more. An army huge defends
Th' Orëan circuit. Further be inform'd,
That sev'n Geræstian homicides are sworn
To thy destruction. By their secret wiles
The house of rich Timoxenus was fir'd;
Them in the field hereafter, all combin'd
Against thy head, their sable arms will show;
The hideous impress on their shields is Death.
Farewell, thou hero; if my parting step
Thou trace, farewell for ever; else be sure
Again to see me in thy greatest need.'
" In mystery, Sicinus, not of Heav'n,
But human art, immers'd is some event,
Which mocks my utmost fathom; but my course
Is plain. In fruitless search I waste no thought,
Who, as my servant, smiling Fortune use,
Nor yet am hers, Sicinus, when she frowns.
Now mark: one passage winds among the hills
Encircling Oreus. When the vanquish'd foe
Her bulwarks sought for shelter, I detach'd
Eretrian Cleon, Hyacinthus brave,
And with Carystian bands Nicanor staid,
Who unoppos'd the strong defile secur'd;
There shall my banner, strengthen'd by the youth
Of Ægæ, soon be planted; there shall wait,
Till each auxiliar, thou hast nam'd, arrive,
Then pour on Demonax the storm of war.
Let Trœzen's squadron and th' Athenian ride
Before his port, Cleander have the charge.
Speed back to Chalcis; publish these resolves."
They part. Not long Themistocles delay'd
To gain the mountains; nor three days were pass'd
When brave Nearchus, Haliartus bold,
Th' illustrious brothers of Oïlean race,
Great Æschylus and Timon, with their bands
Arriv'd, and join'd him at the strong defile
Which now contain'd his whole collected force.
Thence he descended on a morning fair,
First of that month, which frequent sees the Sun
Through vernal show'rs, distill'd from tepid clouds,
Diffuse prolific beams o'er moisten'd Earth
To dress her lap, exuberant and fresh,
With flow'rs and verdure. Terrible the bands
Succeeding bands expatiate o'er the fields.
So when an earthquake rives a mountain's side,
Where stagnant water, gather'd and confin'd
Within a deep vacuity of rock,
For centuries hath slept, releas'd the floods
In roaring cataracts impetuous fall;
They roll before them shepherds and their flocks,
Herds and their keepers; cottage, fold, and stall,
Promiscuous ruins floating on the stream,
Are borne to plains remote. Now Oreus lifts
Her stately tow'rs in sight. Three myriads arm'd
Before the walls hath Demonax arrang'd
In proud defiance. So, at first o'erthrown,
Antæus huge, uprising in his might
Fresh and redoubled by his parent earth,
Return'd to combat with Alcmena's seed.
Wide stretch'd th' Orëan van; the wary son
Of Neocles to equal that extent
Spread his inferior number. By a front,
Not depth of line, the tyrant he deceiv'd;
But of Athenian veterans he form'd
A square battalion, which the martial bard
Rang'd on the sea-beat verge; the other wing
Is Medon's charge, where thirty shields in file
Compose the Locrian column. Ere the word
Is giv'n for onset, thus his wonted guard
Themistocles addresses: " If a troop
In sable cuirass, and with shields impress'd
By Death's grim figure, at my head should aim,
Let them assail me; be it then your care,
Postponing other duty, to surround,
To seize and bear them captives from the fight."
He march'd; himself the cent'ral phalanx led;
The floating crimson of his plumage known,
Minerva's bird his crest, whose terrours shook
The bloody field of Chalcis, soon proclaim
Themistocles. Now targets clash with shields;
Barbarian sabres with Cecropian swords,
Eubœan spears with spears in sudden shock,
Bellona mingles. Medon first o'erthrew
Thessalia's line, his temp'rate mind was stung
By indignation; Timon bath'd his lance
In their perfidious blood; Leontevs gor'd
Their dissipated ranks. A chosen troop
To their assistance Lamachus advanc'd;
Him Haliartus met; his sinewy arm,
Which could have quell'd Lycaon, first of wolves,
The Erymanthian, or Ætolian boar,
Smote to the ground the miscreant's bulk deform'd,
Whose band, recoiling, leave the victor space
To drag him captive. Rout and carnage sweep
That shatter'd wing before th' Oïlean swords;
Not with less vigour Æschylus o'erturn'd
The other. Mindarus in vain oppos'd
Undaunted efforts. Pallas seem'd to fire
Her own Athenians; Neptune, in the shape
Of Æschylus, seem'd landed from his conch
To war, as once on Troy's Sigæan strand;
Or to have arm'd the warrior-poet's grasp
With that strong weapon, which can rock the Earth.
Not in the centre suddenly prevail'd
Themistocles; the sev'n Geræstians, leagu'd
By Hell, combining their assassin points
Against the hero, for awhile delay'd
His progress; firmly their united blows
His shield receiv'd. So Hercules endur'd
The sev'n-fold stroke of Hydra; but the zeal
Of Iolaüs to assist that god
In his tremendous labour, was surpass'd
By each Athenian, each Laconian guard,
Who never left Themistocles. They watch'd
The fav'ring moment; with a hundred spears
They hedg'd the traitors round, forbade escape,
Clasp'd and convey'd them living from the field.
Still Demonax resists; while near him tow'rs
Ariobarzanes, moving rock of war
In weight and stature. Of Eubœans, forc'd
By savage pow'r to battle, numbers low'r
Surrend'ring banners, some to Cleon, some
To humble Styra's well-conducted sword,
And thine, sad youth, awhile by glory taught
To strive with anguish, and suspend despair,
Cleora's husband. Mindarus appears,
Who warns the tyrant timely to retreat,
Ere quite envelop'd by the wheeling files
Of Æschylus and Medon. Lo! in front,
More dang'rous still, amid selected ranks,
Themistocles. The monster gnash'd his teeth;
His impious voice, with execrations hoarse,
Assail'd the heav'nly thrones; his buckler firm

He grasp'd, receding to the Orëan wall;
Where, under vaulted sheets of missive arms
Whirl'd on his fierce pursuers, through the gates
He rush'd to shelter. Thus a mighty boar,
Of Calydonian strength, long held at bay,
The hunter's point evading, and the fangs
Of stanchest hounds, with undiminish'd ire
Red in his eyes, and foaming from his jaws,
Impetuous plunges in accustom'd woods.
Th' Athenian chief, who sees th' incessant storms
Of darts and arrows from the rampart's height,
Retreats; but swift his numbers, now enlarg'd
By yielding thousands of Eubœan race,
Distributes round th' invested town to guard
Each avenue and station. From the sea
Cleander threatens. In his evening tent
The gen'ral views the captives; frowns condemn
The sev'n Geræstians to their former chains.
The hero smiles on Lamachus, the prize
Of Haliartus, and familiar thus:
"Again, my Tyrian trafficker in slaves,
I greet thee: son of Lygdamis, what praise
To thy distinguish'd efforts is not due?
This precious head to my disposal yield."
He then proceeds to Lamachus apart:
"Now take thy freedom, villain; to my use
See thou employ it, else expect to die.
Your land, remember, and your sea are mine;
Soon on the head of Demonax this arm
Shall dash yon bulwarks; what I speak is fate.
Thou hast thy option, go. Sicinus hear;
This man is free; conduct him through the camp."
Now from his friends sequester'd, on a couch,
Which never care disturbs, he slept till dawn,
When, rous'd by heralds from the town, again
The leaders he conven'd. Before them came
Arbactus, fierce barbarian, who began:
"Themistocles of Athens, in the name
Of Mindarus the Persian, I defy
Thy arm to combat in the listed field;
The same defiance to thy boldest chiefs
Ariobarzanes sends. If you prevail,
The royal host shall quit Eubœa's isle,
Which shall submit to Xerxes if you fall."
Up Hyacinthus, Haliartus, start
Indignant. First the young Carystian spake:
"Are they so gross in ignorance, to hope
Themistocles will stoop to single fight
With twice-o'erthrown barbarians, who, unsafe
Behind a rampart, tremble at his pow'r?
But if the Persian Mindarus would try
A Grecian's single valour, O permit,
Themistocles, thy soldier to assert
The Grecian fame." The friend of Medon next:
"The same permission I implore, O chief,
Invincible thyself; that all this host
May witness my fidelity to Greece.
Themistocles subjoins: "Barbarian, go,
Provide thy champions; ours thou seest prepar'd
For honour, not decision of the doom
Reserv'd for Demonax; whose final lot
Lies in my breast alone." The herald back
To Oreus speeds. The prudent chief pursues:
"My Hyacinthus, all thy wrongs I feel;
But, if resentment can afford the grace
I ask thee, lend to policy thy arm:
Take Mindarus thy captive. From thy proofs
Of might and firmness, Haliartus brave,
My wish is lifted high in hope to see
Ariobarzanes gasping at thy feet."

He rises. Straight embattled on the plain,
His army shows a formidable gleam
To Demonax. Still num'rous for defence
Barbarian warriors, and Thessalian, throng
The battlements of Oreus. Through the gates,
In solemn pace and slow, a herald train
Precede their champions. Heralds from the camp
Produce th' illustrious Haliartus clad
In richest arms, the gift of Caria's queen;
A twig of slend'rest laurel, twisted round
A shepherd's crook, in portraiture adorn'd
His modest buckler. Grim his foe advanc'd
In mail blood-colour'd, with a targe of gold,
Ariobarzanes. Hyacinthus next
Appears in tried habiliments of war,
Which on his dearest patron Mars had seen
In Marathonian fields. A plumage black,
Denoting grief, he carries; on his shield
A female image, and the form of Death,
Who blasts her graces. Mindarus approach'd
In armour studded bright with orient gems;
His buckler too a shape of beauty pale,
Stretch'd on a fun'ral pyre, exhibits sad;
Of pearl her limbs, of rubies were the flames.
Ere they engage, the Persian warrior thus:
"Since my encounter, whether through disdain
Or policy I know not, is refus'd
By your commander, not through fear I know,
Do thou in courtesy disclose thy name,
Thy rank in Grecian armies. May'st thou prove
In lustre such as Mindarus would choose
To be th' opponent of a satrap's arm."
"Then tremble, satrap, at my name, the name
Of Hyacinthus," fierce the youth returns;
"Cleora's husband, whom thy barb'rous love
Hath wrong'd, whom hell-born Demonax hath damn'd
To ever-during torment, shakes this lance,
By vengeance pointed and invet'rate hate."
"Young man," rejoins the Persian, "on thy grief
I drop a pitying tear, while thou dost wrong
Me clear of wrong to thee. No barb'rous love
Was mine; unconscious of your nuptial tie,
Till she confess'd it to her savage sire,
My flame was holy; not a thought impure
To violate a right could taint my breast.
But that I lov'd her, Hyacinthus, sure
He, who her dear perfections knew so well,
Must wave his wonder; that her fate o'erwhelms
My spirit, never to revive, I feel;
That my disastrous passion caus'd her doom,
Blame both our fortunes, not my guiltless heart.
If yet thy anguish can a moment look
Compassionate on me—but I forgive
Unjust reproaches from a grief like thine,
Which should, which must exceed my own, my own
Exceeding after thine all other woe."
Now Hyacinthus melted, but observ'd,
That during this sad interview the spear
Of Haliartus at his feet had laid
Ariobarzanes dead. Heart-stung by shame
At his inaction, with so many chiefs,
With such an army, and the godlike son
Of Neocles spectators, he begins
The fight, but recollects that friend's request.
The Persian more effeminate desponds
At past defeats, and present grief renew'd,
Whose weight, though lighter, he less firmly bore,
Than did the hardy Greek his heavier share

Of woe. Yet fearless he maintains the strife
With native force devoid of gymnic skill,
In which confiding Hyacinthus oft
Inverts his spear, and levels bloodless strokes,
Still vigilant to ward the hostile point,
Oft o'er his buckler glancing, though impell'd
By active strength. At last a pond'rous blow
Full on the Persian's front descends; a groan
Is heard throughout the rampart as he falls;
The groan redoubles, as the victor bears
That leader captive to th' investing camp.
To his own tent Themistocles admits
The Persian's batter'd, but unwounded limbs;
He praises Hyacinthus; he consoles
The noble foe, commends to healing rest,
And at returning morn salutes him thus:
"If thee unransom'd, Mindarus, I send
To Oreus, canst thou pity her estate
Curst in a monster? Canst thou feel the wound
Of thy own glory longer to support
The worst of men, excluded by his crimes
From Heav'n's protection, and the laws of faith?
Wilt thou, to spare whole rivulets of blood,
Greek and barbarian, render to my arms
The town, and thus procure thyself a name
To live for ever, by a righteous act,
Delighting gods and mortals? Thee my ships
Shall land in safety on thy native shore;
The king will praise thee for his army sav'd,
Which shall partake my clemency. Reject
All hope, good Persian, to withstand my arm;
I am Themistocles." The satrap starts
From languor thus: "Athenian, I confess
Thy greatness, thy ascendency have felt;
But will endure, whate'er a victor's pow'r
Inflicts on captives, rather than pollute
My loyal faith to Xerxes; from my king
I took my charge, and never will betray.
The crimes of Demonax I know; myself
Have prov'd their horrours in Cleora's fate.
I lov'd, ador'd her excellence; her thread
His impious rage dissever'd; on her tomb
My tears have daily flow'd. Retain me still
Thy captive, never to revisit more
Her father's hateful mansion. Heav'n permit,
By thy vindictive arm, but Heav'n forbid,
That ever by disloyalty of mine,
Th' infernal authour of her death may fall."
The barbarism of loyalty, which binds
Men to a monarch, but the monarch leaves
Free to his lusts, his cruelty, and rage,
Th' enlighten'd Greek despis'd, yet how deplor'd
In one by nature gifted to deserve
A better lot from Heav'n. Not less aware
Of democratic jealousy, which hurls
From fortune's summit heroes to the dust,
He press'd no further, cautious not to wound
A gallant mind, whose friendship won he meant
To use in wants, such fortune might create.
He leaves Sicinus near him; while his care
Exhausts the light in traversing the camp
To view the works. His evening orders hold
Each band in arms; while anxious in his tent
He sits deep-musing, whether to attempt
The town that night by storm, or patient wait
For some event less bloody, casual boon
Of time and fortune. Wasteful is delay,
But precious too his soldiers; such brave lives
The full completion of his vast design
Requires. Thus, dubious, till the second watch
Throughout the camp is toll'd, and clouded Heav'n
Drops down her sable veil, he sits; when lo!
Before him stands his monitor unknown,
The venerable figure, which he saw
At Ægæ. Staid Sicinus is the guide,
Who swift retires, but watches faithful nigh.
"Themistocles," the stranger solemn spake;
"Thee I have trusted, thou hast trusted me,
Nor either hath repented. Who I am,
Now learn. By friendship's sacred ties, by blood
To thy best friend Eudora I am bound,
Elephenor am call'd, pontific seer
Of Jupiter in Oreus. Timely warn'd
By her most urgent mandate to repose
All confidence in thee, and lend my aid,
Nor less admonish'd by Tisander sage,
I help'd thee first with counsel; now I bring
Effectual succour. Demonax, though foil'd,
Hath still a pow'rful remnant of his host
To man his walls, and desp'rate will defend.
Select two thousand spears; avoid delay;
A secret passage, known to holy steps
Alone, o'er town and tyrant will complete
Thy bloodless conquest." Swift the Attic chief:
"O father! sacred in my ear the sound
Of good Tisander's, great Eudora's names;
Thy former warnings I have prov'd sincere
To merit gratitude and trust." He calls
Sicinus, bids him summon all the chiefs
Of Locris and Carystus; they appear,
To Hyacinthus and Nicanor then
Themistocles: "Attend with all your bands
This rev'rend guide; intelligence transmit
As you advance." His orders are perform'd.
Next he exhorts th' Œlean brethren thus,
Nor passes favour'd Haliartus by:
"You with your Locrians follow to support
These friends, lest ambush and deception lurk
Beneath a promise of assur'd success."
This said, himself forth issues to prepare
The gen'ral host for action, ev'n that night,
If fair occasion summons, when he meets
Trœzene's leader. "Is Cleander here?"
Themistocles began. "Momentous sure,
The cause which sends thee from thy naval charge."
To him Cleander: "Anchor'd as I lay,
A slender skiff, when darkness first prevail'd,
Approach'd my galley. To an earnest suit
For conference I listen'd, and receiv'd
On board a man of Oreus, all in limbs
Deform'd, in lineaments all rude, whose name
Is Lamachus. To render up this night
A sep'rate fort he proffers, which commands
The town and harbour, if thy faith be pledg'd
Him and Thessalia's garrison to land
Safe on her neighb'ring coast. Thy will to learn
I come, he waits."—"His proffer I accept,"
Rejoins th' alert Athenian, "and the doom,
I had prepar'd for those degen'rate Greeks,
Postpone." Cleander to his station flies.
Serene th' Athenian in array contains
His army cool, with expectation mute.
So, in deceitful quiet, oft the main
Before the glazing light of Dian spreads
A mirror smooth; the ruler of the winds
Anon from troubled clouds, and ocean's god
From his tempestuous chariot, give the sign
For wild commotion; then the surging brine
Assails the loftiest tops of reeling masts,
Foams on the rocks, and deluges the beach.

BOOK XIX.

The morning breaks; Nicanor sudden greets
The gen'ral; welcome tidings in these words
He utters loud: "The citadel is won,
The tyrant slaughter'd. With our sacred guide
A rugged, winding track, in brambles hid,
Half up a crag we climb'd; there, stooping low,
A narrow cleft we enter'd; mazy still
We trod through dusky bowels of a rock,
While our conductor gather'd, as he stepp'd,
A clue, which careful in his hand he coil'd.
Our spears we trail'd; each soldier held the skirt
Of his preceding comrade. We attain'd
An iron wicket, where the ending line
Was fasten'd; thence a long and steep ascent
Was hewn in steps; suspended on the sides,
Bright rows of tapers cheer'd our eyes with light.
We reach'd the top; there lifting o'er his head
A staff, against two horizontal valves
Our leader smote, which open'd at the sound.
Behind me Hyacinthus on the rock
Sunk sudden down, pronouncing in his fall
Cleora. I on Hyacinthus call'd.
" 'Is this Cleora's husband?' cried the priest;
'Descend, my Pamphila, my wife, descend.'
" She came, a rev'rend priestess; tender both
With me assisting plac'd my speechless friend
Within a cleft by me unmark'd before,
Which seem'd a passage to some devious cell.
Me by the hand Elephenor remov'd
Precipitate; a grating door of brass
Closs'd on my parting steps. 'Ascend,' he said,
'Make no inquiry: but remain assur'd,
His absence now is best.' I mount, I rise
Behind a massy basis which upheld
Jove grasping thunder, and Saturnia crown'd,
Who at his side outstretch'd her scepter'd hand.
The troops succeeding fill the spacious dome.
Last, unexpected, thence more welcome, rose,
Detach'd from Medon with five hundred spears,
Brave Haliartus, who repair'd the want
Of my disabled colleague. Now the priest:
" 'Ye chiefs, auxiliar to the gods profan'd,
And men oppress'd, securely you have reach'd
The citadel of Oreus. The dark hour
Befriends your high attempt. Let one possess
The only entrance from the town below,
The other swift the palace must surprise,
Where Demonax lies slumb'ring, if his guilt
Admits of rest, and dreams not of your spears.'
" With small resistance from a drowsy guard
I seiz'd the gate; the palace soon was forc'd
By Haliartus. Demonax maintain'd,
From door to door, fierce combat, till he sunk,
Blaspheming ev'ry pow'r of Heav'n and Hell,
On his own couch, beneath repeated wounds
Deliv'd in his body by the Carian sword,
Whose point produc'd the sever'd head in view."
" This news, Sicinus, to Eudora bear,"
Themistocles began. " Before her feet
Fall grateful, kiss for me her hallow'd robe;
My venerable friend Tisander hail,
To her, to him, this victory we owe.
Salute Timoxenus, my noble host,
Greet his excelling daughter; let them hear
Of brave Nicanor, and the Carian sword,
Which, closing at a blow this dang'rous war,
Preserves so many Greeks. Carystian chief,
Accept from me good tidings in return
For thine. Intelligence this hour hath brought,
That vigilant Cleander hath possess'd
The naval fort, an inlet to the town
For his whole army, pouring from our ships
Successive numbers, if the Persian bands
Yet meditate resistance. Not to give
Their consternation leisure to subside,
Against the walls each standard shall advance."
He said, and gave command. The diff'rent chiefs
Head their battalions. Oreus trembling sees
Encircling danger; heralds in their pomp,
Dread summoners, are nigh. Her foreign guard,
Depriv'd of wonted leaders, at the fall
Of Demonax aghast, in thought behold
Death in the conquer'd citadel extend
His hideous arms to beckon from the fleet
Cleander's valour, and from swarming tents
Themistocles. On his approach the gates
Are thrown abroad. From all the Persian bands
Their javelins, shields, and banners on the ground
Pale fear deposits. Thus the yielding masts
Of all their canvass mariners divest,
When Æolus is riding on a storm
To overwhelm the vessel, which would drive
In full apparel to resist his ire.
Th' Athenian, though triumphant, in his joy
Omits no care. To Æschylus awhile
The charge supreme transferring, he ascends
The citadel; the Carian victor there
Conducts him o'er the palace, shows the corse
Of Demonax, his treasury unspoil'd,
By chosen Locrians guarded. Pleas'd, the chief
Embraces Haliartus: " Friend," he said,
" Though late acquir'd, inestimable friend,
How shall I praise thee? But my bosom, wrapt
In long concealment, now to thee alone
Discloss'd, shall warrant my profess'd regard.
Know, that whatever thou hast heard, or seen
Of my Eubœan labours, are no more
Than preparation for a wider stage
Of action. Gold, one necessary means,
Thou hast provided; but I want a man
Of hardy limbs and vig'rous, bold, discreet,
Who all the Persian quarters would explore,
On either side Thermopylæ; would trace
Whate'er employs Mardonius, what the time
He takes the field, and where his gather'd stores
Of war deposits. Thessaly provok'd
Long since my just resentment. Ere the king
Of Asia pass'd the Hellespont, I led
Ten thousand Greeks her passes to defend;
By her deserted and betray'd, I march'd
Unprofitably back." The Carian here:
" Had I endowments equal to my will,
I were that man. Accept me, as I am;
Vers'd in those borders, me, whose faithful zeal
Leonidas experienc'd and approv'd;
So let Themistocles. My rustic weeds
I can resume to range th' Œtæan crags,
The fields of Locris, and Thessalia's plains.
" Thou art that man," the Athenian quick re-
join'd;
" Then hold thee ready. Sudden in their birth
Are my resolves, and, when mature, have wings."
This said, he visits Æschylus below.
Judicious he in stations had dispos'd
The various bands; the pris'ners were secur'd.
Throughout th' Oræan streets and dwellings reign'd
Tranquillity and order. Him the son

Of Neocles bespake: "To morrow's dawn
Shall see thee honour'd, as becomes a chief,
Whom Aristides nam'd, and Athens chose
To save Eubœa. I defer till night
Our consultations. I, not wanted here,
Will reascend the citadel; the voice
Of friendship calls me to a tender care,"
He seeks the fane. Elephenor he greets;
Applause to him in gratitude unfeign'd
Presenting, next his earnest lips inquire
Of Hyacinthus. Here the rev'rend man:
"First know, his dear Cleora is alive.
I, priest of Jove, and Pamphila my wife,
Who to th' Olympian empress in this seat
Of blended rites are ministers, when told
That Demonax had doom'd his child to death,
Solicited her pardon in the names
Of both divinities. At both he spurn'd,
While we contriv'd this stratagem. Her nurse,
By us admonish'd, in due time declar'd
Cleora dead. The body of a slave,
A youthful maiden recently expir'd,
Was for Cleora carried to the flames,
While her we shelter'd in a secret cell,
From human sight, from sight of day conceal'd.
These pow'rs, alike offended at th' intent
As perpetration of an impious deed,
Have sent thee forth their instrument of wrath,
Divinely-prompted hero. Wilt thou shed
On Hyacinthus and Cleora's bliss
Thy guardian smile?" This utter'd, down the steps
He guides th' Athenian to the hidden cell.
By his Cleora, Hyacinthus sat.
The youthful husband o'er the snowy breast,
Which lull'd and cherish'd a reposing babe,
The blooming father o'er that precious fruit
Hung fondly. Thoughtful ecstasy recall'd
His dream at Juno's temple; where he saw
The visionary bosom of his bride
Disclose maternal to an infant new
That pillow smooth of lilies. Wan, her cheek
Told her confinement from the cheerful day.
Six moons in deep obscurity she dwelt;
Where, as a sea-nymph underneath a rock,
Or Indian genie in the cavern'd earth,
Her cell in conchs and coral she had dress'd,
By gracious Pamphila supply'd to cheat
Time and despair. The loom her patient art
Had plied, her own sad story had begun,
Now to conclude in joy. The starting youth
Beholds his patron, rushes on his breast
In transport thus: "Redeemer of my peace!
Balm of my grief! of happiness my source!
My health of mind and body is thy gift.
If in his anguish Hyacinthus felt
His obligation, in the hour of bliss
To what excess must gratitude expand
His bosom now! Cleora and my child
I owe to thy protection—this is she,
This is my goddess, this my light, my joy,
Deriv'd from thy humanity. Thou god
Of Hyacinthus, tutelary god!
Thou from the pit of horrour didst upraise
My limbs, for ever to its bottom chain'd
Without thy helpful hand; without thee death
Had been my portion; never had I liv'd
To see Cleora, never known this day!
But will my gen'ral overlook my fault?
Thy soldier, in his subterranean march
Tow'rds this retirement, threw a casual glance,
Which met Cleora's. Down the shield and spear
Dropp'd from my hands disabled; life forsook
My heart, which irrecoverably lost
All sense of duty both to thee and Greece,
By me alone deserted."—"Bless that chance,"
Themistocles replies, and leads aside
Th' attentive youth. "Perhaps these gods ordain'd,
In compensation of thy long distress,
In recompense of pure and constant love,
That to Cleora thou, unstain'd with blood,
Blood of her father by another slain,
Shouldst be restor'd, nor taint with horrours new
This thy new hymen. Æschylus by morn
Will sit in judgment righteous, but severe,
On each Eubœan criminal, the dead
Not less than living. Instantly remove
To thy Carystian home thy wife and babe;
Whate'er can pass in Oreus must offend
Her eye and ear." Then turning to the fair:
"From warlike toils thy consort I dismiss;
He, who so nobly signaliz'd his sword
In single combat, and the open field,
And prov'd his valour equal to his love,
All future palms to others may resign.
Whatever comforts, time and peace can yield,
Are due to both your suff'rings; nor an hour
Shalt thou be cloister'd in this rueful cell.
Elephenor, discreet and rev'rend man,
Let thy kind clue conduct their secret steps.
With presents laden, tokens of my love,
Cars shall attend them at the cavern's mouth;
Thou add thy blessing, that their new-born day
May never set in sorrow." Thus the chief,
Relax'd from busy care, amid success,
Which not a shade of obstacle o'erhangs,
Spake, as he felt, remunerating full
For all his service Hyacinthus brave.
His knees embracing, thus Cleora spake:
"I have not utt'rance for my grateful heart;
If thou dismiss us never more to see
Thy guardian face, our day will set in grief."
In smiles th' Athenian dissipates that fear:
"Long ere thy husband's majesterial term
Is finish'd, I have further still to crave
From him as archon, not as soldier, help.
This to Carystus would alone direct
My footsteps; else amid domestic joys
To see thy days illumin'd, precious time
Themistocles would borrow from his charge."
Thus in the grateful fair-one he secur'd
Another friend, if wanted to support
His vast designs, which, gath'ring on his mind,
Speed his departure with a kind farewell.
The cars he orders, from the tyrant's stores
Rich presents draws, to Æschylus returns,
With him in conf'rence spends remaining day.
Aurora hears Themistocles command
Stern proclamation, by the trumpet's voice,
For judgment on the guilty. All in chains
The tyrant's hated counsellors are brought,
Save Lamachus, by faith of treaty safe
Bound to Thessalian shores; but chief the sev'n
Gerœstian ruffians their assassin heads
Hang hopeless down. Amid the widest space
In Oreus lofty a tribunal stands,
Which Æschylus ascends, commander high
Of troops enroll'd by Athens. So her son
Disgrac'd, but courting favour new, devis'd
Her democratic jealousy to soothe.
The various chieftains, through this glorious war

So late distinguish'd, round the solemn seat
Conspicuous wait, Themistocles himself
At the right hand of Æschylus. He sits
Like Minos sage, whose justice gain'd from Jove
Th' appointment awful to condemn, or spare
His fellow mortals in the world below.
When now th' accusers and accus'd were heard,
Thus spake the warrior-poet: "Crimes like these
The legislator punishes with death;
Let us attempt within our scanty sphere,
Far as we may, to imitate the gods
In punishment deserv'd. Through those abodes
Which Hades governs, long the vulture gnaws;
Long is the toil of Sisyphus; to fill
Their leaking vases long the murd'rous seed
Of Danaus must strive. By labour, pain,
And shame continu'd, let flagitious men
Long wish to end their suff'rings, not enjoy
That wish'd-for period in a single pang.
This heavy sentence on assassin heads,
On foul, atrocious counsellors of ill,
Lo! I pronounce. An ignominious brand
Imprint on every forehead; plunge them chain'd,
Debas'd by vile impurity of garb,
In deep Chalcidian quarries; give them food
Just for endurance of continued toil,
With daily stripes, that cruelty may feel
What she inflicts on others, and, impell'd
By desperation, court relief in death.
Before the gate of Oreus on a cross
Extend the limbs of Demonax; the flesh
Let kites deform, let parching air the bones
Of that despotic malefactor bleach,
Avenging man, and vindicating Heav'n.
Flow next a strain more pleasing through the ear,
A strain delightful to that fav'ring god
Who first created laurel to adorn
The good and brave. A chaplet from his tree,
Ten captives, ten selected suits of arms
To ev'ry leader; one barbarian slave,
A sabre, targe, whatever to the field
Accouters one barbarian, I allot
To ev'ry soldier. Phœbus will supply
His laurel too, encompassing your brows,
Ye gen'rous people. But a splendid store
Of tripods, urns, and images provide
For great Eudora, and th' Eretrian seer,
That your triumphal off'ring may emblaze
Eubœa's fanes; nor less with honours greet
Elephenor, your genius of success.
Eudora's portion thou, heroic priest,
Phœbean Timon, to her presence bear.
I need but name Acanthè to attract
Your veneration; for Acanthè choose,
Sweet paragon of Chalcis, from your spoils
The costly tissue of Barbaric looms,
And dazzling gems, that gratitude may vie
With obligation. Haliartus, bright
In recent glories from a tyrant slain,
Thou at her feet the precious tribute lay.
For me, if, servant of Cecropia's state,
I have upheld her justice and renown,
Your approbation is the sole reward
Which I solicit, or will bear away
On my returning keel." He ceas'd. In roar
Surpassing waves, which beat the craggy strand
Amidst a tempest, from the gen'ral host
Broke forth applause. Themistocles subjoin'd:
"Awhile, my friends, your labours I suspend;
Go to your homes; to kind, expecting wives
Recount your trophies; let your children see
Paternal mansions hung with Asian spoils.
Remember still that valour must not sleep;
That law restor'd, and freedom, are not firm
While Asia's trumpet sounds a blast in Greece."
Two days elapse; Timoxenus, arriv'd
From Chalcis, joyful gratulation brings.
Solicitous th' Athenian first inquires
Of fair Acanthè's state. The father fond
Thus answers: "Wasting malady is fled,
But hath behind it left indiff'rence cold
To ev'ry joy. Thy wife a bracelet sent;
These words the bearer Haliartus brought,
Charg'd by Timothea elegant and wise.
'From me this present when Acanthè takes,
Say, how I prize her elevated mind,
Enabling my Themistocles to quell
The hateful breed of tyrants. Further say,
The man engaging her connubial hand
I should esteem the fav'rite of Heaven.'
I heard approving; on the grateful hint
A secret hour I chose; my daughter's ear
I thus address'd. 'My only child and hope,
Shall no sweet offspring cheer a grandsire's age?
Shall my possessions to a stranger pass,
My blood be lost for ever? Shall this war,
Thy work, Acanthè, which a father's love,
In all to thee complying, at thy suit
Commenc'd, produce no hero to console
Thy widow'd couch?'—'The sacrifice of life,
Of my ideal, or my real peace,
Is due to such a father,' she exclaim'd
In pious fervour. 'Arguments to urge
Against thy plea my age and thine forbid;
But ah! dear parent, my capricious fate
Presents no suitor to thy child's esteem.'
The Amarythian priestess, whose control
Surpassess mine, with sternness oft enforc'd
My just desire. At length my daughter thus
On my departure: 'I obey; consult
Themistocles; let him a consort name,
Who best hath serv'd him in this righteous war'."
Ne'er yet ill chance, or sorrow, from the son
Of Neocles drew tears. His soul reflects
On this transcendent fair-one, who had chang'd
The violence of passion to respect
So confidential, drest in sweetest grace
So far beyond his merits tow'rds a heart
Of purest texture, late by him misled
To errour, now to purity restor'd
By native honour. At th' affecting thought
He turns those eyes, till then of stedfast look
On all events and objects, turns aside
To hide their oozing dews; yet soon he spake:
"None can I name, but wise Timothea's choice
To bear her present, Haliartus brave,
Who hath avow'd to Æschylus and me
A veneration for thy matchless child;
But he, appointed to a service high,
Like Hercules must labour yet to gain
The sum of bliss. For three successive moons
He must continue mine." The past events
In copious strains the hero now rehears'd,
Concluding thus: "The army I disband;
Great Æschylus for Athens straight embarks;
I shall remain in Oreus to compose
This troubled city; thou resume thy way;
The criminals transported in thy train
Lock in the quarries; to Acanthè all
Unravel; her and Chalcis too prepare

For due reception of that happy man,
Whom Jove hath honour'd in a tyrant's death,
Whom Juno soon in nuptial ties will bless,
And all Eubœa to Acanthè sends
With tokens rich of public praise and love."
With joy Timoxenus assents; the morn
Sees him depart; at Chalcis he arrives,
Performing all Themistocles enjoin'd.
Now ev'ry temple breathes perfumes; prepar'd
Are chosen victims, colonnades and gates
With chaplets hung; the garden's flow'ry growth,
Each scented produce of luxuriant fields,
The maids and matrons bear, to welcome home
Triumphant warriors. Now th' expected gleams
Of armour tinge the champaign's utmost verge;
Near and more near the military pomp,
At large develop'd o'er the green expanse,
Spears, bucklers, helmits, plumes, barbaric spoils
In trophies pil'd on hollow-sounding cars,
Grow on the sight. Through Chalcis lies the march;
Those in abode the most remote precede.
Geræstian banners first Eudemus shows;
With Lampon follow Styra's gallant troop;
The Amarynthian and Carystian bands
Nicanor leads; th' Eretrians, now become
Once more a people, with their wives and race
At length redeem'd, to Cleon's orders move.
In blooming garlands had the mothers deck'd
Their children's heads, whom, tripping through the streets,
Spectatress equal to the loftiest scene,
Eudora blesses. Sweet Acanthè melts
In tears of gladness, while her father nigh
Awakes attention to a num'rous train,
Her native friends, whom brave Nearchus heads.
"These are thy warriors," fondly cries the sire.
To whom Eudora: "Who is he in state
Pontifical, a holy man in arms?"
Three hundred Delphians then were passing by,
Phœbean branches twisted round their spears.
Behind them, lodg'd on axles rolling slow,
Were vases, tripods, images, and busts,
Spoils of the palace Demonax had rais'd.
"Thou seest," replies Timoxenus, "a form
To Phœbus dear, the venerable form
Of Timon, priest and soldier. From that car
He will descend to kiss thy sacred hand,
Before thy feet a precious tribute lay
For thy pure goddess, sister of his god.
But look, my sweet Acanthè, on the man
Themistocles hath chosen to revive
My drooping years. Preceded by a troop
Of youths, whom Medon, ever kind, hath call'd
From all his Locrian files to grace his friend;
Preceded by a trophy, which displays
The silver mail of Demonax, his shield,
His helm of gold, his variegated arms,
And spear in length ten cubits, which upholds
The tyrant's head, his victor meets our eyes,
Th' illustrious son of Lygdamis." She cast
Not an impassion'd, but revering glance
On one, whose might victorious had dissolv'd
Eubœan thraldom, one of noble frame,
In feature comely, and in look serene,
Whom her sole guide, the all-controlling son
Of Neocles, had destin'd for her lord.
Her dream recurs; the tyrant's head she sees;
Th' exploit sublime, though not by him achiev'd,
Whom partial fancy on her pillow show'd,
Her ever-wakeful loftiness of mind
Admires impartial, and applauds the hand
Which dealt the glorious blow. Her awful brow
The priestess softens to a smile, and thus:
"Is this the suitor, whom my hero chose
For bright Acanthè? Favour'd by the gods,
Themistocles in ev'ry action proves
He cannot err." Acanthè hears, and press'd
By duty's insurmountable control,
Aw'd by Eudora's majesty austere,
Resolves to meet him with becoming grace,
But of his virtue make one trial more.
The Delphian priest and Haliartus quit
Their chariots; them Timoxenus receives
To his rich mansion and a sumptuous board.
Eudora there, with curious eyes and voice,
Explores and questions oft the Carian brave.
His Delphian friend, observing, in these words
Besought him: "O, distinguish'd by the gods!
Who have in thee their care of virtue shown,
Since from Eubœa thou must soon depart,
Lose not the present hour. These matchless dames
Must hear thy wondrous narrative at large;
For singular thy fortunes with events
Are interwoven to delight the ear,
Affect the heart, and win th' applauding tongue;
That all may honour thy desert supreme
Like me, so much thy debtor." Straight complies
The modest Carian; list'ning silence reigns.
In native windings from his Lydian fount
As various flow'd Mæander, here along
A level champaign, daisy-painted meads,
Or golden fields of Ceres, here through woods
In green arcades projecting o'er his banks,
There shut in rock, which irritates the stream,
Here by low hamlets, there by stately towns,
Till he attained the rich Magnesian seat;
Thence with augmented fame and prouder floods
Roll'd down his plenteous tribute to the main:
So through the mazes of his fortune winds
In artless eloquence th' expressive strain
Of Haliartus, from his peasant state
To scenes heroic. Humble still in mind,
Compell'd to follow truth's historic clue,
He ends in glory, which his blushes grace;
Nor less they grace these frank and manly words,
Which to Acanthè singly he directs:
"Such as I am, thou elevated fair,
Who hast Eubœa's liberty restor'd,
Her grateful offrings to thy feet I bring;
With them an humble suppliant to thy smile,
That he may rank thy soldier, in thy name
His own distinguish, and, achieving well
The task by great Themistocles impos'd,
Deserve Acanthè's favour." She replies
With virtuous art: "Can soldiers never know
Satiety of fame? must her career
Be still beginning, never be complete?
Must ev'ry passion yield to thirst of praise?
Should I request thee, wouldst thou for my sake
Thy new attempt relinquish, to enjoy
Thy ample portion of acquir'd renown
In peace at Chalcis?" Haliartus then; [smiles,
"Not love of fame, which oft'ner frowns than
Not victory, nor spoil, inflate my breast,
All unaspiring. Sense of duty pure,
Of obligation, which I owe to Greece,
Themistocles, and Medon, rules supreme
Within my soul. O, first of mortal fair!
Thou of his peace thy servant might'st deprive;

But, wert thou fairer than the Paphian queen,
In each excelling art like Pallas skill'd,
Her paragon in wisdom, thy request
Should thus be answer'd from a bleeding heart:
To my performance of the trust repos'd
The only bar is fate." Astonish'd gaz'd
Timoxenus; nor knew the timid sire
That his Acanthè's breast then first conceiv'd
A spark of passion, but a spark divine,
Such as for heroes goddesses have felt;
As Thetis glow'd for Peleus. Thus the fair:
"O, most deserving of that hero's choice,
To which alone Acanthè left her fate!
Weigh'd in the balance, nor deficient found,
Thou more than worthy of a hand like mine!
Go, but return; triumphantly return
Lord of Acanthè; of my truth unchang'd
Accept this pledge." She gave, he kiss'd her hand.
Eudora's vestment, while the solemn scene
Her looks approv'd, with fervent lips he touch'd;
Then, clasping glad Timoxenus, retir'd
To hoist his canvass in the morning gale.

BOOK XX.

An April Zephyr, with reviving sweets
From gay Eubœa's myrtle-border'd meads,
Perfumes his breath, scarce ruffling in his course
The pearly robe of Morn. A ready skiff
The Carian hero mounts; the gale, though soft,
To him is adverse. From a rapid keel
Of Oreus, lo! Sicinus lifts a sign
Of salutation. Haliartus joins
The faithful man, and joyfully relates
His acquisition of Acanthè's hand.
To good Sicinus grateful sounds the tale,
Who thus replies: "To Athens I proceed.
No sooner march'd the warriors to their homes,
Than, disengag'd from public care, my lord
Address'd me thus: 'Sicinus, spread the sail,
To Athens fly; my wife and offspring waft
To my embraces; that, while gentle rest
Remits the labours of my limbs disarm'd,
I with Timothea, she with me, may share
The past success, and taste of present joy.'
Thee, Haliartus, she esteems; thy fame,
Exploits, and fortune, will augment her bliss.
But of this friendly gale a moment more
I must not lose." His vessel sails along;
The other slowly with laborious strokes
Of oars contends for passage, till broad noon
Flames on the laurell'd poops and colours gay
Of Athens and Trœzene; on whose decks,
Emblaz'd with spoils and trophies, Phœbus pours
His whole effulgence. Back to Attic strands
They steer in view. To fifes and trumpets clear
From ev'ry vessel in a blended sound
Reply the concave shores. Now sudden shifts
The wind, and checks their progress; but permits
Glad Haliartus close behind the helm
Of Æschylus to pass. The choral notes
Of triumph then were hush'd. The warrior-bard,
Who had so well accomplish'd all his charge,
Like Jove in judgment, on the plain like Mars,
Sat in oblivion of his arms, which lay
Beside him. O'er the Heliconian hill
In thought he wander'd, and invok'd the Muse
To sing of civic harmony. The Muse
To Aristides, and the conqu'ring soil
Of Neocles united, touch'd the lyre
With melody, rejoicing at their names.
The Attic warriors throng'd the silent decks,
The shrouds, and yards. Attention clos'd their lips,
Their minds were open'd. Musical and learn'd,
Minerva's chosen people had been wont
To hear his numbers in the tragic scene.
Sententious weight of poesy combin'd
With music's pow'rful spell, there tam'd the rude,
Abash'd the vicious, and the good refin'd.
"Oh! Artemisia," Haliartus sigh'd,
While at the strain his progress he delay'd,
"How canst thou splendid vassalage prefer
In barb'rous climes, the residence of slaves,
To Greece, the land of freedom, arts, and arms,
The legislator's and the hero's seat,
The guardian pure of equity and laws,
The nurse of orphans helpless and oppress'd,
Of all, whom Phœbus and the Muses lift
Above the rank of mortals! Greece, I owe
More than my birth and being to thy love,
My sentiments I owe. Adopted child,
For thee my better parent now I go
To hazard all in voluntary zeal,
Ev'n the possession of Acanthè's charms."
On Atalanta's sea-beat verge he lands;
Swift he collects his peasant weeds, the crook,
The pipe, and script, thus musing: "Ancient garb,
Thou dost remind me of Oïleus good,
Dost summon all my gratitude to prove,
That he, who benefits receives, and feels
A grateful sense, is happy." From his side,
His arm, and temples, he ungirds the sword,
The shield releases, and unclasps the helm;
These he commits, Sophronia, to thy care,
Spouse of Leonteus, mother of the race
Oïlean. Them, in tenderness embrac'd,
He leaves with blessings, re-embarks and prints
His bounding feet on Locris. Hermes thus
In shepherd's weeds his deity conceal'd,
By Jove's appointment on the flow'ry meads
Of Inachus alighting; where he stole
On watchful Argus, and, his hundred eyes
Eluding, rescu'd from her bestial form
Afflicted Io. Like the mountain roe
The son of Lygdamis in speed excell'd;
He, had he run for Atalanta's love,
Would have rejected Cytherea's aid,
Nor, of her swiftness to beguile the fair,
Before her steps the golden apples thrown.
He quits the shore impatient; on he flies
Unquestion'd, rank'd among the Locrian hinds,
All Persian subjects now. A midnight course
To Œta's well-known mountains he prefers
Through winding vallies, sprinkled with his tears
In memory of past events. He finds
The track to Myeon's hut; that goatherd hears
The sound of footsteps through the morning dew;
He sees, he flies to Melibœus, clings
Around his neck. The seeming shepherd thus:
"Kind friend, inform me of Melissa's weal."
To him the swain: "In wonder thou wilt hear,
That no barbarian dares ascend this hill;
Th' attempt with death Mardonius would chastise.
Benign Masistius, who his freedom gain'd
From gen'rous Medon, to his sister thus
The benefit repays. He often views
Thermopylæ, inspects th' obsequious band,
Which guards the cavern'd passage to our fane:

The fane he visits. Pleas'd, Melissa greets
The gentle Persian, who delights to speak
Of Aristides righteous and humane,
Of Medon's valour on Psyttalia's isle,
Who made Masistius captive. Thus at times
The tedious winter's melancholy hours
She sooth'd; depriv'd of thee, superior swain,
At times convers'd with Mycon. She hath tun'd
My pipe to music, purify'd my tongue,
Refin'd its language, and my soul enlarg'd.
Despairing never of the public weal,
To Aristides, virtuous guardian pow'r
Of Greece, she strikes her celebrating chords."
"So will she, Mycon, to the conqu'ring son
Of Nocles, our second guardian pow'r,"
Cries Haliartus; "but too long I wait
To hail my holy mistress."—"She," rejoins
The swain, "hath left this mountain. Forty days,
Since I beheld Masistius, are elaps'd;
His welcome hand before Melissa plac'd
A woman, rather deity in form;
The hoary temple with her beauty seem'd
Illumin'd; regal was her state; her spouse,
The youthful king of Macedon, was by.
She, in Melissa's presence, cast aside
Her majesty; a suppliant in these words,
Whose strong impression I retain, she spake:
'Most gracious, learn'd, and prudent of thy rank,
In Greece the highest, I, in Delphi born,
Phœbæan Timon's child, a pious suit
Both in my father's and Apollo's name
To thee prefer. Trachiniæ's neighb'ring walls
Contain the object of my tend'rest care,
Sandauce, thither from Ematian bounds
For help convey'd. Masistius will confirm,
Whate'er I utter in Sandauce's praise.
Her virtues more than equal her estate
Of princess, Xerxes' sister; but her woes
Almost exceed her virtues. Nature droops
Beneath its burden, sickness wastes her youth,
Resists all med'cine, while her feeble frame
To dissolution verges. O, belov'd
By ev'ry Muse illumining thy mind
With ev'ry science, holy woman, fam'd
Among these nations for benignant deeds,
Vouchsafe, descending from thy pure abode,
To grant thy healing aid.' Masistius then:
'This is the princess, who her husband saw
Slain at her feet, her infants doom'd to death
By Euphrantides; never since that day
The wound inflicted on her gentle heart
Admitted cure.' The charitable suit
Prevail'd, and soon Trachiniæ's gates receiv'd
The priestess borne in Amarantha's car."
Here Haliartus: "Hast thou never seen,
Among the Persians who frequent this hill,
A youth in rosy vigour, by the name
Of Artamanes known?"—"I have," returns
The goatherd; "he with Amarantha came;
Seem'd doubly anxious for Melissa's help
To yon afflicted princess; urg'd the suit
In Medon's name, his friend and saviour styl'd,
Who made him captive on Psyttalia's shore.
But on his cheek the roses, thou dost paint,
No longer bloom; his visage, worn and pale,
Denotes some inward malady, or grief.
Now, Meliboeus to my longing ear
Thy history unfold. We parted last,
Thou mayst remember, on this fatal spot.
The gentle Agis from this point survey'd
Yon froth of torrents in their stony beds,
Yon shagged rocks, and that disastrous pass
Beneath us; whence barbarian numbers huge
O'erwhelm'd Thermopylæ. But first accept
Refreshment." Under hairy boughs of pines
A rustic board he piles with eaten loaves,
Dry'd fruits, and chesnuts; bubbling nigh, a spring
Supplies their bev'rage. Here th' illustrious son
Of Lygdamis recounts a copious tale
To wond'ring Mycon; but his birth conceals,
And consanguinity with Caria's queen.
He stops to note the narrow passage throng'd
With laden mules and camels. Mycon then:
"These are thy constant spectacle; his host
Mardonius now assembles. He transports,
Alpenus, yonder Locrian town, receives
The gather'd produce of Thessalia's fields;
Nicæa's fort contains an equal store,
Preparatives for war."—"Where lies the camp?"
The Carian questions. "On the Malian plain,
Which Œta's cliffs command," the swain reply'd.
New tents on clear Spercheos daily rise
Of Persians banded from their winter holds;
Thou shalt behold them; follow." Both proceed
Along the green expanse Melissa lov'd;
Where genial spring had form'd of tufted shrubs
A florid cincture to the lucid pool
Behind the dome, inviolable seat
Of all the Muses. Thence harmonious nymphs,
Part of Melissa's ministerial choir,
Left in their function, with mellifluent voice
To harps in cadence true enchant the soul
Of Haliartus, doubly charm'd to hear,
Leonidas the theme. With numbers sweet
His praise inwoven by Melissa's skill,
Was their diurnal song. But sorrow soon
Invades a breast, where gratitude presides;
The time and place to Haliartus rise,
Where he and Medon took their last farewell
Of that devoted hero. In a sigh
The Carian thus: "O well-remember'd scene
Once to these eyes delectable! Thy flow'rs
Have lost their odour; thy crystalline pool
Is dull in aspect to my sad'ning sight;
Your cannot soothe, melodious maids, the pain
Of recollection, starting at the name
Your measures sound. Beneath yon solemn beech
Regret sits weeping; Lacedæmon's king
There of terrestrial music heard the last
From Æschylus, the last of banquets shar'd
With good Oïleus' daughter." Mycon here:
"Suppress this grief; the priestess has forbid
All lamentation for that hero's fate,
Who died so glorious. Follow to the cliff."
They soon attain a high projecting point,
When Haliartus in a second sigh:
"Here stood Melissa; from her sacred lips
The queen of Caria hence endur'd reproof;
Hence did the great Leonidas explore
Th' advancing Persians, when his prudent care
The trees and marble fragments had amass'd,
Which from the mountain overwhelm'd below
Such multitudes of foes. But, Mycon, speak,
What is that cross beside the public way?"
"Ah! Meliboeus, let thy spirit grieve
Like mine," exclaims, in gushing tears, the swain;
Lo! Xerxes' coward vengeance! Thou behold'st
Leonidas suspended on that cross."
As oft, when lightning strikes the human frame,
The wound, though imperceptible, destroys

Each vital pow'r throughout the stiff'ning limbs,
Which still retain their posture; rigid thus
Is Haliartus; riveted to earth
He seems, nor utters sound, nor breathes, nor moves
His ghastly eyeballs. Now, when Mycon thrice
His name repeated, briefly he replies:
"I am benumb'd—Conduct me to a cell
Where I may slumber—Tend thy herd—Expect
Me at thy home." A mossy cave is nigh;
There Mycon leaves him. Haliartus stays,
Not slumb'ring, but, when Mycon is remote,
Darts from the shelter, traverses a wood,
Descends a crag, which bounds the upper straits,
Thence winds his rapid journey to the cross,
Which stands a witness of barbaric rage.
His ardent zeal to free those honour'd bones
Admits no pause. The midnight watch is past;
Importunate and hateful, birds obscene
Are gather'd round; disturb'd, their grating shrieks
They mix, and clatter their ill-omen'd wings.
A station'd guard is rous'd; resistless force
Surrounds the Carian, seizes, leads him bound
Before the chieftain of a camp advanc'd.
He, at the sight of Haliartus charg'd
With guilt, whose punishment is death, commands
Th' accusing soldiers to retire, and thus:
"Alas! hath sorrow so impair'd the hue
Of Artamanes, that oblivion masks
His face from Haliartus. Thee I know,
Thee Melibœus once, benignant swain,
My comforter in bondage, when we plough'd
The Grecian seas in Delphian Timon's bark.
Was not I present, when the genuine seed
Of Lygdamis in thee Aroncess trac'd?
But, O! illustrious brother of a queen
Ador'd in Asia, what disastrous star
Thy midnight steps misguided, to incur
The king's immutable decree of death?
Thy bold attempt was virtuous, but his will
Hath made thy virtue criminal. Thy head
At his own peril Artamanes still
Shall guard; thy liberty accept; myself
Will be thy guide to safety."—"Ah!" replies
The gen'rous son of Lygdamis, and clasps
The meritorious Persian, "I perceive
Still unimpair'd thy virtues; but receive
Thy noble proffer back. For my behoof
Not with its shadow danger shall approach
My friend; thy pris'ner let me rest till morn.
A lib'ral garb is all the boon I crave,
Then to Mardonius lead me; tell my crime,
No grace solicit; who I am, conceal."
In tears, replied the satrap: "Then thou diest;
The royal edict cannot be controll'd."
"It can," return'd the Carian; "rest assur'd,
My preservation in myself I bear.
Oh! that with equal certainty my pow'r
Might from thy bosom chase that inmate new,
Whate'er it be, which violates thy peace,
Thy early youth disfigures, and consumes
Its fruit unripe. Ah! tell me, is it grief
For some dead friend, or sickness, or the smart
Of injury, or love?" Acanthè wak'd
That tender thought, which soften'd on the tongue
Of Haliartus. From the Persian's breast
A sigh, deep note of agony, which riv'd
His gentle heart, accompanied these words:
"Endear'd associate in affliction past,
Thou, and thou only, dost unlock the breast
Of Artamanes. It is love, my friend;
The object, once possessing ev'ry charm
Exterior, still each beauty of the soul,
By malady incurable devour'd
From day to day is hast'ning to the tomb.
Oh! long deplor'd Sandauce; thee my steps
Shall follow close—My passion is unknown
To her; peculiar was her state and mine,
Too delicate at first for me to speak,
For her to hear. My hopes malignant time
Hath wasted since, my health in her decay.
But while my heart is bleeding for my love,
The sluice grows wider, and to friendship pours
A stream enlarg'd. Thy danger—Ah! permit,
That I reveal thy origin and rank;
Thy sister's name can shake the king's decree."
"No, Artamanes, by th' immortal gods,"
Rejoins the Carian; "of my just attempt,
I, if succeeding, all the merit knew,
If taken, knew my ransom. But the stars,
Half through their circles run, suggest repose.
May grief-assuaging heaviness of sleep
Embalm thy eyelids, and like mine thy breast
Feel no disquiet; mayst thou rise again,
Saluting hope, the harbinger of peace."
Stretch'd on a carpet Haliartus slept;
Not so the troubled Persian, long disus'd
To lenient rest. Before the dawn he rose;
Among the Greek auxiliars he procur'd
Apparel fair of Greece. His Carian guest
Attir'd he guided o'er the Malian beach,
To that august pavilion, which contain'd
The royal person once, Mardonius now
In all the state of Xerxes, save the crown.
Thus Artamanes: "See a hapless man,
Who hath attempted to remove the corse
Of Sparta's king."—"That hapless man must die,"
Returns the gen'ral; "Xerxes so ordain'd,
Not I. Then absent on a charge remote,
Mardonius knew not, nor approv'd when known,
Th' indignity that noble corse sustain'd."
To him the Carian: "Mindarus to death,
With hecatombs of nobles thou decreest,
Who in Eubœa will appease my ghost."
"Ha! who art thou?" in agitation spake
The satrap. "Guard, bid Lamachus approach,
Our visitor so recent from that isle."
He was not far; the son of Gobryas thus
Address'd him ent'ring: "Note that stranger well.
Why dost thou start?"—"Themistocles can boast
No bolder warrior," Lamachus exclaim'd;
"I was his captive in th' Orean fight."
Again the Carian: "Truth for once he speaks;
I dragg'd him bound my captive on that field;
Ariobarzanes felt me; further learn,
By me the savage Demonax was slain.
But to have rescu'd from inhuman wrong
The mortal part of that transcendent man,
Who living shook all Asia with dismay,
Had been my proudest boast." Mardonius
"By Horomazes, I admire and prize
Thy gen'rous flame, brave warrior! Under
Of Artamanes in Trachiniæ's round
Awhile remain. Now, Lamachus, a
Some ready bark; revisit yonder isl
This Greek for Mindarus exchange;
The rest of Asia's nobles; I allot
For each a talent. In these words s
Themistocles: 'To Athens I have s
Young Alexander, Macedonia's prin
Ambassador of friendship; I would

Themistocleo ally; himself may name,
But Persia's bounty shall exceed his price.
This if his Attic arrogance rejects,
Tell him, Mardonius, who disdains a war
Of oars and sails, the dubious ocean's sport,
Will give him battle on the plains of Thebes."
Though Artamanes joyfully beholds
His friend in safety, with a trembling step
Trachinize's gates he passes to the roof,
Which holds Sandaucè. Ent'ring, he perceives
Melissa. She, transported at the sight
Of Haliartus, thus began: "O friend!
Dear to my sire, to all th' Oïlean house,
What unexpected ecstasy were mine
At thy appearance, if—Ah! Persian lord,
Sandaucè, sweet Sandaucè, yields to fate.
Her dying lips on Artamanes call;
Soft gratitude o'erflows her gentle breast;
Her wish is eager, ere she breathe her last,
To see her friend and guardian." Ending here,
She moves before him; with unstable feet,
With other prompters, anguish and despair,
He follows. Pallid on her mournful couch
The princess lies; her infants weep around;
Bright Amarantha in disorder'd garb,
Unloosen'd hair, and frantic with distress,
Stands nigh. The graces sadden on her front;
Her beauteous eyes a gushing torrent pour
Like overswelling fountains, once serene,
The lucid mirrors to encircling flow'rs,
Now troubled by a storm, which levels round
The growth of shade, and scatters on their face
Uprooted shrubs in bloom. Her languid lips
At length unclosing, thus Sandaucè spake:
"Omniscient God of nature! let me lift
My voice appealing. When before me lay
Antaretus slaughter'd, when these babes, condemn'd
By cruel rites, to sacrifice were led,
Did not the creature of thy tend'rest mould
Feel as a wife, a mother, and receive
A careless wound? Thy providence uprais'd
A kind protector through my lengthen'd walks
Of grief, till now they terminate in death.
If to his gen'rous purity of care,
Assiduous, kind and pious, time hath rais'd
Within my breast a secret, soft return,
Was this an errour? Hath my heart abus'd
The sensibility, thou gav'st? Alone
Art thou my judge. Creator, I obey;
Before thy awful presence thou dost call
Sandaucè's youth; unconscious of a crime,
My debt avow'd of gratitude I pay
By this confession of my fleeting breath."
To Artamanes. "O! illustrious youth,
Supreme in rank, in virtue still more high,
Thy care continue to these orphan babes."
She ceas'd, and speechless on her pillow sunk.
Th' enamour'd Persian instant on the floor
Dropp'd, like a stony mass, which inward throes
Of earth convulsive from a cliff disjoins;
Dead monument of ruin on the beach
Immoveable it lies. Melissa calls
On Haliartus; suddenly he bears
The hapless youth, inanimate and cold,
To an adjoining chamber. There outstretch'd,
Restor'd to sense by kind, unwearied zeal
In Haliartus, all the night he roam'd
Through sad delirium's labyrinths till morn;
When, lo! Melissa: "Comfort thee," she said,
"The princess lives; the burden from her mind
Discharg'd, hath render'd, to the pow'rs of life
Exertion less confin'd, rekindling hope
Of restoration. So th' all-ruling gods
Vicissitude to nature have decreed;
The mind, the body languishes to day,
Revives to morrow".....Interrupting came
Mardonius thus: "What tidings have I heard
Of Artamanes and the princess dead
By malady most rare, a mutual flame
Too long conceal'd? But ent'ring I receiv'd
A milder tale; they live. Thou holy Greek!
Employ thy science; save a lovely dame,
Though Persian born; in him preserve my friend;
Mardonius, long thy country's foe, to thee
Will ne'er be hostile. To Sandaucè go,
Say from my lips, and, Artamanes, hear,
The flow'r of nobles, Xerxes, shall not lose
Through disappointed passion; were my friend.
Less than he is, among the satraps least,
At my enforcement shall the king unite
Their nuptial hands. Now rouse thee, gallant youth,
Not long thy gen'ral from his side can spare
Thy worth approv'd. Masistius is remote;
In virtue rich beyond a mortal's share,
But to that virtue never yielding rest,
He for a time on high adventure bent
Hath left me; thou his vacant place must fill."
The son of Gobryas to his tent returns.

BOOK XXI.

Sev'n days were past, when Lamachus appear'd
Before Mardonius. "Mighty chief," he said,
"I hasted to Themistocles, and spoke
Thy friendly words. His answer first imply'd
No more, than cold acceptance of the terms
For Mindarus. At length two hundred, prime,
Of all his num'rous captives, he releas'd;
His minister, Sicinus, in the ship,
Which landed me, detains them near the port,
Till Haliartus, and the promis'd gold
Are lodg'd on board. Themistocles himself
Was bound to Athens with his menial train,
His wife and race. We parted on the shore.
To me, repeating in a whisper'd tone
Thy proffers large, he scornful thus reply'd:
'The spoils of Asia will exceed her gifts.'
Then loud thy brave defiance I pronounc'd.
He with redoubled arrogance thus brief:
'Rouse thy new master; else the plains of Thebes
I may attain before him'." Fir'd with rage
Mardonius here: "If Athens do not send
By Alexander's mouth submission low,
She shall become the spoil of Asian flames,
Themistocles spectator of the blaze.
Be swift; yon Greek for Mindarus exchange;
Two hundred talents promis'd shall be paid;
These ransom'd warriors I appoint my guard;
Brave Mindarus their captain." Stern he ends;
In open fight th' Athenian to confront
Magnanimous he burns; his heated soul
Yields to delusion of that subtle chief,
Wise like the serpent gliding through a brake,
When his empoison'd jaws in silence steal
On some incautious woodman, who, on toil
Intent, exerts his brawny strength, nor deems
A foe is nigh, nor hears him, nor perceives,
Till sore the death-inflicting wound he feels.

A summons swift for embarkation flies
To Haliartus. With regret he leaves
Dear friends, but dearer his Acanthè's love,
More prevalent his constant zeal for Greece
Combine to soothe his pain. They wing his speed
To good Sicinus, who, the ransom'd train
Discharging, tow'rds Eubœa steers the keel
With Persian treasure fraught. The ev'ning clos'd,
When by a hasty mandate to the son
Of Gobryas, Lamachus was call'd. The chief
In perturbation of indignant wrath
Was striding o'er the carpet, which bespread
His rich pavilion's floor. His words were these:
"The Macedonian king is just arriv'd
From Athens; I have seen him. Dost thou know,
That supercilious populace hath spurn'd
My condescension, menac'd ev'n a prince,
Their host, for proff'ring kindness in my name.
Such my reward. To all th' Ionian Greeks,
The seed of Athens, I, when victor, left
Their democratic rule and laws unchang'd;
But I will cut all freedom by the roots
From man's ungrateful race." The wily Greek
Insinuating fram'd this brief reply:
"Perhaps the name of Xerxes may offend
Th' Athenian tribes. Might Europe once behold
The son of Gobryas thron'd, then"—"Ha! pro-
Mardonius answer'd. Lamachus again: [ceed,"
"Doth not all Egypt, doth not Libya's clime,
With Asia vast, afford redundant sway
To gratify one monarch? First of men,
Why may not Thrace, with Macedonia's realm,
Thessalia, Greece, whate'er thy mighty arm
Shall rend by conquest from the western world,
Become thy prize? They willing might accept
A sov'reign like Mardonius. Try their choice."
"Away!" Mardonius spake; and frowning bade
The Greek retire. Now left alone he mus'd,
Thus questioning his heart: "Aspiring thoughts,
Do ye awaken at the coz'ning touch
Of this vile tempter? Honour, while my ear
Detests th' adviser, fortify my breast
Against th' advice—Enough—More swiftly drive,
Dull Night, thy sooty wheels; come, active Morn,
Then to the field, Mardonius. Conquer now;
Deliberate hereafter on the spoil.
But thou may'st perish—perish, and the gifts
Of fortune change to everlasting fame."
A sudden trumpet strikes his ear; he sees
Masistius nigh. So breaks the polar star
Through night's unrav'ling canopy of clouds
On some bewilder'd sailor, to correct
His erring course. Amidst a warm embrace
Began Mardonius: "O, in season come,
Thou more than half myself! my strength decays,
My talents languish, ev'n my honour sleeps,
When thou art far." Masistius calm replies:
"I have compos'd Pallene's late revolt
Through all the district; Potidæa's walls
Alone resisted; from whose small domain
O'erflow'd by tides the army I withdrew.
I come, Mardonius, not to hear a tale
Of languid talents, or of strength decay'd,
Much less of honour sleeping in thy breast,
When I am absent. Honour on a rock
Immoveable is fix'd; its solid base
The billowy passions beat in vain, nor gusts
Of fortune shake; support from none it wants,
Firm in itself. Some augury, or dream
Inexplicably dark, o'e clouds thy mind;
Resume thy native manliness, O chief,
Whose loyal faith the mightiest king entrust
With all his pow'r and splendour, save the crown
Prepare to pass Thermopylæ, and bring
Our labours to decision." Gobryas' son
Compares the language of his spotless friend
With his own devious thoughts, and turns aside
In blushing silence; but, recover'd, sends
His mandate forth to march by rising dawn.
Not with a less commotion in his soul
From diff'rent cares Emathia's prince resorts
To Amarantha. On her beauteous neck
In conjugal affection, yet in grief
Unutterable, long he hangs. "Alas!
My lord," she said, "though early I presag'd
Thy embassy abortive, hath it prov'd
Disastrous?"—"Yes," her agonizing spouse
Return'd; "what more disastrous, than reproach
Among the old, hereditary friends
Of my forefathers! Amarantha, lend
Attention; amply shall my tongue relate
Events impress'd too deeply on my heart.
I went to Athens; Aristides call'd
Her various tribes; the image of a god
Was he presiding. Innocent, at least
Intentionally guiltless, I began;
Good will to Athens prompted ev'ry word:
"'Impow'r'd by Xerxes, thus Mardonius greets
You, men of Athens. *Repossess your soil,*
Enlarg'd dominion from the royal hand
Ask and obtain; be govern'd by your laws;
The son of Gobryas will rebuild your fanes;
Accept the king's alliance, and be free
With added strength and splendour. Me receive,
Illustrious people, offspring of the soil
Which you inhabit. Not a guest unknown
In Athens, I, your Macedonian host,
Of warm, unchang'd affection to your state,
Salvation bring, prosperity, and peace.
Reflect, what numbers of subjected Greeks,
Some ancient foes to Athens, others friends,
But now constrain'd, with Xerxes are ally'd.
The small remainder unsubdu'd consult
Their own defence. Are Spartans in the field?
Your produce, indefatigable race,
Your new-built mansions to a second waste
Of flames, your wives, your progeny, they leave
To want and rapine. Singly can you face
Half Greece, all Asia, leagu'd against your weal?'
"Oh! Amarantha, frowns on ev'ry brow
Indignant lower'd around me. Present there
Was Aëmnestus from Laconia's state;
He, who, unaw'd by Xerxes on his throne,
Strange retribution claim'd, and sternly chose
Mardonius' self the victim to appease
Leonidas. Th' Athenians he address'd:
"'Invading Sardis to enlarge your sway,
Athenians, you are authors of a war,
Which now extends to all of Grecian blood;
Ill would it then become you to desert
The gen'ral cause. To servitude resign'd
By you, a double shame the Greek
On Athens, known of old, and ofte
By arms and counsel to redeem al
The liberty of nations. I condem
Like you my tardy countrymen;
Not less for you than Sparta. So
She will arrange her *phalanx on t*
Else to your vengeance *I devote m*
Meantime your wives and offspring

Inlove will cherish. Attic ears, be shut
To this deceiver; his condition calls
On him to plead for tyranny; himself
Wields a despotic sceptre, petty lord
Of feeble Macedon, and Persia's slave,'
"Severe and awful Aristides rose;
His manners still urbanity adorn'd:
"'Ambassador of Sparta,' he began,
'Us thou hast charg'd as authors of the war,
Yet dost extol our vigour in redress
Of injur'd states. Th' Ionians were enslav'd,
Our *own* descendants; Sardis we assail'd
To set them free; nor less our present zeal
For all of Grecian blood, by common ties
Of language, manners, customs, rites, and laws,
To us ally'd. Can Sparta doubt our faith?
What disingenuous, unbeseeming thought
In her, late witness of our lib'ral proof
Of constancy! when ev'ry clime on Earth
Was equal to Athenians, where to choose
Their habitation, true to Greece they stay'd
In sight of Athens burning to attempt
The dang'rous fight, which Spartans would have
shunn'd.
Now from the ruins of paternal tombs,
Of altars fall'n, and violated fanes
Loud vengeance calls, a voice our courage hears,
Enlarg'd to pious fury. Spartan, know,
If yet unknowing, of the Attic race
Not one to treat with Xerxes will survive;
Our *wives* and offspring shall encumber none;
All we require of Sparta is to march;
That, ere th' expected foe invades our bounds,
The Greeks united on Bœotian plains
May give him battle—Alexander, view
That glorious pow'r, which rolls above our heads;
He first his wonted orbit shall forsake,
Ere we our virtue. Never more appear
Before the presence of Cecropian tribes
With embassies like this; nor, blind by zeal,
Howe'er sincere to Athens, urge again
What is beneath her majesty to hear.
I should be griev'd her anger should disgrace
A prince, distinguish'd as her host and friend;
Meantime I pity thy dependent state.'
"Loud acclamations hurried from the sight
Of that assembly thy dejected spouse,
In his own thoughts dishonour'd. What a lot
Is mine! If Xerxes triumph, I become
A slave in purple; should the Greeks prevail,
Should that Eubœan conqueror, the son
Of Neocles be sent th' Athenian scourge....."
"Hear, and take comfort," interpos'd the queen,
"To thee I come for counsel," sigh'd her lord;
"I will repose me on thy breast, will hear
Thy voice, hereafter ever will obey;
Thy love, thy charms can soothe my present cares,
Thy wisdom ward the future." She proceeds:
"That Greece will triumph, rest assur'd; no force
Of these untaught barbarians can resist
Her policy and arms. Awhile, dear lord,
We must submit to wear the galling mask
Necessity imposes. New events
Are daily scatter'd by the restless palm
Of Fortune; some will prove propitious. Wise,
To all men gracious, Aristides, serv'd
By us in season, will befriend our state."
This said, her star-like beauty gilds his gloom,
While round them Heav'n his midnight curtain drops.
By rising dawn th' Œtæan rocks and caves
Ring with ten thousand trumps and clarions loud.
With all his host the son of Gobryas leaves
His empty'd camp. So rushes from his den
The strong and thick-furr'd animal, who boasts
Calisto's lineage; bound in drowsy sloth,
Bleak winter he exhausts; when tepid spring
His limbs releases from benumbing cold,
He reinstates his vigour, and asserts
Among Sarmatian woods his wonted sway.
The bands entire of Persians and of Medes,
The rest, selected from unnumber'd climes,
Compose the army. Forty myriads sweep
Thy pass, renown'd Thermopylæ, to rush
On Grecian cities scatter'd in their view.
So by the deep Borystenes in floods
Of frothy rage, by mightier Danube's wave,
Nor less by countless congregated streams,
The Euxine swoln, through Hellespontine straits
Impels his rapid current; thence extends
Among th' Ægean isles a turbid maze.
Three days the multitude requir'd to pass
The rough defile. Masistius in the van
His sumptuous arms, and all-surpassing form,
Discovers. Tiridates leads the rear
Clos'd by the troops of Macedon, whose king
Sat on a car beside his radiant queen.
Amid the centre, on a milk-white steed,
Mardonius rode in armour, plated gold
Thick set with gems. Before him march'd a guard
Of giant size, from each barbarian tribe,
For huge dimension, and terrific mien,
Preferr'd. Their captain, from his stature nam'd
Briareus, born on Rhodope, display'd
That hundred-handed Titan on his shield.
He swung around an iron-studded mace,
In length ten cubits; to his shoulders broad
The hairy spoils of hunted bears supply'd
A shaggy mantle; his uncover'd head
Was bald, except where nigh the brawny neck
Short bushy locks their crisped terrours knit.
So his own mountain through surrounding woods
Lifts to the clouds a summit bare and smooth
In frost, which glistens by no season thaw'd.
Not such is gentle Mindarus behind
In argent mail. Unceasing, on his shield
Intent, Cleora newly painted there
A living beauty, but another's prize,
He views, while hopeless passion wastes the hue
Of his fair cheek, and elegance of form,
Not less th' unrivall'd Amarantha's eyes
Had pierc'd the son of Gobryas. Instant sparks
On her appearance from Nicæa first
Had kindled warm desire, which absence cool'd,
While she in distant Macedon abode.
When winter melted at the breath of spring,
Her sight again amid th' assembling host
Reviv'd the fervour of an eastern breast
By nature prone, by wanton licence us'd,
To am'rous pleasures. Public duty still
Employ'd his hours; still smother'd was the flame,
Nor on his wishes had occasion smil'd.
Ev'n in the absence of Emathia's prince
At Athens, friendship's unremitted care
Still in Sandauce's chamber held the queen
Sequester'd, inaccessibly immur'd.
Beside Masistius rode a youthful page
Of eastern lineage. He in tend'rest years
Stol'n by perfidious traffickers in slaves,
By Medon purchas'd, to Melissa giv'n,
By her was nam'd Statirus, and retain'd

Among her holy servitors. This youth
On her benign protector she bestow'd.
Masistius priz'd her token of esteem
Beyond himself, and daily bounty show'r'd
On young Statirus. Near the Locrian vale
Advancing now the satrap thus began:
" O! early train'd by sage Melissa's hand,
Gift of her friendship, and in merit dear,
Nine months are fled, Statirus, since I bow'd
In docile reverence, not unlike thy own,
To her instruction. All her words divine
In precept or narration, from this breast
No time can blot. I now perceive a lake,
Which holds an island she hath oft describ'd,
Where tombs are mould'ring under cypress shades;
There she hath told me, great Oïleus rests.
O father of Melissa, should my pow'r
To savage licence of invasion leave
Thy dust expos'd, my progress were but small
In virtue's track; Masistius would disgrace
Thy daughter's guidance—Fly, Statirus, post
These my attendant vassals to protect
That sacred turf; let each battalion pass
Ere ye rejoin me." Uttering this, he hears
The trumpet's evening signal to encamp.
The Sun is low; not ent'ring yet the vale,
Mardonius halts, and summons to his tent
Thessalia's chieftain, faithless Greek, approv'd
The Persian's friend, with him th' unwilling prince
Of Macedon, to whom the gen'ral thus:
" To march by dawn your squadrons both prepare:
Thou, Larissæan Thorax, in these tracts
My trusted guide, with swift excursion reach
The isthmus; watch the Spartan motions there.
Thou, Alexander, sweep the furthest bounds
Of Locris, Doris, Phocis; all their youth
In arms collect; ere thirty days elapse,
I shall expect them on the plains of Thebes."
He said: the king and Thorax both retire.
The morning shines; they execute their charge;
The host proceeds. Once happy was the vale,
Where Medon's father, and his faithful swain,
Now to illustrious Haliartus chang'd,
Abode in peace. No longer is retain'd
The verdant smoothness, ridg'd by grating wheels
Of Libyan cars, uptorn by pond'rous hoofs
Of trooping steeds and camels. Not this day
Is festive, such as Sparta's king enjoy'd,
When lib'ral hospitality receiv'd
His guardian standard on the Oïlean turf.
No jocund swain now modulates his pipe
To notes of welcome; not a maiden decks
Her hair in flow'rs; mute Philomel, whose throat
Once tun'd her warble to Laconian flutes,
Amid barbarian dissonance repines.
Now in rude march th' innumerable host
Approach the fountain, whose translucent rills
In murmur lull the passenger's repose
On beds of moss, in that refreshing cell,
To rural peace constructed by the friend
Of man, Oïleus. Thither to evade
The noontide heat the son of Gobryas turns.
Briareus, captain of his giant guard,
Accosts him ent'ring: " Image of the king,
A list'ning ear to me thy servant lend;
Thou goest to Thebes; far diff'rent is the track
To Delphi. Shall that receptacle proud
Of Grecian treasure, heap'd from earliest times,
Yet rest unspoil'd? An earthquake, not the arms
Of feeble Delphians, foil'd the first attempt;
Not twice Parnassus will disjoint his frame.
Let me the precious enterprise resume,
Who neither dread the mountain, nor the god."
Though not assenting, yet without reproof
Mardonius looks, postponing his reply.
Hence soon the rumour of a new attempt
Against the Pythian oracle, the seat
Of Amarantha's birth, alarms her soul.
Masistius, born to virtue, and refin'd
By frequent converse with Melissa pure,
The queen consults. Her instant he conveys
Before his friend, to deprecate an act
Of sacrilege so fatal once. The cell
She enters. Like Anchises, when his flock
On Ida's mount was folded, at the sight
Of Venus, breaking on his midnight hut
In all the radiance of celestial charms,
Mardonius stands, and fixes on the queen
An eye transported. At a sign his friend
Withdrew, but waited nigh. To her the chief:
" What fortune brings the fairest of her sex
To her adoring servant?" She replies:
" False sure the rumour which pervades thy camp.
A second time to violate the shrine
Of Phœbus once provok'd, and sorely felt,
Thou canst not mean." The eager Persian then:
" Admit th' intent; thy interceding voice
Protects Apollo."—" Not on my request
Avoid an impious action," firm she spake;
" Weigh thy own danger in offending Heav'n,
By piety and mercy win its grace."
" No, all the merit shall be thine," he cried;
" The favour due from Heav'n be all thy own.
I ask no more than Amarantha's smile
For my reward; as Phœbus is thy god,
Thou art my goddess. Let me worship thus—"
He stopp'd, and seiz'd her hand with am'rous lips
To stain those lilied beauties, which surpass'd
Junonian whiteness. Virtue from her eyes
Flash'd, and with crimson indignation dy'd
Her cheeks: " Retire; forget not who I am,"
Stern she rebuk'd him. He, accustom'd long
To yielding beauty in the wanton East,
That torrid clime of love, a stranger he
To elegance of coyness in the sex,
Much more to chaste repulse, when ev'ry bar
But honour warm occasion hath remov'd,
These words austerely utter'd: " Am I chang'd?
No more Mardonius? Is my dazzling sun
Of pow'r and splendour suddenly obscur'd?
In state degraded, for a peasant's garb
Have I exchang'd my purple? Is my prime,
My form, in all th' impurities of age
By some malignant talisman disguis'd,
At once grown loathsome? Who, and what I am,
Thou prodigy of coldness and disdain,
Remind me."—" Who, and what thou art," she said,
I will remind thee, to confound thee more.
No characters of magic have the pow'r
To change a noble and ingenuous mind;
Thou hast thyself degraded; thou hast rent
The wreaths, which circle thy commanding brow,
And all their splendour wantonly defac'd.
Thy rank and pow'r exalted dost thou hold
From partial Heav'n to violate the laws
Of men and gods? True pattern to the world
Of Persian virtues! Now to all thy pomp,
Thy steeds, thy chariots, and emblazing gems,
The gorgeous pageants of tyrannic state,
I leave thee, son of luxury and vice,"

She said, and darted like a meteor swift
Away, whose aspect red presages woe
To superstition's herd. The Persian's pride
Is wounded; tapers to the cell he calls;
By them a tablet, unobserv'd before,
Attracts his gloomy eye. The words were these:
"The Spartan king a visitant was here,
Who, by a tyrant's multitude o'erpow'r'd,
Died for his country. Be accurst the man,
The man impure, who violates these walls,
Which, by Oileus hospitably rais'd,
Receiv'd the great Leonidas a guest.
Oilean Medon this inscription trac'd."
Another hangs beneath it in this strain:
"Laconian Aëmnestus rested here,
From Asia's camp return'd. His falchion's point
To deities and mortals thus proclaims
His arm to vengeance on Mardonius pledg'd,
The king of Sparta's manes to appease."
Brave was the son of Gobryas, like the god
Of war in battle; yet a dream, an act
Of froward chance, would oft depress his mind.
He recollects with pain the challenge bold
From that severe Laconian in the tent
Of Xerxes; this to Amarantha's scorn
Succeeding, throws new darkness o'er his gloom.
Masistius ent'ring hasty thus began:
"What hast thou done, Mardonius? When I led
This princess back, indignant she complain'd
Of wrong from thee. Thy countenance is griev'd."
Confus'd, Mardonius pointed to the scrolls;
Masistius read; he took the word again:
"Now in the name of Horomazes, chief,
Art thou discourag'd by a Grecian vaunt,
Or by that empty oracle which claim'd
Atonement for Leonidas? Despise
Mysterious words and omens like a man.
But if thou bear'st the conscience of a deed
Unworthy, just thy sorrow; like a man
Feel due contrition, and the fault repair."
"I have meant wrong, not acted," said the chief.
"Greece once produc'd a Helen, who forsook
A throne and husband; what these later dames
Call honour, which without an eunuch guard
Protects their charms, in Asia is unknown.
Resentful, gall'd at first, I now admire
This lofty woman, who, like Helen bright,
Rejected me a lover, who surpass
The son of Priam. Thou art gentler far
Than I, discreet Masistius; soothe by morn
With lenient words, and costly gifts, her ire.
Call Mindarus, together let us feast;
He too is gentle, I am rough and hot,
Whom thou canst guide, Masistius, thou alone.
Soon Mindarus appears in aspect sad;
Soon is the royal equipage produc'd,
Which Xerxes gave Mardonius to sustain
His delegated state. "Ye rustic pow'rs!
Ye Dryads, Oreads of th' Oilean seat!
Ye Naiads white of lucid brooks and founts!
[illegible] existence other than in tales
[illegible] your astonish'd eyes
[illegible] rich'd by orient gems
[illegible] lustre? Genius of the cell
[illegible] m'd to rural peace!
[illegible] started at a Persian board?"
[illegible] strels charm the sight and ear;
[illegible] measures on their lutes
[illegible] in languor, which admits
[illegible] love. Their voices chance directs
To sing of Daphnè by Apollo chas'd,
Of him inflam'd at beauties in her flight
Disclos'd, him reaching with a vain embrace
Those virgin beauties, into laurel chang'd
On flowry-bank'd Orontes, Syrian stream.
Mardonius sighs at disappointed love;
Tears down the cheeks of Mindarus descend,
Recalling dear Cleora, not as dead
Recall'd, but living in another's arms.
Not so the firmness of Masistius yields;
The soft, lascivious theme his thoughts reject,
By pure affections govern'd. Yet the charm
Of harmony prevailing serves to raise
Compos'd remembrance of Melissa's lyre,
Which oft in stillness of a moonlight hour,
Amid her nymphs in symphony high-ton'd,
To moderation, equity, and faith,
To deeds heroic and humane she struck
With force divine, reproving lawless will,
Intemp'rate passions, turpitude of mind,
And savage manners in her ethic lay.
The banquet ends, and all depart to rest.

BOOK XXII.

By morn return'd Masistius: "Hear," he said,
"Th' event unpleasing from thy passion sprung.
Mardonius, thy temerity hath chas'd
From Persia's camp the Macedonian queen;
I found her tent abandon'd; but her course
Conjecture cannot trace. What other style
Than of barbarians can the Greeks afford
To us of Asia? Lo! a youthful king,
Our best ally, and my distinguish'd friend,
Exerts a distant effort in our cause,
Meantime the honour of his queen, by all
Ador'd, inviolate till now, our chief
Insults, by station her protector sole,
When I am absent. Not thyself alone
Thou hast disgrac'd, but me her guardian pledg'd
By sacred oaths to Macedonia's lord."
These words, evincing Nature's purest gifts,
Deserving that society sublime
With Grecian Muses, where Melissa pour'd
Her moral strain, in perturbation plunge
The hearer; when importunate, abrupt
Appears Briareus, and renews the suit
To pillage Delphi. "No," in wrath replied
The clouded son of Gobryas; "bring my steed;
March all to Thebes." Then humble as a child,
Who to parental castigation owns
His fault in tears, Masistius he address'd:
"How bless'd the mind by Horomazes fram'd
Like thine, serene Masistius, to resist
Unruly passions! never warm desires,
Pride, or ambition, vex thy equal thoughts,
Which from their level no dejection low'rs;
Yet none surpasses thee in rank and pow'r
Among the satraps. Uncorrupted man!
O, in thyself superior to thy state,
Me, who so often sink below my own,
Befriend in this dark moment. I foresee,
I feel disaster in this harsh event."
Masistius here: "Reflect, thou mighty chief,
At either gate of life, the first and last,
Yet more through all their intermediate space,
Vicissitude and hazard lurk unseen,
Supplanting wary steps. To mortal pow'r

Those dreadful ministers of jealous Heav'n,
The elements, are hostile, and to low'r
The great with changing fortune oft conspire.
Her cruel sport, Mardonius, need we tempt
With our own follies? In thy arduous post
Thy hand sustains a balance, where the lives
Of nations, where an empire's fate is pois'd
From hour to hour against the common ills
Of chance and nature, which so often foil
The wisest; do not superadd the weight
Of thy own passions to the adverse scale.
I, who am ever to thy virtues just,
Will not be slow, though grieving at thy faults,
To furnish present help. Farewell; I mount
My swiftest courser to o'ertake the queen,
Whose indignation I can best compose."
Mardonius then: "Adventure is a chase
Thy virtue, no idolatress of fame,
Enjoys; thy prompters are the love of right,
Care for a friend, or zeal for Persia's state,
Which render hazardous attempts thy bliss,
Sublime Masistius. Thou hast weight to awe
Mardonius, who thy enterprising hand
Laments, but never to control assumes,
Yet feels and most regrets his own defects,
Whene'er they cause thy absence." Here they end
Discourse. Of cavalry a num'rous pow'r,
Train'd by himself, Masistius heads, and leaves
The army filing tow'rds Bœotian fields.
He bends his course to Delphi; he attains
Permessus, round the Heliconian heights
In argent mazes whisp'ring, as he flows,
To passengers along the winding way,
Which skirts the mountain, and o'erlooks the stream.
Back from the ford the satrap's courser starts
Affrighted. Lo! to crimson, as of blood,
In sudden change the late crystalline wave,
Melodious solace of the sacred Nine,
Rolls horrible to view. Anon with helms,
With spears and bucklers, grating o'er the bed
Of loosen'd stone, with limbs and trunks of men,
The turbid current chafes. Masistius spurs
Through all obstruction; in his forc'd career
The clank of armour, crash of spears, and shouts
Of battle strike his ear; the vocal rocks
Augment the animating sound; he sees
A flying soldier, by his target known
A Macedonian guard, who stops, and thus:
"Hail! satrap, hail! thou timely sent by Heav'n,
Haste and protect the Macedonian queen.
A host of robbers, by the lawless times
Combin'd, have vanquish'd our inferior force;
Part of our mangled number choke that flood,
Part on the ground lie bleeding." At these words
Masistius rushes with his pond'rous lance
In rest; Emathia's beauteous queen in flight
Before pursuing ruffians he perceives
On her fleet courser. Thunderbolt of strength,
He hurls to earth their leader, giant-siz'd,
A profligate deserter from the guard
Mardonian. Next a Phocian born, expell'd
His native residence for crimes, he slew;
The active staff is broken in the chest
Of an Arcadian, branded by his state
With infamy; the victor then unsheaths
His sabre, op'ning through the savage rout
A passage wide for death. His faithful train
Surround them; irresistible he sweeps
The traitors headlong to the flood below,
Which foams like Simois, by Pelides swoln
With Trojan dead, and struggling to discharge
Th' unwonted load in Neptune's briny waste.
The conqueror dismounts; before the queen
His gracious form presenting, in the arms
Of his sustaining friends he sudden sinks,
Oppress'd by wounds unheeded, ev'n unfelt
Amid the warmth of action. Then her veil
She rends asunder, and, lamenting, beats
Her grateful breast. The notes of sorrow, loud
Through all the concourse, dissipate his trance.
Serene these words he utters: "Honour's track
Is perilous, though lovely; there to walk,
Not fearing Death, nor coveting his stroke,
Though to receive it ever well prepar'd,
Has been my choice and study. But, fair queen,
Be not discourag'd at my present state,
Wounds are to me familiar, and their cures;
To Delphi lead me, or whatever place
Thy wish prefers. Masistius comes thy guard,
So will continue, and, ere long restor'd,
Hath much for thy instruction to impart."
While these to Delphi, on his march to Thebes
Advanc'd the son of Gobryas. Soon the steps
Innumerous of men and coursers bruise
On green Cephissian meads the growth of May.
Copæa's lake, perfum'd with orange groves,
Which rude unsated violence deforms,
The multitudes envelop; thence along
The sedgy borders of Ismenus reach
Cadmëan walls, when now the golden Sun
Sev'n times had fill'd his orbit. Thebes admits
The Persian gen'ral, in these words address'd
By Leontiades: "Thrice welcome, lord,
We, thy allies, our counsel to disclose
Have waited long. Not hazarding a fight,
Thou hast the means to ascertain success.
Here seated tranquil, from exhaustless stores
Distribute gold among the Grecian states;
Corrupt the pow'rful, open faction's mouth,
Divide, nor doubt to overcome that strength,
Which, link'd in union, will surmount the force
Of all mankind." The ardent Persian here:
"To court th' Athenians with a lavish hand
Have I not stoop'd already? but, disdain'd,
That haughty race to destiny I leave.
Have I not bid defiance to their boast,
Themistocles? Him, forfeiting his word,
Pledg'd to confront me on Bœotian plains,
I haste to summon at his native gates.
What are the Greeks, if Athens be reduc'd?
Where are the vaunted Spartans? lock'd in fear
Behind their isthmian wall, by Heav'n in fear
Of Thorax ranging with a slender band
Of his Thessalian horse. Thou rule in Thebes,
Brave Mindarus, till I from Athens tam'd
Return with fetters for the rest of Greece."
He seeks his couch, and, after short repose,
By twilight bursts like thunder from a cloud,
Which, on Olympus hov'ring black, contains
The livid store of Jove's collected wrath
Against offending mortals. O'er a land
Deserted, silent, to the empty roofs
Of Athens was the march. Mardonius climb'd
Ægaleos, thence on Salamis descry'd
That much enduring people, who again
For liberty forsook their native homes
On his approach. His gen'rous pride rejects,
He wishes such a nation were a friend;
His wishes waken in his breast an awe
At such a foe. Murichides was nigh,

A Hellespontine Grecian of his train,
Nor in his favour low; to him he spake:
"Look on that haughty, but that gallant race;
Perhaps at me, by myriads thus begirt,
Their very children lift their little hands
In menaces, and cursing lisp the names
Of Xerxes and Mardonius. Mount a bark;
Pass with a herald to that crowded isle;
The senators accost; the people shun,
In pride beyond nobility; repeat
The words Æmathian Alexander us'd:
'Ye men of Athens, repossess your homes;
Enlarg'd dominion from the royal hand
Ask and obtain; be govern'd by your laws;
The son of Gobryas will rebuild your fanes;
Accept the king's alliance, and be free
With added strength and splendour.' Further say,
They little know what confidence is due
To him who sends thee. Asian Greeks, subdu'd
By me, retain their democratic rights."
On Salamis the Hellespontine lands;
Before th' Athenian senate he displays
The Persian proffer. All indignant hear
But Lycides, who thus exhorting spake:
"From Athens twice expell'd, deserted twice
By Lacedæmon, who her toil employs
Still on her isthmian fence, who lifts no shield
To guard our wives and progeny, to save
From desolation our defenceless fields,
Or from our homes repel the hostile blaze,
What can we better, injur'd and betray'd,
Than listen to Mardonius? be referr'd
His terms of friendship to th' assembling tribes."
The universal senate rose in scorn
Of such submission. By the people known,
His counsel rous'd enthusiastic rage,
Nor Aristides can the tumult cool;
They stone the timid senator to death.
The women catch the spirit; fierce, as fair,
Laodice collects th' infuriate sex.
They hand in hand a dreadful circle form
Around his mansion, and his wife and race
Doom to perdition, that his coward blood
May ne'er survive in Greece. Enormous thought!
Perhaps not less than such excess of zeal
Excess of peril in that season claim'd
To save a land, which foster'd ev'ry Muse;
That eloquence, philosophy, and arts,
Might shine in Attic purity of light
To latest ages: but a sudden fleet,
In wide array extending on the shore,
Suspends the deed. Before each wond'ring eye
Timothea lands, Sicinus at her side;
When thus the matron to th' impatient throng:
"His native friends Themistocles salutes;
Eubœan plenty in your present need
He sends. Returning, I this crowded isle
Will disencumber, and to safety bear
Your wives and infants; open to their wants
Eudora holds her Amarynthian seat;
[illegible] Tisander to the shrines
[illegible]te them, and to friendly roofs
[illegible]ns. As oft Aurora sheds
[illegible]und her, when the gates
[illegible]t open to her fragrant step;
[illegible]er feet lies Boreas, who had rent
[illegible]all of night, and Jove restrains
[illegible]s roar, and torrents of the skies;
[illegible]mothea's presence, so the storm,
[illegible]e excited, at her voice
Was tame. She learns the melancholy fate
Of Lycides, to her protection takes
His helpless orphans, and disastrous wife.
Now of its plenteous stores while eager hands
The num'rous fleet unlade, and Attic dames
Prepare with good Timothea to embark;
Just Aristides, first of men, conducts
That first of matrons to his joyful tent,
Where she began: "O, righteous like the gods,
Now hear my whole commission, and believe
Themistocles, my husband, feels thy worth.
When at his summons on Eubœa's coast
I landed first, 'Thrice welcome,' he exclaim'd,
'From Athens hither to a safe abode.
A second emigration I presage
To her afflicted race.' From port to port
Around Eubœa's populous extent
With him convey'd, I saw her wealthy towns
To his control subordinate. Their pow'rs
He now is gath'ring; some achievement new
He meditates, which secresy conceals
Like Fate's dark roll inscrutable to all.
From thee an early notice he requests,
Soon as the Greeks, united in one camp,
The sole attention of Mardonius draw;
Th' intelligence to bring I leave behind
That faithful man, Sicinus."—"Virtuous dame,
Wise is thy husband," Aristides spake;
"From him no other than achievements high,
However my conjecture they surpass,
I still expect. Themistocles apprise,
That I am bound for Sparta to upbraid
Pausanias proud, and summon to the field
That selfish breed so martial, yet so cold
To public welfare. Let me next prefer
To thy benignity a fervent suit."
He straight withdrew, and reappearing led
Two little damsels humble in attire.
"Behold my daughters," he resum'd; "admit
These to thy care; now motherless they want
Protection; ev'n Euphemia they have lost;
My venerable parent have the gods
Releas'd but newly from the growing scene
Of trouble. Athens must a parent prove
To these hereafter, fated to receive
No portion from a father, who delights
In poverty. His arms are all the wealth
Of Aristides." With a tender hand
She takes the children; "O! of men," she said,
"Most rich, whose wealth is virtue, in the name
Of household gods this office I accept.
O Aristides! these shall mix with mine;
These shall contribute to cement the work,
I long have wrought, the amity begun
Betwixt Themistocles and thee." In tears
Depart the infant maidens from a sire
Of gentlest nature, and in manners bland
Not less than just. Meanwhile to Athens steers
Murichides, unharm'd. The rising dawn
Sees with her precious charge Timothea sail.
Lo! from the city clouds of smoke ascend
Voluminous, with interlacing flames,
Such as Vesuvius vomits from his gulf
Sulphureous, when unquenchable the heat
Within his concave melts the surging ore
To floods of fire. Murichides had told
His fruitless embassy; Mardonius, wild
With ire, to instant conflagration doom'd
Th' abode of such inexorable foes.
They, on the margin opposite, beheld

Their ancient residence a second time
Destroy'd; nor utter'd more than just complaint
Of tardy Sparta. When Briareus dire
With his gigantic savages o'erturn'd
The recent tomb, which held the glorious slain
At Salamis; when scatter'd in the wind
They saw that dust rever'd; in solemn rage,
Devoid of sound illiberal, or loud,
Each his right hand with sanctity of oaths
Pledg'd to his neighbour, and to vengeance full
His blood devoted. Aristides look'd,
As some incens'd divinity, and spake:
"Persist, ye sons of folly; crush that tomb;
The last repose of yon heroic slain
Disturb, therein exhibiting your doom
From mortals and immortals. Thus your pride
By Heav'n, and Grecian valour, shall be crush'd,
Your impious host be scatter'd like that dust
Which your barbarity profanes. Now, friends,
By your appointment I to Sparta sail;
You under watchful discipline remain
Compos'd and firm; such patience will surmount
All obstacle, Athenians; will restore
In brighter glories your paternal seats."
This said, the isle he leaves, selecting none
But Cimon for associate. In the bark
Him Aristides placidly bespake:
"Son of Miltiades the great in arms,
Thy early youth was dissolute; thy look
Ingenuous still, and frank thy tongue, reveal'd
Internal virtue; friendship on my part
Succeeded, thence a study to reclaim
Thy human frailties. I rejoice in hope,
Thou wilt hereafter prove an Attic star,
In council wise, triumphant in the field,
Humane to strangers, to thy country just,
Friend to her laws, to all her Muses kind,
Who may record thy actions." Cimon here:
"If I have virtues, they proceed from thee;
If I attain to glory, I shall owe
To thee my lustre. To deserve thy praise,
What have I yet accomplish'd? I have fought
At Salamis, what more performing there
Than each Athenian?" Aristides then: [rest
"True, all were brave; my judgment doth not
On one exploit; thy modesty o'erlooks
The signs of worth and talents, whence my hopes
Have rank'd thee first of Grecians. To acquire,
To keep that station, Cimon, be thy choice;
Thou hast the means; but this impression hold,
Who would excel, must be a moral man."
Thus they exhaust their voyage of a day,
When at Trœzene they arrive, and find
Renown'd Cleander training for the field
His native bands. To Sparta thence they sail.
The Ephori assemble, when they hear
Of Aristides, who an audience claims;
He comes before them, and austerely thus:
"Cecropia's race, exterminated twice,
Demand of Sparta, whether sloth, or fear,
Or Persian gold, her buckler hath unbrac'd.
Mardonius proffer'd more than equal terms,
Not friendship singly, but enlarg'd domain
To Athens, who to eleutherian Jove,
To Greece was faithful, and the lib'ral gift
Disdain'd. Your own ambassador pronounc'd
Your phalanx ready; for its speedy march
His head he pledg'd. Mardonius takes the field,
He lays the Athenian territory waste;
Where are the Spartans? Adding work to work
For their own sep'rate safety at their wall,
Inglorious isthmian wall, while half the Greeks
Become your foes, and Athens is betray'd."
Pausanias present proudly thus replied:
"Hast thou not heard, the Hyacinthian rites
Employ the Spartans? shall the heads of Greece
Be question'd, be directed when to act
By you Athenians? your inferior state
May wait our leisure." Aristides here:
"Talk'st thou to me of Hyacinthian games,
While rude barbarians riot in our fields,
While Athens burns, while sacrilege invades
Our temples, while our ancestors we see
Torn from the grave? Pausanias, thou disgrace
To thy forefather Hercules, whose arm,
To friends a bulwark, was a scourge to foes,
What hast thou said? But, guardian to the son
Of that renown'd Leonidas, who fought
Beyond the isthmus, and for Greece expir'd,
If thou retain'st no rev'rence for his blood,
If thou dost scorn Lycurgus and his laws,
If holding liberty an empty name,
Art now in treaty with a lawless king,
No more of words. Athenians have their choice
To treat with Xerxes, or to distant climes
Expand the sail, resigning to their fate
Unfaithful, timid Grecians, who have lost
All claim to succour—Yet assume your swords!
My love for Greece solicits you in tears.
Be thou, Pausanias, general of all;
We in that noble warfare will refuse
No hardship—Ev'n thy arrogant command
I like the meanest soldier will abide."
Then Aëmnestus brief: "O righteous man,
I feel thy wrongs! Laconia's shame I feel,
Which if delay still blackens, thou shalt lead
Me, the due victim of Athenian wrath,
Before those injur'd tribes, by me deceiv'd;
Where my own sword shall sacrifice the blood
I pledg'd for Sparta's faith. Meantime withdraw;
I was thy guest in Athens, thou be mine."
Not till the day-spring Aëmnestus greets
His Attic friend: "Our citizens are march'd;
All night my indefatigable toil
Hath urg'd the phalanx on; the various states
Within the isthmus will obey our call;
Now speed with me, o'ertake, inspect our host."
They both depart with Cimon. Sparta's camp,
Ere Phœbus couches, Aristides gains;
The marshall'd pupils of Lycurgus there
He, ever true to equity, applauds,
Who their disgraceful sloth in council blam'd.
Subordination, silent order held
Each in his place; in look, as virgins, meek,
Sedate they listen'd to their chiefs, as youth
To learning's voice in academic schools.
Thus in some fertile garden well-manur'd,
The regularity of plants and trees
Enrich'd with produce, on a stable root
Stands permanent, by skilful care dispos'd
At first, and sedulously watch'd. No vaunt
Offends the ear, nor supercilious frown
Of confidence the eye. Th' Athenian chief
Content returns; on Salamis receiv'd,
Cecropia's bands he marshals for the field.
The ravage still of Attica detain'd
Mardonius. Thorax of Larissa quits
His isthmian station; rapid in his course
To Gobryas' son these tidings he imparts:
"The isle of Pelops musters all her pow'rs;

The isthmus swarms; forsake this rocky land
For cavalry unfit; collect thy force
To face the Grecians on Cadmëan plains."
"Her sleepy sword at last has Sparta rous'd?"
Replies Mardonius. "On Cadmean plains
The Persian trump shall sound; Cithæron's hill,
Asopian banks, shall soon repeat the notes
Triumphal." Swift he rushes back to Thebes,
Ere Phœbus darted his solstitial heat.
As some hot courser, who from pasture led
Replete with food and courage, spurns the ground
In confidence and pride, no sooner meets
His wonted rider, than admits the rein;
Such was Mardonius, when from Theban gates
Masistius thus address'd him: "Be inform'd,
That Macedonia's sov'reign is arriv'd,
With his fair consort. Her to Delphi's walls
I guarded, there deliver'd to her lord,
Who hath conducted fifty thousand Greeks
In arms, auxiliar to thy camp. The queen,
Now at a fabric old, to Dircè built,
Close by her fountain, and beset with shade,
Dwells in retreat, which careful thou avoid.
But tell me, son of Gobryas, whither flown
Was all my magnanimity, when flames
A second time laid stately Athens low?
Though disappointed, couldst thou deem a crime
Her constancy, refusing to betray
A common cause? Mardonius, thou dost hope
To conquer; why a city of renown,
Which in her beauty would have grac'd our sway,
Hast thou reduc'd to ashes? Oh! reflect,
What fires of stern resistance and revenge
This act hath lighted in such gallant hearts,
That pow'r eternal, by the hallow'd name
Of Horomazes worshipp'd in our clime,
Who earth, and seas, and firmament controls,
With all therein, looks down not less on Greece,
Than Persia, both his creatures. Just and wise,
Intemp'rate deeds in either he resents."
Mardonius answer'd: "By that pow'r I swear,
Thou to a Grecian almost art transform'd
By intercourse with yon religious hill
Of thy admir'd Melissa. Do I blame?
Ah! no; too awful art thou to incur
My censure. O Masistius, I confess
Thy genius purer, more sublime, than mine;
I often err, thou never—But, dear friend,
I am dejected ever when thou chid'st;
Yet thee, my chiding monitor, should fate
Snatch from Mardonius, he would rise no more."
"I only seek to warn thee, not deject,"
Rejoins Masistius; "turn to other cares;
Greece is in arms; address thee to thy charge."
This said, to council they in Thebes proceed.

BOOK XXIII.

THE Heliconian records now unfold:
Calliopè! harmonious thence recite
The names and numbers of the various Greeks,
Who in array on fair Bœotian plains,
With gleams of armour streak the twinkling wave
Of clear Asopus. Trœzen, known to fame,
Where Pittheus dwelt, whose blood to Athens gave
The hero Theseus, Trœzen from her walls
In circuit small, from Hylycus her stream,
From her Scyllæan promontory high,
From vine-attir'd Methenè, from the isles,
Calauria, Neptune's seat, and Sphæria dear
To Pallas, daughter of almighty Jove,
Two thousand warriors sends. Cleander pass'd
The isthmus first; who manly, from the bed
Of Ariphilia rising, vow'd to deck
Her future cradle with a victor's wreath
Of laurel new. Her beauteous image grac'd
His four-fold buckler. Twice eight hundred youths
From Æsculapian Epidaurus march'd,
From mount Cynortius, and the sacred hill,
Titthëon, where the mother of that god
Medicinal in secret left her fruit
Of stolen enjoyment in Apollo's arms;
Where in serenity of smiles was found
The sweet Phœbean child, while lambent flames
Play'd round his temples. Clitophon the chief,
A serpent green, the symbol of his god,
Bore on his silver shield. Four hundred left
Leprëum, clear Arenè, and th' impure
Anigrian waters, where the centaur, fell
Polenor, wounded by Herculean shafts,
Dipp'd in the blood of Hydra, purg'd his limbs
From putrid gore, envenoming the stream;
Their leader Conon. Of Mycenæ old,
Of Tiryns, built by fam'd Cyclopian toil,
Eight hundred shields Polydamus commands.
Two thousand gallant youths, with standards bless'd
At Hebe's altar, tutelary pow'r
Of Phlius, bold Menander led to war.
Himself was young; the blooming goddess shone
Bright on his buckler. Under Lycus brave
Hermionè, fair city, had enroll'd
Six hundred spears. The impress on his shield
Was strong Alcides, dragging from the gates
Of Dis their latrant guardian triple-mouth'd
Through an abyss in Hermionean land,
The fabled wonder of the district shown.
Three thousand sail'd from Cephalenia's isle,
From Acarnanian, and Epirot shores,
With various chieftains. Of Arcadian breed
Orchomenus twelve hundred, Tegea sent
Three thousand. Chileus, prime in Tegea's camp,
Was skill'd in arms, and vaunted high the name,
The rank, and prowess of his native state.
Ten thousand helms from wealthy Corinth's walls
Blaze o'er the champaign; these Alcmæon leads
With Adimantus. Neighb'ring Sicyon arm'd
Six thousand more; amidst whose splendid files
Automedon commanded. Lo! in air
A mighty banner! from the hollows green,
The wood-crown'd hills in Lacedæmon's rule,
Taijgetus, and Menelaian ridge,
From Crocean quarries, from Gythëum's port,
Therapnè, sweet Amyclæ on the banks
Of fam'd Eurotas, from a hundred towns,
A glitt'ring myriad of Laconians show
Their just arrangement. Aemnestus there
Lifts his tall spear, and rises o'er the ranks
In arduous plumes and stature. So his strength
And stately foliage of a full-grown oak
O'erlooks the undershades, his knotted arms
Above their tops extending. Mightier still
Callicrates appears, in martial deeds
Surpassing ev'ry Grecian. He his fate
Foresees not; he, capricious fortune's mark,
Must fall untimely, and his gen'rous blood
Unprofitably shed. A firmer band
Succeeds. Huge Sparta, who for ever scorn'd
Defensive walls and battlements, supplied

Five thousand citizens close-mail'd; a train
Of sev'n bold Helots exercis'd in arms,
Attend each warrior; there Pausanias tow'r'd.
In pride the son of Atreus he surpass'd
Without his virtues, a superior host
Commanding. Never Greece such heroes sent,
Nor such a pow'r in multitude to war;
For landed recent on the neighb'ring shore
Th' Athenian phalanx opens broad in sight
Their eleutherian banner. They advance
Eight thousand men at arms; an equal force
In archers, slingers, missile-weapon'd sons
Of terrour follow. Round her naval flag
Already four bold myriads from her loins
Had Attica enroll'd. What chiefs preside!
Themistocles, Xanthippus in remote,
But glorious action; Aristides here,
Myronides and Cimon, Clinias sire
Of Alcibiades, the warrior bard,
Young Pericles, and more than time hath seen
Since or before, in arts and arms renown'd.
The ancient foe of Athens, yet averse
Like her to Xerxes, Megara, enroll'd
Six thousand warriors. From Ægina sail'd
A thousand. Twice six hundred, phenix-like,
Sprung from the ashes of Platæa burnt,
With Arimnestus march'd; th' intrepid friend
Of him, whose deeds Thermopylæ resounds,
Diomedon. From Thespia, who had shar'd
Platæa's doom, two thousand came unarm'd,
Unclad, a want by Attic stores supplied.
Alcimedon was chief, of kindred blood
To Dithyrambus; whom, his early bloom
For Greece devoting, on Melissa's hill
The Muses sing and weep. Between the roots
Of tall Cithæron, and the Asopian floods,
The army rang'd. The Spartans on the right
One wing compos'd; the men of Tegea claim'd
The left in pref'rence to th' Athenian host.
Contention rose; Pausanias sat the judge,
Callicrates and Aemnestus wise,
His two assessors; thick Laconian ranks
A circle form; when Chileus thus asserts
The claim of Tegea: "Spartans, from the time,
The early time, that Echemus, our king,
In single combat on the listed field
O'erthrew the invader Hyllus, and preserv'd
Unspoil'd the land of Pelops, we obtain'd
From all her sons unanimous this post,
Whene'er, united in a common cause,
They march'd to battle. Not with you we strive,
Ye men of Sparta, at your choice command
In either wing; the other we reclaim
From Athens; brave and prosp'rous we have join'd
Our banners oft with yours; our deeds you know;
To ours superior what can Athens plead
Of recent date, or ancient? for what cause
Should we our just prerogative resign?"
Then Aristides spake: "Collected here
Are half the Grecians to contend in arms
With barbarous invaders, not in words
Each with the other for precedence vain.
From his own volume let the tongue of Time,
Not mine, proclaim my countrymen's exploits
In early ages. In his course he views
The varying face of Nature, sea to land,
Land turn'd to sea, proud cities sink in dust,
The low exalted, men and manners change,
From fathers brave degen'rate sons proceed,
And virtuous children from ignoble sires.
What we are now, you, Grecians, must decide
At this important crisis. Judges, fix
On Marathon your thoughts, that recent stage
Of preservation to the public weal,
Where fifty nations, arm'd to conquer Greece,
We unassisted foil'd; more fresh, the day
Of Salamis recall. Enough of words;
No more contention for the name of rank;
The bravest stand the foremost in the sight
Of gods and mortals. As to you is meet,
Determine, Spartans; at your will arrange
Th' Athenians; they acknowledge you the chiefs
Of this great league, for gen'ral safety fram'd,
Wherever plac'd, obedient they will fight."
The sense of all his countrymen he breath'd,
Who for the public welfare in this hour
Their all relinquish, and their very pride
A victim yield to virtue. From his seat,
Inspir'd by justice, Aemnestus rose:
"Brave as they are, our friends of Tegea seem
To have forgot the Marathonian field,
The Salaminian trophies; else this strife
Had ne'er alarm'd the congregated host
Of states so various and remote." As brief
Callicrates subjoins: "Not less our friends
Of Tegea seem forgetful, that their claim
Within the isthmus is confin'd, the gift
Of part, not binding universal Greece."
Athenian moderation had before
Won ev'ry Spartan; loud they *sound the name*
Of Athens, Athens, whose pretension just
The general confirms, restoring peace.
So in a chorus full the manly bass
Directs the pow'r of harmony to float
On equal pinions, and attune the air.
Now Sparta's wide encampment on the right
Was form'd; sedate and silent was the toil,
As is the concourse of industrious ants,
In mute attention to their public cares.
Extending thence, successive states erect
Their standards. On the left their num'rous tents
Th' Athenians pitch. In labour not unlike
The buzzing tenants of sonorous hives,
Loquacious they and lively cheer the field,
Yet regularly heed each signal giv'n
By staid commanders. Underneath a fringe
Of wood, projecting from Cithæron's side,
Ascends the chief pavilion. Seated there
Is Aristides at a frugal board,
An aged menial his attendant sole;
But from the tribes selected, round him watch
An hundred youths, whose captain is the son
Of fam'd Miltiades. The neighb'ring bed
Of pure Asopus, from Cithæron's founts,
Refreshment inexhaustible contain'd.
His arms th' Athenian patriot in his tent
Was now exploring, when he hears the step
Of Aemnestus ent'ring, who began: [Greece,
"Most wise of men and righteous, whom all
Not Athens singly, as her glory claims,
Grant me an hour. Laconian laws, thou know'st,
Subordination to excess enjoin.
I am obedient to the man, who holds
Supreme command by office, rank, and birth,
While thee my heart confesses and admits
My sole adviser. Haughty and morose,
O'er uncommunicated thoughts will brood
Our dark Pausanias; I may oft want
Thy counsel; now instruct me. Is it meet
We cross th' Asopus to assail the foe,

Or wait his coming?"—"Let him come," replies
The Attic sage; "let bold invaders court
A battle, not th' invaded, who must watch
Occasion's favour. Present in thy mind
Retain, that Greece is center'd in this host,
Which if we hazard lightly were a crime,
The offended gods with fetters would chastise:
Our Attic flame to sudden onset points,
By me discourag'd." Aemnestus then:
"Know, that with me Callicrates unites;
Farewell; thy wisdom shall direct us both."
The Sun was set; th' unnumber'd eyes of Heav'n
Thin clouds envelop'd; dusky was the veil
Of night, not sable; placid was the air;
The low-ton'd current of Asopus held
No other motion than his native flow,
Alluring Aristides in a walk
Contemplative to pace the stable verge
Attir'd in moss. The hostile camp he views,
Which by Masistian vigilance and art
With walls of wood and turrets was secur'd.
For this the groves of Jupiter supreme
On Hypatus were spoil'd, Teumessian brows,
Mesabius, Parnes, were uncover'd all.
Square was th' enclosure, ev'ry face emblaz'd
With order'd lights. Each elevated tent
Of princely satraps, and, surmounting all,
Mardonius, thine, from coronets of lamps
Shot lustre, soft'ning on the distant edge
Of wide Platæan fields. A din confus'd
Proclaim'd barbarians; silent was the camp
Of Greece. These thoughts the spectacle excites
In Aristides: "Slender is thy bound,
Asopus, long to separate such hosts,
Or keep thy silver wave from blood unstain'd.
Lord of Olympus! didst thou want the pow'r,
Or, boundless pow'r possessing, want the will
Thy own created system to secure
From such destruction? Wherefore on this plain
Is Europe thus, and adverse Asia met
For human carnage? Natural this search,
Yet but a waste of reason. Let me shun
Unprofitable wand'rings o'er the land
Obscure of trackless mystery; to see
The path of virtue open is enough.
Whate'er the cause of evil, he, who knows
Himself not partner in that cause, attains
Enough of knowledge; all the rest is dream
Of falsely-styl'd philosophy. My task
Is to destroy the enemies of Greece;
Be active there, my faculties, and lose
Nor time, nor thought." Revisiting his tent,
Sicinus call'd apart he thus instructs:
"Return, discreet and faithful, to the son
Of Neocles; thy own observing eye
Will prompt thy tongue; this notice sole I send.
We will not hurry to a gen'ral fight.
Bless in my name Timothea; bless her sons,
Her daughters; nor, good man, o'erlook my own."
Six monthly periods of the solar course
Were now complete; intense the summer glow'd.
The patient Greeks for eight successive days
Endure the insults of barbarian horse
Behind their lines; when eager to his friend
The Persian gen'ral; "Best belov'd of men,
Impart thy counsel. Lo! this vaunted race
Lurk in their trenches, and avoid the plain."
To him Masistius: "I have mark'd a post
Accessible and feeble in their line.
To me thy choicest cavalry commit,
I at the hazard of my life will gall, friend,"
Perhaps may force that quarter."—"Ah! my
Mardonius answer'd, "shall thy precious life
Be hazarded? let others take the charge,
Briareus, Midias, Tiridates brave,
Or Mindarus; a thousand leaders bold
This host affords. Masistius, in the gloom
Of midnight from my pillow I discern'd
Thy gracious figure on a steed of fire;
Who bore thee up to Heav'n, where sudden folds
Of radiant vapour wrapp'd thee from my view.
At once throughout th' innumerable tents
Their hue was chang'd to black; Bœotia's hills
And caves with ejulation from the camp
Rebellow'd round; the camels, horses, mules,
Dissolv'd in tears. Let Mithra's angry beam
Pierce this right arm, annihilate my strength,
And melt my courage! I will rest content
To purchase thus the safety of my friend."
Masistius answer'd: "Son of Gobryas, learn,
That he, who makes familiar to his mind
The certainty of death, and nobly dares
In virtue's clear pursuit, may look serene
On boding dreams, and auguries averse.
No sign, but honour, he requires; he wants
No monitor, but duty. An attempt,
My observation hath maturely weigh'd,
Belongs to me; to others less inform'd
I will not leave the danger." Quick replies
Disturb'd Mardonius, while at friendship's warmth
Ambition melts, and honour fills his breast:
"O! worthier far than frail Mardonius, take
O'er all the host of Xerxes chief command;
Me from temptation, him from danger guard."
Again Masistius: "Son of Gobryas, peace;
My ear is wounded. Ever dost thou sink
Below the level of thy worth with me,
With others soar'st too high. What means the word
Temptation? what this danger to the king?
O satrap! lifted by his grace so high,
Thou hast o'erwhelm'd Masistius. May the God
Of truth and justice strengthen in thy soul
The light ingenuous, which so much reveals;
That sense of duty may suppress a thought,
I dare not clothe in language. Still in mind
The parting words of Artemisia bear,
Which in its blameless moments oft thy tongue
Repeats with admiration. 'Look,' she said,
'Look only, where no mystery can lurk,
On ev'ry manly duty. Nothing dark
O'ershades the track of Virtue; plain her path;
But Superstition, chosen for a guide,
Misleads the best and wisest.' "Let me add,
Worse is the guide Ambition, which misleads
To more than errour, to atrocious acts."
"I shall despair, Masistius, if thou fall'st,"
Rejoins Mardonius. "Must Masistius then
Consort with women, shut from noble deeds?"
Subjoins the virtuous Persian. "Can thy hand,
Thy friendly hand, now rivetted in mine,
Of my degree, and dignity of birth
Deprive me, or obliterate the name
With all its lustre, which my fathers left
Me to uphold? Or wouldst thou, if impow'r'd,
Taint my firm spirit with an eunuch's fear,
Among their feeble train my rank confine,
My strength unnerve, my fortitude debase?
While these subsist with titles, wealth, and state,
While, as I pass, the crowding myriads shout,
'Here comes Masistius!' what is less requir'd

From him, than deeds to manifest a soul,
Which merits such distinction? We again
This day will meet, Mardonius—but as none
Of human texture can the flight foresee
Of that inevitable dart, which soon
Or late will strike, I leave these words behind.
If, blinded still by superstition's cloud,
Thou wilt believe me in this hour the mark
Of fate, retain them, as my dying words:
Ambition curb; let virtue be thy pride."
They separated sad; Mardonius still
Foreboding evil to his noble friend,
He at the frailty of Mardonius griev'd.
Masistius, soon collecting round his tent
The prime of Persian cavalry, bespake
Their captains thus: "Your steeds and arms prepare; [shafts;
String well your bows, your quivers store with
With num'rous javelins each his courser load.
I am this day your gen'ral; I rely
On your known prowess; and I trust, the hand
Of Horomazes will conduct you back
Victorious; but remember, that the brave
In life, or death, accomplishing their part,
Are happy." All, rejoicing in a chief
Belov'd, his orders sedulous fulfil.
In arms, more splendid than for Peleus' son
Th' immortal artist forg'd, Masistius cas'd
His limbs of beauteous frame, and manly grace,
To match that hero, whom Scamander saw
With Dardan blood imbru'd. In hue of snow
His horse, of all Nisæa's breed the choice,
Caparison'd in rubies, champs the gold,
Which rules his mouth; his animated mane
Floats o'er the bridle, form'd of golden braid.
His page was nigh, that youth of eastern race,
Whom for his merit pure Melissa gave
To this benignant satrap. To ascend
His gorgeous seat preparing, thus the chief:
"If I return a conqueror this day,
To that excelling dame who made thee mine,
Who hath enlarg'd whate'er of wise and great,
Of just and temp'rate I to nature owe,
Refin'd my manners, and my purest thoughts
Exalted, I my friendship will prolong
In gratitude and rev'rence; blessing Heav'n,
Which thus prefers Masistius to extend
Benevolence to virtue. If I fall,
Resume with her the happiest lot my care
Can recommend, Statirus. Though no Greek,
Her pupil, say, in offices humane
Hath not been tardy; by her light inspir'd,
He went more perfect to a noble grave."

BOOK XXIV.

While thus Masistius for the field prepar'd,
At sacrifice amidst the diff'rent chiefs
Pausanias stood, the entrails to consult
For Heav'n's direction. Like a god rever'd
Among the Spartans, was an augur fam'd,
Tisamenus. The Pythian had declar'd
Him first of prophets; he the rites performs;
The victim open'd he inspects, and thus
In solemn tone: "Hear, Grecians, and obey
The will of Jove. To pass th' Asopian flood
Forbear. With Persian fetters in her hand
Ill Fortune seated on that bank I see,
On this the laurel'd figure of Success."
The augur ceas'd; when suddenly in view
Th' Asopian current, overswelling, foams
With eastern squadrons, wading through the fords.
Bounds in the van Masistius on a steed,
Whose glist'ning hue the brightest of the four
Which drew th' irradiate axle of the morn
Might scarce outshine. Erect the hero sat,
Firm as the son of Danaë by Jove,
When his strong pinion'd Pegasus he wheel'd
Through Æthiopian air from death to guard
Andromeda his love. In rapid haste
A herald greets Pausanias: "From the men
Of Megara I come. A post advanc'd,
The most obnoxious in the Grecian line
To harassing assaults, their daily toil
With unabating firmness long has held.
Unwonted numbers of barbarian horse
Now sweep the field; a reinforcement send,
Her standard else will Megara withdraw."
Pausanias then, alike to try the Greeks,
And save his Spartans, answer'd: "Chiefs, you hear;
Who will be foremost to sustain our friends?"
Through fear the dang'rous service is declin'd
By many. Indignation to behold
No Spartans offer'd, but the arduous task
Impos'd on others, held Cleander mute;
When Aristides: "Herald, swift return,
Athenian aid might else prevent thy speed."
The patriot spake, and left the Greeks amaz'd,
Well knowing Athens with abhorrence look'd
On Megara, her envious, rancorous foe
Of ancient date, whom now she flies to aid.
Meantime that feeblest station of the camp
Th' impetuous Asian cavalry surround.
As clouds, impregnated with hail, discharge
Their stormy burden on a champaign rich
In ripen'd grain, and lay the crackling rows
Of Ceres prostrate; under sheets of darts,
With arrows barb'd and javelins, thus whole ranks
Of Megara, by wounds or death o'erthrown,
Gasp on the ground. Alcathöus expires,
The blood of Nisus, Megarensian prince
In times remote, and fabled to have held
His fate dependent on a purple hair
Amidst his hoary locks. That vital thread
His impious daughter sever'd, blind with love
For Minos, Cretan king, her father's foe.
Masistius pierc'd him; javelins from his arm
Incessant flew; on heaps of nameless dead
He laid Evenus, Lysicles, the youth
Of Cyparissus, and Cratander's age,
Distinguish'd each by office, wealth, or birth,
Or martial actions. Beasts of chase and prey,
The wolf and boar, the lion and the stag,
Within close toils imprison'd, thus become
The hunter's mark. The signal of retreat
Is now uplifted by the hopeless chiefs;
When, as a friendly gale with stiff'ning wings
Repels a vessel, driving by the force
Of boist'rous currents in a fatal track
To bulge on rocks, a voluntary band
Of men at arms, and bowmen, Attic all,
Restrain the flight of Megara. Expert
Their shafts they level at the Persian steeds,
Not at the riders. Soon around the plain
Th' ungovern'd animals disperse; enrag'd
By galling wounds. Olympiodorus, chief
Among the light auxiliars, on the lists
Of Pisa just Hellanodics had crown'd,
The first of Greeks in archery. He stand

Like Telamonian Teucer on the mound
Of Atreus' son, where Fate's unerring hand [dead
Had strung the bow which heap'd with Phrygian
Th' empurpled fosse, while Ajax swung abroad
The sev'n-fold shield to guard a brother's skill.
Still in the field Masistius, who observ'd
The active archer, from his lofty seat
Against him whirls a javelin. Cimon near
Receives the blunted weapon on the boss
Of his huge buckler. His vindictive bow
Olympiodorus bends; the rapid shaft
Full in the forehead of the gen'rous steed
He lodges deep. The high Nisæan blood
Boils in its channels through tormenting pain;
Erect the courser paws in air, and hurls
In writhing agitation from his back
Th' illustrious rider on the plain supine.
Against him rush th' Athenians; on his feet
They find him brandishing his sabre keen,
With his firm shield a bulwark to his breast,
Like one of those earth-sprung in radiant arms,
Whom the Cadmean dragon's fruitful jaws,
Or Colchian serpent's teeth, produc'd. Assail'd
On ev'ry side, his fortitude augments
With danger. Down to Pluto's realm he sends
Iphicrates and Eurytus, who drank
Callirrhoe's fountain; Amynander, born
On smooth Ilissus, and three gallant youths
Of Marathon. His cuirass strong withstands
Repeated blows; unwounded, but o'ercome
By unremitted labour, on his knees,
Like some proud structure half o'erthrown by time,
He sinks at last. Brave Cimon hastes to save
A foe so noble in his deeds, in port
Beyond a mortal; when a vulgar sword
That moment through the vizor of his helm
Transfix'd the brain, so exquisitely form'd,
The seat of purest sentiment and thought.
His frame, in ruin beauteous still and great,
The fatal stroke laid low. An earthquake thus
Shook from his base that wonder of the world,
The Colossean deity of Rhodes.
Of danger all unheeding, by his lord
Statirus kneel'd, and o'er his bosom spread
His palms in anguish. Timely to protect
The gentle youth ingenuous Cimon came,
While thus the gasping satrap breath'd his last:
"Farewell, thou faithful—Bid Mardonius think
How brief are life's enjoyments—Virtue lives
Through all eternity—By virtue earn'd,
Praise too is long—Melissa—grant me thine."
In death, resembling sweetest sleep, his eyes
Serenely drop their curtains, and the soul
Flies to th' eternal mansions of the just.
Within the trenches Cimon straight commands
To lodge the corse; when lo! another cloud
Of Eastern squadrons, Mindarus their chief,
Who, o'er the stream detach'd with numbers new,
Not finding great Masistius, rous'd afresh
The storm of onset. Dreadful was the shock
Of these, attempting to redeem, of those,
Who held the body; but the Attic spears
Break in the chests of fiery steeds, which press
With violence unyielding, and the ranks
In front disarm. The archers have discharg'd
Their quivers. Now had Mindarus acquir'd
Undying glory, and the Greeks resign'd
The long-contested prize, when threat'ning shouts,
Of diff'rent Grecians, pouring from the camp,
Alarm the eastern chief. Cleander here
With all Trœzenè, Arimnestus there,
Diomedon's bold successor in arms,
With his Platæans, and the Thespian brave,
Alcimedon, assail the Persian flanks.
So two hoarse torrents opposite descend
From hills, where recent thunder-storms have burst;
In the mid-vale the dashing waters meet
To overwhelm the peasant's hopes and toil.
Myronides and Æschylus in sight,
Each with his formidable phalanx moves;
Th' encampment whole is arming. From the fight
His mangled cavalry the Persian calls.
In eager quest of refuge in their lines
Beyond Asopus, through surrounding foes
The coursers vault like swimmers, who forsake
A found'ring vessel, and with buoyant strength
Bound through the surge for safety on the beach.
Triumphant in their camp the Greeks replace
Their standards; thither Cimon's gen'rous care
Transports Masistius. Eager to behold
A prize so noble, curious throngs on throngs
Press in disorder; each his station leaves;
Confusion reigns. The gen'ral host to arms
Pausanias sternly vigilant commands,
And next provides a chariot to display,
Throughout th' extensive lines, th' illustrious dead,
In magnitude and beauty late the pride
Of Nature's study'd workmanship. His limbs
The hand of Cimon tenderly compos'd,
As would a brother to a brother's corse.
Masistius fill'd the chariot; on his knees
Statirus held, and water'd with his tears
The face majestic, not by death deform'd,
Pale, but with features mild, which still retain'd
Attractive sweetness to endear the sight.
First on the right through Lacedæmon's range
The spectacle is carried; silence there
Prevails; the Spartan citizen no sign
Of triumph shows, subordinate to law,
Which disciplin'd his passions. Tow'rds the left,
Through exultation loud of other Greeks,
The awful car at length to Attic ranks
Brings their own prize, by Aristides met;
There silence too, in rev'rence of their chief,
Is universal. He prepares to speak;
But first the mighty relics he surveys.
He feels like Jove, contemplating the pure,
The gen'rous, brave Sarpedon, as he lay
In Death's cold arms, when swift th' almighty sire
Decreed that Morpheus, gentlest of the gods,
Should waft to Lycia's realm the royal clay,
From pious friends and subjects to obtain
The rites of splendid sepulture. Complete
Was now the solemn pause; to list'ning ears
Thus Aristides vents his godlike soul:
"Here close your triumph, Grecians, nor provoke
The jealous pow'rs who mark for chosen wrath
O'er-weening pride. Though auguring success
From this great satrap's fall, revere his clay;
Such rev'rence all of mortal mould will need,
All soon, or late. If comeliness and strength,
If gracious manners, and a mind humane,
If worth and wisdom could avoid the grave,
You had not seen this tow'r of Asia fall.
Yet there is left attainable by man,
What may survive the grave; it is the fame
Of gen'rous actions; this do you attain.
I in Psittalia's isle this Persian knew
Brave Medon's prize; his captive hands we freed;
To him our hospitable faith we pledg'd,

Through whom Phœbean Timon was redeem'd,
With Haliartus, on Eubœa's fields
To signalize their swords. On Œta's hill
In him the daughter of Oïleus found
A spotless guardian. Let his corse and arms,
Thy acquisition, Cimon, be resign'd
To piety; a herald shall attend
Thy steps; remove him to his native friends.
Let Xerxes hear, let fierce Mardonius see,
How much barbarians differ from the Greeks."
Minerva's tribes, approving, hear the words
Of clemency and pity. Cimon mounts
The fun'ral car; attentive and compos'd,
Like Maia's son commission'd from the skies
By his eternal sire, the warrior hears
The full instructions of his patron chief.
Th' Asopian stream he fords to Asia's tents,
Whence issue wailing multitudes, who rend
The air with ejulation, while the wheels
Before Mardonius stop their solemn roll.
He rives his mantle, and defiles with dust
His splendid head. Not more the destin'd king
Of Judah mourn'd the virtuous heir of Saul,
Mow'd down in battle by Philistian strength
On Gilboa's heights; nor melted more in grief
O'er Absalom's fair locks, too much endear'd
To blind parental fondness. From the car
Descending, Cimon spake: "Lo! Persian chief,
The just Athenian, Aristides, sends
These relics, which he honours, to partake
Of sepulture, as eastern rites ordain."
"Then art thou fall'n, too confident," exclaims
Mardonius, "too unmindful of my love,
And anxious warnings! Mithra, veil thy face
In clouds! In tears of blood, thou sky, dissolve!
Earth groan, and gen'ral nature join in woe!
The tallest cedar of the orient groves
Lies prostrate—Destiny malign! I brave
Thy further malice—Blasted to the root
Is all my joy." Here sorrow clos'd his lips.
As frozen dead by wintry gusts he stood,
Devoid of motion; Mindarus was nigh,
Whose interposing prudence thus was heard:
"O chief of nations numberless! who stand
Spectators round, and watch thy lightest look,
Confine thy anguish; in their sight revere
Thyself; regard this messenger benign
From Aristides, and thy native sense
Of obligation rouse." Mardonius then,
As from a trance: "I hear thee, and approve,
My gentle kinsman. This returning car,
With purest gold, and costly vesture pil'd,
Shall bear the copious tribute of my thanks
To Aristides; whom extoll'd to Heav'n
By excellent Masistius oft my soul
Hath heard, the righteous by the righteous prais'd."
Now Cimon interpos'd: "That man extoll'd
Thou dost not, Persian, lib'ral as thou art,
Mean to offend; thy presents then withhold.
In poverty more glorious than in wealth
The wealthiest, Aristides frowns at gold.
No costly vestures decorate his frame,
Itself divine; the very arms he wears,
The sole possession of that spotless man,
All ornament reject; he only boasts
The sharpest sword, the weightiest spear and shield."
"Ha! must I pass unthankful in the sight
Of one, Masistius lov'd?" the chief reply'd.
"No," answer'd quick th' Athenian; "from his
Take down Leonidas." A stedfast look [cross
Mardonius fix'd on Cimon: "That request,
O Greek! is big with danger to my head,
Which I will hazard, since the only price
Set on the precious relics thou restor'st."
This said, he orders to his tent the corse;
There on the clay-cold bosom of his friend
Thus plaintive hangs: "Fall'n pillar of my hopes,
What is Mardonius, wanting thy support?
Thou arm of strength, for ever are unbrac'd
Thy nerves! Enlighten'd mind, where prudence dwelt,
Heart purify'd by honour, you have left
Mardonius helpless; left him to himself,
To his own passions, which thy counsel tam'd!
The dang'rous paths of errour I shall tread
Without thy guidance! Shame, defeat, and death,
Frown in thy wounds ill-boding—yet thy look
Not fate itself of gentleness deprives.
By Heaven a world shall mourn thee"—Loud he calls;
Which Mindarus obeys. To him the chief:
"Thou too didst love Masistius—Fly, proclaim
A gen'ral lamentation through the camp;
Let all Bœotia sound Masistius lost.
O verify'd too clearly, boding dream
Of mine, by him so fatally despis'd!
See ev'ry head dismantled of its hair,
The soldiers, women, eunuchs; of his mane
See ev'ry steed, the mule, and camel shorn.
O that the echo of our grief might pass
The Hellespont to Asia! that her loss
Through all her cities, through her vales, and streams,
Beyond the banks of Ganges might be told!"
As Mindarus departs, the Theban chief
Approaches Leontiades, who spake:
"If there be one, O gen'ral, can replace
Masistius wise, that prodigy is found,
Elean Hegesistratus, of seers
The most renown'd. His penetrating mind
Can from the victim slain, or mystic flight
Of birds, foresee the dark events of time;
Invet'rate foe to Sparta, sore with wrongs,
He comes thy servant."—"Opportune he comes,"
Replies Mardonius. "In the rites of Greece
Ten hecatombs, before the Sun descends,
Shall to Masistius bleed an off'ring high.
I will engage this augur at a price
Beyond his wishes; let his skill decide,
When to give battle, and avenge my friend.
Collect your Grecian artists; instant build
A cenotaph in your Dircæan grove,
Where that pure fountain trills a mournful note.
There shall Masistius in his name survive
Among the Greeks; his last remains, embalm'd,
Among his fathers shall in Susa rest."
The Theban goes. Statirus next appears;
Th' afflicted hero greets the weeping youth:
"Ah! poor Statirus! thou hast lost thy lord,
I lost my friend, her bulwark Asia lost.
The sacred clay to Artamanes bear,
Left in Trachiniæ chief. His pious love
(Who did not love Masistius?) will convey
To distant Sestos his embalm'd remains,
Thence o'er the narrow Hellespont, to reach
His native Asia, and his father's tomb.
How did he fall, Statirus? Did he send
To me no counsel from his dying lips?"
"These," in a sigh the faithful page began,
"Were his last accents. 'Let Mardonius think

How brief are life's enjoyments. Virtue lives
Through all eternity. By virtue earn'd
Praise too is long—Melissa, grant me thine'."
" Commend me to Melissa," starting, spake
The son of Gobryas. " From the shameful cross
Bid Artamanes in her presence free
Leonidas the Spartan. Now perform
Another act of duty to thy lord;
Despoil my head of all its curling pride;
Slight sacrifice to grief—but ev'ry limb,
Lopt from this body, and its mangled flesh
Shall in the dust be scatter'd, ere I quit
My chase of great revenge." Concluding here,
He strides impetuous like a stately ram,
Lord of the flock new-shorn. His giant guard
Enclose him round; th' innumerable host
Attend him, all divested of their hair,
In howling anguish to an altar huge,
By hasty hands constructed. Deep the earth
Around is hollow'd, deep is drench'd with blood.
Ten hundred sable victims heap the ground.
Now gen'ral silence reigns, as o'er the main
In winter, when Halcyone laments
Her Ceyx lost, and Æolus, her sire;
By pity soften'd, all the air is calm,
While she sits brooding on her watry nest.
Amidst a cloud of frankincense the priest
Of Elis, Hegesistratus, performs
The rites of divination; awful thus
At length unfolds the mysteries of time:
" *Hear*, all ye nations; great Mardonius, hear;
Th' Asopian channel is the line of fate;
The host, which passes, falls; success will crown
Th' assail'd; th' assailant is to slaughter doom'd."
The multitude, discourag'd by the death
Of their belov'd Masistius, hear in joy;
Not so Mardonius at revenge delay'd.
Inaction aggravates his pain; his tent
Receives him. Solitary there, like Night
Within her cavern, thus he feeds his grief:
" '*Ambition curb; let virtue be thy pride.*'
So spake Masistius, when we parted last
To meet no more—I feel ambition cold,
Benumb'd by sorrow—' Let Mardonius think,
How brief are life's enjoyments;' so thy fate,
Dear friend, evinces.—Life itself is short;
Its joys are shorter; yet the scanty span
Adversity can lengthen, till we loathe.
If, on the brilliant throne of Xerxes plac'd,
I held the orient and Hesperian worlds
My vassals, could the millions in my host
Compel the adamantine gate of death
To render back my friend? O tortur'd heart!
Which burn'st with friendship, of thy gen'rous flame
Th' inestimable object is no more.
What then is greatness? What th' imperial robe,
The diadem and sceptre? Could you fill
The void, his endless absence hath produc'd
In my sad bosom? Were ye mine how vain
The acquisition, which my grief would loathe,
And, wak'd by grief, let honour timely shun,
Lest from his grave Masistius should arise
To shake my pillow with his nightly curse.
Not hecatombs on hecatombs of bulls
Heap'd on his manes, not the votive hair,
Nor fun'ral moan of nations, could avail
To moderate his ire; nor all the pow'r
Of empires join'd to empires guard my sleep."
At length he sinks in slumber, not compos'd,
But wanders restless through the wild of dreams.

BOOK XXV.

Ere thus each augur in the diff'rent camps
Unmann'd the soldier by religious dread,
Eubœa's coast Sicinus had regain'd.
That peopled island's force of ships and arms
Themistocles had muster'd. Oreus held
The ready chief, expecting weighty news
From Aristides, which Sicinus swift
Imparts. To him Themistocles: " My friend,
I ask no more; the assembled host of Greece
Hath fix'd Mardonius on th' Asopian verge;
A hasty conflict Aristides shuns;
Then shall the blow, I meditate, be struck,
Ere thy reverted passage can transmit
To him my greetings. Stay and see my oars
For infamous Thessalia dash the waves;
Her Aleuadian race of tyrants foul,
Friends to barbarians, traitors to the Greeks,
Shall feel my scourge. Her plenty I will bar
Against Mardonius; famine shall invade
His tents, and force him to unequal fight."
He gives command; the signal is uprear'd
For embarkation. All Eubœa pours
Her sons aboard, and loads the groaning decks.
From his Cleora Hyacinthus parts,
Brave Haliartus from his new-espous'd
Acanthè. Lo! each female seeks the beach,
Spectatress eager of th' alluring man,
Whose artful eye could summon ev'ry grace
To fascinate both sexes, and his wiles
Arm with enchantment. Beauteous and august
Like Cybelè, prime goddess, turret-crown'd,
Source of th' ethereal race, his consort lifts
Above the rest her countenance sublime.
By her own offspring, and the pledges dear
Of Aristides, which her hand receiv'd
At Salamis, and cherish'd like her own,
She stands encircled, her embarking lord
Accosting thus: " Unfavourable winds,
Or Fortune's frown, I fear not. All the gods
Of earth and ocean, who delighted view
The virtuous brave, contending for their laws
With lawless tyrants, will combine to bless
Themistocles and Aristides link'd
In harmony of counsels. See, dear lord,
His and thy children interweave their hands;
Thy sure success I augur from their smiles."
" I from Timothea's," gallantly replies
The parting chief. " This union is thy work;
Thine be the praise from thankful Greece preserv'd."
He said, and lightly to his vessel pass'd;
While ev'ry sail was op'ning to the wind.
Eubœa, where she fronts the Malian shore,
Beneath a promontory's quiet lee
Protects the fleet benighted. Here the son
Of Neocles aboard his galley calls
His pupil Hyacinthus, whom he thus
Instructs: " Young hero, since Cleora's love
Could not detain thee from the lists of fame,
Fame thou shalt win. Thessalia's nearest bounds
I from Spercheos in Trachiniæ's bay
Mean to invade. Nicanor and thyself
With your Carystian force, Nearchus brave
With his Chalcidians, must a distant course
To Potidæa take, whose valiant race
The winter siege of great Masistius foil'd.
Forewarn'd by due intelligence from me, [mouth
They will augment your numbers. Through the

Of fam'd Enipeus, Potidæan zeal
Will guide your helms to rich Larissa's walls,
Thessalia's helpless capital, whose youth
Attend Mardonius. Land, and burn th' abode
Of Aleuadian Thorax, who conducts
The foe through Greece. O'er all the region spread;
Where'er thou seest an Aleuadian roof,
The residence of traitors hurl to earth;
The flocks and herds from ev'ry pasture sweep,
From ev'ry store th' accumulated grain,
Support of Asia's myriads. O! recall
Thy late achievements on the bloody fields
Of Chaleis, and of Oreus. They, who brav'd
Thy native coast, of Demonax the friends,
Now in their own Thessalia lie thy spoil;
On their wide ruins build thee trophies new."
Commission'd thus, the animated youth
With each Carystian, each Chalcidic prow,
By morning sails. Three days the Attic chief,
Skreen'd in a harbour nigh Cenæum's point,
Rests on his anchors. So, by thickets hid
In fell Hyrcania, nurse of rav'nous broods,
The tiger lurks, and meditates unseen
A sudden sally on his heedless prey.
The fourth gay dawn with fresh'ning breezes curls
The Malian waters. In barbaric flags
The wily chief apparelling his masts
Fallacious, ere the horizontal Sun
Couch'd on the ocean, fills with hostile prows
The wide Spercheian mouth. Along the vales
Innumerable carriages display
The plenty huge for Asia's camp amass'd.
Th' encircling mountains all their echoes blend
In one continu'd sound with bleating flocks,
With bellowing herds, and dissonant uproar
Of their conductors; whom Thessalia sent,
Whom all the extent of Thracia, and the realm
Of Amarantha's lord. Th' affrighted hinds
Desert their charge. Trachiniæ's neighb'ring gates
With fugitives are throng'd. Lo! Cleon plants
His bold Eretrian banners on the strand;
The Styrians form; Eudemus bounds ashore,
Geræstians follow; then auxiliars new,
The subjects late of Demonax; the troops
Of Locrian Medon, Delphian Timon land,
Themistocles the last; whose chosen guard
Of fifty Attic, fifty Spartan youths,
Still sedulous and faithful close the rear.
They reach'd in order'd march Trachinian walls,
Whose gates unclos'd. Majestical advanc'd
A form rever'd by universal Greece,
Prais'd by each tongue, by ev'ry eye admir'd,
The Oïlean priestess of th' immortal Nine,
The goddess-like Melissa. Medon swift,
With Haliartus, met her sacred step.
Her name divulg'd from ev'ry station call'd
The gazing chiefs, Themistocles the first;
Whom, by her brother pointed out to view,
She thus address'd: "Themistocles, give ear,
And thou, O Medon, whom, a stranger long
To my desiring eyes, they see restor'd.
Well may you wonder, that a hostile fort
Melissa's hand delivers to your pow'r.
There is a Persian worthy to be rank'd
Among the first of Grecians. Just, humane,
Thy captive, Medon, amply hath discharg'd
His price of ransom. Nine revolving moons
Beheld Masistius guardian of my hill
In purity of rev'rence to my fane,
My person, my dependents. I forsook
At Amarantha's suit my old abode;
A virtuous princess from a sickly couch
My care hath rais'd, Sandaucè, in those walls
Long resident with me. Two days are past
Since Artamanes, governing these tracts,
Heard of a navy on Thessalia's coast,
And with his force, though slender, took the field
To guard Larissa. Your descent unmans
The few remaining Persians in the fort;
All with Sandaucè and her children flew
To my protection; mercy to obtain
Became my charge; her terrours will disperse,
Soon as she knows Themistocles is nigh."
The army halts. Trachiniæ's gates admit
Cecropia's hero, Medon, and the son
Of Lygdamis. Sandaucè they approach,
Sandaucè late in convalescent charms
Fresh as a May-blown rose, by pallid fear
Now languid as a lily beat with rain,
Till she discovers with transported looks
Her Salaminian guardian; then the warmth
Of gratitude, redoubling all her bloom,
Before him throws her prostrate. To him ran
The recollecting children, who embrace
Their benefactor's knees. She thus unfolds
Her lips, whose tuneful exclamation charms:
"O, my protector"—Interposing swift,
His ready hand uplifts her from the ground.
"Do not disgrace me, thou excelling fair,"
He said; "to leave such beauty thus depress'd
Would derogate from manhood." She replies:
"Forbear to think my present captive lot
Hath humbled thus Sandaucè. No, the weight
Of obligation past, my rescu'd babes
In Salamis, myself from horrour sav'd,
Have bent my thankful knee. No fears debase
My bosom now; Themistocles I see,
In him a known preserver." Melting by,
Melissa, Medon, Haliartus, shed
The tend'rest dews of sympathy. In look
Compassionate, but calm, the chief rejoins:
"Suggest thy wishes, princess, and command
My full compliance." She these accents sighs:
"Ye gen'rous men, what pity is not due
To eastern women! Prize, ye Grecian dames,
Your envy'd state. When your intrepid lords
In arms contend with danger on the plain,
You in domestic peace are left behind
Among your letter'd progeny, to form
Their ductile minds, and exercise your skill
In arts of elegance and use. Alas!
Our wretched race, in ignorance and sloth
By Asia nurtur'd, like a captive train,
In wheeling dungeons with our infants clos'd,
Must wait th' event of some tremendous hour,
Which, unpropitious, leaves us on the field
A spoil of war. What myriads of my sex
From Greece to distant Hellespont bestrew
The ways, and whiten with their bleaching bones
The Thracian wilds! Spercheos views the tomb
Of Ariana, hapless sister, laid
In foreign mould! My portion of distress
You know, benignant guardians, who assuag'd
My suff'rings. Then to quit the direful scene,
Revisiting my native soil, to rest
Among my children, and instruct their youth,
As kind Melissa hath instructed mine,
Were sure no wish immoderate or vague.
But Artamanes"—Blushing, trembling, here
She paus'd. Melissa takes the word: "Sweet friend,

Let vice, not virtue blush. Cecropian chief,
Her soft attention well that youth deserves,
She all his constancy and care. Their hands
Are pledg'd; th' assent of Asia's king alone
Is wanting, which Mardonius hath assur'd
To Artamanes, flow'r of Asia's peers.
Him, with unequal force, to battle march'd
Against thy ranks, which never have been foil'd,
She knows, and trembles." Artfully replies
Themistocles: "Sandaucè may prevent
This danger. Let her messenger convey
A kind injunction, that the noble youth,
Whose merit I have treasur'd in my breast,
May sheath his fruitless weapons, and, return'd
To her, aboard my well-appointed keel
With her embarking, seek their native soil."
The princess hears, and joyfully provides
A messenger of trust. Assembling now
His captains, thus Themistocles ordains:
"Friends of Eubœa, soon as Phœbus dawns
Your progress bend to Larissæan tow'rs;
Your chief is Cleon. Hyacinthus join;
To your united force the foe must yield.
Save Artamanes; bring him captive back,
But not with less humanity than care.
Accomplish'd Medon, Haliartus, vers'd
In Œta's neighb'ring wilds, your Locrians plant
Among the passes; once secur'd, they leave
Us at our leisure to contrive and act.
Thee, honour'd seer of Delphi, at my side
In this Trachinian station I retain."
By op'ning day each leader on his charge
Proceeds. Themistocles inspects the vale,
Constrains the peasants from unnumber'd cars
Aboard his fleet to lade the golden grain.
Before Thermopylæ the Locrian files
Appear. From Œta's topmast peak, behold,
O'er Medon's head a vulture wings his flight,
Whom to a cross beside the public way
Th' Oïlean hero's curious eye pursues.
"Oh! stay thy rav'nous beak," in anguish loud
Cries Haliartus. "Shudder while thou hear'st,
Son of Oïleus; on that hideous pile
The bones of great Leonidas are hung."
Then Medon's cool, delib'rate mind was shook
By agitation, to his nature strange.
His spear and buckler to the ground he hurl'd;
Before th' illustrious ruins on his knee
He sunk, and thus in agony exclaim'd:
"Should this flagitious profanation pass
Unpunish'd still, th' existence of the gods
Were but a dream. O, long-enduring Jove!
Thy own Herculean offspring canst thou see
Defac'd by vultures, and the parching wind,
Yet wield resistless thunder?—But thy ways
Are awfully mysterious; to arraign
Thy heaviest doom is blasphemy. Thy will
For me reserv'd the merit to redeem
These precious relics; penitent I own
My rashness; thankful I accept the task.
"O mighty spirit! who didst late inform
With ev'ry virtue that disfigur'd frame,
With ev'ry kind affection prov'd by me,
The last distinguish'd object of thy care,
When it forbad me to partake thy fate,
The life, thy friendship sav'd, I here devote
To vindicate thy manes. Not the wrongs
Of gen'ral Greece, not Locris giv'n to flames,
Not the subversion of my father's house,
E'er with such keen resentment stung my heart,
As this indignity to thee." He said,
And, with the aid of Haliartus, free'd
The sacred bones; Leonteus, and the prime
Of Locris, frame with substituted shields
Th' extemporeanous bier. Again the chief:
"Leonteus, Haliartus, rest behind;
Achieve th' important service, which the son
Of Neocles enjoins. The pious charge
Be mine of rend'ring to Melissa's care
These honour'd relics." Now in measur'd pace
The warlike bearers tread; their manly breasts
Not long withhold the tribute of their sighs
Ingenuous; tears accompany their steps.
His sister in Trachiniæ, Medon soon
Approaches; glad she hears him; and replies:
"Hail! brother, hail! thou chosen by the gods
From longer shame to rescue these remains,
Which once contain'd whate'er is good and great
Among the sons of men. Majestic shade!
By unrelenting laws of Dis forbid
To enter, where thy ancestors reside;
Who, seed of Jove, to their Elysian joys
Expect thee, most illustrious of the race.
Amidst thy wand'rings on the banks of Styx,
Dost thou recall Melissa's dirge of praise
O'er thee, preparing by a glorious death
To save thy country? O! unbury'd still,
Did not Melissa promise to thy dust
Peace in her temple? An atrocious king
Hath barr'd awhile th' accomplishment; thy friend,
Thy soldier, now will ratify my word.
Soon to Lycurgus shall thy spirit pass,
To Orpheus, Homer, and th' Ascræan sage,
Who shall contend to praise thee in their bow'rs
Of amaranth and myrtle, ever young
Like thy renown. In Œta's fane these bones,
Dear to the Muses, shall repose, till Greece,
Amid her future triumphs, hath decreed
A tomb and temple to her saviour's fame."
This high oblation of pathetic praise,
Paid by her holy friend, Sandaucè notes
Attentive; seldom from Melissa's eye
Was she remote. Her eunuchs she deputes
To bring a coffer large of od'rous wood
Inlaid with pearl, repository due
To such divine remains. In time appears
Th' Athenian gen'ral to applaud the deed,
While thus the mighty manes he invokes:
"Hear, thou preserver of thy country, hear!
Lo! in his palms of Salamis the son
Of Neocles salutes thee. From a hand,
Which hath already half aveng'd thy death,
Accept of decent rites. Thy virtue sav'd
A nation; they hereafter shall complete
Thy fun'ral honours, and surround thy tomb
With trophies equal to thy deathless name."
He ceas'd. Her mantle on the solemn scene
Night from her car in dusky folds outspread.
Three mornings pass. Anon Sperchean banks
Re-echo shouts of triumph, while the vales
Are clad in arms. Lo! Cleon is return'd,
Uplifting bloodless ensigns of success,
And thus accosts Themistocles: "Thy prize,
This Persian lord, receive; our hasty march
O'ertook his rear. From Larissæan tow'rs,
A recent conquest, Hyacinthus, join'd
By Potidæans and Olynthian spears,
Was then in sight. The herald I detach'd
With fair Sandaucè's message, and thy terms
Of peace and safety; Artamanes found

Resistance vain, and yielded." From the van
Now stopp'd the Persian graceful, and bespake
Themistocles: "Accept a second time
Thy captive, gen'rous Grecian; nor impute
To want of prowess, or to fond excess
Of acquiescence to Sandaucè's will,
My unreserv'd surrender. To have stain'd
By fruitless contest thy triumphant wreaths
With blood, and spurn'd the bounty of thy hand,
Had prov'd ingratitude in me." These words
Cecropia's chief return'd: "Receive my hand,
Thy pledge of freedom here not less secure
Than heretofore at Salamis, thy pledge
Of bliss yet more endearing. Soon my keel
Shall place thee happy on thy native coast,
Thee and thy princess; that in future days
You may at least of all the Asian breed
Report my kindness, and forget my sword."
Amidst his words a soft complaining trill
Of Philomela interrupts their sound.
The youthful satrap then: "That pensive bird,
Sandaucè's warbling summoner, is wont
In evening shade on Ariana's tomb
To sit and sing; my princess there devotes
In melancholy solitude this hour
To meditation, which dissolves in tears."
"Then greet her," said th' Athenian; "thy return
Will soothe her tender breast. My promise add,
That on the first fair whisper of the winds,
She shall revisit her maternal soil."
This said, they parted. At her sister's grave
The satrap join'd his princess. He began:
"I have obey'd thy summons. No disgrace
Was my surrender to the conqu'ring sword,
Which Persia long hath felt. Thy servant comes
No more a captive, but to thee by choice;
Themistocles all bounteous and humane,
As heretofore, I find. Forbear to check
That rising birth of smiles; in perfect light
Those half-illuminated eyes attire;
Enough the tribute of their tears hath lav'd
These precious tombs. Prepare thee to embark;
Themistocles hath promis'd thou shalt leave
A land, whose soaring genius hath depress'd
The languid plumes of Asia. Lift thy head
In pleasing hope to clasp thy mother's knees,
To change thy weeds of mourning, and receive
A royal brother's gift, this faithful hand."
Nigh Ariana's clay Autarctus slept.
Divine Sandaucè on her husband's tomb,
With marble pomp constructed by the care
Of Artamanes, fix'd a pensive look
In silence. Sudden from the cluster'd shrubs,
O'erhanging round it, tuneful all and blithe
A flight of feather'd warblers, which abound
Through each Thessalian vale, in carrol sweet
Perch on the awful monument. The Sun
Streaks with a parting, but unsully'd ray,
Their lively change of plumage, and each rill
Is soften'd by their melody. "Accept,
Accept this omen," Artamanes cries;
"Autarctus favours, Horomazes smiles,
Whose choir of songsters not unprompted seem
Our nuptial hymn preluding." She replies:
"I want no omen to confirm thy truth.
Dust of my sister, of my lord, farewell;
Secure in Grecian piety remain.
Still in his offspring will Sandaucè love
That husband, thou, my Artamanes, still
Revere that friend." She said, and dropp'd her hand,
Press'd by the youth. With purity their guide,
They o'er the mead Sperchean slowly seek
Trachinian portals. Phœbe on their heads
Lets fall a spotless canopy of light.

BOOK XXVI.

From her Tithonian couch Aurora mounts
The sky. In rev'rence now of Sparta's name,
Yet more of dead Leonidas, three days
To preparation for his burial rites
Themistocles decrees. To curious search
Innumerable herds and flocks supply
Selected victims. Of their hairy pines
To frame the stately pyre the hills are shorn.
Amid this labour Hyacinthus, rich
In Aleuadian spoil, his colleague, brave
Nicanor, all the Potidæan bands,
Th' Olynthians, and Nearchus, who conducts
The youth of Chalcis, reinforce the camp
With their victorious ranks. Th' appointed day
Was then arriv'd. A broad constructed pyre
Tow'rs in the centre of Trachiniæ's plain;
The diff'rent standards of the Grecian host
Are planted round. The Attic chief convenes
The fifty Spartans of his guard, and thus:
"Themistocles, distinguish'd by your state,
By your assiduous courage long sustain'd,
Will now repay these benefits. Your king,
Leonidas, the brightest star of Greece,
No more shall wander in the gloom of Styx;
But that last passage to immortal seats
Through me obtain. Greek institutes require
The nearest kindred on the fun'ral stage
The dead to lay, the victims to dispose,
To pour libations, and the sacred dust
Inurn. Alone of these assembled Greeks
Are you the hero's countrymen; alone
Your hands the pious office shall discharge."
Th' obedient Spartans from Trachiniæ's gates
Produce to view the venerable bones
Herculean. Lifted up the structure high
Of pines and cedars, on the surface large
All, which of great Leonidas remains,
By sedulous devotion is compos'd.
The various captains follow, some in gaze
Of wonder, others weeping. Last appears
Melissa, trailing her pontific pall
(Calliopè in semblance) with her troop
Of snowy-vested nymphs from Œta's hill,
With all her vassals, decently arrang'd
By Mycon's care. Two hecatombs are slain,
Of sheep five hundred, and libations pour'd
Of richest wine. A Spartan now applies
The ruddy firebrand. In his priestly robe
Phœbean Timon supplicates a breeze
From Æolus to raise the creeping flame.
Thrice round the crackling heaps the silent host,
With shields revers'd, and spears inclining low,
Their solemn movement wind. The shrinking pyre
Now glows in embers; fresh libations damp
The heat. A vase of silver high-emboss'd,
By Hyacinthus from Larissa brought,
Spoil of th' abode which treach'rous Thorax held,
Receives the sacred ashes, and is plac'd
Before Melissa. So the godlike son
Of Neocles directs. An awful sign
From her commands attention; thus she spake:

" Thou art not dead, Leonidas; thy mind
In ev'ry Grecian lives. Thy mortal part,
Transform'd to ashes, shall on Œta's hill
Among the celebrating Muses dwell
In glory; while through animated Greece
Thy virtue's inextinguishable fires
Propitious beam, and, like the flames of Jove,
Intimidate her foes. Not wine, nor oil,
Nor blood of hecatombs, profusely spilt,
Can to thy manes pay the tribute due;
The massacre of nations, all the spoil
Of humbled Asia, Destiny hath mark'd
For consecration of thy future tomb.
Two ministers my soul prophetic sees,
Themistocles and Aristides, stand
Presiding o'er the sacrifice. The earth,
The sea, shall witness to the mighty rites.
Cease to regret the transitory doom
Of thy remains insulted, no disgrace
To thee, but Xerxes. Pass, exalted shade,
The bounds of Dis, nor longer wail thy term
Of wand'ring now elaps'd; all measur'd time
Is nothing to eternity. Assume
Among the bless'd thy everlasting seat.
Th' indignity, thy earthly frame endur'd,
Perhaps the gods permitted in their love
To fill the measure of celestial wrath
Against thy country's foes; then rest in peace,
Thou twice illustrious victim to her weal."

As, when Minerva in th' Olympian hall
Amid the synod of celestials pour'd
Her eloquence and wisdom, ev'ry god
In silence heard, and Jove himself approv'd;
Around Melissa thus were seen the chiefs
In admiration bound; o'er all supreme
Themistocles applauded. Mycon last,
With her injunction charg'd, to Œta's shrine
Was now transporting in their polish'd urn
The treasur'd ashes, when along the plain
A sudden, new appearance strikes the sight,
A fun'ral ear, attended by a troop
Of olive-bearing mourners. They approach
Melissa; suppliant in her view expose
Embalm'd Masistius. Sent from Asia's camp,
A passage these had recently obtain'd
From good Leonteus, by his brother plac'd
Thermopylæ's sure guard. Melissa knew
The page Statirus, foremost of the train,
Who at her feet in agony began:

" Thy late protector, cold in Death's embrace,
Survey, thou holy paragon; his fall
Asopus saw. Before the hero climb'd
His fatal steed, to me this charge he gave.

" 'If I return a conqueror this day,
To that excelling dame who made thee mine,
Who hath enlarg'd whate'er of wise and great,
Of just and temp'rate I to Nature owe,
Refin'd my manners, and my purest thoughts
Exalted, I my friendship will prolong
In gratitude and rev'rence; blessing Heav'n,
Which thus prefers Masistius to extend
Benevolence to virtue. If I fall,
Resume with her the happiest lot my care
Can recommend, Statirus. Though no Greek,
Her pupil, say, in offices humane
Hath not been tardy; by her light inspir'd,
He went more perfect to a noble grave.'

" Cast from his wounded courser, he, o'erpow'r'd
By numbers, died. The body was restor'd
By Aristides, of unrivall'd fame
Among the just and gen'rous. O'er the dead
Mardonius rent his vesture, and his hair,
Then thus ordain'd: 'This precious clay embalm'd
To Artamanes bear, whose pious zeal
A friend's remains to Sestus will convey,
Thence o'er the narrow Hellespont to reach
His native Asia, and his father's tomb.'

" I then repeated what my virtuous lord,
Expiring, utter'd: 'Let Mardonius think
How brief are life's enjoyments. Virtue lives
Through all eternity. By virtue earn'd,
Praise too is long—Melissa, grant me thine'."

" 'Commend me to Melissa'—starting, spake
The son of Gobryas.—'From the shameful cross
Bid Artamanes in her presence free
Leonidas the Spartan.'—All my charge
Is now accomplish'd faithfully to all."

Not far was Artamanes. From the train
Of Persians strode a giant stern in look,
Who thus address'd the satrap: " Prince, behold
Briareus; hither by Mardonius sent,
Guard of this noble body, I appear
A witness too of thy disgrace; I see
These Greeks thy victors. Is th' Athenian chief
Among the band?" Themistocles advanc'd;
To whom Briareus: " Art thou he, who dar'd
My lord to battle on the plains of Thebes?
Where have thy fears confin'd thee till this hour
That I reproach thee with thy promise pledg'd?
But this inglorious enterprise on herds,
On flocks, and helpless peasants, was more safe,
Than to abide Mardonius in the field.
I now return. What tidings shall I bear
From thee, great conqueror of beeves and sheep?"

" Say, I am safe," Themistocles replies
In calm derision, " and the fun'ral rites,
Thus at my leisure, to Laconia's king
Perform, while your Mardonius sleeps in Thebes.
The spirit of Leonidas, in me
Reviving, shall from Œta's distant top
Shake your pavilions on Asopian banks.
Yet, in return for his recover'd bones,
I, undisputed master of the main,
Will waft Masistius to a Persian grave.
Thou mayst depart in safety, as thou cam'st."

The savage hears, and sullenly retreats;
While pious Medon thus accosts the dead:
" Thou son of honour, to thy promise just,
Melissa's brother venerates the clay
Of her avow'd protector. Let my care
Preserve these relics where no greedy worm,
Nor hand profane, may violate thy form;
Till friendly gales transport thee to repose
Among thy fathers." Through Trachinian gates
He leads the sable chariot, thence conveys
Th' illustrious burden to Melissa's roof;
Statirus aids. The priestess, there apart,
Bespake her brother thus: " My tend'rest tears,
From public notice painfully conceal'd,
Shall in thy presence have a lib'ral flow.
Thou gav'st me this protector; honour, truth,
Humanity, and wisdom like thy own,
Were his appendage. Virtue is the same
In strangers, kindred, enemies, and friends.
He won my friendship—might in earlier days
Have kindled passion—O! since Fate decreed
Thee from Asopus never to return;
If by Melissa's precepts thou inspir'd
Didst go more perfect to a noble grave,
I bless the hours; and memory shall hold

Each moment dear, when, list'ning to my voice,
Thou sat'st delighted in the moral strain.
Leonidas and thou may pass the floods
Of Styx together; in your happy groves
Think of Melissa. Welcom'd were ye both.
By her on Earth; her tongue shall never cease,
Her lyre be never wanting to resound
Thee, pride of Asia, him, the first of Greeks,
In blended eulogy of grateful song."
She o'er the dead through half the solemn night
A copious web of eloquence unwinds,
Explaining how Masistius had consum'd
Nine lunar cycles in assiduous zeal
To guard her fane, her vassals to befriend;
How they ador'd his presence; how he won
Her from the temple to Sandaucè's cure
At Amarantha's suit; within his tent
How clemency and justice still abode
To awe barbarians; how, departing sad,
His last farewell at Œta's shrine he gave
In words like these: "Unrivall'd dame, we march
Against thy country—Thou should'st wish our fall.
If we prevail, be confident in me
Thy safeguard still—But Heav'n, perhaps, ordains
That thou shalt never want Masistius more."
She pauses. Now her mental pow'rs sublime,
Collected all, this invocation frame.
"O eleutherian sire! this virtuous light,
By thee extinguish'd, proves thy care of Greece.
Who of the tribes barbarian now survives
To draw thy favour? Gratitude requires
This pure libation of my tears to lave
Him once my guardian; but a guardian new,
Thy gift in Medon, elevates at last
My gratitude to thee." Serene she clos'd,
Embrac'd her brother, and retir'd to rest.
From Œta's heights fresh rose the morning breeze.
A well-apparell'd galley lay unmoor'd
In readiness to sail. Sandaucè drops
A parting tear on kind Melissa's breast,
By whom dismiss'd, Statirus on the corse
Of great Masistius waits. The Grecian chiefs
Lead Artamanes to the friendly deck,
In olive wreaths, pacific sign, attir'd,
Whence he the fervour of his bosom pours:
"O may this gale with gentleness of breath
Replace me joyous in my seat of birth,
As I sincere on Horomazes call
To send the dove of peace, whose placid wing
The oriental and Hesperian world
May feel, composing enmity and thirst
Of mutual havoc! that my grateful roof
May then admit Themistocles, and all
Those noble Grecians, who sustain'd my head,
Their captive thrice. But, ah! what founts of blood
Will fate still open to o'erflow the earth!
Yet may your homes inviolate remain,
Imparting long the fulness of those joys,
Which by your bounty I shall soon possess!"
He ceas'd. The struggle of Sandaucè's heart
Suppress'd her voice. And now the naval pipe
Collects the rowers. At the signal shrill
They cleave with equal strokes the Malian floods.
Meantime a vessel, underneath the lee
Of Locris coasting, plies the rapid oar
In sight. She veers, and, lodging in her sails
The wind transverse, across the haven skims;
Till on Sperchean sands she rests her keel.
Themistocles was musing on the turns
Of human fortune, and the jealous eye
Of stern republics, vigilantly bent
Against successful greatness; yet serene,
Prepar'd for ev'ry possible reverse
In his own fortune, he the present thought,
Of Persians chang'd from foes to friends, enjoy'd.
When, lo! Sicinus landed. Swift his lord
In words like these the faithful man approach'd.
"From Aristides hail! Asopus flows,
Still undisturb'd by war, between the hosts
Inactive. Each the other to assail
Inflexibly their augurs have forbid.
The camp, which Ceres shall the best supply,
Will gain the palm."—"Mardonius then must fight
To our advantage both of time and place,"
Themistocles replies, and sudden calls
The diff'rent leaders round him. Thus he spake:
"Eubœans, Delphians, Locrians, you, the chief
Of Potidæa and Olynthus, hear.
The ritual honours to a hero due,
Whom none e'er equall'd, incomplete are left;
Them shall the new Aurora see resum'd.
At leisure now three days to solemn games
I dedicate. Amid his num'rous tents
Mardonius on Asopus shall be told,
While he sits trembling o'er the hostile flood,
Of Grecian warriors on the Malian sands
Disporting. You in gymnic lists shall wing
The flying spear, and hurl the massy disk,
Brace on the cestus, and impel the car
To celebrate Leonidas in sight
Of Œta, witness to his glorious fate.
"But fifty vessels deep with laden stores
I first detach, that gen'ral Greece may share
In our superfluous plenty. Want shall waste
Mardonian numbers, while profusion flows
Round Aristides. To protect, my friends,
Th'important freight, three thousand warlike spears
Must be embark'd. You, leaders, now decide,
Who shall with me Thermopylæ maintain,
Who join the Grecian camp." First Medon rose:
"From thy successful banner to depart
Believe my feet reluctant. From his cross
When I deliver'd Lacedæmon's king,
My life, a boon his friendship once bestow'd,
I then devoted in the face of Heav'n
To vindicate his manes. What my joy,
If I survive; if perish, what my praise
To imitate his virtue? Greece demands
In his behalf a sacrifice like this
From me, who, dying, only shall discharge
The debt I owe him; where so well discharge,
As at Asopus in the gen'ral shock
Of Greece and Asia? But the hundred spears,
Which have so long accompany'd my steps
Through all their wand'rings, are the only force
My wants require. The rest of Locrian arms
Shall with Leonteus thy control obey."
Pois'd on his shield, and cas'd in Carian steel,
Whence issued lustre like Phœbean rays,
Thus Haliartus: "Me, in peasant-weeds,
Leonidas respected. Though my heart
Then by unshaken gratitude was bound,
My humble state could only feel, not act.
A soldier now, my efforts I must join
With godlike Medon's, to avenge the wrongs
Of Sparta's king. But first the soldier's skill,
My recent acquisition, let my arm
For ever lose, if once my heart forget
The gen'rous chief, whose service try'd my arm,

Who made Acanthè mine. My present zeal
His manly justice will forbear to chide."
The priest of Delphi next: "Athenian friend,
I have a daughter on Cadmean plains,
My Amarantha. From no other care,
Than to be nearer that excelling child,
Would I forsake this memorable spot,
Where died the first of Spartans, and a chief
Like thee triumphant celebrates that death."
Then Cleon proffer'd his Eretrian band,
Eight hundred breathing vengeance on a foe,
Who laid their tow'rs in ashes. Lampon next
Presents his Styrians. Brave Nearchus joins
Twelve hundred youths of Chalcis. Tideus last
Of Potidæa twice three hundred shields.
"Enough, your number is complete," the son
Of Neocles reminds them. "Swift embark;
The gale invites. Sicinus is your guide."
He said, and, moving tow'rds the beach, observes
The embarkation. Each progressive keel
His eye pursues. O'erswelling now in thought,
His own deservings, glory, and success,
Rush on his soul like torrents, which disturb
A limpid fount. Of purity depriv'd,
The rill no more in music steals along,
But harsh and turbid through its channel foams.
"What sea, what coast, what region have I pass'd
Without erecting trophies?" cries the chief,
In exultation to Sicinus staid.
"Have I not spar'd the vanquish'd to resound
My clemency? Ev'n Persians are my friends.
These are my warriors. Prosp'rous be your sails;
Ye Greeks, enroll'd by me, by me inur'd
To arms and conquest. Under Fortune's wing
Speed, and assist my ancient rival's arm
To crush th' invader. Distant I uphold
The Grecian armies; distant I will snatch
My share of laurels on the plains of Thebes.
Then come, soft Peace, of indolence the nurse,
Not to the son of Neocles. On gold
Let rigour look contemptuous; I, return'd
To desert Athens, I, enrich'd with spoils
Of potentates, and kings, will raise her head
From dust. Superb her structures shall proclaim
No less a marvel, than the matchless bird
The glory of Arabia, when, consum'd
In burning frankincense and myrrh, he shows
His presence new, and, op'ning to the Sun
Regenerated gloss of plumage, tow'rs,
Himself a species. So shall Athens rise
Bright from her ashes, mistress sole of Greece.
From long Piræan walls her winged pow'r
Shall awe the Orient and Hesperian worlds.
Me shall th' Olympic festival admit
Its spectacle most splendid?....." Ah! suppress
Immod'rate thoughts," Sicinus interrupts,
"Thou citizen of Athens! Who aspires,
Resides not there secure. Forbear to sting
Her ever-wakeful jealousy, nor tempt
The woes of exile. For excess of worth
Was Aristides banish'd. Be not driv'n
To early trial of thy Persian friends.
O! thou transcendent, thou stupendous man,
From thy Timothea moderation learn,
Which, like the stealing touch of gentle time
O'er canvass, pencil'd by excelling art,
Smooths glaring colours, and imparts a grace
To mightiest heroes. Thus their dazzling blaze
Of glory soft'ning, softens envy's eye."

BOOK XXVII.

Meantime Briareus to the plains of Thebes
Precipitates his course. Arriv'd, he greets
Mardonius. Rumour had already told,
What, now confirm'd, o'erwhelms the troubled chief,
Confounded like the first anointed king
O'er Israel's tribes, when Philistean din
Of armies pierc'd his borders, and despair
Seduc'd his languid spirit to consult
The sorceress of Endor. "Call," he said,
"Elean Hegesistratus—Be swift."
The summon'd augur comes. To him the son
Of Gobryas: "Foe to Sparta, heed my words;
Themistocles possesses on our backs
Th' Œtæan passes. Famine, like a beast,
Noos'd and subservient to that fraudful man,
Who shuns the promis'd contest in the field,
He can turn loose against us. In our front
See Aristides. Fatal is delay.
Fam'd are the oracles of Greece—Alas!
My oracle, Masistius, is no more.
To thee, who hatest all the Spartan breed,
I trust my secret purpose. Be my guide
To some near temple, or mysterious cave,
Whence voices supernatural unfold
The destinies of men." The augur here:
"The nearest, but most awful, is a cave
Oracular, Lebadia's ancient boast,
Where Jupiter Trophonius is ador'd,
Not far beyond Copæ's neighb'ring lake,
Which thou must pass. With costly presents freight,
Such as magnificence like thine requires,
Thy loaded bark; command my service all."
Mardonius issues orders to provide
The bark and presents. Summoning his chiefs,
To them he spake: "My absence from the camp
Important functions claim; three days of rule
To Mindarus I cede. Till my return
Let not a squadron pass th' Asopian stream."
This said, with Hegesistratus he mounts
A rapid car. Twelve giants of his guard,
Detach'd before, await him on the banks
Of clear Copæ. Silver Phœbè spreads
A light, reposing on the quiet lake,
Save where the snowy rival of her hue,
The gliding swan, behind him leaves a trail
In luminous vibration. Lo! an isle
Swells on the surface. Marble structures there
New gloss of beauty borrow from the Moon
To deck the shore. Now silence gently yields
To measur'd strokes of oars. The orange groves,
In rich profusion round the fertile verge,
Impart to fanning breezes fresh perfumes
Exhaustless, visiting the sense with sweets,
Which soften ev'n Briareus; but the son
Of Gobryas, heavy with devouring care,
Uncharm'd, unheeding sits. At length began
Th' Elean augur, in a learned flow
Of ancient lore, to Asia's pensive chief
Historically thus: "Illustrious lord,
Whose nod controls such multitudes in arms
From lands remote and near, the story learn
Of sage Trophonius, whose prophetic cell
Thou wouldst descend. An architect divine,
He for the Delphians rais'd their Pythian fane.
His recompense imploring from the god,
This gracious answer from the god he drew:
'When thrice my chariot hath its circle run,

The prime reward a mortal can obtain,
Trophonius, shall be thine.' Apollo thrice
His circle ran; behold Trophonius dead.
With prophecy his spirit was endu'd,
But where abiding in concealment long
The destinies envelop'd. Lo! a dearth
Afflicts Bœotia. Messengers address
The Delphian pow'r for succour. He enjoins
Their care throughout Lebadian tracts to seek
Oracular Trophonius. Long they roam
In fruitless search; at last a honey'd swarm
Before them flies; they follow, and attain
A cave. Their leader enters, when a voice,
Revealing there the deity, suggests
Cure to their wants, and knowledge of his will
How to be worshipp'd in succeeding times.
To him the name of Jupiter is giv'n.
He to the fatal Sisters hath access;
Sees Clotho's awful distaff; sees the thread
Of human life by Lachesis thence drawn;
Sees Atropos divide, with direful shears,
The slender line. But rueful is the mode
Of consultation, though from peril free,
Within his dreary cell. In thy behalf
Thou mayst a faithful substitute appoint."
"By Horomazes, no!" exclaims the chief.
"It is the cause of empire, from his post
Compels the Persian leader; none but he
Shall with your god confer." Transactions past
To Hegesistratus he now details,
His heart unfolding, nor conceals th' event
In Asia's camp, when Aemnestus bold,
The Spartan legate, prompted, as by Heav'n,
Him singled out the victim to atone
The death of Sparta's king. Their changing course
Of navigation now suspends their words.
Against the influx of Cephissus, down
Lebadian vales in limpid flow convey'd,
The rowers now are lab'ring. O'er their heads
Hudge alders weave their canopies, and shed
Disparted moonlight through the lattic'd boughs;
Where Zephyr plays, and whisp'ring motion breathes
Among the pliant leaves. Now roseate tincts
Begin to streak the orient verge of Heav'n,
Foretok'ning day. The son of Gobryas lands,
Where in soft murmur down a channell'd slope
The stream Hercyna, from Trophonian groves,
Fresh bubbling meets Cephissus. He ascends
With all his train. Th' enclosure, which begirds
The holy purlieus, through a portal hung
With double valves on obelisks of stone,
Access afforded to the steps of none
But suppliants. Hegesistratus accosts
One in pontific vesture station'd there:
"Priest of Bœotia's oracle most fam'd,
Dismiss all fear. Thy country's guardian hail,
This mighty prince, Mardonius. He preserves
Inviolate her fanes; her willing spears
All range beneath his standards. To confer
With your Trophonius, lo! he comes with gifts,
Surpassing all your treasur'd wealth can boast.
His hours are precious, nor admit delay;
Accept his sumptuous off'rings, and commence
The ceremonials due." At first aghast
The holy man survey'd the giant guard.
Soon admiration follow'd at thy form,
Mardonius. Low in stature, if compar'd
With those unshapen savages, sublime
Thou trod'st in majesty of mien, and grace
Of just proportion. Last the gems and gold,
Bright vases, tripods, images, and crowns,
The presents borne by those gigantic hands,
With fascinating lustre fix'd the priest
To gaze unsated on the copious store.
"Pass through, but unaccompany'd," he said,
"Illustrious Persian. Be th' accepted gifts
Deposited within these holy gates."
He leads the satrap to a grassy mount,
Distinct with scatter'd plantains. Each extends
O'er the smooth green his mantle brown of shade.
Of marble white an edifice rotund,
In all th' attractive elegance of art,
Looks from the summit, and invites the feet
Of wond'ring strangers to ascend. The prince,
By his conductor, is instructed thus:
"Observe yon dome. Thou first must enter there
Alone, there fervent in devotion bow
Before two statues; one of Genius good,
Of Fortune fair the other." At the word
Mardonius enters. Chance directs his eye
To that expressive form of Genius good,
Whose gracious lineaments, sedately sweet,
Recall Masistius to the gloomy chief.
O Melancholy! who can give thee praise?
Not sure the gentle; them thy weight o'erwhelms.
But thou art wholesome to intemp'rate minds,
In vain by wisdom caution'd. In the pool
Of black adversity let them be steep'd,
Then pride, and lust, and fury thou dost tame.
So now Mardonius, by thy pow'r enthrall'd,
Sighs in these words humility of grief.
"If Heav'n, relenting, will to me assign
A Genius good, he bears no other name
Than of Masistius. Oh! thou spirit bless'd,
(For sure thy virtue dwells with endless peace)
Canst thou, her seat relinquishing awhile,
Unseen, or visible, protect thy friend
In this momentous crisis of his fate;
Or wilt thou, if permitted? Ah! no more
Think of Mardonius fierce, ambitious, proud,
But as corrected by thy precepts mild;
Who would forego his warmest hopes of fame,
Of pow'r, and splendour, gladly to expire,
If so the myriads trusted to his charge
He might preserve, nor leave whole nations fall'n,
A prey to vultures on these hostile plains.
Come, and be witness to the tears which flow,
Sure tokens of sincerity in me,
Not us'd to weep; who, humbled at thy loss,
Melt like a maiden, of her love bereav'd
By unrelenting Death. My demon kind,
Do thou descend, and Fortune will pursue
Spontaneous and auspicious on her wheel
A track unchang'd." Here turning, he adores
Her flatt'ring figure, and forsakes the dome.
Along Hercyna's bank they now proceed,
To where the river parts. One channel holds
A sluggish, creeping water, under vaults
Of ebon shade, and soporific yew,
The growth of ages on the level line
Of either joyless verge. The satrap here,
Nam'd and presented by his former guide,
A second priest receives, conductor new
Through night-resembling shadows, which obscure
The sleepy stream, unmoving to the sight,
Or moving mute. A fountain they approach,
One of Hercyna's sources. From the pores
Of spongy rock an artificial vase
Of jetty marble in its round collects
The slow-distilling moisture. Hence the priest

A brimming chalice to Mardonius bears,
Whom in these words he solemnly accosts:
"This fount is nam'd of Lethè. Who consults
Our subterranean deity, must quaff
Oblivion here of all preceding thoughts,
Sensations, and affections."—"Reach the draught;
If such oblivious sweets this cup contains,
I gladly grasp it," cries the chief, and drinks.
Ascending thence, a mazy walk they tread,
Where all the Season's florid children show
Their gorgeous raiment, and their odours breathe
Unspent; while musical in murmur flows
Fast down a deep declivity of bed
Hercyna, winding in a channel new,
Apparent often to the glancing eye
Through apertures, which pierce the loaden boughs
Of golden fruit Hesperian, and th' attire
Of myrtles green, o'ershadowing the banks.
In alabaster's variegated hues,
To bound the pleasing avenue, a fane
Its symmetry discover'd on a plat,
Thick-set with roses, which a circling skreen
Of that fair ash, where cluster'd berries glow,
From ruffling gusts defended. Thither speeds
Mardonius, there deliver'd to a third
Religious minister supreme. Two youths,
In snow-like vesture, and of lib'ral mien,
Sons of Lebadian citizens, attend,
Entitl'd *Mercuries*. The seer address'd
The Persian warrior: "In this mansion pure
Mnemosynè is worshipp'd; so in Greece
The pow'r of memory is styl'd. Advance,
Invoke her aid propitious to retain
Whate'er by sounds, or visions, in his cave
The prophet god reveals." The chief comply'd;
The hallow'd image he approach'd, and spake:
"Thou art indeed a goddess, I revere.
Now to *Mardonius*, if some dream or sign
Prognosticate success, and thou imprint
The admonitions of unerring Heav'n
In his retentive mind; this arm, this sword
Shall win thy further favour to record
His name and glory on the rolls of time."
This said, with lighter steps he quits the fane.
The Mercuries conduct him to a bath,
Fed from Hercyna's fairer, second source,
In shade sequester'd close. While there his limbs
Are disarray'd of armour, to assume
A civil garment, soon as spotless streams
Have purify'd his frame; the priest, who stands
Without, in ecstasy of joy remarks
The rich Mardonian off'rings on their way,
By servitors transported to enlarge
The holy treasure. Instant he prepares
For sacrifice. A sable ram is slain.
Fresh from ablution, lo! Mardonius comes
In linen vesture, fine and white, as down
Of Paphian doves. A sash of tincture bright,
Which rivall'd Flora's brilliancy of dye,
Engirds his loins; majestical his brows
A wreath sustain; Lebadian sandals ease
His steps. Exchanging thus his martial guise,
Like some immortal, of a gentler mould
Than Mars, he moves. So Phœbus, when he sets,
Lav'd by the nymphs of Tethys in their grot
Of coral after his diurnal toil,
Repairs his splendours, and his rosy track
Of morn resumes. With partial eyes the priest
Explores the victim's entrails, and reports
Each sign auspicious with a willing tongue;
Then to Mardonius: "Thee, Bœotia's friend,
Magnificently pious to her gods,
Thee I pronounce a votary approv'd
By this Bœotian deity. Now seek
In confidence the cavern. But the rites
Demand, that first an image thou approach,
Which none, but those in purity of garb,
None, but accepted suppliants of the god,
Can lawfully behold." Above the bath
A rock was hollow'd to an ample space;
Thence issued bubbling waters. "See," he said,
"The main Hercynian fount, whose face reflects
Yon Dædalèan workmanship, the form
Trophonius bears. Adore that rev'rend beard,
The twisted serpents round that awful staff,
Those looks, which pierce the mysteries of fate."
Next through a winding cavity and vast
He guides the prince along a mossy vault,
Rough with protuberant and tortuous roots
Of ancient woods, which, clothing all above,
In depth shoot downward equal to their height;
Suspended lamps, with livid glimpse and faint,
Direct their darkling passage. Now they reach
The further mouth unclosing in a dale
Abrupt; there shadow, never-fleeting, rests.
Rude-featur'd crags, o'erhanging, thence expel
The blaze of noon. Beneath a frowning cliff
A native arch, of altitude which tempts
The soaring eagle to construct his nest,
Expands before an excavation deep,
Unbowelling the hill. On either side
This gate of nature, hoary sons of time,
Enlarg'd by ages to protentous growth,
Impenetrable yews augment the gloom.
In height two cubits, on the rocky floor
A parapet was rais'd of marble white,
In circular dimension; this upholds
The weight of polish'd obelisks, by zones
Of brass connected, ornamental fence.
A wicket opens to th' advancing prince;
Steps moveable th' attentive priest supplies;
By whom instructed, to the awful chasm
Below, profound but narrow, where the god
His inspiration breathes, th' intrepid son
Of Gobryas firm descends. His nether limbs
Up to the loins he plunges. Downward drawn,
As by a whirlpool of some rapid flood,
At once the body is from sight conceal'd.
Entranc'd he lies in subterranean gloom,
Less dark than superstition. She, who caus'd
His bold adventure, with her wonted fumes
Of perturbation from his torpid state
Awakes him; rather in a dream suggests
That he is waking. On a naked bank
He seems to stand; before him sleeps a pool,
Edg'd round by desert mountains, in their height
Obscuring Heav'n. Without impulsive oars,
Without a sail, spontaneous flies a bark
Above the stagnant surface, which, untouch'd,
Maintains its silence. On the margin rests
The skiff, presenting to the hero's view
An aged sire, of penetrating ken,
His weight inclining on an ebon staff,
With serpents wreath'd, who, beck'ning, thus began:
"If, seed of Gobryas, thou wouldst know thy fate,
Embark with me; Trophonius I am call'd."
Th' undaunted chief obeys. In flight more swift
Than eagles, swiftest of the feather'd kind,
Th' unmoving water's central spot they gain.
At once its bosom opens; down they sink

In depth to equal that immane descent
Of Hercules to Pluto, yet perform,
As in a moment their portentous way.
Around, above, the liquid mass retires,
In concave huge suspended, nor bedews
Their limbs, or garments. Two stupendous valves
Of adamant o'er half the bottom spread;
Them with his mystic rod the prophet smites.
Self-lifted, they a spacious grot expose,
Whose pointed spar is tipt with dancing light,
Beyond Phœbean clear. The Persian looks;
Intelligent he looks. Words, names, and things,
Recurring, gather on his anxious mind; [cave
When he, who seems Trophonius: "Down this
None, but the gods oracular, may pass.
Here dwell the fatal Sisters; at their toil
The Destinies thou see'st. The thread new-drawn
Is thine Mardonius." Instantly a voice,
Which shakes the grot, and all the concave round,
Sounds Aemnestus. Swift the direful shears
The line dissever, and Mardonius, whirl'd
Back from Trophonian gloom, is found supine
Within the marble parapet, which fenc'd
The cavern's mouth. The watchful priest conducts
The agitated satrap, mute and sad,
Back to Mnemosyne's abode. His eyes
Are sternly fix'd. "Now, prince," the seer began,
"Divulge whatever thou hast heard and seen
Before this goddess."—"Priest," he said, "suspend
Thy function now importunate. Remove."
The seer withdrawn, the Persian thus alone:
"Then be it so. To luxury and pow'r,
Magnificence and pleasure, I must bid
Farewell. Leonidas let Greece extol,
Me too shall Persia. Goddess, to thy charge
A name, so dearly purchas'd, I consign."
This said, in haste his armour he resumes.
Not as Leonidas compos'd, yet brave
Amid the gloom of trouble, he prefers
Death to dishonour. O'er the holy ground
He pensive treads, a parallel to Saul,
Return'd from Endor's necromantic cell
In sadness, still magnanimously firm
Ne'er to survive his dignity, but face
Predicted ruin, and, in battle slain,
Preserve his fame. Mardonius finds the gates;
His friends rejoins; glides down Cephissian floods;
Copaæ's lake repasses; and is lodg'd
In his own tent by midnight. Sullen there
He sits; disturb'd, he shuns repose; access
Forbids to all: but Lamachus intrudes,
Nefarious counsellor, in fell device
Surpassing fellest tyrants. Now hath Night
Upcall'd her clouds, black signal for the winds
To burst their dungeons; cataracts of rain
Mix with blue fires; th' ethereal concave groans;
Stern looks Mardonius on the daring Greek,
Who, in his wiles confiding, thus began:
"Supreme o'er nations numberless in arms,
Sole hope of Asia, thy return I greet
With joy. Thy absence hath employ'd my soul
To meditate the means, the certain means
For thee to prosper. Lo! the active son
Of Neocles, who keeps the Œtæan pass,
Lo! Aristides in the camp of Greece,
Remain thy only obstacles. Her pow'r,
Of them depriv'd, would moulder and disperse,
Devoid of counsel, with an edgeless sword.
Uncommon danger stimulates the wise
To search for safety through uncommon paths,
Much more, when pow'r, when empire and renown
Hang on a crisis. If a serpent's guile
Behind the pillows of such foes might lurk;
If darting thence, his unsuspected sting
Might pierce their bosoms; if the ambient air
Could by mysterious alchymy be chang'd
To viewless poison, and their cups infect
With death; such help would policy disdain?
Hast thou not hardy and devoted slaves?
Try their fidelity and zeal. No life
Can be secure against a daring hand.
Two Grecian deaths confirm thee lord of Greece."
He ceas'd, expecting praise; but honour burns
Fierce in the satrap's elevated soul:
"Dar'st thou suggest such baseness to the son
Of Gobryas?" furious he exalts his voice;
"Guards, seize and strangle this pernicious wolf."
Time but to wonder at his sudden fate
The ready guards afford him, and the wretch
Fit retribution for his crimes receives.
This act of eastern equity expels
The satrap's gloom. "Now, Grecian gods," he cries,
"Smile on my justice. From th' assassin's point
I guard your heroes. By yourselves I swear,
My preservation or success, assur'd
By such unmanly turpitude, I spurn."
His mind is cheer'd. A tender warmth succeeds,
Predominant in am'rous, eastern hearts,
A balm to grief, and victor mild of rage.
The midnight hour was past, a season dear
To softly-tripping Venus. Through a range
Of watchful eunuchs in apartments gay
He seeks the female quarter of his tent,
Which, like a palace of extent superb,
Spreads on the field magnificence. Soft lutes,
By snowy fingers touch'd, sweet-warbled song
From ruby lips, which harmonize the air
Impregnated with rich Panchæan scents,
Salute him ent'ring. Gentle hands unclasp
His martial harness, in a tepid bath
Lave and perfume his much-enduring limbs.
A couch is strewn with roses; he reclines
In thinly-woven Taffeta. So long
In pond'rous armour cas'd, he scarcely feels
The light and loose attire. Around him smile
Circassian Graces, and the blooming flow'rs
Of beauty cull'd from ev'ry clime to charm.
Lo! in transcending ornament of dress
A fair-one, all-surpassing, greets the chief;
But pale her lip, and wild her brilliant eye:
"Nam'd fromBethulia, where I drew my breath,
I, by a father's indigence betray'd,
Became thy slave; yet noble my descent
From Judith ever-fam'd, whose beauty sav'd
Her native place. Indignant I withstood
Thy passion. Gentle still a master's right
Thou didst forbear, and my reluctant charms
Leave unprofan'd by force. Repuls'd, thy love
Grew cold. Too late contemplating thy worth,
I felt a growing flame, but ne'er again
Could win thy favour. In the haram's round
Disconsolate, neglected, I have walk'd;
Have seen my gay companions to thy arms
Preferr'd, professing passion far unlike
To mine, Mardonius. Now despair suggests
To give thee proof of undissembled truth,
Which no neglect hath cool'd. To thy success,
Thy glory, my virginity is vow'd.
In this bright raiment, with collected pow'rs
Of beauty, I at Aristides' feet

Will throw me prostrate. To th' alluring face
Of my progenitrix a victim fell
Th' Assyrian captain, Holofernes proud;
So shall thy foe of Athens fall by mine.
The meritorious and heroic deed
Soon will erase the transitory stain.
O! if successful, let Bethulia hope
For thy reviving love." Mardonius starts
In dubious trouble. Whether to chastise
So fierce a spirit, or its zeal admire,
He hesitates. Compassion for the sex
At length prevails, suggesting this reply:
"Fell magnanimity! enormous proof
Of such intemp'rate passion! I forgive
While I reject thy proffer'd crime, although
The deed might fix my glory and success;
And in return for thy prepost'rous love
Will safe replace thee in thy native seat
With gifts to raise from indigence thy house.
But never, never from this hour will view
Thy face again, Bethulia. Eunuchs, hear;
Remove, conceal this woman from my sight."
"No, thou inhuman," thus Bethulia wild:
"This shall remove for ever from thy sight
A woman scorn'd, and terminate her pains."
She said, and struck a poniard through her heart.
With shrieks the haram sounds; th' afflicted fair,
The eunuchs shudder; when the satrap thus:
"Is this another black portent of ill,
Stern Horomazes? or is this my crime?
No, thou art just. My conscious spirit feels
Thy approbation of Mardonius now."
But from his breast the dire event expels
All soft and am'rous cares. His vast command,
His long inaction; and the dread of shame
Recur. He quits the chamber; to his own
Repairing, summons Mindarus, and firm
In aspect speaks: "The morning soon will dawn.
Draw down our slingers, archers, and the skill'd
In flying darts, to line th' Asopian brink;
Thence gall the Grecians, whose diurnal wants
That flood relieves." Then Mindarus: "O chief,
This instant sure intelligence is brought,
That from the isthmus, to supply their camp,
A convoy, rich in plenty, is descry'd
Advancing tow'rds Cithæron's neighb'ring pass."
Mardonius quick: "No moment shall be lost.
Bid Tiridates with five thousand horse
Possess that pass, and, pouring on the plain,
Secure the precious store." This said, he seeks
A short repose, and Mindarus withdraws.
In arms anon to paragon the Morn,
The Morn new-rising, whose vermilion hand
Draws from the bright'ning front of Heav'n serene
The humid curtains of tempestuous night,
Mardonius mounts his courser. On his bank
The godlike figure soon Asopus views.

BOOK XXVIII.

While lamentation for Masistius dead
Depress'd the Persians, undisturb'd the Greeks
To all their camp refreshment had deriv'd
From clear Asopus. To th' accustom'd edge
Of his abounding flood they now resort.
Stones, darts, and arrows, from unnumber'd ranks,
Along the margin opposite dispos'd
By Mindarus, forbid access. Repulse
Disbands the Greeks. Exulting, he forgets
Cleora; active valour in his breast
Extinguishes the embers, cherish'd long
By self-tormenting memory, and warmth
Of fruitless passion. Present too his chief,
His friend and kinsman, from a fiery steed
Mardonius rules and stimulates the fight,
Like Boreas, riding on a stormy cloud,
Whence issue darts of light'ning, mix'd with hail
In rattling show'rs. The enemies dispers'd,
Embolden Mindarus to ford the stream.
In guidance swift of cavalry expert,
With unresisted squadrons he careers
Along the field. Inviolate the flood
He guards; each hostile quarter he insults.
Now Gobryas' son, unfetter'd from the bonds
Of superstitious terrours, joyful sees
In Mindarus a new Masistius rise;
Nor less the tidings Tiridates sends,
Who in Cithæron's passes hath despoil'd
The slaughter'd foes, inspire the gen'ral's thoughts,
Which teem with arduous enterprise. The camp
He empties all; beneath whose forming host
The meadow sounds. The native Persians face
Laconia's station, Greek allies oppose
Th' Athenian. All the force of Thebes array'd
Envenom'd Leontiades commands.
Greece in her lines sits tranquil; either host
Expects the other. By their augurs still
Restrain'd, they shun the interdicted ford.
But of the river's plenteous stream depriv'd
By Mindarus, the Grecians fear a dearth
Of that all-cheering element. A rill
Flows from a distant spring, Gargaphia nam'd,
Their sole resource. Nor dread of other wants
Afflicts them less; their convoy is o'erpow'r'd
By Tiridates. Anxious, all exhaust
A night disturb'd; the bravest grieve the most,
Lest through severe necessity they quit
Inglorious their position. Morning shines;
When frequent signals from th' external guards,
Near and remote, successive rise. To arms
All rush. Along the spacious public way
From Megara, obscuring dust ascends.
The sound of trampling hoofs, and laden wheels,
With shouts of multitude, is heard. Behold,
Forth from the cloud, a messenger of joy,
Sicinus breaks, of bold auxiliar bands
Forerunner swift, and unexpected aid
In copious stores, at Megara's wide port
New-landed from Thermopylæ. The camp
Admits, and hails in rapturous acclaim
Eubœan standards, Potidæa's ranks,
The laurell'd priest and hero, Timon sage,
Th' ennobled heir of Lygdamis, and thee,
Melissa's brother, great Oïleus' son,
Friend of Leonidas, thee dear to all,
O brave, and gen'rous Medon! From their tents
The chiefs assemble, when Sicinus spake:
"Pausanius, gen'ral of united Greece,
Accept these ample succours from the hand
Of provident Themistocles. Possess'd
Of Œta's passes, he the Persian host
Now with impenetrable toils besets
Like beasts of prey, entangled by the skill
Of some experienc'd hunter. Thou receive,
Just Aristides, from Timothea's love,
A suit of armour new, in Chalcis fram'd,
Without luxuriant ornament, or gold.
The shield, an emblem of thy soul, displays

Truth, Equity, and Wisdom, hand in hand.
This for her children, and thy own, consign'd
To her Eubœan roof and pious care,
She bids thee lift and conquer. Thou restore
The little exiles in their native homes
To dwell in peace. Her gift, she adds, derives
Its only value from the wearer's worth."
In smiles, like Saturn at the tribute pure
Of fruits and flow'rs in singleness of heart
Paid by religion of the golden age,
Timothea's gift the righteous man receives,
Not righteous more than practis'd to endure
Heroic labours, soon by matchless deeds
To justify the giver. He began:
"Confederated warriors, who withstand
A tyrant's pow'r, unanimous confess
Your debt to great Themistocles, the lord
Of all-admir'd Timothea. He and I
Evince the fruits of concord. Ancient foes,
Through her united, cheerful we sustain
Our public charge. From gen'ral union Greece
Expects her safety. Him success hath crown'd
In arms and counsel; whether on the main
His naval flag he spread, or shook the land
With his triumphant step. O, hero-born
Pausanias! glowing with Herculean blood,
Now under thee let Aristides hope
To share success, nor tarnish with disgrace
His armour new. Behold, yon river gleams
With hostile arms. Those standards on the left,
Well-known to Attic eyes, are proudly borne
By native Medes and Persians. Treach'rous Thebes
Lifts her Cadmëan banner on the right.
A second time Mardonius forms his host
To proffer battle. He, perhaps, may ford
Asopus, which Tisamenus, the learn'd
In divination, hath forbid our steps
To pass. Thy former numbers swift arrange.
New from a march let these auxiliars guard
The camp." To him Pausanias thus apart:
"Athenian, hear: Your citizens are vers'd
In this barbarian warfare, yet unknown
To us. Let Spartans and Athenians change
Their station. You, an adversary try'd
At Marathon, and foil'd, will best oppose.
To vanquish Grecians we accustom'd long
Will yon Bœotians and Thessalians face.
Such is my will." Concise the Attic sage:
"Thou hast commanded what my willing thoughts
Themselves devis'd, but waited first to hear.
Well canst thou fight, Pausanias. I will strive
To imitate thy deeds and thy renown,
On whose increase our liberty and laws
Depend." This said, they part. Behind the rear
Soon from the left th' Athenians, from the right
The Spartans file. Their stations they exchange,
Not by Mardonius unperceiv'd. He moves
His Medes and Persians to the post of Thebes,
Whence still the Spartan phalanx they confront,
The Thebans still th' Athenian. This observ'd,
Pausanias swift to Aristides sends
Strict charge his old position to resume.
Now indignation high through all the tribes
Of Athens rages. Noble pride, and sense
Of just desert, in exclamation fierce
Break from th' exalted populace, who claim
Their soil for parent. "Gods! from wing to wing
Must we like servile mercenary bands,
Like Helots, slaves to Lacedæmon born,
Be hurry'd thus obsequious to control
From an imperious Spartan? Tegea first
Contested our prerogative. The pride
Of Sparta next removes us from the post,
Assign'd by public judgment; we comply.
Must we at her contemptuous nod resume
The station we forsook? Defending Greece,
Ourselves meanwhile deserted and betray'd,
Twice have we lost our city. What is left
Of our abandon'd residence, but dust?
Let Greece defend herself. Let us remove
For the last time our standards, hoist our sails,
Our floating empire fix on distant shores,
Our household gods, our progeny, and name,
On some new soil establish, sure to find
None so ingrate as this." The Athenians thus
Swell with ingenuous ire, as ocean boils,
Disturb'd by Eurus, and the rude career
Of Boreas, threat'ning furious to surmount
All circumscription. But as oft a cloud,
Distilling gentle moisture as it glides,
Dissolves the rigour of their boist'rous wings,
Till o'er the main serenity returns;
So from the mouth of Aristides fall
Composing words. Insensibly he soothes
Their justly-irritated minds, and calms
Their just resentment. Righteousness and truth,
How prevalent your efforts, when apply'd
By placid wisdom! In these strains he spake:
"Ye men of Athens, at Laconia's call
To meet the flow'r of Asia's host in fight
Do ye repine? A station, which implies
Pre-eminence of Attic worth, a task
Of all most glorious, which the martial race
Of Sparta shuns, and you should covet most,
Ye Marathonian victors? In the sight
Of Greece, who trembles at a Median garb,
You are preferr'd for valour. Arms the same,
The same embroider'd vestment on their limbs
Effeminate, the same unmanly souls,
Debas'd by vices and monarchal rule,
The Medes retain, as when their vanquish'd ranks
Fled heretofore. With weapons often try'd,
With confidence by victories increas'd,
Not now for liberty and Greece alone
You march to battle; but to keep unspoil'd
Your trophies won already, and the name,
Which Marathon and Salamis have rais'd,
Preserve unstain'd; that men may ever say,
Not through your leaders, not by fortune there
You triumph'd, but by fortitude innate,
And lib'ral vigour of Athenian blood."
He said, and march'd. All follow mute through love
Of Aristides, inexpressive love,
Which melts each bosom. Solemn they proceed,
Though lion-like in courage, at his call
Meek and obedient, as the fleecy breed
To wonted notes of Pan's conducting pipe.
Arriv'd, disbanded, in their sep'rate tents
Cecropia's tribes exhaust a tedious night,
Unvisited by sleep. The morning breaks;
Instead of joy to gratulate her light
The tone of sadness from dejected hearts,
Combining sighs and groans in murmur deep,
Alarms the leader. "Aristides, show
Thy countenance amongst us," hasty spake
The warrior-poet ent'ring: "All thy camp
Enthusiastic sorrow hath o'erwhelm'd,
And ev'ry heart unbrac'd. By earliest dawn
Each left his restless couch. Their first discourse

Was calm, and fill'd with narratives distinct
Of thy accomplishments, and worth. At length
A soldier thus in agitation spake:
'Yet, O most excellent of gods! O Jove!
This is the man we banish'd! In thy sight
The most excelling man, whose sole offence
Was all-transcending merit, from his home
Our impious votes expell'd, by envy's spite
Seduc'd. We drove him fugitive through Greece;
Where still he held ungrateful Athens dear,
For whose redemption from her sloth he rous'd
All Greece to arms.' The soldier clos'd in floods
Of anguish. Instant through the concourse ran
Contagious grief; as if the fiend Despair,
From his black chariot, wheeling o'er their heads
In clouds of darkness, dropp'd his pois'nous dews
Of melancholy down to chill the blood,
Unnerve the limbs, and fortitude dissolve.
Speed, Aristides. By th' immortal pow'rs!
The feeblest troop of Persians in this hour
Might overcome the tame, desponding force
Of thy dear country, mistress long confess'd
Of eloquence and arts, of virtue now
Through thy unerring guidance." Here the sage:
"Withhold thy praise, good Æschylus—Be swift,
Arrange my fellow citizens in arms
Beneath each ensign of the sev'ral tribes.
I will appear a comforter, a friend,
Their public servant." Æschylus withdraws.
Soon Aristides, in his armour new,
Timothea's gift, advances from his tent.
Should from his throne th' Omnipotent descend
In visitation of the human race,
While dreading his displeasure; as to earth
All heads would bend in reverential awe,
Contrite and conscious of their own misdeeds;
So look th' Athenians, though in all the pomp
Of Mars array'd, and terrible to half
The world in battle. Down their corslets bright
Tears trickle, tears of penitence and shame,
To see their injur'd patriot chief assume
In goodness Heav'n's whole semblance, as he moves
Observant by, and through the weeping ranks
From man to man his lib'ral hand extends,
Consoling. No resentment he could show,
Who none had felt. Ascending now on high,
He thus address'd the penitential throng:
"Rate not too high my merit, nor too low
Your own depreciate. Errour is the lot
Of man; but lovely in the eye of Heav'n
Is sense of errour. Better will you fight,
As better men from these auspicious tears,
Which evidence your worth, and please the gods.
With strength and valour, equity of mind
Uniting doubles fortitude. Your wives,
Your progeny and parents, laws and rites,
Were ne'er so well secur'd." The warlike bard
Rose next: "Requested by the sev'ral tribes,
In their behalf I promise to thy rule
All acquiescence. Bid them fight, retreat,
Maintain, or yield a station; bid them face
Innumerable foes, surmount a foss
Deep as the sea, or bulwarks high as rocks;
Subordination, vigilance, contempt
Of toil and death, thy dictates shall command."
Th' Oïlean hero, Timon, and the seed
Of Lygdamis, are present, who encamp'd
Among th' Athenians. They admire the chief,
Nor less the people. While the term of morn
Was passing thus, a summons to his tent
Calls Aristides. Aemnestus there
Salutes him: "Attic friend, a new event
In Sparta's quarter is to thee unknown;
From me accept th' intelligence. The Sun
Was newly ris'n, when o'er th' Asopian flood
An eastern herald pass'd. Behind him tow'r'd
A giant-siz'd barbarian. He approach'd
Our camp; before Pausanias brought, he spake:
"'I am Briareus, of Mardonian guards
Commander. Through my delegated mouth
Thus saith the son of Gobryas: I have heard
Among the Greeks your prowess vaunted high,
Ye men of Sparta, that in martial ranks
You either kill, or perish; but I find
Fame is a liar. I expected long,
You would defy me on the field of war.
Have I not seen you shift from wing to wing,
The task imposing on th' Athenians twice
To face the Medes and Persians; while yourselves
Sought with our servants to contend in arms,
Ye brave in name alone! Since you decline
To challenge us, we, prime of eastern blood,
With equal numbers challenge you to prove,
That you possess, what rumour hath proclaim'd,
The boldest hearts in Greece. Acknowledge else
Your boasted valour bury'd in the grave
With your Leonidas, o'erthrown and slain.'
"Pausanias gave no answer, not through fear,
But humour torpid and morose, which wrapp'd
In clouds of scorn his brow. Consulting none,
With silent pride the giant he dismiss'd.
The challenger, in triumph turning back,
Repass'd the river." Aemnestus paus'd;
A second messenger appear'd. Behold,
In blooming vigour, flush'd by rapid haste,
Young Menalippus, from the rev'rend seer
Megistias sprung. "Athenian chief," he said,
"Bring down thy active, missile-weapon'd troops;
On their immediate help Pausanias calls.
A cloud of hostile cavalry invests
Laconia's quarter. Javelins, arrows, darts,
In sheets discharg'd, have chok'd our last resource,
Gargaphia's fountain, and our heavy bands
Perplex and harass." Aristides hears,
And issues swift his orders, while the youth
Continues thus: "Thou knew'st of old my sire,
Who at Thermopylæ expir'd. The just
Consort together." Aristides thus:
"Ingenuous youth, for Greece thy father bled
A spotless victim, but for ever lives
Companion with Leonidas in fame.
By Heav'n protected, thou shalt live to see
Their death aton'd; the period is not far.
Come on; my force is ready." Medon arms
With Haliartus, once the shepherd-swain
In Œta's pass to Menalippus known,
Whom both embrace with gratulation kind.
All march, but reach not Sparta's distant wing,
Before the Persians, sated with success,
Fil'd back to join Mardonius. Secret he
Was communing with Mirzes, most renown'd
Among the Magi. Thus the satrap clos'd:
"Through each occurrence undisguis'd, O sage!
My circumstantial narrative hath run,
From where I enter'd first Trophonian ground,
Till my descent and vision in the cave.
Speak frankly, Mirzes—nor believe thy words,
Whatever black presages they contain,
Subjoin'd to all Trophonius hath foretold,
Can change my firm resolves, or blunt my sword."

" Solicitude for Persia to excess
Misled thee, satrap, to that graven god,"
Rejoins the Magus, " where, if ought besides
The craft of Grecian, mercenary priests,
It was the demon Arimanius rul'd.
He long hath prompted that Elëan seer,
Who blunts thy sword by divination false.
What thou dost vision call was empty dream;
Imagination heated, and disturb'd,
A texture wild and various, intermix'd
With ill-match'd images of things, which last
Oppress'd thy mind. Thy own distemper fram'd
Th' unreal grot, where Destinies of air
In apparition cut thy vital thread;
Their act was thine, the oracle thy own,
All vague creation of thy erring sleep."
Briareus enters. At his tidings glad,
Which ostentation sounded, thus exults
Mardonius: " Sayst thou, Lacedæmon's chief
Was mute, when my defiance shook his ear?
Hence to the winds, ye auguries and signs!
Ye dreams and mysteries of Greece, avaunt!
Thou, Horomazes, flot in marble fanes,
Nor woods oracular, and caves, doth dwell.
It is the pow'r of evil there misguides
Insensate mortals, and misguided me.
O, Artemisia! now shall Gobryas' son
Look only, where no mystery can lurk,
On ev'ry manly duty. Nothing dark
The tracks of honour shades." To chiefs select,
Greek and barbarian summon'd, he reveals
His fix'd resolves in council. They disperse
To execute his will. Among the rest
Young Alexander, Macedonia's lord,
Speeds to his quarters in the solemn bow'r
Of Dircè. There Mardonius had decreed
A cenotaph of marble, newly-rais'd
To his deplor'd Masistius. There the queen
Of Macedon, Phœbean Timon's child,
Bright Amarantha, like an ev'ning bird,
Whose trill delights a melancholy grove,
Oft with harmonious skill in Delphian strains,
Th' ingenious practice of her maiden days,
Sung of her father, and Masistius good,
That friend, that known protector. She her lute
Was now in cadence with Direæan rills
Attuning. Vocal melody she breath'd,
Which at another season might have won
Her lord from sadness. Sighing, he her song
Thus interrupts: " Ah! consort dear, as fair,
I come from Persia's council; where the son
Of Gobryas, urg'd by fear of sudden want
Through his wide host, nor animated less
By Spartan silence at the challenge proud
His herald bore, determines to reject
The augur's warnings. O'er the stream he means
To lead th' embattled nations, and surprise
Ere dawn, at least assail the camp of Greece
In ev'ry station. If she quits her lines,
Then will *his* num'rous cavalry surround
Her heavy phalanx on the level space.
O that my ancestor had never left
His Grecian home in Argos, nor acquir'd
Emathia's crown! I never then, compell'd,
Had borne reluctant arms against a race
By friendship link'd, affinity, and blood,
With me and mine."—" What horrour!" cries the queen,
" While fear surmises, that my husband's sword
May blindly cut my father's vital thread.
But not alone such parricide to shun
Should wake thy efforts. Alexander, no;
Thou must do more. Our mutual words recall,
When thou to Athens by Mardonius sent
Didst from thy fruitless embassy rejoin
Me in Trachiniæ; whence the barb'rous chief
Renew'd his march to lay Cecropian domes
In fresh destruction. 'What a lot is mine?'
Thou saidst. 'If Xerxes triumph, I become
A slave in purple. Should the Greeks prevail,
Should that Eubœan conqueror, the son
Of Neocles, be sent th' Athenian scourge'.....
" I interrupted thus: 'Awhile, dear lord,
We must submit to wear the galling mask
Necessity imposes. New events
Are daily scatter'd by the restless palm
Of Fortune. Some will prove propitious. Wise,
To all benignant, Aristides serv'd
By us in season will befriend our state.'
" Behold that season come; let Grecian blood,
Which warms thy veins, inspire thy prudent tongue
This night th' Athenian hero to apprise
Of all these tidings. Thus secure the Greeks
Against surprisal; timely thus oblige
The first of men, and magnify thy name
In Greece for ages." Here the youthful king:
" Though by oppressive Xerxes forc'd to war,
Shall I abuse the confidence repos'd
By great Mardonius, qualify'd to win
Regard at first, which intercourse augments?
I will do all by honour's rules allow'd,
Will act a neutral part, withdraw my troops,
Ev'n at the hazard of my crown and life,
If such my queen's injunction. Ah! forbear
To frown; what means this flushing of thy cheek?
Must I betray Mardonius to his foes?"
She spake abrupt; he started at her look:
" If forc'd obedience to a tyrant binds,
If more, than I, Mardonius holds thy heart,
Who has thy dearest confidence abus'd,
Thou wilt discredit my accusing tongue.
Could from this empty monument the shade
Of just Masistius rise, his awful voice
Would verify a story, till this hour
From thee conceal'd. My virgin hand in blood
Of one barbarian miscreant once I stain'd;
Not to pollute my hymeneal state,
Nor lay Mardonius gasping at my feet
Like Mithridates in the streets of Thebes,
This hateful camp for Delphi I forsook,
Fled from a lawless and presumptuous flame,
Insulting me, thy queen, who boast descent
From holy Timon. While for his behoof
Collecting Greeks against their country's cause,
Thyself was absent, and Mardonius left
My only guardian; scorning every tie,
His daring importunity of love
Assail'd thy consort's ear. What hope, what trust
In such barbarians? All their faith expir'd
With good Masistius. Should the Greeks be foil'd,
How long will Macedon thy realm, how long
Will Amarantha be securely held
Against a satrap, whose ungovern'd will
May covet both? Of this, O prince, be sure,
Her part of shame will Amarantha bear,
But brief shall be its date. The poniard still,
Which once preserv'd my honour, I possess
To cut my period of dishonour short."
The prince impatient, yet attentive, heard

Her words; when thus the measure of his wrath
From his full bosom rapidly o'erflow'd.
" O impious breach of hospitable ties!
O violation base of rights and laws,
Exacting swift revenge from Heav'n and man,
From me the first! Unparallel'd in form,
O like the sister of thy Delphian god
Immaculate! did sacrilegious hands
This pure abode of chastity assail
With profanation? Less a friend to Greece,
Than foe to false Mardonius, now I go."
He said, and order'd forth his swiftest steed.
By moonlight, twinkling on a shaded track,
He urg'd his secret way beyond the springs
Asopian; whence an outlet short and close
Through mount Cithæron to th' adjacent line
Of Aristides led. Meantime the sound
Of steps advancing Amarantha heard:
She heard, and saw Mardonius. He his pace
Stopp'd short, inclining with obeisance low
His stately frame. Through terrour and amaze
To earth she rigid grew, of pow'r to fly
Depriv'd. He distant spake: " Imperial dame,
That he offended once, Mardonius makes
A penitent confession. O! that fault
To no innate discourtesy impute,
But Eastern manners, not as Grecian pure;
The ignorance which err'd, by thee is chang'd
To veneration. From my presence here,
Which ne'er before intruded on this seat
Of thy retirement, do not too severe
A new offence interpret; rest assur'd,
A solemn cause impels." He silent waits,
Nor moves; till, gliding silently away,
Like Dian fair and chaste, but less severe,
The queen withdrew, and tow'rds a gallant chief,
Perhaps by her devices near his fall,
Thus far relented; for the private wrong
The frank atonement rais'd a gen'rous sigh;
Against the public enemy of Greece,
Unquenchable she burn'd. Now left alone,
Before the cenotaph he kneel'd and spake:
" To morrow, O! to morrow let my helm
Blaze in thy beams auspicious, spirit bright,
Whose name adorns this honorary tomb!
The weight of Asia's mighty weal, the weight
Of fifty myriads on thy friend augments
From hour to hour. Yet purg'd of gloomy thoughts,
Clear of ambition, save to win the palm
Of victory for Xerxes, I approach
Thy suppliant. Thou an intercessor pure
For me, deceiv'd by Grecian seers and gods,
Before the throne of Horomazes stand,
That he may bless my standards, if alone
To guard so many worshippers, and spread
By their success his celebrated name
Through each Hesperian clime. Now grant a sign,
Masistius, ere thy faithful friend depart,
Fix'd, as he is, to vanquish, or to fall."
He ceas'd. Quick rapture dims his cheated eyes,
He sees in thought a canopy of light,
Descending o'er the tomb. In joy he speeds
To preparation for the destin'd march.

BOOK XXIX.

Among the Greeks their first nocturnal watch
Was near its period. From Laconia's wing
Return'd, th' Athenian leader thus bespake
Sicinus: " Worthy of my trust, give ear.
Within six hours the army will decamp
To choose a friendlier station; so the chiefs
In gen'ral council; as Gargaphia chok'd
Withholds her wonted succour, have resolv'd.
At Juno's fane, yet undespoil'd, though near
Platæa's ruins, ev'ry band is charg'd
To reassemble."..... Suddenly appears
A centinel, who speaks: " A stranger, near
The trenches waits thee; us in peaceful words
Saluting, he importunate requires
Thy instant presence." Aristides hastes;
To whom the stranger: " Bulwark of this camp,
Hear, credit, weigh, the tidings which I bear.
Mardonius, press'd by fear of threat'ning want,
At night's fourth watch the fatal stream will pass,
Inflexibly determin'd, though forbid
By each diviner, to assail your host
With all his numbers. I against surprise
Am come to warn you; thee alone I trust,
My name revealing. I, O man divine!
I, who thus hazard both my realm, and life,
Am Alexander, Macedonian friend
Of Athens. Kindly on a future day
Remember me." He said, and spurr'd his steed
Back through the op'ning of Cithæron's hill.
By Aristides instantly detach'd,
Sicinus calls each leader to attend
Pausanias. Attica's great captain joins
The council full. His tidings he relates,
Concluding thus with exhortation sage:
" We, destitute of water, had resolv'd
To change our station. Now without a pause
We must anticipate th' appointed hour
For this retreat, nor ling'ring tempt the force
Of squadrons swift to intercept our march.
All move your standards. Let Mardonius bring
A host discourag'd by their augur's voice;
Who are forbid to pass the fatal stream,
But are compell'd by famine and despair
To inauspicious battle. We to Heav'n
Obedient, Heav'n's assistance shall obtain.
A situation, safeguard to our flanks
Against superior and surrounding horse,
In sight of burnt Platæa, of her fanes
Defac'd, and violated gods, I know;
There will assure you conquest." All assent.
At once the diff'rent Grecians, who compose
The centre, lift their ensigns. O'er the plain
First swiftly tow'rds Platæan Juno's dome
Speeds Adimantus. In array more slow
The rest advance. Cleander guards the rear;
Brave youth, whom chance malicious will bereave
Of half the laurels to his temples due.
Th' Athenians arm delib'rate; in whose train
Illustrious Medon ranks a faithful troop,
His hundred Locrians. Haliartus there,
There Timon's few but gen'rous Delphians stand,
By Aristides all enjoin'd to watch
Laconia's host. That sternly-tutor'd race,
To passion cold, he knew in action slow,
In consultation torpid. Anxious long
He waits, and fears the eyelids of the morn,
Too soon unclosing, may too much reveal.
Sicinus, hast'ning to Laconia's camp,
Finds all confus'd, subordination lost
In altercation, wondrous in that breed
Of discipline and manners, nor less strange,
Than if the laws of Nature in the sky
Dissolv'd, should turn the Moon and planets loose

From their accustom'd orbits, to obey
The Sun no longer. When his first command
Pausanias issu'd for the march, nor thought
Of disobedience to disturb his pride;
One leader, Amompharetus, whose band
Of Pitanè rever'd him, as the first
Among the brave, refusal stern oppos'd,
Protesting firm, he never would retreat
Before barbarians. Aemnestus swift,
Callicrates and others, long approv'd
In arms, entreat the Spartan to submit,
Nor disconcert the salutary plan
Of gen'ral council. Sullen he replies:
" Not of that council, I will ne'er disgrace
The Spartan name. But all the Greeks withdrawn
Expect our junction at Saturnia's dome,
Callicrates and Aemnestus plead.
Would'st thou expose thy countrymen to face
Unaided yonder multitude of Medes,
Untry'd by us in combat?"—" Yes," rejoins
The pertinacious man, " ere yield to flight."
His troop applauded. Now contention harsh
Resounded high, exhausting precious hours,
The Spartan march retarding; when arriv'd
Sicinus, witness to the wild debate.
At length Pausanias knit his haughty brow
At Amompharetus, and spake: " Weak man,
Thou art insane. The chastisement thy due,
Our time allows not. Instant march, or stay
Behind and perish." In his two-fold grasp
The restive Spartan lifting from the ground
A pond'rous stone, before the gen'ral's feet
Plac'd it, and thus: " Against dishonest flight
From strangers vile, I rest my suffrage there,
Nor will forsake it." To Sicinus turn'd
Pausanias: " Tell the Athenians what thou see'st.
I by Cithæron's side to Juno's fane
Am hast'ning; charge their phalanx to proceed."
Sicinus back to Aristides flies.
His ready phalanx from the lines he draws,
Wing'd with his horse and bowmen; yet his course
Suspends at Sparta's camp. There sullen, fix'd
Like some old oak's deep-rooted, knotted trunk,
Which hath endur'd the tempest-breathing months
Of thrice a hundred winters, ret remains
Unshaken, there amidst his silent troop
Sat Amompharetus. To him the sage:
" Unwise, though brave, transgressing all the laws
Of discipline, though Spartan born and train'd;
Arise, o'ertake thy gen'ral and rejoin.
Thy country's mercy by some rare exploit
Win to forgive thy capital default,
Excess of courage." Where Pausanias, arm'd
With pow'r unlimited in war, where all
The Spartan captains in persuasion fail'd,
Requir'd not less than Jove himself, or Jove
In Aristides to prevail. Uprose
The warrior, late inflexible; yet slow,
In strictest regularity of march,
Led his well-order'd files. Correcting thus
The erring Spartan, Aristides swept
Across the plain to fill the gen'ral host.
Not yet the twilight, harbinger of morn,
Had overcome the stars. The Persian scouts,
Who rang'd abroad, observing that no sound
Was heard, no watch-word through the Grecian lines,
Adventur'd nigh, and found an empty space.
Swift they appris'd Mardonius, who had form'd
His whole array. Encircled by his chiefs,
Greek and barbarian, first he gave command,
That ev'ry hand provide a blazing torch
To magnify his terrours, and with light
Facilitate pursuit; then gladsome thus
Address'd his friends of Thessaly and Thebes:
" Now Larissæan Thorax, and the rest
Of Aleuadian race; now Theban lords,
Judge of the Spartans justly. Vaunted high
For unexampled prowess, them you saw
First change their place, imposing on the sons
Of Athens twice the formidable task
To face my chosen Persians; next they gave
To my defiance no reply, and last
Are fled before me. Can your augurs show
A better omen than a foe dismay'd?
But, kind allies, to you my friendly care
Shall now be prov'd. These thunderbolts of war,
As you esteem them, will Mardonius choose
For his opponents. Level your attack
Entire against th' Athenians. None I dread;
Yet by the Sun less terrible to me
Is that Pausanius, head of Sparta's race,
Than Aristides. Him Masistius lov'd;
If you o'erthrow, preserve him; in the name
Of your own gods I charge you. Mithra, shine
On me no longer, if in grateful warmth
Confessing ev'ry benefit receiv'd,
I do not clasp that guardian of my friend!
Now, Persians, mount your bold Nisæan steeds,
Alert your targets grasp, your lances poise;
The word is Cyrus. Royal spirit! look
On me, deriv'd from thy illustrious blood,
Yet not in me illustrious, if this day
My hand or courage faint. Look down on these,
Sons of thy matchless veterans. The fire,
Which at thy breath o'erspread the vanquish'd East,
Light in their offspring; that the loud report
Of their achievements on Asopian banks,
Far as the floods of Ganges may proclaim
The western world a vassal to thy throne."
He said, and spurr'd his courser. Through the ford
He dashes, follow'd by th' impetuous speed
Of tall equestrian bands in armour scal'd
With gold, on trappings of embroider'd gloss
Superbly seated. Persians next and Medes
Advance, an infantry select, whose mail,
Bright-gilt or silver'd o'er, augments the light
Of sparkling brands, innumerably wav'd
By nations, plunging through the turbid flood
In tumult rude, emblazing, as they pass,
The skies, the waters, and with direst howl
Distracting both. Like savage wolves they rush,
As with ferocious fangs to rend the Grecks,
To gnaw their flesh, and satiate in their blood
The greedy thirst of massacre. In chief
Here Mindarus commands, by Midias join'd
And Tiridates, powerless all to curb,
Much more to marshal such barbarian throngs,
Which, like a tumbling tide on level strands
When new the Moon impels it, soon o'erwhelm'd
Th' Asopian mead; or like the mightier surge,
When ireful Neptune strikes the ocean's bed
Profound. Upheav'd, the bottom lifts and rolls
A ridge of liquid mountains o'er th' abodes
Of some offending nation; while the Heav'ns
With coruscation red his brother Jove
Inflames, and rocks with thunder's roar the poles.
Th' auxiliar Greeks compact and silent march
In strength five myriads. In arrangement just
The foot by Leontiades, the wings

Of horse by Thorax and Emathia's king
Were led. Now, long before th' unwieldy mass
Of his disorder'd multitude advanc'd,
Mardonius, rushing through the vacant lines
Of Lacedæmon, tow'rds Cithæron bent
His swift career. Faint rays began to streak
The third clear morning of that fruitful month,
The last in summer's train. Immortal day!
Which all the Muses consecrate to fame.
O thou! exalted o'er the laurell'd train,
High as the sweet Calliopè is thron'd
Above her sisters on the tuneful mount,
O father, hear! Great Homer, let one ray
From thy celestial light an humble son
Of thine illuminate; lest Freedom mourn
Her chosen race dishonour'd in these strains.
Thou too, my eldest brother, who enjoy'st
The Paradise thy genius hath portray'd,
Propitious smile. Lend vigour to a Muse,
Who in her love of freedom equals thine,
But to sustain her labours from thy store
Must borrow language, sentiment, and verse.
Cithæron's ridge, from where Asopus rose,
Stretch'd to Platæa, with a southern fence
Confining one broad level, which the floods
From their Hesperian head in eastward flow
Meandring parted. O'er the mountain's foot
His course Pausanias destin'd, where the soil
Abrupt and stony might the dread career
Of Persia's cavalry impede. His ranks,
Accompany'd by Tegea's faithful breed,
Had measur'd now ten furlongs of their march
Half o'er the plain to reach the friendly ground;
Then halted near an Eleusinian dome
Of Ceres; thence they mov'd, but timely first
Were join'd by Amompharetus. At length
The chosen track was gain'd. Pausanias cast
His eyes below first northward, and survey'd
Between the river and his empty camp
A blaze involving all the plain. The yell
Of mouths barbarian, of unnumber'd feet
Th' impetuous tread, which crush'd the groaning turf,
The neigh of horses, and their echoing hoofs,
Th' insulting clash of shields and sabres, shook
The theatre of mountains; hollow-voic'd,
Their cavities rebellow'd, and enlarg'd
The hideous sound. His eyes the orient dawn
Attracted next. Saturnia's roof he view'd,
But distant still, around whose sacred walls
The first-departed Grecians stood in arms
Beneath wide-floating banners, wish'd more nigh.
There was the Genius of Platæa seen
By fancy's ken, a hov'ring mourner seen,
O'er his renown'd, but desolated seat,
One mass of ruins mountainous. He mark'd
Th' Athenians traversing the meads below
In full battalia. Resolute, sedate,
Without one shield in disarray, they mov'd
To join the gen'ral host. Beyond the stream
In prospect rose the battlements of Thebes;
Whose sons perfidious, but in battle firm,
With phalanges of other hostile Greeks
Spread on the bank, and menace to surmount
The shallow current for some dire attempt.
To Aemnestus, marching by his side,
Pausanias turns; the army he commands
To halt, while, mast'ring all unmanly fear,
His haughty phlegm serenely thus fulfils
A leader's function: "Spartan, we in vain
Precipitate our junction with allies
At Juno's distant fane; the hour is past;
The Pitanëan mutineer the cause.
Seest thou yon Persian squadrons? They precede
The whole barbarian multitude. The storm
Is gath'ring nigh; we sep'rate must abide
The heavy weight of this unequal shock,
Unless th' Athenians, still in sight, impart
A present aid." A herald swift he sends
To Aristides, with this weighty charge:
"All Greece is now in danger, and the blood
Of Hercules in me. Athenian help
Is wanted here, their missile-weapon'd force."
Last he address'd Tisamenus; "Provide
The sacrifice for battle—Warriors, form."
Slain is the victim; but th' inspecting seer
Reveals no sign propitious. Now full nigh
The foremost Persian horse discharge around
Their javelins, darts, and arrows. Sparta's chief
In calm respect of inauspicious Heav'n
Directs each soldier at his foot to rest
The passive shield, submissive to endure
Th' assault, and watch a signal from the gods.
A second time unfavourable prove
The victim's entrails. Unremitted show'rs
Of pointed arms distribute wounds and death.
Oh! discipline of Sparta! Patient stands
The wounded soldier, sees a comrade fall,
Yet waits permission from his chief to shield
His own, or brother's head. Among the rest
Callicrates is pierc'd; a mortal stroke
His throat receives. Him celebrate, O Muse!
Him in historic rolls deliver'd down
To admiration of remotest climes
Through latest ages. These expiring words
Beyond Olympian chaplets him exalt,
Beyond his palms in battle: "Not to die
For Greece, but dying, ere my sword is drawn,
Without one action worthy of my name,
I grieve." He said, and fainting on the breast
Of Aemnestus, breath'd in spouting blood
His last, departing thy attendant meet,
Leonidas, in regions of the bless'd.
A second victim bleeds; the gath'ring foes
To multitude are grown; the show'rs of death
Increase; then melted into flowing grief
Pausanian pride. He, tow'rds the fane remote
Of Juno lifting his afflicted eyes,
Thus suppliant spake: "O goddess! let my hopes
Be not defeated, whether to obtain
A victory so glorious, or expire
Without dishonour to Herculean blood."
Amidst the pray'r Tegëan Chileus, free
From stern control of Lacedæmon's laws,
No longer waits inactive; but his band
Leads forth, and firmly checks th' insulting foe.
The sacrifice is prosp'rous, and the word
For gen'ral onset by Pausanias giv'n.
Then, as a lion, from his native range
Confin'd a captive long, if once his chain
He breaks, with mane erect and eyes of fire
Asserts his freedom, rushing in his strength
Resistless forth; so Sparta's phalanx turns
A face tremendous on recoiling swarms
Of squadron'd Persians, who to Ceres' fane
Are driv'n. But there Mardonius, like the god
Of thunders ranging o'er th' ethereal vault
Thick clouds on clouds impregnated with storms,
His chosen troops embattles. Bows and darts
Rejecting, gallantly to combat close

They urge undaunted efforts, and to death
Their ground maintain, in courage, or in might
Not to the Greeks inferior, but in arms,
In discipline, and conduct. Parties small,
Or single warriors, here with vigour wield
The battle-axe and sabre; others rush
Among the spears, to wrench away, or break
By strength of hands, the weapons of their foes.
But fiercest was the contest, where sublime
The son of Gobryas from a snow-white steed
Shot terrour. There selected warriors charg'd,
A thousand vet'rans, by their fathers train'd,
Who shar'd renown with Cyrus. On the right,
Close to his gen'ral's side, Briareus grasp'd
A studded mace, Pangæus on the left,
Nam'd from a Thracian hill. The bristly front
Of Sparta's phalanx, with intrepid looks
Mardonius fac'd, and thunder'd out these words:
"Come, twice-defy'd Pausanias, if thou hear'st;
Thy Spartan prowess on Mardonius try."
Pausanias heard; but shunn'd retorting words,
In saturnine disdain laconic thus
His men addressing: "Yours the soldiers' part,
The gen'ral's *mine*; advance *not*, but receive
These loose barbarians on your steady points."
Not one of Persia's breed, though early train'd,
So strong a javelin as Mardonius lanc'd,
Or in its aim so true. Three brothers grac'd
The foremost line of Sparta, natives all
Of sweet Amyclæ, all in age and arms
Mature, their splendid lineage from the stock
Of Tyndarus deriving. Them on earth
Three javelins, whirl'd successive, laid supine,
An effort of Mardonius. Three in rank
Behind partake the same resistless doom,
Three bold companions in the hardy chase
Of boars on green Taygetus. Supply'd
With weapons new, the phalanx still to gore
He perseveres unweary'd, not unlike
Some irritated porcupine, of size
Portentous, darting his envenom'd quills
Through each assailant. In Laconia's front
So many warriors and their weapons fall'n,
Leave in her triple tire of pointed steel
A void for swift impression of her foes.
In rush Briareus and Pangæus huge,
Whose maces send fresh numbers to the shades.
The op'ning widens. On his vaulting steed
Mardonius follows, like ensanguin'd Mars
By his auxiliars grim, dismay and rage,
Preceded. Rivalling the lightning's beams,
The hero's sabre bright and rapid wheels
Aloft in air. A comet thus inflames
The cheek of Night; pale mortals view in dread
Th' unwonted lustre, transient though it be,
Among the lights of Heav'n. Pausanias rous'd,
Advancing, at Briareus points his lance.
Meantime six Spartans of the younger class
Assail Mardonius. One his bridle grasp'd;
The Persian sabre at the shoulder close
Lopp'd off th' audacious arm. Another stoop'd
To seize the chieftain's foot, and drag him down;
Pois'd on his stirrup, he in sunder smote
The Spartan's waist. Another yet approach'd,
Who at a blow was cloven to the chin.
Two more the gen'rous horse, uprearing, dash'd
Maim'd and disabled to the ground; the last
His teeth disfigur'd, and his weight oppress'd.
As some tall-masted ship, on ev'ry side
Assail'd by pinnaces and skiffs whose strength
Is number, drives her well-directed prow
Through all their feeble clusters; while her chief
Elate contemplates from her lofty deck
The hostile keels upturn'd, and floating dead,
Where'er she steers victorious: so the steed
Nisæan tramples on Laconian slain,
Triumphant so Mardonius from his seat
Looks down. But fate amidst his triumph shows
Briareus yielding to a forceful blow
Of stern Pausanias, and Pangæus pierc'd
By Amompharetus. Their giant bulks,
Thrown prostrate, crash three long-protended rows
Of Spartan spears. Wide-branching thus huge oaks,
By age decay'd, or twisted from the roots
By rending whirlwinds, in their pondrous fall
Lay desolate the under shrubs, and trees
Of young, unstable growth. More awful still,
Another object strikes the satrap's eye;
With nodding plumes, and formidable stride,
Lo! Aemnestus. Asia's gen'ral feels
Emotions now, which trouble, not degrade
His gen'rous spirit. Not, as *Priam's son*
On sight of dire Achilles, thoughts of flight
Possess Mardonius, but to wait the foe,
And if to die, with honour die, if live
Enjoy a life of fame. His giant guard
Around him close; one levels at the casque
Of Aemnestus; but the weighty mace
Slides o'er the Spartan's slanting shield, and spends
Its rage in dust. The stooping giant leaves
His flank unguarded, and admits a stroke,
Which penetrates the entrails. Down he sinks,
Another tow'r of Asia's battle strewn
In hideous ruin. Soon a second bleeds,
A third, a fourth. The fifth in posture stands
To crush the victor with a blow well-aim'd;
Him Menalippus at the brawny pit
Of his uplifted arm transpiercing deep
Disables. Aemnestus struggles long
To grapple with his victim, and invokes
Leonidas aloud. The active son
Of Gobryas plants throughout the Spartan shield
A wood of javelins. His Nisæan horse,
Careering, vaulting, with his fangs and hoofs
Protects his lord. The guards, who still surviv'd,
With faithful zeal their whole united strength
Exert unwearied for a lib'ral chief.
Some paces backward Aemnestus forc'd,
Impels his heel against a loos'ning stone,
Broad, craggy, scarce inferior to the weight
Discharg'd by Hector on the massy bars
Of Agamemnon's camp. The Spartan quick
From his left arm removes the heavy shield,
With javelins thick transfix'd. From earth he lifts
The casual weapon, and with caution marks
The fatal time and distance. O'er the heads
Of thy surrounding guard the fragment hurl'd
Descends, Mardonius, on thy manly chest,
And lays thee o'er thy courser's back supine
Without sensation. O, illustrious man,
Whose dazzling virtues through thy frailties beam'd!
Magnanimous, heroic, gen'rous, pure
In friendship, warm in gratitude! This doom
At once dissolves all interval of pain
To mind, or body. Not a moment more
Hast thou, ingenuous satrap, to repine,
Or grieve. Go, hero, thy Masistius greet,
Where no ambition agitates the breast,
No gloomy veil of superstition blinds,
No friend can die, no battle can be lost!

This fall, to Greece decisive as to Heav'n
Enceladus o'erthrown, when, thunder-pierc'd,
He under Ætna's torrid mass was chain'd,
Discomfits Asia's hopes. In fresh array
Meantime the phalanx, by Pausanias form'd,
Proceeds entire. Facility of skill
Directs their weapons; pace by pace they move
True to the cadence of accustom'd notes
From gentle flutes, which trill the Doric lays
Of Aleman and Terpander. Slow they gain
The ground, which Persia quits, till Chileus bold
With his Tegæans gores the hostile flanks;
Confusion then, and gen'ral rout prevail.
The fugitives proclaim Mardonius slain;
The whole barbarian multitude disperse
In blind dismay; cool Mindarus in vain
Attempts to check their flight; all seek the camp;
And now the Spartan flutes, combin'd with shouts
Of loud Tegæans, stimulate his speed
Across the ford. His trenches he regains,
And there to Midias, Tiridates brave,
And chosen satraps, gath'ring at his call,
Thus spake: "The flow'r of Asia in the dust
Reclines his glories. Feel your loss like me,
Not overcome by sorrow, or surprise
At changes natural to man, the sport
Of his own passions, and uncertain chance.
Vicissitudes of fortune I have prov'd,
One day been foil'd, a conqueror the next.
In arduous actions though experienc'd minds
Have much to fear, not less of hope remains
To animate the brave. Amid this storm
The throne of Cyrus, your exalted sires,
Your own nobility, recall; deserve
The rank you hold; occasion now presents
For such a trial. To uphold my king,
My country's name, and piously revenge
My kindred blood new-spilt, my sword, my arm,
My life, I destine. Multitude is left,
Surpassing twenty myriads; ev'n despair
Befriends us; famine threat'ning, and the dread
Of merciless resentment in our foes,
May force these rally'd numbers to obtain
From their own swords relief. Behold your camp,
Strong-fenc'd and bulwark'd by Masistian care,
A present refuge. See th' auxiliar Greeks
Entire, advancing on th' inferior bands
Of Athens. Still may Xerxes o'er the west
Extend his empire, and regret no part
Of this disaster, but Mardonius slain.
Assume your posts, for stern defence provide."

BOOK XXX.

O God of light and wisdom! thee the Muse
Once more addresses. Thou didst late behold
The Salaminian brine with Asian blood
Discolour'd. Climbing now the steep ascent
To thy meridian, for a stage of war
More horrible and vast, thy beaming eye
Prepare. Thou over wide Platæa's field,
Chang'd to a crimson lake, shalt drive thy car,
Nor see a pause to havoc, till the West
In his dark chambers shuts thy radiant face.
Now had the herald, to Cecropia's chief
Sent by Pausanias, in his name requir'd
Immediate aid. No doubt suspends the haste
Of Aristides; who arrays his ranks
With cordial purpose to sustain that strength
Of Greece, Laconia's phalanx. Lo! in sight
New clouds of battle hov'ring. He discerns
Th' array of Leontiades, with wings
Of Macedonic and Thessalian horse;
Then calls Sicinus: "Friend," he said, "observe;
Robust and bold, to perfidy inur'd,
Not less than arms, yon Thebans cross our march.
I trust the justice of our cause will foil
Them, thrice our number; but events like this
Are not in man's disposal. If I fall,
Not rashly, good Sicinus, rest assur'd,
Themistocles survives. The gate of Greece
He guards, Eubœa and Thessalia holds,
Those granaries of plenty. Eastern shores
With all his force, perhaps victorious now,
Xanthippus will relinquish, and maintain
The sea auxiliar to thy prudent lord;
Thus all be well, though Aristides bleeds:
This to Themistocles report. But go,
Fly to Cleander; him and all the Greeks
Rouse from the fane of Juno to the field;
Both Spartans and Athenians want their aid.
Thy tribe, undaunted Cimon, place behind
Olympiodorus; if his active bands
Repel Thessalia's horse, avoid pursuit;
Wheel on the flank of Thebes." Here Delphi's priest:
"Behold Emathia's standards front thy right;
With Haliartus, and Oïleus' son,
Let me be station'd there. I trust, the spouse
Of Amarantha, at her father's sight,
Will sheath a sword involuntary drawn,
Nor ties of hospitality and blood
Profane to serve barbarians."—"I accept
The gen'rous offer, sage and gallant seer,"
Spake Aristides. "In that wing thy friend,
The learn'd and manly Æschylus, presides.
But, to thy god appealing, I enjoin
Thy rev'rend head to cover in retreat
Its unpolluted hairs, should fire of youth,
Or yet more strong necessity, impel
Thy son to battle." Here th' enraptur'd priest:
"The inspiration of my god I feel;
A glorious day to Athens I presage,
I see her laurels fresh. Apollo joins
His sister Pallas to preserve a race,
Which all the Muses love. His awful power
Will chain the monster parricide, and rouse
The Grecian worth in Alexander's heart."
These animated accents fire the line.
Within the measure of an arrow's flight
Each army now rank'd opposite. A thought
Of piety and prudence from his place
Mov'd Aristides. Single he advanc'd
Between the hosts; offensive arms he left
Behind him; ev'n his plumed helm resign'd
Gave to his placid looks their lib'ral flow.
Before him hung his ample shield alone,
Timothea's gift, whose sculptur'd face display'd
Truth, Equity, and Wisdom hand in hand,
As in his breast. Exalting high in tone
His gracious voice, he thus adjur'd his foes:
"Ye men deriv'd from Cadmus, who in Greece
Establish'd letters, fruitful mother since
Of arts and knowledge, to barbarian spoil
This hour expos'd; ye sons of Locris, hear,
Thessalians, Phocians, Dorians, all compell'd
By savage force to arm against your friends,
Of language, rites, and manners with your own

Congenial: Aristides, in the name
Of all the Grecian deities, invokes
Your own sensations to disarm your hands
Of impious weapons, which retard the help
We bear to those now struggling in defence
Of Grecian freedom, sepulchres, and fanes."
He said; was heard like Enoch, like the man
Who walk'd with God, when eminently good
Among th' obscene, the violent, and false,
Of justice and religion, truth and peace,
He spake exploded, and from menac'd death
To God withdrew. The fell Bœotians rend
The sky with threat'ning clamour, and their spears
Shake in defiance; while the word to charge
Perfidious Leontiades conveys.
Retreating backward, Aristides clothes
His face in terrour. So Messiah chang'd
His countenance serene, when full of wrath
Beat on Satanic enemies, who shook
Heav'n's peaceful champaign with rebellious arms,
He grasp'd ten thousand thunders, and infix'd
Plagues in their souls; while darts of piercing fire
Through their immortal substances, by sin
Susceptible of pain, his glaring wheels
Shot forth pernicious. Aristides leads
His phalanx on. Now Greeks to Greeks oppose
Their steely structures of tremendous war.
With equal spears and shields their torrent fronts
They clash together; as the justling rocks,
Symplegades Cyanean, at the mouth
Of Thracia's foaming Bosphorus, were feign'd,
Infrangible opponents, to sustain
A mutual shock which tempested the frith,
Dividing Europe from the Orient world.
Meanwhile Phœbean Timon's glowing zeal,
Replete with patriot and religious warmth,
Thus in the wing which Æschylus had form'd,
Bespake the encircling chieftains: "O'er the space
Between Asopus, and the main array
Of Thebes, I see the Macedonian horse
But half advanc'd: their tardy pace denotes
Reluctance. Lo! I meditate an act
To prove my zeal for universal Greece,
Her violated altars, and the tombs
Robb'd of their precious dust. My slender band,
So long companions in adventures high
With your choice Locrians, Haliartus, join
To Medon's banner. Æschylus, observe
My progress; if my piety succeeds,
Thou, as a soldier, take advantage full."
So saying, o'er the plain in solemn pace
His rev'rend form he moves, by snowy bands
Pontifical around his plumed helm
Distinguish'd. Thus from Salem's holy gate
Melchisedek, the priest of him Most High,
Went forth to meet, and benedictions pour
On Terah's son in Shaveh's royal vale.
The Macedonian squadrons at the sight
Fall back in rev'rence; their dismounting prince
So wills. The father and the son embrace.
"Oh! Amarantha's husband!" joyful sighs
The parent. "Oh! my Amarantha's sire!"
In equal joy the husband. Timon then:
"A Greek in blood, to Delphi's priest ally'd,
The god of Delphi's blessing now secure;
Abandon these barbarians to the fate,
Which in the name of Phœbus I denounce
For his insulted temple, and the rape
Of Amarantha from Minerva's shrine.
Yet to unsheath an unsuspected sword
Against them, neither I, nor Heav'n require,
Less thy own honour; but repass the stream,
Amid this blind uproar unnotic'd seek
Thermopylæ again; and reach thy realm.
O'er all that clime Themistocles prevails,
My friend; his present amity obtain,
Cecropia's future love, nor hazard more
Thy fame and welfare."—"Aristides knows
My truth," replies the monarch; "now to thee
Obedience prompt a second proof shall yield.
Ascend a steed; to Amarantha's arms
I will conduct thee first; th' auspicious flight
Of both, a father shall assist and bless."
They speed away, in ecstasy the sire
To clasp his darling child in Dirce's grove.
This pass'd in Medon's eye, who watchful stood
With Haliartus, and a troop advanc'd,
In care for Timon. When apparent now
The Macedonian squadrons quit the field
Of strife, the heavy-cuirass of his wing
With serry'd shields by Æschylus is led,
In evolution wheeling on the flanks
Of that strong mass'd battalia, which compos'
The hostile centre. First in phalanx stood
Unwilling Locrians. Medon lifts his voice,
And to each eye abash'd his awful shape,
Like some reproving deity, presents;
They hear, they see Oïleus in his son,
As ris'n a mourning witness of their shame
From his sepulchral bed. The banners drop
Before him; down their spears and bucklers fall;
They break, disperse, and fly with childrens' fear,
When by authority's firm look surpris'd
In some attempt forbidden, or unmeet.
Bœotian files are next. With sudden wheel
They form a front, and dauntless wait the assault.
Still in the van robust and martial Thebes
Unbroken stems th' agility and skill
Of her opponent Athens. Long unspent
The tide of well-conducted battle flows
Without decision strong. At length by fate
Is Leontiades impell'd to meet
Cecropia's chief, where Thebes began to feel
His mighty pressure. Whether justice strong
His nerves with force beyond a guilty hand,
Or of his manly limbs the vigour match'd
His fortitude of mind; his falchion clove
Down to the neck that faithless Greek, of Greece
The most malignant foe. The treacherous deed,
Which laid fair Thespia, with Platæan tow'rs
In dust, he thus aton'd. A bolt from Heav'n
Thus rives an oak, whose top divided hangs
On either side obliquely from the trunk.
Murichides the Hellespontine bleeds,
Too zealous friend of Asia, in whose cause
This day he arm'd. By great Mardonius charg'd
Late messenger of friendship, he in peace
On Salaminian shores had touch'd the hand,
Which now amid the tumult pierc'd his heart,
Not willingly, if known. Then Lynceus fell,
From Œdipëan Polynices sprung,
The last remains of that ill-fated house.
Mironides and Clinias near the side
Of Aristides fought, his strong support.
Yet undismay'd and firm three hundred chiefs,
Or sons of proudest families in Thebes,
Dispute the victory till death. *Meantime*
Olympiodorus from the left had gall'd
Thessalia's squadrons, like a fleety storm
Checking their speed. Athenian horse, though few,

Mix'd with their bowmen, well maintain'd their ground.
His own true-levell'd shaft transfix'd the throat
Of Larissean Thorax; who in dust
Buries at length his Aleuadian pride.
Rememb'ring all his charge bold Cimon rears
His mighty spear. Impetuous through a band
Of yielding Phocians he on Theban ranks
Falls like a rapid falcon, when his weight
Precipitates to strike the helpless prey.
Him slaughter follows; slaughter from the right
On Æschylus attends, and mightier waits
On Aristides. Justice in his breast
Awhile was blind to mercy undeserv'd,
Ev'n unimplor'd, by persevering foes
Inveterate. Now on this empurpled stage
Of vengeance due to perfidy and crimes,
Twice their own number had the Athenians heap'd
Of massacred Bœotians; but as Heav'n,
Not to destruction punishing, restrains
Its anger just, and oft the harden'd spares,
That time may soften, or that suff'rings past,
Not measur'd full, may turn the dread of more
To reformation; Aristides thus
Relenting bade retreat be sounded loud,
Then, by th' obedient host surrounded, spake
Serene: "Enough of Grecian blood is spilt,
Ye men of Athens; low in dust are laid
The heads of those who plann'd the fall of Greece.
The populace obtuse, resembling you,
Enlighten'd people, as the sluggish beast
A gen'rous courser, let your pity save
In gratitude to Jove, creating yours
Unlike Bœotia's breed—Now form again."
Thus equity and mercy he combin'd,
Like that archangel, authoris'd by Heav'n
Chief o'er celestial armies, when the fall'n
From purity and faith in Eden's bow'rs
Not to perdition nor despair he left
Abandon'd. Aristides still proceeds:
"New victories invite you; Sparta long
Hath wanted succour; men of Athens, march."
Lo! Menalippus greets in rapid haste
This more than hero. "I am come," he said,
"To bring thee tidings of Mardonius slain
In open fight. Pausanias still demands
Thy instant presence." In pursuit he reach'd
The stream. "Not now that passage is forbid,"
Tisamenus exclaim'd. The gen'ral pass'd
In vain to force the well-defended camp;
Repuls'd in ev'ry part he dubious stands
With disappointment sore; on Attic skill
To mount entrenchments and a rampart storm
Laconians and Tegæans both depend
To crown the day. Th' Athenian heard, and cool
In four divisions separates the host.
Four thousand warriors, light and heavy-arm'd,
Each part compose; whose ensigns o'er the flood
In order just are carry'd. He attains
Th' adjacent field, and joins Pausanias there;
Whose ravell'd brow, and countenance of gloom,
Present a lion's grimness, who, some fold,
Or stall attempting, thence by vollied stones
Of trooping shepherds, and of herdsmen, chas'd,
Hath sullenly retreated, though oppress'd
By famine dire. To Aristides spake
With haughtiness redoubled Sparta's chief:
"Didst thou forget, Athenian, who commands
The Grecian armies? Thou hast loiter'd long
Since my two mandates." With majestic warmth
The righteous man: "Pausanias, now receive
From Aristides language new, but just.
Thine is the pride of satraps, not the light
Ingenuous vanity of Greeks, from sense
Of freedom, sense of cultivated minds,
Above the rest of mortals. No; a black,
Barbaric humour festers at thy heart,
Portending usurpation. Know, proud man,
Thou hast been weigh'd, and long deficient found
By Aristides, thy superior far,
Then most superior, when for public good
Compliant most. Thou soon, O! Spartan born,
Yet in thy country's decency untaught,
Will like a Persian cast a loathing eye
On freedom, on Lycurgus and his laws;
Which gall a mind despotic. I presage
Thee dangerous, Pausanias. Where the seeds
Of dark ambition I suspect, my eye
Becomes a jealous sentinel; beware,
Nor force my active vigilance to proof
Now or in future, when united Greece,
No more defensive, may retaliate war,
Successful war, which prompts aspiring thoughts.
Rest now a safe spectator. From defeat
Of real warriors, of our fellow-Greeks,
Not Persians lightly arm'd in loose array,
The loiterers of Athens shall with ease
Surmount that fence impregnable to thee."
To wait an answer he disdain'd, but march'd;
While arrogance in secret gnash'd the teeth
Of this dark-minded Spartan, doom'd to prove
The boding words of Aristides true.
The Sun, no longer vertical, began
His slant Hesperian progress. At the head
Of his own host Cecropin's chief began.
Enthusiastic flame, without whose aid
The soldier, patriot, and the bard is faint,
At this great crisis thus inspires the man
Of human race the most correct in mind:
"Ye shades of all, who tyrants have expell'd,
Ye, who repose at Marathon entomb'd,
Ye glorious victims, who exalt the name
Of Salamis, and manes of the brave
Leonidas, arise! Our banners fan
With your Elysian breath! Thou god supreme,
Jove eleutherian, send thy child beloy'd,
With her Gorgonian ægis, to defend
A people struggling not for spoil, or pow'r,
Not to extend dominion, but maintain
The right of Nature, thy peculiar gift
To dignify mankind. I lift this prayer,
My citizens, in rev'rence, not in doubt
Of your success. Ye vanquishers of Greeks,
Beneath your spears yon servile herd will fall,
As corn before the sickle." With a look
Of circumspection he remark'd a swell
Of ground not fifty paces from the camp;
Olympiodorus and his bowmen there
He posted first. "Now, Æschylus," he said,
"Construct of solid shields a brazen roof;
In contact close to yonder fence of wood
Form like the tortoise in his massy shell."
The archers, each like Phœbus skill'd, remove
With show'rs of death the thick defendants soon
Clear from the rampart, which in height surpass'd
Two cubits. Æschylus not slow performs
His task. A rank of sixty warriors plac'd
Erect, with cov'ring bucklers o'er their heads,
A brazen platform to the wall unites.
The next in order stoop behind; the last

Kneel firm on earth. O'er implicated shields
A stable passage thus when Cimon sees,
He mounts, and fearless eyes the Asian camp.
Between the rampart's basis and the foe
An empty space observing, on the ground
His spear he fixes, and amidst a storm
Of clatt'ring javelins, arrows, darts, and stones,
Swings down. So, shooting from the sulph'rous lap
Of some dark-vested cloud, a globe of fire
Through winds and rain precipitates a blaze
Terrific down the raven pall of night.
His whole division follows; with his band
Myronides, and Æschylus, releas'd
From his first care. Successively they range.
The very fence, by Persian toil uprais'd,
Now from the Persian multitude secures
Th' Athenian rear. No obstacle remains
To Aristides, who completes his plan.
Olympiodorus and his active train
With axes keen, and cleaving spades, approach;
Hewn down, uptorn in that surmounted part,
The fall'n defences, and the levell'd ground,
Soon leave an op'ning wide. His strong reserve,
Eight thousand light, two thousand heavy-arm'd,
With Hafiartus, and Oileus' son,
Cecropia's chief leads forward to sustain
His first bold warriors. Chilens enters next
With his Tegæans, Aemnestus brave,
Pausanias, Amompharetus, the youth
Of Menalippus, all the Spartan host.
Seven Grecian myriads through the breach invade
A ground, with swarms of tents and men oppress'd.
Dire thus th' irruption of Germanic seas
Through strong Batavian mounds; th' inflated brine
Stupendous piles of long-resisting weight
Bears down, and, baffling strength and art combin'd,
Foams o'er a country in its seat profound
Below the surface of th' endang'ring main;
A country, where frugality and toil
No spot leave waste, no meadow, but in herds
Redundant; where the num'rous dwellings show
Simplicity but plenty, now immers'd
With all their throng'd inhabitants beneath
Th' unsparing deluge. Aristides swift,
As if by gen'ral choice the chief supreme,
Commandment issues, that to either side
The host extend, that, skirted by the fence,
With wheeling flanks in front the line assume
A crescent's figure. Thus the fisher skill'd
With his capacious seines, slow-dragg'd and press'd
Close on each bank, a river's whole expanse
With all its natives glossy-finn'd involves.

Yet Mindarus, with Mede and Persian ranks,
A large remainder from the morning fight,
Resists, which soon are slaughter'd; he retreats
Among the tents, whose multitude impedes
The Grecians. Aristides straight commands,
That from the heavy line's disjointed length
A hundred bands expatiate in the chase
Of foes benumb'd by fear, who neither fight,
Nor fly, of means depriv'd. The carnage grows
In every quarter. Fountains seem unclos'd,
Whence rivulets of blood o'erflow the ground.
O'er satraps, potentates, and princes fall'n,
Strode Aristides, first of men, of Heav'n
The imitator in his civil deeds,
Now some faint semblance, far as mortal may
Of that Almighty victor on the field
Ethereal, when o'er helms, and helmed heads
Of prostrate seraphim, and powers o'erthrown,
He rode. Still Mindarus, by courage wing'd,
From nation flies to nation, still persists
Exhorting; though in hopeless thought he sees
Great Hyperanthes from the shades ascend,
And seems to hear the godlike phantom sigh
In mournful words like these: "Ah! fruitless toil!
As once was mine, to rescue from despair
The panic fears of Asia! Dead in mind,
Her host already soon dead clay must lie,
Like me on Œta's rock." Yet Midias brave,
With Tiridates rous'd, their efforts join.
Against them warlike Medon, and the seed
Of Lygdamis, chance brings. They side by side,
As heretofore Thermopylæ beheld
Young Dithyrambus and Diomedon,
Had all the day their unresisted wedge
Of Locrian shields and Delphian led to de
Accumulating trophies. Midias falls
By Haliartus. From the slain his lance
Recov'ring, tow'rds his patron dear he turn
Him conqu'ror too of Tiridates views
In joy; joy soon to sorrow chang'd! Fate guide
A casual weapon from a distant hand;
Such as at Ramoth from the Syrian bow,
Drawn at a venture, smote between the joints
Of harness strong the Israelitish king,
Who from the fight bade wheel his chariot, fain'd
With his own crimson. Ponderous and broad
The hostile lance inflicts a mortal wound
In Medon's gen'rous bosom. Not a sigh
He breathes, in look still placid and sedate,
While death's cold moisture stagnates on his limbs,
By all their pow'rs forsaken. "Bear," he said
To Haliartus, "bear me from the camp,
Nor yet extract the weapon; life, I feel,
Would follow swift, and Medon hath a charge
Yet to deliver." Some pathetic Muse,
In tend'rest measures give these numbers flow
Let thine, who plaintive on the pontic verge
In servitude Sarmatian, through her page
Of sorrows weeps thy banishment from Rome;
Or thine, Euripides, whose moral strains
Melt sympathy in tears at human woes,
Thy vary'd tragic themes, or both unite
Your inspiration to describe a heart,
Where gratitude o'er all affections dear
Predominantly sway'd; the faithful heart
Of Haliartus at this sudden stroke
Of direful chance. To death is Medon snatch'd,
From glory snatch'd amid victorious friends.
The Carian's bosom instant feels combin'd
Achilles' anguish at Patroclus dead,
The pang of Priam at the fall of Troy,
Ev'n woman's grief, Andromache's distress
For her slain Hector, and his mother's pain
To see his mangled and dishonour'd corse.
Great Artemisia's name, th' illustrious blood
From Lygdamis deriv'd, his own exploits
Of recent fame, are all eras'd from thought
In Haliartus now; who sinks again
To Melibœus. On the wounded chief,
As on his lord, his patron, still he looks
With all th' affection of a menial, bred
In the same home, and cherish'd in that home
With lib'ral kindness to his humbler state.
He clasps the fainting hero, on the shields
Of weeping friends deposits, and conveys
Swift through a portal, from its hinges forc'd.

Three hours remain'd to Phœbus in his course
Close by the entrenchment, under beachen shade

Of ancient growth, a fountain bursts in rills
Transparent; thither on the down of moss
Was Medon borne and laid. "Unloose," he said,
"My helm, and fill from that refreshing stream."
Obey'd, he drank a part; then pouring down
The remnant, spake: "By this libation clear
Be testified my thanks to all the gods,
That I have liv'd to see my country sav'd
On this victorious day. My fate requires
No lamentation, Haliartus dear,
Oh! more than kindred dear. Commend me first
To Aristides; Medon's parting breath
Him victor hails. To Delphi's virtuous priest,
To my Leonteus, to the glorious son
Of Neocles, my salutation bear,
To kind Cleander, my Trœzenian host,
To Hyacinthus of Eubœa's race,
The flower of all her chieftains: they have prov'd
In me some zeal their island to redeem.
Transport my ashes to Melissa's care,
Them near the relics of Laconia's king
Repose; be mine the neighbour of his urn."
Here with an utmost effort of his voice,
With arms extended, and Elysian look:
"Leonidas, the life thy friendship sav'd,
An off'ring to thy manes, now I close
Mature in age, to glory not unknown,
Above the wish, as destitute of hope
To find a fairer time, or better cause,
Than sends me now a messenger to greet
Thee with glad tidings of this land preserv'd."
With his own hand the javelin from his breast
He draws serene; life issues through the wound.
New shouts, new trumpets, waken from a trance
Of grief the son of Lygdamis. He sees
Cleander; who th' Asopian banks had pass'd,
Call'd by Sicinus from Saturnia's dome.
Lo! Epidaurian Clitophon, the ranks
Of Phlius with Menander, Sicyon's chief
Automedon, the Hermionean spears
With Lycus follow, Cephallene's sons,
The Acarnanian, all th' Epirot bands,
Leprean Conon, with Mycenæ's youth
Polydamas, by Arimnestus led
The brave Platæans, with his Thespian files
Alcimedon, Nearchus with his force
Of Chalcis, Potidæan Tydeus next,
Eretrian Cleon, Lampon, and the troop
Of little Styra, Corinth's banners last,
By Adimantus and Alemæon rang'd.
"Too late you come for glory," them bespake
The Carian sad: "Lo! half the foes destroy'd
By Aristides, fugitives the rest;
Lo! there the only loss, which Greece sustains."
To him Cleander, with devout regret
O'er Medon, honour'd paranymph and guest,
His head inclining: "Not too late we come
For sacrifice of Persians to the ghost
Of this dead hero. Ah! what floods of tears
Will fall in Trœzen—But let grief prevail
Hereafter. Son of Lygdamis, renounce
Despondency; Acanthè still survives
To fire thy breast as Ariphilia mine;
I hear her prompting my vindictive arm.
From thy experience of this glorious day
Lead thy Trœzenian host, where best to point
His strenuous efforts. Let thy guiding zeal,
For me, long cursing my inactive post,
Yet find one track to fame." These gallant words
Of cordial frankness from dejection lift
The Carian brave, not less than Phœbus cheer'd
The languid son of Priam on the bank
Of Xanthus; when a stony mass, of weight
To stay a keel on Hellespontine sands,
By Ajax hurl'd, benumb'd the Trojan's frame.
Thus Haliartus: "Through that open gate,
New forc'd, the shortest, safest passage lies;
But, to acquire some lustre, I can show
Another track for prowess yet to shine."
He leads, all follow, save Corinthian bands
With Adimantus, hast'ning through the gate,
Soon as to him th' intelligence is brought;
Who ent'ring, sees a carnage which confounds
A timid spirit. By Alcmæon urg'd,
Close by the fence he marches; none he meets
But fly before him. Adimantus lifts
His spear, and satiates cowardice with blood
Of unresisting men. By cheap success
Betray'd, a distant quarter he attains,
Where Mindarus confronts him. From his steed
Th' unyielding satrap whirls a rapid lance,
Which nails the base Corinthian to the ground.
Alcmæon next is wounded; more had bled,
But Aristides o'er that part, devoid
Of tents, his dreadful crescent in array
Is forming new. The Persian starts; he flies
To one last angle of the spacious camp,
Sole spot unforc'd. Half circled now in front,
The Attic, Spartan, and Tegæan ranks,
In motion slow, yet moving on, augment
Progressively their terrours, like a range
Of clouds, which thicken on the brow of night,
A final wreck portending to a fleet,
Already shatter'd by the morning storm.
Round Mindarus the remnant of his host,
Collected still is numerous. Them he sees
Oft look behind, a sight that ill accords
With warriors; but, as now in columns deep
Its glitt'ring horns that direful crescent shows
Within the limits of a javelin's cast,
All turn intent on flight at large; they break
Their own enclosure down, whose late defence
Is present bane, and intercepts escape.
Lo! Haliartus; all whose grief is chang'd
To fire, heroic flame. Three myriads fresh
He pours; that crowded angle he invests,
Preventing flight. Cleander looks around
Like some tornado menacing a bark,
Which soon unseam'd and parted sinks ingulf'd;
He finds a breach and with him enters death.
The long-enduring satrap, whose mild soul
Calamity hath worn, resembles now
The poor desponding sailor, who is left
Last of the found'ring vessel on a plank
Alone. No coast appears; the greedy swell
He sees around, expecting ev'ry wave
Will terminate his being, and forgoes
All hope of succour. His afflicted soul
Thus with an effort equal to his rank
The prince explores: "What, Mindarus, remains
For thee deserted! In another's home
Cleora dwells; Masistius is no more;
Slain is Mardonius, Asia's glory fall'n;
Thou hast too long been fugitive this day;
Like Peribazus close a term of woe;
Like him in death be honour'd." He dismounts,
He grasps a spear. Such dignity of shame
To Ilian Hector, from his flight recall'd,
Great Homer's Muse imparted. While the prince
Is meditating thus, a man sublime

Tow'rs from th' Athenians, who suspend their march;
Unlike the son of Peleus in his ire
Implacable, he represents a god
In aspect, god of mercy, not of arms.
"Know, chieftain," he began, "to me the Greeks
One Persian life have granted; it is thine.
In this day's trial I have noted well
Thy constancy and manhood; I, who prize
The gems of virtue, in whatever clime,
O Persian! whether in a friend or foe
Their never-changing lustre they display;
I, Aristides, my protecting arm
Extend. Time presses; yield thee, ere too late;
Captivity no burden shalt thou find,
Till safe, without a ransom, thou regain
Thy native seat." The Persian melts like snow
In all its rigour at the noon-tide Sun.
This unforeseen, humane demeanour calms
His mind, and hushes ev'ry desp'rate thought.
He thus replies: "On all my actions past
Hath fortune frown'd; perhaps a captive state
With Aristides, whom Masistius lov'd,
Mardonius prais'd, and all mankind reveres,
Forebodes a change of fortune to my gain!
Thy condescending wisdom, O supreme
In justice, knowledge, and benignant deeds,
May lift a man of sorrows from despair!"
He yields. Th' Athenian leads him through the press
Secure; himself a spectacle avoids,
Which others covet. Lo! on ev'ry side
Keen swords of massacre are wav'd. To maids
Deflow'r'd, dishonour'd wives, and gods profan'd,
To Athens, Thespia, and Platæa burnt,
The Greeks complete their sacrifice. The Sun,
Wont on those fields of glist'ning green to smile,
And trace Asopus through his crystal maze,
Now setting, glances over lakes of blood;
While fate with Persian carnage chafes the stream,
No longer smooth and limpid, but o'erswoln,
And foaming purple, with increasing heaps
Of carcasses and arms. Night drops her shade
On thirty myriads slaughter'd. Thus thy death,
Leonidas of Sparta, was aveng'd,
Greece thus by Attic virtue was preserv'd.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

THE

LIFE OF WHITEHEAD,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD was born at Cambridge in the beginning of the year 1715. His father was a baker in St. Botolph's parish, and at one time must have been a man of some property or some interest, as he bestowed a liberal education on his eldest son, *John*, who after entering into the church, held the living of Pershore, in the diocese of Worcester. He would probably have been enabled to extend the same care to William, his second son, had he not died when the boy was at school, and left his widow involved in debts contracted by extravagance or folly. A few acres of land, near Grandchester, on which he expended considerable sums of money, without, it would appear, expecting much return, is yet known by the name of *Whitehead's Folly*.

William received the first rudiments of education at some common school in Cambridge, and at the age of fourteen was removed to Winchester, having obtained a nomination into that college by the interest of Mr. Bromley, afterward lord Montfort. Of his behaviour while at school his biographer, Mr. Mason, received the following account from Dr. Balguy.

"He was always of a delicate turn, and though obliged to go to the hills with the other boys, spent his time there in reading either plays or poetry; and was also particularly fond of the Atalantis, and all other books of private history or character. He very early exhibited his taste for poetry; for while other boys were contented with showing up twelve or fourteen lines, he would fill half a sheet, but always with English verse. This Dr. Burton, the master, at first discouraged; but, after some time, he was so much charmed, that he spoke of them with rapture. When he was sixteen he wrote a whole comedy.

"In the winter of the year 1732, he is said to have acted a female part in the Andria, under Dr. Burton's direction. Of this there is some doubt: but it is certain that he acted Marcia, in the tragedy of Cato, with much applause.

"In the year 1733, the earl of Peterborough, having Mr. Pope at his house near Southampton, carried him to Winchester to show him the college, school, &c. The earl gave ten guineas to be disposed of in prizes amongst the boys, and Mr. Pope set them a subject to write upon, viz. PETERBOROUGH. Prizes of a guinea each were give

to six of the boys, of whom Whitehead was one. The remaining sum was laid out for other boys in subscriptions to Pine's Horace, then about to be published.

"He never excelled in writing epigrams, nor did he make any considerable figure in Latin verse, though he understood the classics very well, and had a good memory. He was, however, employed to translate into Latin the first epistle of the Essay on Man: and the translation is still extant in his own hand. Dobson's success in translating Prior's Solomon had put this project into Mr. Pope's head, and he set various persons to work upon it.

"His school friendships were usually contracted either with noblemen, or gentlemen of large fortune, such as lord Drumlanrig, sir Charles Douglas, sir Robert Burdett, Mr. Tryon, and Mr. Munday of Leicestershire. The choice of these persons was imputed by some of his schoolfellows to vanity, by others to prudence; but might it not be owing to his delicacy, as this would make him easily disgusted with the coarser manners of ordinary boys? He was school-tutor to Mr. Wallop, afterwards lord Lymington, son to the late earl of Portsmouth, and father to the present earl. He enjoyed, for some little time, a lucrative place in the college, that of preposter of the hall.

"At the election in September, 1735, he was treated with singular injustice; for, through the force of superior interest, he was placed so low on the roll, that it was scarce possible for him to succeed to New College. Being now superannuate, he left Winchester of course, deriving no other advantage from the college than a good education: this, however, he had ingenuity enough to acknowledge, with gratitude, in a poem prefixed to the second edition of Dr. Lowth's Life of William of Wickham."

In all this there is nothing extraordinary; nor can the partiality of his biographer conceal that, among the early efforts of his Muse, there is not one which seems to indicate the future poet, although he is anxious to attribute this to his having followed the example of Pope, rather than of Spenser, Fairfax, and Milton. The Vision of Solomon, however, which he copied from Whitehead's juvenile manuscripts, and is reprinted in the present edition, is entitled to considerable praise. Even when a school-boy he had attentively studied the various manners of the best authors, and in the course of his poetical life, attained no small felicity in exhibiting specimens of almost every kind of stanza.

Although he lost his father before he had resided at Winchester above two years, yet by his own frugality, and such assistance as his mother, a very amiable, prudent, and exemplary woman, could give him, he was enabled to remain at school until the election for New College, in which we have seen he was disappointed. Two months after, he returned to Cambridge, where he was indebted to his extraction, *low* as Mr. Mason thinks it, for what laid the foundation of his future success in life. The circumstance of his being the orphan son of a baker gave him an unexceptionable claim to one of the scholarships founded at Clarehall by Mr. Thomas Pyke, who had followed that trade in Cambridge. His mother accordingly admitted him a sizer in this college, under the tuition of Messrs. Curling, Goddard, and Hopkinson, Nov. 26, 1735. After every allowance is made for the superior value of money in his time, it will remain a remarkable proof of his poverty and economy, that this scholarship, which amounted only to four shillings a week, was in his circumstances a desirable object.

He brought some little reputation with him to college, and his poetical attempts when at school, with the notice Mr. Pope had taken of him, would probably secure him from the neglect attached to inferiority of rank. But it is more to his honour, that by his amiable manners, and intelligent conversation, he recommended himself to the special

notice of some very distinguished contemporaries, of Dr. Powell, Balguy, Ogden, Stebbing, and Hurd, who not only admitted him to an occasional intercourse, but to an intimacy and respect which continued through the various scenes of their lives. In such society his morals and industry had every encouragement which the best example could give, and he soon surmounted the prejudices which vulgar minds might have indulged on the recollection of his birth and poverty.

When the marriage of the prince of Wales in 1736, and the birth of his son, the present king, called for the gratulatory praises of the universities, Whitehead wrote some verses on these subjects, which he inserted in the first collection of his poems, published in 1754, but omitted from the second in 1774. They are restored, however, to the present edition, as they have been reprinted in some subsequent collections; nor can there be much danger to the reputation of a poet in telling the world that his earliest efforts were not his best.

The production with which, in Mr. Mason's opinion, he commenced a poet, was his epistle On the Danger of Writing in Verse. This, we are told, obtained general admiration, and was highly approved by Pope. But that it is "one of the most happy imitations extant of Pope's preceptive manner," is a praise which seems to come from Mr. Mason's friendship, rather than his judgment. The subject is but slightly touched, and the sentiments are often obscure. It is not very easy to arrange the following words in any order that can make sense.

> Will it avail, that, unmatur'd by years,
> My easy numbers pleas'd your partial ears,
> If now condemn'd, ev'n where he's valu'd most,
> The man must suffer if the poet's lost.

Nor are the following much more intelligible:

> Thus grateful France does Richlieu's worth proclaim,
> Thus grateful Britain doats on Somers' name,
> And spite of party rage, and human flaws,
> And British liberty, and British laws,
> Times yet to come shall sing of Anna's reign,
> And bards, who blame the measures, love the man.

Why "times to come" should celebrate Anna's reign, "in spite of British liberty and laws" is not easily discovered, although they may be allowed to forget "party rage," and what is tamely called "human flaws." The finest passage and happiest imitation of Pope, is that in which he condemns the licentiousness of certain poets.

The tale of Atys and Adrastus, his next publication, is altogether superior to the former. It is elegant, pathetic, and enriched with some beautiful imagery.

The Epistle of Anne Boleyn to Henry VIII. which followed, will not be thought to rank very high among productions of this kind. "The truth is," says Mr. Mason, "Mr. Pope's Eloisa to Abelard is such a *chef d'œuvre*, that nothing of the kind can be relished after it." Our critic has, however, done no credit to Whitehead, by this insinuation of rivalship, and yet less to himself by following it with a petulant attack on Dr. Johnson. In his eagerness to injure the reputation of a man so much his superior, and with whom, it is said, he never exchanged an angry word, he would exclude *sympathy* from the charms which attract in the Eloisa, and at the expence of taste and feeling, passes a clumsy sarcasm on papistical machinery.

The Essay on Ridicule was published in 1743. It is by far the best of his didactic pieces, and one upon which, his biographer thinks, he bestowed great pains. "His own natural candour led him to admit the use of this excellent (though frequently misdirected) weapon of the mind with more restrictions than, perhaps, any person will submit to, who has the power of employing it successfully." The justice of this observation is proved by almost universal experience. Pope and Swift at this time were striking instances of the abuse of a talent which, moderated by candour, and by respect for what ought to be above all ridicule and all levity, might contribute more powerfully to si . vice into contempt than any other means that can be employed.

This poem is not now printed as it came from the pen of the author on its first publication. Some lines at the conclusion are omitted, in which he was afraid he had authorized too free a use of ridicule; and the names of Lucian and Cervantes, whom he held as legitimate models, are omitted, that honour being reserved for Addison only.

His next essay was the short epistle to the Earl of Ashburnham on Nobility. His biographer is silent concerning it, because it was not inserted in either of the editions of his works, nor can he assign the reason, although it does not appear to be very obscure. With much excellent advice, there is a mixture of democratic reflection on hereditary titles, and insinuations respecting

> ..... such seeming inconsistent things
> As strength with ease, and liberty with kings,

which he might think somewhat uncourtly in the collected works of one who had become the companion of lords, and the poet laureat.

In the publication of the poems now enumerated, while at college, Mr. Mason informs us, that he was less eager for poetical fame than desirous of obtaining a maintenance by the labours of his pen, that he might be less burthensome to his mother. With this laudable view, he practised the strictest economy, and pursued his studies with exemplary diligence. Whether his inclination led him to any particular branch of science, we are not told. In 1739 he took his degree of bachelor of arts, and in 1742 was elected a fellow of his college. In 1743, he was admitted master of arts, and appears about this time to have had an intention to take orders. Some lines which he wrote to a friend, and which are reprinted among the additional fragments to his works in this edition, treat this intention with a levity unbecoming that, which, if not serious, is the worst of all hypocrisy. He was prevented, however, from indulging any thoughts of the church by an incident which determined the tenour of his future life.

William, third earl of Jersey, was at this time making inquiries after a proper person to be private tutor to his second son, the late earl, and Whitehead was recommended by Mr. commissioner Graves, as a person qualified for this important charge. Mr. Whitehead accepted the offer, as his fellowship would not necessarily be vacated by it, and in the summer of 1745 removed to the earl's house in town, where he was received upon the most liberal footing. A young friend of the family, afterwards general Stephens, was also put under his care, as a companion to the young nobleman in his studies, and a spur to his emulation.

Placed thus in a situation, where he could spare some hours from the instruction of his pupils, he became a frequenter of the theatre, which had been his favourite amusement long before he had an opportunity of witnessing the superiority of the London performers. Immediately on his coming to town, he had written a little ballad farce, entitled The

Edinburgh Ball, in which the young Pretender is held up to ridicule. This, however, was never performed, or printed. He then began a regular tragedy, The Roman Father, which was produced on the stage in 1750. He appears to have viewed the difficulties of a first attempt with a wary eye, and had the precaution to make himself known to the public by the Lines addressed to Dr. Hoadley. Those to Mr. Garrick, on his becoming joint patentee of Drury Lane theatre, would probably improve his interest with one whose excessive tenderness of reputation was among the few blemishes in his character.

It is not necessary to expatiate on the merits of The Roman Father, as dramatic pieces are excluded from this collection. It still retains its place on the stage, and has been the choice of many new performers who wished to impress the audience with a favourable opinion of their powers, and of some old ones who are less afraid of modern than of ancient tragedy, of declamation than of passion. Mr. Mason has bestowed a critical discussion upon it, but evidently with a view to throw out reflections on Irene, which Johnson never highly valued; and on Garrick, whom he accused of a tyrannical use of the pruning knife. To this, however, he confesses that Whitehead submitted with the humblest deference, nor was it a deference which dishonoured either his pride or his taste. He avowedly wrote for stage-effect, and who could so properly judge of that as Garrick?

The next production of our author was The Hymn to the Nymph of the Bristol Spring, in 1751, "written in the manner of those classical addresses to heathen divinities of which the hymns of Homer and Callimachus are the architypes." This must be allowed to be a very favourable specimen of his powers in blank verse, and has much of poetical fancy and ornament. The Sweepers, a ludicrous attempt in blank verse, would, in Mr. Mason's opinion, have received more applause than it has hitherto done, had the taste of the generality of readers been founded more on their own feelings than on mere prescription and authority. It appears to me, however, to be defective in plan: there is an effort at humour in the commencement, of which the effect is painfully interrupted by the miseries of a female sweeper taken into keeping, and passing to ruin through the various stages of prostitution.

About this time, if I mistake not, for Mr. Mason has not given the precise date, he wrote the beautiful stanzas on Friendship, which that gentleman thinks one of his best and most finished compositions. What gives it a peculiar charm is, that it comes from the heart, and appeals with success to the experience of every man who has imagined what friendship should be, or known what it is. The celebrated Gray, according to Mr. Mason's account, "disapproved the general sentiment which it conveyed, for he said it would furnish the unfeeling and capricious with apologies for their defects, and that it ought to be entitled A Satire on Friendship." Mr. Mason repeated this opinion to the author who, in consequence, made a considerable addition to the concluding part of the piece. "Still, however, as the exceptionable stanzas remained, which contained an apology for what Mr. Gray thought no apology ought to be made, he continued unsatisfied, and persisted in saying, that it had a bad tendency, and the more so, because the sentiments which he thought objectionable were so poetically and finely expressed."

This is a singular anecdote; how far Gray was right in his opinion may be left to the consideration of the reader, who is to remember that the subject of these verses is school-boy friendship. Some instances of its instability Whitehead may have experi-

enced, and the name of Charles Townsend is mentioned as one who forgot him when he became a statesman. But it is certain that he had less to complain of, in this respect, than most young men of higher pretensions, for he retained the greater part of his youthful friendships to the last, and was, indeed, a debtor to friendship for almost all he had. What Gray seems to be afraid of, is Whitehead's admission that the decay of friendship may be mutual, and from causes for which neither party is seriously to blame.

The subject of this poem is not indirectly connected with the verses which he wrote about this time (1751) to the Rev. Mr. Wright, who had blamed him for leading what his friends thought a dependent life, and for not taking orders, or entering upon some regular profession. For this there was certainly some plea. He had resigned his fellowship in 1746, about a year after he became one of lord Jersey's family, and with that, every prospect of advantage from his college. He had now remained five years in this family, and had attained the age of thirty-six, without any support, but what depended on the liberality of his employer, or the sale of his poems. It was not therefore very unreasonable in his friend to suggest, that he had attained the age at which men in general have determined their course of life, and that his present situation must be one of two things, either dependent or precarious.

In the verses just mentioned, Whitehead endeavours to vindicate his conduct, and will, I apprehend, be found to vindicate it like one too much enamoured of present ease to look forward to probable disappointment. He is content with dependence, because he has made it easy to himself; his present condition is quiet and contentment, and what can his future be more? thus ingeniously shifting the subject from a question of dependence or independence, to that of ambition and bustle. But although this will not apply generally, such was his temper or his treatment that it proved a sufficient apology in his own case. Throughout a long life, he never had cause to repent of the confidence he placed in his noble friends, who continued to heap favours upon him in the most delicate manner, and without receiving, as far as we know, any of those humiliating or disgraceful returns which degrade genius and endanger virtue.

The poems now enumerated, and a few others of the lighter kind, he published in 1754 in one volume, and about the same time produced his second tragedy, Creusa, which had not the success of The Roman Father, although Mr. Mason seems inclined to give it the preference. But it ought not to be forgot that, with the profits arising from these theatrical productions, our author honourably discharged his father's debts.

About this time, lord Jersey determined that his son should complete his education abroad, and the late lord Harcourt having the same intentions concerning his eldest son lord viscount Nuneham, a young nobleman of nearly the same age, Mr. Whitehead was appointed governor to both, and gladly embraced so favourable an opportunity of enlarging his views by foreign travel. Leipsic was the place where they were destined to pass the winter of 1754, in order to attend the lectures of professor Mascow on the *Droit publique*. They set off in June, and resided the rest of the summer at Rheims, that they might habituate themselves to the French language, and then passed seven months at Leipsic, with little satisfaction or advantage, for they found the once celebrated Mascow in a state of dotage, without being quite incapacitated from reading his former lectures.

In the following spring, they visited the German courts, proceeded to Vienna, and thence to Italy. On their return homeward, they crossed the Alps, and passed through Switzerland, Germany, and Holland, being prevented from visiting France by the decla-

ration of war, and landed at Harwich in September 1756. During this tour, Whitehead wrote those Elegies and Odes which relate to subjects inspired on classic ground, and in which he attempts picturesque imagery with more felicity than in any of his former pieces. He had, indeed, in this tour, every thing before his eyes which demanded grandeur of conception and elevation of language. He beheld the objects which had animated poets in all ages, and his mind appears to have felt all that local emotion can produce.

Mr. Mason complains that these Elegies were not popular, and states various objections made to them; he does not add by whom: but takes care to inform us that the poet bore his fate contentedly, because he was no longer under the necessity of adapting himself to the public taste in order to become a popular writer. He had received while yet in Italy two genteel patent places, usually united, the badges of secretary and registrar of the order of the Bath, and two years after, on the death of old Cibber, he was appointed poet laureat.

This last place was offered to Gray, by Mr. Mason's mediation, and an apology was made for passing over Mr. Mason himself, "that being in orders, he was thought, merely on that account, less eligible for the office than a layman[1]." Mr. Mason says, he was glad to hear this reason assigned, and did not think it a weak one. It appears, however, that a higher respect was paid to Gray than to Whitehead, in the offer of the appointment. Gray was to hold it as a sinecure, but Whitehead was expected to do the duties of the laureat. In this dilemma, if it may be so called, Mr. Mason endeavoured to relieve his friend by an expedient not very promising. He advised him to employ a deputy to write his annual odes, and reserve his own pen for certain great occasions, as a peace, or a royal marriage; and he pointed out to him two or three needy poets who, for a reward of five or ten guineas, would be humble enough to write under the eye of the musical composer.

Whitehead had more confidence in his powers, or more respect for his royal patron, than to take this advice, and set himself to compose his annual Odes with the zeal that he employed on his voluntary effusions. But although he had little to fear from the fame of his predecessor, he was not allowed to enjoy all the benefits of comparison. His Odes were confessedly superior to those of Cibber, but the office itself, under Cibber's possession, had become so ridiculous, that it was no easy task to restore it to some degree of public respect. Whitehead, however, was perhaps the man of all others, his contemporaries, who could perform this with most ease to himself. Attacked as he was, in every way, by "the little fry" of the poetical profession, he was never provoked into retaliation, and bore even the more dangerous abuse of Churchill, with a real or apparent indifference, which to that turbulent libeller must have been truly mortifying. He was not, however, insensible of the inconvenience, to say the least, of a situation which obliges a man to write two poems yearly upon the same subjects, and with this feeling wrote The Pathetic Apology for all Laureats; which, from the motto, he appears to have intended to reach that quarter where only redress could be obtained, but it was not published until after his death.

For some years after his return to England, he lived almost entirely in the house of the earl of Jersey, no longer as a tutor to his son, but as a companion of amiable manners and accomplishments, whom the good sense of that nobleman and his lady preferred to be the partner of their familiar and undisguised intimacy, and placed at their table

[1] This office was held from 1716 to 1730 by Eusden, a clergyman. *C.*

as one not unworthy to sit with guests of whatever rank. The earl and countess were now advanced in years, and his biographer informs us, that Whitehead "willingly devoted the principal part of his time to the amusement of his patron and patroness, which it will not be doubted by those, who know with what unassuming ease, and pleasing sallies of wit, he enlivened his conversation, must have made their hours of sickness or pain pass away with much more serenity." The father of lord Nuneham also gave him a general invitation to his table in town, and to his delightful seat in the country, and the two young lords, during the whole of his life, bestowed upon him every mark of affection and respect.

During this placid enjoyment of high life, he produced The School for Lovers, a comedy, which was performed at Drury Lane in the year 1762. In the advertisement prefixed to it, he acknowledges his obligations to a small dramatic piece written by M. de Fontenelle. This comedy was not unsuccessful, but was written on a plan so very different from all that is called comedy, that the critics were at a loss where to place it. Mr. Mason, who will not allow it to be classed among the *sentimental*, assigns it a very high station among the small list of our *genteel* comedies.

In the same year, he published his Charge to the Poets, in which, as laureat, he humorously assumes the dignified mode of a bishop giving his visitatorial instructions to his clergy. He is said to have designed this as a continuation of The Dangers of writing Verse. There seems, however, no very close connection, while as a poem it is far superior, not only in elegance and harmony of verse, but in the alternation of serious advice and genuine humour, the whole chastened by candour for his brethren, and a kindly wish to protect them from the fastidiousness of criticism, as well as to heal the mutual animosities of the *genus irritabile*.

In this laudable attempt, he had not even the happiness to conciliate those whose cause he pleaded. Churchill, from this time, attacked him whenever he attacked any, but Whitehead disdained to reply, and only adverted to the animosity of that poet in a few lines which he wrote towards the close of his life, and which appear to be part of some longer poem. They have already been noticed in the Life of Churchill, and are now added among the fragments copied from Mr. Mason's Memoirs.

One consequence of Churchill's animosity, neither silence nor resentment could avert. Churchill, at this time, had possession of *the town*, and made some characters unpopular merely by joining them with others who were really so. Garrick was so frightened at the abuse he threw out against Whitehead, that he would not venture to bring out a tragedy which the latter offered to him. Such is Mr. Mason's account, but if it was likely to succeed, why was it not produced when Churchill and his animosities were forgotten? Why amidst all the revolutions of the stage, some of which have not been unfavourable to much worse pieces than Whitehead would have written, does it yet remain in manuscript?

The story, however, may be true; for when, in 1770, he offered his Trip to Scotland, a farce, to Mr. Garrick, he conditioned that it should be produced without the name of the author. The secret was accordingly preserved both in acting and publishing, and the farce was performed and read for a considerable time, without a suspicion that the grave author of The School for Lovers had relaxed into the broad mirth and ludicrous improbabilities of farce.

In 1774, he collected his poems and dramatic pieces together, with the few exceptions already noticed, and published them in two volumes under the title of Plays and Poems, concluding with the Charge to the Poets, as a farewell to the Muses. He had, however, so

much leisure, and so many of those incitements which a poet and a moralist cannot easily resist, that he still continued to employ his pen, and proved that it was by no means worn out. In 1776 he published Variety, a Tale for married People, a light, pleasing poem, in the manner of Gay, which speedily ran through five editions. His Goat's Beard (in 1777) was less familiar and less popular, but is not inferior in moral tendency and just satire on degenerated manners. It produced an attack, entitled Ass's Ears, a Fable, addressed to the Author of the Goat's Beard, in which the office of laureat is denied to men of genius, and judged worthy to be held only by such poets as Shadwell and Cibber.

The Goat's Beard was the last of Whitehead's publications. He left in manuscript the tragedy already mentioned, which Garrick was afraid to perform; the name Mr. Mason conceals, but informs us that the characters are noble, and the story domestic. He left also the first act of an Œdipus; the beginning, and an imperfect plan of a tragedy founded on king Edward the Second's resignation of his crown to his son, and of another composed of Spanish and Moorish characters; and a few small poetical pieces, some of which Mr. Mason printed in the volume to which he prefixed his Memoirs, in 1788. They are now before the reader in one series, with a poem which Whitehead published in 1758, but omitted in his edition of 1770. It has the humble title of Verses to the People of England, whom he endeavours to excite to revenge their country's wrongs by a more spirited support of the war. The stanza is perhaps too short for the dignity of the subject, but it gives a rapidity to some glowing and vigorous sentiments. Mr. Mason has not noticed this piece, of which he could not be ignorant, as it was published with the author's name. Perhaps it appeared to disadvantage by a comparison with Akenside's Ode to the Country Gentlemen of England, published at the same time.

After he had taken leave of the public as an author, except in his official productions, he continued to enjoy the society of his friends for some years, highly respected for the intelligence of his conversation and the suavity of his manners. His death, which took place on April 14, 1785, was sudden. In the spring of that year he was confined at home for some weeks by a cold and cough which affected his breast, but occasioned so little interruption to his wonted amusements of reading and writing, that when lord Harcourt visited him the morning before he died, he found him revising for the press a paper which his lordship conjectured to be the birth-day ode. At noon finding himself disinclined to taste the dinner his servant brought up, he desired to lean upon his arm from the table to his bed, and in that moment he expired, in the seventieth year of his age. He was interred in South Audley Street chapel.

Unless, with Mr. Mason, we conclude that where Whitehead was unsuccessful, the public was to blame, it will not be easy to prove his right to a very high station among English poets. Yet perhaps he did not so often fall short from a defect of genius, as from a timidity which inclined him to listen too frequently to the corrections of his friends, and to believe that what was first written could never be the best. Although destitute neither of invention nor ease, he repressed both by adhering, like his biographer, to certain standards of taste which the age would not accept, and like him too, consoled himself in the hope of some distant era when his superior worth should be acknowledged.

As a prose writer he has given proofs of classical taste and reading in his Observations on the Shield of Æneas, originally published in Dodsley's Museum, and afterwards annexed to Warton's Virgil; and of genuine and delicate humour in three papers of The World, No. 12, 19, and 58. These he reprinted in the edition of his works, published in 1774.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

THE

DANGER OF WRITING VERSE.

AN EPISTLE. 1741.

Quæ poterant unquam satis expurgare Cicutæ,
Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus?
HOR.

YOU ask me, sir, why thus by phantoms aw'd,
No kind occasion tempts the Muse abroad?
Why, when retirement soothes this idle art,
To fame regardless sleeps the youthful heart?
'Twould wrong your judgment, should I fairly say
Distrust or weakness caus'd the cold delay:
Hint the small diff'rence, till we touch the lyre,
'Twixt real genius and too strong desire;
The human slips, or seeming slips pretend,
Which rouse the critic, but escape the friend;
Nay which, though dreadful when the foe pursues,
You pass, and smile, and still provoke the Muse.
Yet, spite of all you think, or kindly feign,
My hand will tremble while it grasps the pen.
For not in this, like other arts, we try
Our light excursions in a summer sky,
No casual flights the dangerous trade admits;
But wits, once authors, are for ever wits.
The fool in prose, like Earth's unwieldy son,
May oft rise vig'rous, though he 's oft o'erthrown:
One dang'rous crisis marks our rise or fall;
By all we 're courted, or we 're shun'd by all.
Will it avail, that, unmatur'd by years,
My easy numbers pleas'd your partial ears,
If now condemn'd, ev'n where he 's valu'd most,
The man must suffer if the poet's lost;
For wanting wit, be totally undone,
And barr'd all arts for having fail'd in one?
When fears like these his serious thoughts engage,
No bugbear phantom curbs the poet's rage.
'Tis powerful reason holds the straiten'd rein,
While flutt'ring fancy to the distant plain
Sends a long look, and spreads her wings in vain.
But grant for once, th' officious Muse has shed
Her gentlest influence on his infant head,
Let fears lie vanquish'd, and resounding Fame
Give to the bellowing blast the poet's name.
And see! distinguish'd from the crowd he moves,
Each finger marks him, and each eye approves!
Secure, as halcyons brooding o'er the deep,
The waves roll gently, and the thunders sleep,
Obsequious Nature binds the tempest's wings,
And pleas'd attention listens while he sings!
O blissful state, O more than human joy!
What shafts can reach him, or what cares annoy?
What cares, my friend? why all that man can know,
Oppress'd with real or with fancy'd woe.
Rude to the world, like Earth's first lord expell'd,
To climes unknown, from Eden's safer field;
No more eternal springs around him breathe,
Black air scowls o'er him, deadly damps beneath;
Now must he learn, misguided youth, to bear
Each varying season of the poet's year:
Flatt'ry's full beam, detraction's wintry store,
The frowns of fortune, or the pride of pow'r.
His acts, his words, his thoughts no more his own,
Each folly blazon'd, and each frailty known.
Is he reserv'd?—his sense is so refin'd,
It ne'er descends to trifle with mankind.
Open and free?—they find the secret cause
Is vanity; he courts the world's applause.
Nay, though he speak not, something still is seen,
Each change of face betrays a fault within.
If grave, 'tis spleen; he smiles but to deride;
And downright awkwardness in him is pride.
Thus must he steer through fame's uncertain seas,
Now sunk by censure, and now puff'd by praise;
Contempt with envy strangely mix'd endure,
Fear'd where caress'd, and jealous though secure.
One fatal rock on which good authors split
Is thinking all mankind must like their wit;
And the grand business of the world stand still
To listen to the dictates of their quill.

Hurt if they fail, and yet how few succeed!
What 's born in leisure men of leisure read;
And half of those have some peculiar whim
Their test of sense, and read but to condemn.
Besides, on parties now our fame depends,
And frowns or smiles, as these are foes or friends.
Wit, judgment, nature join; you strive in vain;
'Tis keen invective stamps the current strain.
Fix'd to one side, like Homer's gods, we fight,
These always wrong, and those for ever right.
And would you choose to see your friend, resign'd
Each conscious tie which guides the virtuous mind,
Embroil'd in factions, hurl with dreaded skill
The random vengeance of his desp'rate quill?
'Gainst pride in man with equal pride declaim,
And hide ill-nature under virtue's name?
Or, deeply vers'd in flattery's wily ways,
Flow in full reams of undistinguish'd praise?
To Vice's grave, or Folly's bust bequeath
The blushing trophy, and indignant wreath?
Like Egypt's priests [1], bid endless temples rise,
And people with Earth's pests th' offended skies?
The Muse of old her native freedom knew,
And wild in air the sportive wand'rer flew;
On worth alone her bays eternal strow'd,
And found the hero, ere she hymn'd the god.
Nor less the chief his kind support return'd,
No drooping Muse her slighted labours mourn'd;
But stretch'd at ease she prun'd her growing wings,
By sages honour'd, and rever'd by kings.
Ev'n knowing Greece confess'd her early claim,
And warlike Latium caught the gen'rous flame.
Not so our age regards the tuneful tongue,
'Tis senseless rapture all, and empty song:
No Pollio sheds his genial influence round,
No Varus listens while the groves resound.
Ev'n those, the knowing and the virtuous few,
Who noblest ends by noblest means pursue,
Forget the poet's use; the powerful spell
Of magic verse, which Sidney paints so well [2].
Forget that Homer wak'd the Grecian flame,
That Pindar rous'd inglorious Thebes to fame,
That every age has great examples given
Of virtue taught in verse, and verse inspir'd by Heaven.
But I forbear—these dreams no longer last,
The times of fable and of flights are past.
To glory now no laurel'd suppliants bend,
No coins are struck, no sacred domes ascend.
Yet ye, who still the Muse's charms admire,
And best deserve the verse your deeds inspire,
Ev'n in these gainful unambitious days,
Feel for yourselves at least, ye fond of praise,
And learn one lesson taught in mystic rhyme,
" 'Tis verse alone arrests the wings of Time."
Fast to the thread of life [3], annex'd by Fame,
A sculptur'd medal bears each human name,
O'er Lethe's streams the fatal threads depend,
The glitt'ring medal trembles as they bend;
Close but the shears, when chance or nature calls,
The birds of rumour catch it as it falls;
Awhile from bill to bill the trifle 's tost,
The waves receive it, and 'tis ever lost!

But should the meanest swan that cuts the stream
Consign'd to Phœbus, catch the favour'd name,
Safe in her mouth she bears the sacred prize
To where bright Fame's eternal altars rise.
'Tis there the Muse's friends true laurels wear,
There great Augustus reigns, and triumphs there.
Patrons of arts must live till arts decay,
Sacred to verse in every poet's lay.
Thus grateful France does Richlieu's worth proclaim,
Thus grateful Britain doats on Somers' name.
And, spite of party rage and human flaws,
And British liberty and British laws,
Times yet to come shall sing of Anna's reign,
And bards, who blame the measures, love the men.
But why round patrons climb th' ambitious bays?
Is interest then the sordid spur to praise? [lay
Shall the same cause, which prompts the chatt'ring
To aim at words [4], inspire the poet's lay?
And is there nothing in the boasted claim
Of living labours and a deathless name?
The pictur'd front, with sacred fillets bound?
The sculptur'd bust, with laurels wreath'd around?
The annual roses scatter'd o'er his urn,
And tears to flow from poets yet unborn?
Illustrious all! but sure to merit these,
Demands at least the poet's learned ease.
Say, can the bard attempt what 's truly great,
Who pants in secret for his future fate?
Him serious toils, and humbler arts engage,
To make youth easy, and provide for age;
While lost in silence hangs his useless lyre, [fire.
And, though from Heav'n it came, fast dies the sacred
Or grant true genius with superior force
Bursts every bond, resistless in its course;
Yet lives the man, how wild soe'er his aim,
Would madly barter fortune's smiles for fame!
Or distant hopes of future ease forego,
For all the wreaths that all the Nine bestow?
Well pleas'd to shine, through each recording page,
The hapless Dryden of a shameless age?
Ill-fated bard! where'er thy name appears,
The weeping verse a sad memento bears.
Ah! what avail'd th' enormous blaze between
Thy dawn of glory, and thy closing scene!
When sinking nature asks our kind repairs,
Unstrung the nerves, and silver'd o'er the hairs;
When stay'd reflection comes uncall'd at last,
And grey experience counts each folly past,
Untun'd and harsh the sweetest strains appear,
And loudest pæans but fatigue the ear.
'Tis true the man of verse, though born to ills,
Too oft deserves the very fate he feels.
When, vainly frequent at the great man's board,
He shares in every vice with every lord:
Makes to their taste his sober sense submit,
And 'gainst his reason madly arms his wit;
Heav'n but in justice turns their serious heart
To scorn the wretch, whose life belies his art.
He, only he, should haunt the Muse's grove,
Whom youth might rev'rence and grey hairs approve;
Whose Heav'n-taught numbers, now, in thunder roll'd,
Might rouse the virtuous and appal the bold;
Now, to truth's dictates lend the grace of ease,
And teach instruction happier arts to please.
For him would Plato change their gen'ral fate,
And own one poet might improve his state.

[1] ..... Qui nescit qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colat? crocodilon adorat—
Juv. Sat. xv.

[2] Defence of Poesie. By sir Philip Sidney.

[3] Bacon de Augment. Scientiarum.

[4] Perseus.

Curs'd be their verse, and blasted all their bays,
Whose sensual lure th' unconscious ear betrays;
Wounds the young breast, ere Virtue spreads her shield,
And takes, not wins, the scarce disputed field.
Though specious rhet'ric each loose thought refine,
Though music charm in every labour'd line,
The dangerous verse, to full perfection grown,
Bavius might blush, and Quarles disdain to own.
Should some Machaon, whose sagacious soul
Trac'd blushing Nature to her inmost goal,
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,
All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides,
Nor cooling herb, nor healing balm supply,
Ease the swoln breast, or close the languid eye;
But, exquisitely ill, awake disease,
And arm with poisons every baleful breeze:
What racks, what tortures must his crimes demand,
The more than Borgia of a bleeding land!
And is less guilty he, whose shameless page
Not to the present bounds its subtle rage,
But spreads contagion wide, and stains a future age?
Forgive me, sir, that thus the moral strain,
With indignation warm'd, rejects the rein;
Not think I rove regardless of my theme,
'Tis hence new dangers clog the paths to fame,
Not to themselves alone such bards confine
Fame's just reproach for virtue's injur'd shrine;
Profan'd by them, the Muse's laurels fade,
Her voice neglected, and her flame decay'd.
And the son's son must feel the father's crime,
A curse entail'd on all the race that rhyme.
New cares appear, new terrours swell the train,
And must we paint them ere we close the scene?
Say, must the Muse th' unwilling task pursue,
And, to complete her dangers, mention you?
Yes you, my friend, ev'n you whose kind regard
With partial fondness views this humble bard:
Ev'n you he dreads.—Ah! kindly cease to raise
Unwilling censure, by exacting praise.
Just to itself the jealous world will claim
A right to judge; to give, or cancel fame.
And, if th' officious zeal unbounded flows,
The friend too partial is the worst of foes.
Behold th' Athenian sage[5], whose piercing mind
Had trac'd the wily lab'rinths of mankind,
When now condemn'd, he leaves his infant care
To all those evils man is born to bear.
Not to his friends alone the charge he yields,
But nobler hopes on juster motives builds;
Bids ev'n his foes their future steps attend,
And dare to censure, if they dar'd offend.
Would thus the poet trust his offspring forth,
Or bloom'd our Britain with Athenian worth:
Would the brave foe th' imperfect work engage
With honest freedom, not with partial rage,
What just productions might the world surprise!
What other Popes, what other Maros rise!
But since by foes or friends alike deceiv'd,
Too little those, and these too much believ'd;
Since the same fate pursues by diff'rent ways,
Undone by censure, or undone by praise;
Since bards themselves submit to vice's rule,
And party-feuds grow high, and patrons cool:
Since, still unnam'd, unnumber'd ills behind
Rise black in air, and only wait the wind:
Let me, O let me, ere the tempest roar,
Catch the first gale, and make the nearest shore;
In sacred silence join th' inglorious train,
Where humble peace and sweet contentment reign;
If not thy precepts, thy example own,
And steal through life not useless, though unknown.

[5] Platonis Apologia.

ATYS AND ADRASTUS[1].

A TALE. 1743.

Infelix! Nati funus crudele videbis.
Hi nostri reditus, expectatique triumphi!
Hæc mea magna fides!— Virg.

In ancient times, o'er Lydia's fertile land
The warrior Cræsus held supreme command.
Vast was his wealth, for conquest swell'd his store;
Nor what enrich'd the prince, had left the people poor.
Two sons he had, alike in outward mien,
The tender pledges of a dying queen.
But speechless one ne'er taught his sire to melt
With lisping eloquence by parents felt;
And mimic art in vain expedients sought
To form the tongue, and free th' imprison'd thought.
Yet blooming Atys well that loss supply'd,
Atys the people's hope, and monarch's pride.
His beauteous soul through every feature glow'd;
And from his lips such soft-persuasion flow'd,
As Nature had withheld the brother's share,
Only to pour a double portion there.
But vain those graces, since conceal'd from view
They droop in shades, and wither where they grew.
For one dread night, when o'er the weary king
The drowsy god had stretch'd his leaden wing,
He seem'd, he knew not where, in wars engag'd,
And, while around the doubtful battle rag'd,
Saw from some hostile hand unerring part
A fatal spear, which pierc'd his Atys' heart.
He starts, he wakes—'tis night, and silence all!
Yet, scarce confirm'd, he still beholds him fall;
Still bleeds in fancy's eye the gaping wound,
On fancy's ear the dying groans resound.
Again he sleeps; the same sad scenes return—
Restless he rolls, and waits the ling'ring morn.
What can he do, or how prevent a doom,
Which Heav'n foretels, and Fate has said shall come?
"And yet perhaps the gods these dreams inspire,
To save the guiltless son, and warn the sire.
Too fond of arms I wander'd far astray,
While youth and blind ambition led the way.
And ravag'd countries may at length demand
This bleeding sacrifice at Cræsus hand.
Then hear me, gods, propitious, while I swear,
Peace, only peace, shall be my future care.
O, would your powers but save my darling boy,
No more this breast shall glow, this arm destroy!
Nor ere shall Atys the dire sport pursue,
Still in my court, and seldom from my view,
In ease inglorious shall he pass his days,
Untaught to feel th' insatiate lust of praise."
He spake, and cautious far away remov'd
From Atys, what next Atys most he lov'd,
The pomp of war: no falchions guard the gate,
And chiefs unarm'd around his palace wait.

[1] This story is related in the first book of Herodotus's History. For the additions made to it, and the manner of telling it, the author of the following poem is to answer.

Nay further still extends a parent's fear,
Ev'n arms themselves he dreads, and most the spear;
Nor leaves of ancient war the weak remains,
But strips the trophies from the mould'ring fanes,
Lest, fixt too loosely, from the faithless stone
The casual steel should drop, and pierce his son.
Thus some sweet warbler of the feather'd throng
Deep in the thorny brake secures her young;
Yet, vainly anxious, feels a fancied woe,
And starts at every breeze that stirs the bough;
With silent horrour hears the whisp'ring groves,
And distant murmurs of the spring she loves.
Unhappy sire! but vainly we oppose
Weak human caution, when the gods are foes;
The story's sequel must too surely prove,
That dreams, prophetic dreams, descend from Jove.
Nor yet shall Atys thwart thy fond designs;
He moves implicit as his sire inclines.
On every look his eager duty hung,
And read his wishes, ere they reach'd his tongue.
With smiles he strips his helmet's plumy pride,
With smiles he lays his useless spear aside;
Nor lets one sigh confess a latent care,
Reserving all his griefs for his Adrastus' ear.
Adrastus early did his soul approve,
Brave, virtuous, learn'd, and form'd for Atys' love,
A Phrygian youth, whom Fate condemn'd to roam,
An exil'd wand'rer from a cruel home.
For, yet a boy, his inadvertent lance
An infant brother slew, the crime of chance.
In vain he wept; the rigid sire demands
His instant absence from his native lands,
Or threatens instant death; from death he flew,
And loaded with a father's curse withdrew.
Yet not in vain the gods such ills dispense,
If soft-ey'd Pity takes her risé from hence,
If hence we learn to feel another's pain,
And from our own misfortunes grow humane.
This young Adrastus found; and hence confess'd
That mild benevolence which warm'd his breast.
Hence too his fortune stretch'd a bolder wing,
And plac'd her wand'rer near the Lydian king.
There long the favour'd youth exalted shone,
Dear to the sire, but dearer to the son:
For pow'rful sympathy their hearts had join'd
In stronger ties than gratitude can bind.
With him did Atys every sport pursue,
Which health demands, and earlier ages knew.
At morn, at eve, at sultry noon, with him
He rov'd the sunny lawn, he swam the stream;
Beside the brook, which dimpling glides away,
Caught the cool breeze, or lur'd the finny prey;
Urg'd the light car along th' indented mead,
Or hung impetuous o'er th' exulting steed,
Beneath whose hoof unhurt the flow'rets rise,
And the light grass scarce trembles as he flies.
But chief he lov'd to range the woods among,
And hear the music of Adrastus' tongue
With graceful ease unlock the letter'd store,
And that he learn'd from him endear'd the knowledge more.
Of Thales' wisdom oft the converse ran,
How varying Nature's beauteous frame began,
And erst to different forms the waters flow'd,
As o'er the chaos mov'd the breathing God.
Of Solon too he spake, and laws design'd
To guard fair freedom, not enslave mankind—
And hinted oft what mutual duties spring
'Twixt willing subjects and their father king:
How close connected greatness was with pain,
What earthly bliss, and who the happy man.
Nor less the while his youthful breast he warms
With pictur'd fights, the theory of arms;
Lest inbred sloth should taint his future reign,
And virtue wake, and glory tempt in vain.
Thee, Homer, thee with rapture they peruse,
Expand the soul, and take in all the Muse;
Mix with thy gods, with war's whole ardour burn,
Or melt in silent tears o'er Hector's urn.
How oft transported would young Atys cry,
"Thus might I fight, 'twere glorious thus to die!
But why to me are useless precepts giv'n,
Tied down and pinion'd by the will of Heav'n?
No early wreaths my coward youth must claim,
No just ambition warm me into fame;
Hid from the world to rust in sloth, and buy
A poor precarious life with infamy.
Happy, thrice happy, on each hostile strand
The youths who perish'd by my father's hand!
Their honour still survives, and o'er their tomb
Their country's tears descend, and laurels bloom.
To life alone the conquering sword's confin'd—
Would you indeed distress, employ a love too kind."
As oft Adrastus, studious to control
With reason's voice the tumult of the soul,
Wou'd hint, to what excess soever wrought,
Paternal fondness was a venial fault.
Perhaps, as lenient time stole gently on,
The storm which threaten'd might be quite o'erblown,
And sun-bright honour only be delay'd
Awhile, to burst more glorious from the shade.
"Yet think," he cried, "whatever they appear,
Few are the causes can excuse a war.
To raise th' opprest, to curb th' insulting proud,
Or should your injur'd country call aloud,
Rush, rush to arms, 'tis glorious then to dare,
Delay is cowardice, and doubt despair.
But let not idler views your breast inflame
Of boundless kingdoms, and a dreaded name.
'Tis yours at home to stem oppression's waves,
To guard your subjects, not increase your slaves;
On this just basis fame's firm column raise,
And be desert in arms your second praise."
'Twas thus in converse, day succeeding day,
They wore unfelt the tedious hours away,
And years on years in downy circles ran
Till the boy rose insensibly to man.
What now shall Cræsus find, what Syren voice,
To make retirement the result of choice?
No father's stern command these years allow,
A chain more pleasing must detain him now:
In rosy fetters shall the youth be tied,
And Mysia's captive fair the chosen bride.
Haste, gentle god, whose chains unite the globe,
Known by the blazing torch, and saffron robe,
To Lydia haste, for Atys blames your stay,
Nor fair Idalia's blushes brook delay;
O'er glory's blaze your soft enchantments breathe,
And hide the laurel with the myrtle wreath.
And now the king with secret transport found
His hopes succeed, nor fears a martial wound,
While lost in love the happier Atys lies,
The willing victim of Idalia's eyes.
O thoughtless man! from hence thy sorrows flow,
The scheme projected to avert the blow
But makes it sure—for see, from Mysia's land
Round list'ning Atys crowds a suppliant band.
Their tears, their cries, his easy breast assail,
Fond to redress them ere he hears their tale.

" A mighty boar, the curse of angry Heav'n,
Had from their homes the wretched suff'rers driv'n.
Waste were their viny groves, their rising grain,
Their herds, their flocks, th' attendant shepherds slain,
And scarce themselves survive.
O would but Atys lead the hunter train,
Again their viny groves, their waving grain
Might rise secure, their herds, their flocks increase,
And fair Idalia's country rest in peace."
The youth assents, th' exulting crowds retire;
When thus impatient speaks the trembling sire:
" What means my son? preserv'd, alas! in vain,
From hostile squadrons, and the tented plain;
You rush on death—recall your rash design,
Mine be the blame, and be the danger mine;
Myself will lead the band." The youth return'd,
While his flush'd cheek with mild resentment burn'd:
" Will Crœsus lead the band, a hunter now,
Skill'd in the fight, and laurels on his brow?
Alas! such mockeries of war become
The loit'rer Atys, fearful of his doom.
To him at least these triumphs be resign'd,
That not entirely useless to mankind
His days may pass; these triumphs all his aim,
These humble triumphs scarce allied to fame.
And yet, dread sir, if you command his stay,
(O force of duty!) Atys, must obey.
Alas! on you whatever blame shall fall,
A father's fondness can excuse it all,
But me, of me, if still your power withstands,
What must the Lydian, what the Mysian bands,
What must Idalia think?" Adrastus here
Soft interpos'd. " Great king, dismiss your fear,
Nor longer Atys' first request oppose;
War was your dream, no war this region knows:
For humbler prey the hunters range the wood,
Their spears fly innocent of human blood.
Had in the sportive chase some phantom boar
Dug deep the wound, and drank the vital gore,
That dreadful vision had excus'd your care,
Nor Atys offer'd an unheeded prayer.
I love the prince, and, but I think his life
Safe as my own, would urge him from the strife.
Permit him, sire—this arm shall guard him there;
And safely may you trust Adrastus' care,
For, should he fall, this arm would surely prove
My bosom feels a more than father's love."
As, when impetuous through th' autumnal sky
Urg'd by the winds the clouds disparting fly,
O'er the broad wave, or wide extended mead,
Shifts the quick beam, alternate light and shade;
So glanc'd the monarch's mind from thought to thought,
So in his varying face the passions wrought.
Oft on his son he turn'd a doubtful eye,
Afraid to grant, nor willing to deny.
Oft rais'd it, tearful, to the blest abodes,
And sought in vain the unregarding gods.
Then look'd consent. But added, with a groan,
" From thee, Adrastus, I expect my son."
Why should I tell, impatient for the fight,
How Atys chid the ling'ring hours of night?
Or how the roseate morn with early ray
Streak'd the glad east, and gradual spread the day,
When forth he issued like the Lycian god?
Loose to the breeze his hov'ring mantle flow'd,
Wav'd the light plume above, behind him hung
His rat'ling quiver, and his bow unstrung.
He mounts his steed, the steed obey'd the rein,
Arch'd his high neck, and graceful paw'd the plain.
Ev'n Crœsus' self forgot awhile his fear
Of future ills, and gaz'd with transport there.
Or why relate, when now the train withdrew,
How fair Idalia sigh'd a soft adieu;
How Crœsus follow'd with his voice and eyes,
Fond to behold, but fonder to advise,
And oft repeated, as they journey'd on,
" From thee, Adrastus, I expect my son."
Suffice it us, they leave the waves which flow
O'er beds of gold, and Tmolus' fragrant brow,
They pass Magnesia's plains, Caïcus' stream
The Mysian bound, which chang'd its ancient name,
And reach Olympus' verge:
There Desolation spread her ghastly reign
O'er trampled vines, and dissipated grain.
And saw with joy revolving seasons smile
To swell her pomp, and mock the lab'rers toil.
Led by her baleful steps, the youth explore
The dark retreats, and rouse the foaming boar.
Hard is the strife: his horny sides repel
Unting'd the plumy shaft, and blunted steel.
The dogs lie mangled o'er the bleeding plain,
And many a steed, and many a youth was slain.
When now his well-aim'd bow Adrastus drew,
Twang'd the stretch'd string, the feather'd vengeance flew,
And ras'd the monster's neck: he roars, he flies,
The crowd pursues, the hills resound their cries.
Full in the centre of a vale, embrown'd
With arching shades, they close the savage round.
He wheels, he glares, he meditates his prey,
Resolv'd to strike, resolv'd to force his way;
But Atys timely stop'd his fierce career,
And through his eye-ball sent the whizzing spear,
And joyful saw him reel; with eager speed
He bares the shining blade, he quits his steed;
" —Ah stop, rash youth, not conquest you pursue,
Death lies in ambush there, the victim you;
You rush on fate"—in vain—he reach'd the beast,
He rais'd his arm, and now had pierc'd his breast,
When in that moment from the adverse side
His too adventurous prince Adrastus spied,
And lanch'd with nervous haste his eager spear,
Alarm'd, and trembling for a life so dear.
Glanc'd o'er the falling beast the fated wood,
And fix'd in Atys' breast drank deep the vital flood.
The struggling prince impatient of the wound
Writh'd on the spear, the crowds enclose him round,
Then sunk in death unknowing whence it came,
Yet, ev'n in death, he call'd Adrastus' name,
" Where flies Adrastus from his dying friend?
O bear me near." Poor prince! thy life must end
Not in thy murderer's arms, he hears thee not;
Like some sad wretch fix'd to the fatal spot
Where fell the bolt of Jove, nor ear, nor eye,
Nor arm to help, nor language to reply,
Nor thought itself is his. Oblig'd to move
As they direct his steed, he leaves the grove,
As they direct, to Sardis' towers again
In silence follows the returning train.
There too we turn, for there the pensive sire
Now hopes, now fears, and pines with vain desire.
In every dust before the wind that flies,
In every distant cloud which stains the skies,
He sees his son return: till, oft deceiv'd,
No more his eye the flattering scene believ'd,
Yet still he wander'd, and with looks intent,
The fatal road his darling Atys went.
There to averted Heav'n he tells his pain,
And slaughter'd hecatombs decrees in vain.

There to Idalia, frequent by his side,
Relates his fear, or soothes the weeping bride
With tales of Atys' worth, and points the place
Where late he parted from their last embrace.
And now, perchance, in tears they linger'd there,
When slowly-moving real crowds appear.
" What means," he cried, and shot a trembling
A youth deputed by the rest drew nigh, [eye—
And in sad accents told the dreadful tale.
Rage seiz'd the king: expiring, breathless, pale,
Idalia sinks; th' attendant fair convey
With tears, and shrieks, the lifeless frame away.
" Where is the wretch?—hear, hospitable Jove!—
Is this, is this thy more than father's love?
Give me my son—why stare thy haggard eyes
As fix'd in grief? HERE only sorrow lies"—
And smote his breast—" Thy life in blood began,
A fated wretch, a murd'rer ere a man.
O foolish king! by my indulgence stole
This serpent near me, that has stung my soul.
This thy return for all a king could shower
Of bounty o'er thee, life, and wealth, and power—
But what are those? How great soe'er they be,
I gave thee more, I gave myself to thee:
I gave thee Atys, link'd in friendship's chain—
O fatal gift, if thus return'd again!
Reach me a sword—and yet, dear bleeding clay,
Can his, can thousand lives thy loss repay?"
Then burst in tears, " Heav'n's instrument I blame,
Though by his hand, from Heav'n the vengeance
came.
This stroke, O Solon, has convinc'd my pride;
O had I never liv'd, or earlier died! [breast,
" Alas! poor wretch, why dost thou bare thy
And court my sword? though lost himself to rest,
This curst of Heav'n, this Crœsus can forgive
Th' unhappy cause, and bids the murd'rer live."
" Ah! stop," he cried, " and write the milder
fate
Here with thy sword, I only liv'd for that.
Undone, I thought, beyond misfortune's power,
O do not by forgiveness curse me more."
While yet he pleaded, to the mourning crowd
Forth rush'd Idalia, by her maids pursu'd;
Eager she seem'd, with light suspicions fill'd,
And on her face heart-piercing madness smil'd.
" Where is my wand'ring love, ye Lydians say,
Does he indeed along Meander stray,
And rove the Asian plain?—I'll seek him there.—
Ye Lydian damsels, of your hearts beware:
Fair is my love as to the sunny beam
The light-spread plumage on Cayster's stream,
His locks are Hermus' gold, his cheeks outshine
The ivory tinctur'd by your art divine.—
I see him now, in Tmolus' shade he lies
On saffron beds, soft sleep has seal'd his eyes.
His breath adds sweetness to the gale that blows,
Tread light, ye nymphs, I'll steal on his repose.
Alas! he bleeds,—O murder! Atys bleeds,
And o'er his face a dying paleness spreads!
Help, help, Adrastus—can you leave him now,
In death neglect him?—once it was not so.
What, and not weep! a tear at least is due,
Unkind Adrastus, he 'd have wept for you.
Come then, my maids, our tears shall wash the gore;
We too will die, since Atys is no more.
But first we 'll strew with flowers the hallow'd ground
Where lies my love, and plant the cypress round;
Nor let Adrastus know, for should he come,
New streams of blood would issue from the tomb;
The flowers would wither at his baleful tread,
And at his touch the sick'ning cypress fade.
Come, come—nay do not tear me from his side,
Cruel Adrastus, am I not his bride?
I must—I will—me would you murder too?"
At this, unable to sustain his woe,
" My soul can bear no more," Adrastus cries,
(His eyes on Heav'n) " ye powers who rule the skies!
If your august, unerring, wills decreed,
That states, and kings, and families must bleed,
Why was I singled to perform the part,
Unsteel'd my soul, unpetrified my heart?
" What had I done, a child, an embryo man,
Ere passions could unfold, or thought began?
Yet then condemn'd an infant wretch I fled,
Blood on my hands, and curses on my head.
O had I perish'd so! but Fortune smil'd,
To make her frowns more dire.—This vagrant child
Became the friend of kings, to curse them all,
And with new horrours dignify his fall."
Then eager snatch'd his sword, " For murders past
What have I not endur'd?—be this my last,"
And pierc'd his breast. " This fated arm shall pour
Your streams of wrath, and hurl your bolts no more.
For pangs sustain'd, oblivion's hall I crave;
O let my soul forget them in the grave!
" Alas! forgive the wretch your judgments
Dark are your ways, I wander in the gloom, [doom:
Nor should perhaps complain.—*Be grief my* share;
But, if your Heav'n has mercy, *pour it there,*
On yon heart-broken king, *on yon distracted fair.*"
He spake, and drew the *steel; the weeping train*
Support him to the bier, he grasps the slain,
There feels the last sad joy his soul desires,
And on his Atys' much-lov'd breast expires.
O happy both, if I, if I could shed
" Those tears eternal which embalm the dead[2];"
While round Britannia's coast old Ocean raves,
And to her standard roll th' embattled waves,
Fair empress of the deep; so long your names
Should live lamented by her brightest dames;
Who oft, at evening, should with tears relate
The murder'd friend, and poor Idalia's fate;
And oft, inquiring from their lovers, hear
How Crœsus mourn'd a twice revolving year,
Then rous'd at Cyrus' name, and glory's charms,
Shook off enervate grief, and shone again in arms.

ANN BOLEYN TO HENRY THE EIGHTH[1].

AN HEROIC EPISTLE. 1743.

Ne quid inexpertum frustra moritura relinquat.
Virg.

If sighs could soften, or distress could move
Obdurate hearts, and bosoms dead to love,
Already sure these tears had ceas'd to flow,
And Henry's smiles reliev'd his Anna's woe.

[2] Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt, &c. Virg.

[1] The principal hints of the following Epistle are taken from the celebrated last Letter of Ann Boleyn to Henry the Eighth, published in the Spectator, No. 397. The author hopes the additions he has made to it may appear natural in her unfortunate situation.

Yet still I write, still breathe a fruitless prayer,
The last fond effort of extreme despair:
As some poor shipwreck'd wretch, for ever lost,
In strong delusion grasps the less'ning coast,
Thinks it still near, howe'er the billows drive,
And but with life resigns the hopes to live.
You bid me live; but oh, how dire the means!
Virtue starts back, and conscious pride disdains.
Confess my crime?—what crime shall I confess?
In what strange terms the hideous falsehood dress?
A vile adultress! Heav'n defend my fame!
Condemn'd for acting what I fear'd to name. [dare
Blast the foul wretch, whose impious tongue could
With sounds like those to wound the royal ear.
To wound?—alas! they only pleas'd too well,
And cruel Henry smil'd when Anna fell.
Why was I rais'd, why bade to shine on high
A pageant queen, an earthly deity?
This flower of beauty, small, and void of art,
Too weak to fix a mighty sovereign's heart,
In life's low vale its humbler charms had spread,
While storms roll'd harmless o'er its shelter'd head:
Had found, perhaps, a kinder gath'rer's hand,
Grown to his breast, and, by his care sustain'd,
Had bloom'd awhile, then, gradual in decay,
Grac'd with a tear, had calmly pass'd away.
Yet, when thus rais'd, I taught my chaste desires
To know their lord, and burn with equal fires.
Why then these bonds? is this that regal state
The fair expects whom Henry bids be great?
Are these lone walls and never-varied scenes
The envied mansion of Britannia's queens?
Where distant sounds in hollow murmurs die,
Where moss-grown tow'rs obstruct the trav'ling eye,
Where o'er dim suns eternal damps prevail,
And health ne'er enters wafted by the gale.
How ours'd the wretch, to such sad scenes confin'd,
If guilt's dread scorpions lash his tortur'd mind,
When injur'd innocence is taught to fear,
And coward virtue weeps and trembles here!
Nay ev'n when sleep should ev'ry care allay
And softly steal th' imprison'd soul away,
Quick to my thoughts excursive fancy brings
Long visionary trains of martyr'd kings.
There pious Henry [2] recent from the blow,
There ill-starr'd Edward [2] lifts his infant brow.
Unhappy prince! thy weak defenceless age
Might soften rocks, or soothe the tiger's rage;
But not on these thy harder fates depend,
Man, man pursues, and murder is his end.
Such may my child [3], such dire protectors find,
Through av'rice cruel, through ambition blind.
No kind condolance in her utmost need,
Her friends all banish'd, and her parent dead!
O hear me, Henry, husband, father, hear,
If e'er those names were gracious in thy ear,
Since I must die (and so thy ease requires,
For love admits not of divided fires)
O to thy babe thy tend'rest cares extend,
As parent cherish, and as king defend!
Transfer'd to her, with transport I resign
Thy faithless heart—if e'er that heart was mine.
Nor may remorse thy guilty check inflame,
When the fond prattler lisps her mother's name;
No tear start conscious when she meets your eye,
No heartfelt pang extort th' unwilling sigh,
Lest she should find, and strong is Nature's call,
I fell untimely, and lament my fall;
Forget that duty which high Heav'n commands,
And meet strict justice from a father's hands.
No, rather say what malice can invent,
My crimes enormous, small my punishment.
Pleas'd will I view from yon securer shore
Life, virtue, love too lost, and weep no more,
If in your breasts the bonds of union grow,
And undisturb'd the streams of duty flow.
—Yet can I tamely court the lifted steel,
Nor honour's wounds with strong resentment feel?
Ye powers! that thought improves ev'n terrour's
king,
Adds horrours to his brow, and torments to his sting.
No, try me, prince; each word, each action weigh,
My rage could dictate, or my fears betray;
Each sigh, each smile, each distant hint that hung
On broken sounds of an unmeaning tongue.
Recount each glance of these unguarded eyes,
The seats where passion void of reason lies;
In those clear mirrors every thought appears;
Tell all their frailties—oh explain their tears.
Yes, try me, prince; but ah! let truth prevail,
And justice only hold the equal scale.
Ah! let not those the fatal sentence give,
Whom brothels blush to own, yet courts receive;
Base, vulgar souls—and shall such wretches raise
A queen's concern? to fear them, were to praise.
Yet oh! (dread thought!) oh, must I, must I say,
Henry commands, and *these* constrain'd obey?
Too well I know his faithless bosom pants
For charms, alas! which hapless Anna wants.
Yet once those charms this faded face could boast,
Too cheaply yielded, and too quickly lost.
Will she [4], O think, whom now your snares pursue,
Will she for ever please, be ever new?
Or must she, meteor like, awhile be great,
Then weeping fall, and share thy Anna's fate?
Misguided maid! who now perhaps has form'd,
In transport melting, with ambition warm'd,
Long future greatness in ecstatic schemes,
Loose plans of wild delight, and golden dreams!
Alas! she knows not with how swift decay
Those visionary glories fleet away.
Alas! she knows not the sad time will come,
When Henry's eyes to other nymphs shall roam:
When she shall vainly sigh, plead, tremble, rave,
And drop, perhaps, a tear on Anna's grave.
Else would she sooner trust the wintry sea,
Rocks, deserts, monsters—any thing than thee:
Thee, whom deceit inspires, whose every breath
Sooths to despair, and every smile is death.
Fool that I was! I saw my rising fame
Gild the sad ruins of a nobler name [5].
For me the force of sacred ties disown'd,
A realm insulted, and a queen dethron'd.
Yet, fondly wild, by love, by fortune led,
Excus'd the crime, and shar'd the guilty bed.
With specious reason lull'd each rising care,
And hugg'd destruction in a form so fair.
'Tis just, ye powers; no longer I complain,
Vain be my tears, my boasted virtues vain;
Let rage, let flames, this destin'd wretch pursue,
Who begs to die—but begs that death from you.
Ah! why must Henry the dread mandate seal?
Why must his hand uninjur'd point the steel?

[2] Henry VI. and Edward V. both murdered in the Tower.

[3] Afterward queen Elizabeth.

[4] Lady Jane Seymour.

[5] Catharine of Arragon.

Say, for you search the images that roll
In deep recesses of the inmost soul,
Say, did ye e'er amid those numbers find
One wish disloyal, or one thought unkind?
Then snatch me, blast me, let the lightning's wing
Avert this stroke, and save the guilty king.
Let not my blood, by lawless passion shed,
Draw down Heav'n's vengeance on his sacred head,
But Nature's power prevent the dire decree,
And my hard lord without a crime be free.
Still, still I live, Heav'n hears not what I say,
Or turns, like Henry, from my pray'rs away.
Rejected, lost, O whither shall I fly,
I fear not death, yet dread the means to die.
To thee, O God, to thee again I come,
The sinner's refuge, and the wretch's home.
Since such thy will, farewell my blasted fame,
Let foul detraction seize my injur'd name:
No pang, no fear, no fond concern I'll know,
Nay smile in death, though Henry gives the blow.
And now, resign'd, my bosom lighter grows,
And hope, soft-beaming, brightens all my woes.
Release me, Earth; ye mortal bonds, untie:
Why loiters Henry, when I pant to die?
For angels call, Heav'n opens at the sound,
And glories blaze, and mercy streams around.
Adieu, ye fanes [6], whose purer flames anew
Rose with my rise, and as I flourish'd grew.
Well may ye now my weak protection spare,
The power that fix'd you shall preserve you there.
Small was my part, yet all I could employ,
And Heav'n repays it with eternal joy.
Thus rapt, O king, thus lab'ring to be free,
My gentlest passport still depend on thee. [prayer,
My hov'ring soul, though rais'd to Heaven by
Still bends to Earth, and finds one sorrow there;
Breathes for another's life its latest groan—
Resign'd and happy, might I part alone!
Why frowns my Lord?—ere yet the stroke 's decreed,
O hear a sister for a brother [7] plead.
By Heav'n! he's wrong'd.—Alas! why that to you?
You know he's wrong'd—you know, and yet pursue.
Unhappy youth! what anguish he endures!—
Was it for this he press'd me to be your's,
When ling'ring, wav'ring, on the brink I stood,
And ey'd obliquely the too tempting flood?
Was it for this his lavish tongue display'd
A monarch's graces to a love-sick maid?
With studied art consenting nature fir'd,
And forc'd my will to what it most desir'd?
Did he, enchanted by the flatt'ring scene,
Delude the sister, and exalt the queen,
To fall attendant on that sister's shade,
And die a victim with the queen he made?
And, witness Heav'n, I 'd bear to see him die,
Did not that thought bring back the dreadful *why*:
The blasting foulness, that must still defame
Our lifeless ashes, and united name.
—Ah stop, my soul, nor let one thought pursue
That fatal track, to wake thy pangs anew.—
Perhaps some pitying bard shall save from death
Our mangled fame, and teach our woes to breathe;
Some kind historian's pious leaves display
Our hapless loves, and wash the stains away.

[6] Her marriage with king Henry was a means of introducing the protestant religion, of which she was a great patroness.

[7] George Boleyn, viscount Rochford.

Fair Truth shall bless them, Virtue guard their cause,
And every chaste-ey'd matron weep applause.
Yet, though no bard should sing, or sage record
I still shall vanquish my too faithless lord;
Shall see at last my injur'd cause prevail,
When pitying angels hear the mournful tale.
—And must thy wife, by Heav'n's severe command
Before his throne thy sad accuser stand?
O Henry, chain my tongue, thy guilt atone,
Prevent my suff'rings—ah! prevent thy own!
Or hear me, Heav'n, since Henry's still unkind,
With strong repentance touch his guilty mind,
And oh! when anguish tears his lab'ring soul,
Through his rack'd breast when keenest horrours [roll,
When, weeping, grov'ling in the dust he lies,
An humbled wretch, a bleeding sacrifice,
Then let me bear ('tis all my griefs shall claim,
For life's lost honours, and polluted fame)
Then let me bear thy mandate from on high,
With kind forgiveness let his Anna fly,
From every pang the much-lov'd suff'rer free,
And breathe that mercy he denies to me.

ON RIDICULE. 1743.

Ασβεςος δ' αρ' ενωρτο γελως. Homer.

'Twas said of old, deny it now who can,
The only laughing animal is man.
The bear may leap, its lumpish cubs in view,
Or sportive cat her circling tail pursue;
The grin deep-lengthen Pug's half-human face,
Or prick'd-up ear confess the simp'ring ass:
In awkward gestures awkward mirth be shown,
Yet, spite of gesture, man still laughs alone.
Th' all-powerful hand, which taught yon Sun to shine,
First dress'd in smiles the human face divine;
And early innocence, unspoil'd by art,
Through the glad eye betray'd th' o'erflowing heart.
No weak disgusts disturb'd the social plan,
A brother's frailties but proclaim'd him man.
Nought perfect here they found, nor ought requir'd,
Excus'd the weakness, and the worth admir'd.
Succeeding ages more sagacious grew;
They mark'd our foibles, and would mend them too,
Each, strangely wise, saw what was just and best,
And by his model would reform the rest:
The rest, impatient, or reject with scorn
The specious insult, or with pride return;
Till all meet all with controversial eyes,
If wrong refute them, and if right despise.
Not with their lives, but pointed wits, contend,
Too weak to vanquish, and too vain to mend.
Our mirthful age, to all extremes a prey,
Ev'n courts the lash, and laughs her pains away.
Declining worth imperial wit supplies,
And Momus triumphs, while Astræa flies.
No truth so sacred, banter cannot hit,
No fool so stupid, but he aims at wit. [deed,
Ev'n those, whose breasts ne'er plann'd one virtuous
Nor rais'd a thought beyond the earth they tread:
Ev'n those can censure, those can dare deride
A Bacon's av'rice, or a Tully's pride;
And sneer at human checks by Nature given,
To curb perfection ere it rival Heav'n:
Nay, chiefly such in these low arts prevail,
Whose want of talents leaves them time to rail.

Born for no end, they worse than useless grow;
(As waters poison if they cease to flow)
And pests become, whom kinder fate design'd
But harmless expletives of human kind.
See with what zeal th' insidious task they ply!
Where shall the prudent, where the virtuous fly?
Lurk as ye can, if they direct the ray,
The veriest atoms in the sun-beams play.
No venial slip their quick attention 'scapes;
They trace each Proteus through his hundred shapes;
To Mirth's tribunal drag the caitif train,
Where Mercy sleeps, and Nature pleads in vain.
And whence this lust to laugh? what fond pretence?
Why, Shaftsb'ry tells us, mirth's the test of sense;
Th' enchanted touch, which fraud and falsehood fear,
Like Una's mirror, or Ithuriel's spear.
Not so fair Truth—aloft her temple stands,
The work and glory of immortal hands.
Huge rocks of adamant its base enfold,
Steel bends the arch, the columns swell in gold.
No storms, no tumults, reach the sacred fane;
Waves idly beat, and winds grow loud in vain.
The shaft sinks pointless, ere it verges there,
And the dull hiss but dies away in air.
Yet let me say, howe'er secure it rise,
Sly fraud may reach it, and close craft surprise.
Truth, drawn like truth, must blaze divinely bright;
But, drawn like errour, truth may cheat the sight.
Some awkward epithet, with skill apply'd,
Some specious hints, which half their meanings hide,
Can right and wrong most courteously confound,
Banditti like, to stun us ere they wound.
Is there an art, through science' various store,
But, madly strain'd, becomes an art no more?
Is there a virtue, falsehood can't disguise?
Betwixt two vices every virtue lies:
To this, to that, the doubtful beam incline,
Or mirth's false balance take, the triumph's thine.
Let mighty Newton with an augur's hand,
Through Heav'n's high concave stretch th' imperial wand,
The vagrant comet's dubious path assign,
And lead from star to star th' unerring line:
Who but with transport lifts his piercing eye,
Fond to be lost in vast immensity!
But should your tailor [1], with as much of thought
Erect his quadrant, ere he cuts your coat;
The parchment slips with algebra o'erspread,
And calculations scrawl on every shred;
Art misapply'd must stare you in the face,
Nor could you, grave, the long deductions trace.
Fond of one art, most men the rest forego;
And all 's ridiculous, but what they know.
Freely they censure lands they ne'er explore,
With tales they learn'd from coasters on the shore.
As Afric's petty kings, perhaps, who hear
Of distant states from some weak traveller,
Imperfect hints with eager ears devour,
And sneer at Europe's fate, and Britain's power.
All arts are useful, as all nature good,
Correctly known, and temp'rately pursued.
The active soul, that Heav'n-born lamp, requires
Still new supports to feed, and raise its fires;
And science' ample stores expanded stand,
As diff'rent aids the varying flames demand.
And, as the sylvan chase bids bodies glow,
And purple health through vig'rous channels flow:
So fares the infant mind, by nature drawn,
By genius rous'd at reason's early dawn;
Which dares fair learning's arduous seats invade,
Climb the tall cliff, or pierce th' entangled shade;
New health, new strength, new force its powers receive,
And 'tis from toil th' immortal learns to live.
Or, if too harsh each boist'rous labour proves,
The Muse conducts us to more happy groves;
Where sport her sister arts, with myrtles crown'd,
Expressive picture, and persuasive sound;
Where truth's rough rules the gentlest lays impart,
And virtue steals harmonious on the heart.
We oft, 'tis true, mistake the sat'rist's aim,
Not arts themselves, but their abuse they blame.
Yet if, crusaders like, their zeal be rage,
They hurt the cause in which their arms engage:
On Heav'nly anvils forge the temper'd steel,
Which fools can brandish, and the wise may feel.
Readers are few, who nice distinctions form,
Supinely cool, or credulously warm.
'Tis jest, 'tis earnest, as the words convey
Some glimm'ring sense to lead weak heads astray.
And when, too anxious for some art assail'd,
You point the latent flaw by which it fail'd;
Each to his bias leans, a steady fool,
And for the part defective, damns the whole.
In elder James's ever-peaceful reign,
Who sway'd alike the sceptre and the pen,
Had some rough poet, with satiric rage,
Alarm'd the court, and lash'd the pedant age;
What freights of genius on that rock had split?
Where now were learning, and where now were wit?
Matur'd and full the rising forest grows,
Ere its wise owner lops th' advancing boughs:
For oaks, like arts, a length of years demand,
And shade the shepherd, ere they grace the land.
Where then may censure fall? 'tis hard to say;
On all that's wrong it may not, and it may.
In life, as arts, it asks our nicest care,
But hurts us more, as more immediate there.
Resign we freely to th' unthinking crowd
Their standing jest, which swells the laugh so loud,
The mountain back, or head advanc'd too high,
A leg misshapen, or distorted eye:
We pity faults by Nature's hand imprest;
Thersites' mind, but not his form 's the jest.
Here then we fix, and lash without control
These mental pests, and hydras of the soul;
Acquir'd ill-nature, ever prompt debate,
A zeal for slander, and delib'rate hate:
These court contempt, proclaim the public foe,
And each, Ulysses [2] like, should aim the blow.
Yet sure, ev'n here, our motives should be known:
Rail we to check his spleen, or ease our own?
Does injur'd virtue ev'ry shaft supply,
Arm the keen tongue, and flush th' erected eye?
Or do we from ourselves ourselves disguise?
And act, perhaps, the villain we chastise?
Hope we to mend him? hopes, alas, how vain!
He feels the lash, not listens to the vein.
'Tis dangerous too, in these licentious times,
Howe'er severe the smile, to sport with crimes.
Vices when ridicul'd, experience says,
First lose that horrour which they ought to raise,
Grow by degrees approv'd, and almost aim at praise.
When Tully's tongue the Roman Clodius draws,
How laughing satire weakens Milo's cause!

[1] "Your tailor," &c. see Gulliver's Travels, Voyage to Laputa.

[2] Iliad ii.

Each pictur'd vice so impudently bad,
The crimes turn frolics, and the villain mad;
Rapes, murders, incest, treasons, mirth create,
And Rome scarce hates the author of her fate.
'Tis true, the comic Muse, confin'd to rules,
Supply'd the laws, and sham'd the tardy schools;
With living precepts urg'd the moral truth,
And by example form'd the yielding youth.
The titled knave with honest freedom shown,
His person mimick'd, nor his name unknown,
Taught the young breast its opening thoughts to raise.
From dread of infamy to love of praise,
From thence to virtue; there perfection ends,
As gradual from the root the flower ascends;
Strain'd through the varying stems the juices flow,
Bloom o'er the top, and leave their dregs below.
'Twas thus awhile th' instructive stage survey'd,
From breast to breast its glowing influence spread,
Till, from his nobler task by passions won,
The man unravel'd what the bard had done;
And he, whose warmth had fir'd a nation's heart,
Debas'd to private piques the gen'rous art.
Here sunk the Muse, and, useless by degrees,
She ceas'd to profit, as she ceas'd to please.
No longer wit a judging audience charm'd,
Who, rous'd not fir'd, not raptur'd but alarm'd,
To well-tun'd scandal lent a jealous ear,
And through the faint applause betray'd the fear.
We, like Menander, more discreetly dare,
And well-bred satire wears a milder air.
Still vice we brand, or titled fools disgrace,
But dress in fable's guise the borrow'd face.
Or as the bee, through Nature's wild retreats,
Drinks the moist fragrance from th' unconscious sweets,
To injure none, we lightly range the ball,
And glean from diff'rent knaves the copious gall;
Extract, compound, with all a chymist's skill,
And claim the motley characters who will.
Happy the Muse, could thus her tuneful aid
To sense, to virtue, wake the more than dead!
But few to fiction lend attentive ears,
They view the face, but soon forget 'tis theirs.
"'Twas not from them the bard their likeness stole,
The random pencil haply hit the mole;
Ev'n from their prying foes such specks retreat;"
—They hide them from themselves, and crown the cheat.
Or should, perhaps, some softer clay admit
The sly impressions of instructive wit;
To virtue's side in conscious silence steal,
And glow with goodness, ere we find they feel;
Yet more, 'tis fear'd, will closer methods take,
And keep with caution what they can't forsake;
For fear of man, in his most mirthful mood,
May make us hypocrites, but seldom good.
And what avails that seas confess their bounds,
If subtler insects sap the Belgian mounds?
Though no wing'd mischief cleave the mid-day skies,
Still through the dark the baleful venom flies,
Still virtue feels a sure though ling'ring fate,
And, stabb'd in secret, bleeds th' unguarded state.
Besides, in men have varying passions made
Such nice confusions, blending light with shade,
That eager zeal to laugh the vice away
May hurt some virtue's intermingling ray.
Men's faults, like Martin's [3] broider'd coat, demand
The nicest touches of the steadiest hand.
Some yield with ease, while some their posts maintain;
And parts defective will at last remain,
There, where they best succeed, your labours bend.
Nor render useless, what you strive to mend.
The youthful Curio blush'd whene'er he spoke
His ill-tim'd modesty the general joke;
Sneer'd by his friends, nor could that sneer endure—
Behold, sad instance of their skill to cure!
The conscious blood, which fir'd his cheek before
Now leaves his bosom cool, and warms no more.
But affectation—there, we all confess,
Strong are the motives, and the danger less.
Sure we may smile where fools themselves have made,
As balk'd spectators of a farce ill play'd,
And laugh, if satire's breath should rudely raise
The painted plumes which vanity displays.
O fruitful source of everlasting mirth!
For fools, like apes, are mimics from their birth.
By fashion govern'd, Nature each neglects,
And barters graces for admir'd defects.
The artful hypocrites, who virtue wear,
Confess, at least, the sacred form is fair;
And apes of science equally allow
The scholar's title to the laurel'd brow;
But what have those 'gainst satire's lash to plead,
Who court with zeal what others fly with dread?
Affect ev'n vice! poor folly's last excess,
As Picts mistook deformity for dress,
And smear'd with so much art their hideous charms,
That the grim beauty scar'd you from her arms.
Too oft these follies [4] bask in virtue's shine,
The wild luxuriance of a soil too fine.
Yet oh, repress them, wheresoe'er they rise—
But how perform it?—there the danger lies.
Short are the lessons taught in Nature's school,
Here each peculiar asks a sep'rate rule.
Nice is the task, be gen'ral if you can,
Or strike with caution if you point the man:
And think, O think, the cause by all assign'd
To raise our laughter, makes it most unkind:
For though from Nature these no strength receive,
We give them nature when we bid them live.
Like Jove's Minerva springs the gentle train,
The genuine offspring of each teeming brain;
On which, like fond'rest sires, we fondly doat,
Plan future fame in luxury of thought,
And scarce at last, o'erpower'd by foes or friends,
Torn from our breasts the dear delusion ends.
Then let good-nature every charm exert,
And, while it mends it, win th' unfolding heart.
Let moral mirth a face of triumph wear,
Yet smile unconscious of th' extorted tear.
See, with what grace instructive satire flows,
Politely keen, in Clio's number'd prose!
That great example should our zeal excite,
And censors learn from Addison to write.
So, in our age, too prone to sport with pain,
Might soft humanity resume her reign;
Pride without rancour feel th' objected fault,
And folly blush, as willing to be taught;
Critics grow mild, life's witty warfare cease,
And true good-nature breathe the balm of peace.

[3] Tale of a Tub. [4] Affectations.

ON NOBILITY:

AN EPISTLE.

TO THE EARL OF ASHBURNHAM.

POETS, my lord, by some unlucky fate
Condemn'd to flatter the too easy great,
Have oft, regardless of their Heav'n-born flame,
Enshrin'd a title, and ador'd a name;
For idol deities forsook the true,
And paid to greatness what was virtue's due.
Yet hear, at least, one recreant bard maintain
Their incense fruitless, and your honours vain:
Teach you to scorn the auxiliar props, that raise
The painted produce of these sun-shine days;
Proud from yourself, like India's worm, to weave
Th' ennobling thread, which fortune cannot give.
In two short precepts your whole lesson lies;
Wou'd you be great?—be virtuous, and be wise.
In elder time, ere heralds yet were known
To gild the vain with glories not their own;
Or infant language saw such terms prevail,
As fess and chev'ron, pale and contrepale;
'Twas he alone the shaggy spoils might wear,
Whose strength subdu'd the lion, or the bear;
For him the rosy spring with smiles beheld
Her honours stript from every grove and field;
For him the rustic quires with songs advance;
For him the virgins form the annual dance.
Born to protect, like Gods they hail the brave;
And sure 'twas godlike, to be born to save!
In Turkey still these simple manners reign,
Tho' Pharamond has liv'd, and Charlemagne:
The cottage hind may there admitted rise
A chief, or statesman, as his talent lies;
And all, but Othman's race, the only proud,
Fall with their sires, and mingle with the crowd.
Politer courts, ingenious to extend
The father's virtues, bid his pomps descend;
Chiefs premature with suasive wreaths adorn,
And force to glory heroes yet unborn,
Plac'd like Hamilcar's son [1], their path's confin'd,
Forward they must, for monsters press behind;
Monsters more dire than Spain's, or Barca's snakes,
If fame they grasp not, infamy o'ertakes.
'Tis the same virtue's vigorous, just effort
Must grace alike St. James's or the Porte;
Alike, my lord, must Turk, or British peer,
Be to his king, and to his country dear;
Alike must either honour's cause maintain,
You to preserve a fame, and they to gain.
For birth——precarious were that boasted gem,
Tho' worth flow'd copious in the vital stream:
(Of which a sad reverse historians preach,
And sage Experience proves the truths they teach.)
For say, ye great, who boast another's scars,
And, like Busiris, end among the stars,
What is this boon of Heav'n? dependent still
On woman's weakness, and on woman's will.

Might not, in Pagan days, and open air,
Some wand'ring Jove surprise th' unguarded fair?
And did your gentle grandames always prove
Stern rebels to the charms of lawless love?
And never pity'd, at some tender time,
A dying Damian [2], with'ring in his prime?
Or, more politely to their vows untrue,
Lov'd, and elop'd, as modern ladies do?
But grant them virtuous, were they all of birth?
Did never nobles mix with vulgar earth,
And city maids to envy'd heights translate,
Subdu'd by passion, and decay'd estate?
Or, sigh, still humbler, to the passing gales
By turf-built cots in daisy-painted vales?
Who does not, Pamela, thy suff'rings feel?
Who has not wept at beauteous Grisel's wheel?
And each fair marchioness [3], that Gallia pours
(Exotic sorrows) to Britannia's shores?
Then blame us not, if backward to comply
With your demands: we fear a forgery.
In spite of *patents*, and of kings' decrees,
And blooming coronets *on parchment-trees*,
Your proofs are gone, your very claims are lost,
But by the manners of that race you boast.
O if true virtue fires their gen'rous blood,
The feel for fame, the pant of public good,
The kind concern for innocence distrest,
The Titus' wish to make a people blest,
At every deed we see their father's tomb
Shoot forth new laurels in eternal bloom;
We hear the rattling car, the neighing steeds,
A Poictiers thunders, and a Cressy bleeds!
Titles and birth, like di'monds from the mine,
Must by your worth be polish'd ere they shine;
Thence drink new lustre, there unite their rays,
And stream through ages one unsully'd blaze.
But what avails the crest with flow'rets crown'd,
The mother virtuous, or the sires renown'd,
If, from the breathing walls, those sires behold
The midnight gamester trembling for his gold:
And see those hours, when sleep their toils repair'd,
(Or, if they wak'd, they wak'd for Britain's guard,)
Now on lewd loves bestow'd, or drench'd in wine,
Drown and embrute the particle divine?
How must they wish, with many a sigh, unheard
The warmest pray'r they once to Heav'n prefer'd!
When not content with fame for kingdoms won,
They sought an added boon, and ask'd a son;
That cloud eternal in their sky serene,
That dull dead weight that drags them down to men,
And speaks as plainly as the Muse's tongue,
"Frail were the sires from whom we mortals sprung."
Incense to such may breathe, but breathes in vain,
The dusky vapour but obscures the fane:
Loretto's lady like [4], such patrons bear
The flatt'ring stains of many a live-long year;
While but to shame them beams fictitious day,
And their own filth eternal lamps betray.
Tell us, ye names, preserv'd from Charles's times
In dedication prose, heroic rhymes;
Would ye not now, with equal joy resign
(Tho' taught to flow in Dryden's strain divine)

[1] Ibi fama est, in quiete visum ab eo Juvenem divinâ specie, qui se ab Jove diceret ducem in Italiam Annibali missum. Proinde sequeretur, neque usquam à se deflecteret oculos. Pavidum primo, nusquam respicientem, &c.—Tandem,—temperare oculis nequivisse: tum vidisse post se serpentem mirâ magnitudine cum ingenti arborum ac virgultorum strage ferri, &c. Liv. lib. xxi. c. 22.

[2] See January and May, in Chaucer and Mr. Pope.

[3] Marianne, the Fortunate Country Maid, &c.

[4] See Dr. Middleton's Letter from Rome, (4th edit. octavo) page 155.

The awkward virtues never meant to sit,
The alien morals, and imputed wit,
Whose very praise but lends a fatal breath
To save expiring infamy from death?
And yet, in conqu'ring vice small virtue lies;
The weak can shun it, and the vain despise.
'Tis yours, my lord, to form a nobler aim,
And build on active merit endless fame;
Unlike the loit'ring, still forgotten crowd,
Who, ev'n at best but negatively good,
Thro' sloth's dull round drag out a length of days,
While life's dim taper gradually decays;
And numbers fall, and numbers rise the same,
Their country's burden, and their nature's shame.
What tho' in youth, while flatt'ring hopes presume
On health's vain flourish for long years to come,
Thoughtless and gay, a mad good-nature draws
From followers flatt'ry, and from crowds applause;
Nay from the wise, by some capricious whim,
Should, mix'd with pity, force a faint esteem:
Yet will in age that syren charm prevail,
When cares grow peevish, and when spirits fail;
Or must, despis'd, each fool of fortune sigh
O'er years mispent with retrospective eye,
'Till pomp's last honours load the pageant bier,
And much solemnity without a tear?
'Tis yours with judgment nobly to bestow,
And treasure joys the bounteous only know.
See, sav'd from sloth by you, with venial pride,
Laborious health the stubborn glebe divide;
Instructed want her folded arms unbend,
And smiling industry the loom attend.
Yours too the task to spread indulgent ease,
Steal cares from wrinkled age, disarm disease;
Insulted worth from proud oppression screen,
And give neglected science where to lean.
Titles, like standard-flags, exalted rise,
To tell the wretched where protection lies;
And he who hears unmov'd affliction's claim,
Deserts his duty, and denies his name.
Nor is't enough, tho' to no bounds confin'd,
Your cares instruct, or bounties bless mankind.
'Tis yours, my lord, with various skill to trace,
By history's clue, the statesman's subtle maze;
Observe the springs that mov'd each nice machine,
Not laid too open, and not drawn too thin;
From Grecian mines bring sterling treasures home,
And grace your Britain with the spoils of Rome.
But chief that Britain's gradual rise behold,
The changing world's reverse, from lead to gold:
Happy at last, thro' storms in freedom's cause,
Thro' fierce prerogative, and trampled laws,
To blend such seeming inconsistent things,
As strength with ease, and liberty with kings.
Know too, where Europe's wavering fates depend,
What states can injure, and what states defend,
Their strength, their arts, their policies your own—
And then, like Pelham, make that wisdom known.
Wake ev'ry latent faculty of soul,
Teach from your lips the glowing sense to roll,
Till list'ning senates bless the kind alarm,
Convinc'd, not dazzled, and with judgment warm.
Superior talents on the great bestow'd,
Are Heav'n's peculiar instruments of good:
Not for the few, who have them, are design'd:
What flows from Heav'n, must flow for all mankind.
Blush then, ye peers, who, niggards of your store,
Brood o'er the shining heap, not make it more;
Or Wilmot like, at some poor fool's expense,
Squander in wit the sacred funds of sense.
Wisdom alone is true ambition's aim,
Wisdom the source of virtue, and of fame,
Obtain'd with labour, for mankind employ'd,
And then, when most you share it, best enjoy'd.
See! on yon sea-girt isle the goddess stands,
And calls her vot'ries with applauding hands!
They pant, they strain, they glow thro' climes unknown,
With added strength, and spirits not their own.
Hark! what loud shouts each glad arrival hail!
How full fame's fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale!
How tempting nod the groves for ever green!
—"But tempests roar, and oceans roll between."—
Yet see, my lord, your friends around you brave
That roaring tempest, and contending wave.
See——lab'ring through the billowy tide!
See——impatient for the adverse side!
O much-lov'd youths! to Britain justly dear,
Her spring, and promise of a fairer year.
Success be theirs, whate'er their hopes engage,
Worth grace their youth, and honours crown their age,
And ev'ry warmest wish sincere, and free,
My soul e'er breathes, O Ashburnham, for thee!
Hard is your stated task by all allow'd,
And modern greatness rarely bursts the cloud.
Lull'd high in Fortune's silken lap, you feel
No shocks, nor turns of her uncertain wheel:
Amusements dazzle, weak admirers gaze,
And flatt'ry sooths, and indolence betrays.
Yet still, my lord, on happy peers attends
That noblest privilege, to chuse their friends;
The wise, the good are theirs, their call obey;
If pride refuse not, fortune points the way.
Nor great your toils, on wisdom's seas, compar'd
With theirs who shift the sail, or watch the card.
For you the sages every depth explore,
For you, the slaves of science ply the oar;
And Nature's Genii fly with sails unfurl'd,
The Drakes and Raleighs of the mental world.
But stay—too long mere English lays detain
Your light-wing'd thoughts, that rove beyond the main:
No fancy'd voyage there expects the gale,
No allegoric zephyr swells the sail.
—Yet, ere you go, ere Gallia's pomp invades
The milder truths of Granta's peaceful shades,
This verse at least be yours, and boldly tell,
That if you fall, not unadvis'd you fell;
But, blest with virtue and with sense adorn'd,
A willing victim of the fools you scorn'd.

AN HYMN

TO THE NYMPH OF BRISTOL SPRING. 1751.

Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes, geminique minantur
In cœlum scopuli; tum sylvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum Nemus imminet umbra.
Intus *Aquæ dulces*, vivoque sedilia saxo
Nympharum domus!— Virg.

Nymph of the fount! from whose auspicious urn
Flows health, flows strength, and beauty's roseate bloom,
Which warms the virgin's cheek, thy gifts I sing!
Whether inclining from thy rocky couch
Thou hear'st attentive, or with sister-nymphs
Fast by Sabrina's hoarse-resounding stream,
Thou cull'st fresh flowers, regardless of my song.

Avonia, hear'st thou, from the neighb'ring stream
So call'd; or Bristodura; or the sound
Well known, Vincentia[1]? Sithence from thy rock
The hermit pour'd his orisons of old,
And, dying, to thy fount bequeath'd his name.
Whate'er thy title, thee the azore god
Of ocean erst beheld, and to the shore
Fast flew his pearly car; th' obsequious winds
Drop'd their light pinions, and no sounds were heard
In earth, air, sea, but murmuring sighs of love.
He left thee then; yet not, penurious, left
Without a boon the violated maid;
But, grateful to thy worth, with bounteous hand
Gave thee to pour the salutary rill,
And pay this precious tribute to the main.
And still he visits[2], faithful to his flame,
Thy moist abode, and each returning tide
Mingles his wave with thine; hence brackish oft
And foul, we fly th' adulterated draught
And scorn the proffer'd bev'rage; thoughtless we,
That then thy Naiads hymeneals chant,
And rocks re-echo to the Triton's shell.
Love warm'd thy breast; to love thy waters pay
A kind regard: and thence the pallid maid,
Who pines in fancy for some fav'rite youth,
Drinks in new lustre, and with surer aim
Darts more enliven'd glances. Thence the boy,
Who mourns in secret the polluted charms
Of Lais or Corinna, grateful feels
Health's warm return, and pants for purer joys.
Nor youth alone thy power indulgent owns;
Age shares thy blessings, and the tott'ring frame
By thee supported: not, Tithonus-like,
To linger in decay, and daily feel
A death in every pain; such cruel aids,
Unknown to Nature, art alone can lend:
But, taught by thee, life's latter fruits enjoy
A warmer winter, and at last fall off,
Shook by no boist'rous, or untimely blasts.
But why on single objects dwell my song?
Wide as the neighb'ring sons of commerce waft
Their unexhausted stores, to every clime
On every wind up-born thy triumphs spread!
Thee the glad merchant hails, whom choice or fate
Leads to some distant home, where Sirius reigns,
And the blood boils with many a fell disease
Which Albion knows not. Thee the sable wretch,
To ease whose burning entrails swells in vain
The citron's dewy moisture, thee he hails;
And oft from some steep cliff at early dawn
In seas, in winds, or the vast void of Heaven
Thy power unknown adores; or ranks, perhaps,
Amid his fabled gods Avonia's name.
Scar'd at thy presence start the train of Death,
And hide their whips and scorpions. Thee confus'd
Slow Febris creeps from; thee the meagre fiend
Consumption flies; and checks his rattling coughs.
But chief the dread disease, whose wat'ry power,
Curb'd by thy wave restringent, knows its bounds,
And feels a firmer barrier. Ocean thus
Once flow'd, they say, impetuous; 'till, restrain'd
By force almighty, streams were taught to flow
In narrower channels, and once more relieve
The thirsty hind, and wash the fruitful vale.
What shrieks, what groans, torment the lab'ring
And pierce the astonish'd hearer? ah, behold [air,
Yon agonizing wretch, that pants and writhes,
Rack'd with the stone, and calls on thee for ease!
Nor calls he long in vain; the balmy draught
Has done its office, and resign'd and calm
The poor pale sufferer sinks to sweet repose.
O could thy lenient wave thus charm to peace
That fiercer fiend, Ill-nature; Argus-like,
Whose eyes still open watch th' unwary steps
Which tread thy margin, and whose subtle brain
To real mischief turns ideal ills!
But not thy stream nectareous, nor the smiles
Of rosy-dimpled innocence, can charm [damps,
That monster's rage: dark, dark as midnight
And ten times deadlier, steal along unseen
Her blasting venom, and devours at once
Fair virtue's growth, and beauty's blooming spring.
But turn we from the sight, and dive beneath
Thy darksome caverns; or unwearied climb
Thy tow'ring mountains, studious to explore
The latent seeds and magazines of health.
"Ye rocks that round me rise, ye pendant woods
High waving to the breeze, ye gliding streams
That steal in silence thro' the mossy clefts
Unumber'd, tell me in what secret vale
Hygeia shuns the day?—O, often seen
In dreams poetic, pour thy radiant form
Full on my sight, and bless my waking sense!—
But not to me such visions, not to me;
No son of Paeon I, like that sweet bard [Muse[4]
Who sung her charms profest[3]; or him, whose
Now builds the lofty rhyme, and nobly wild
Crops each unfading flower from Pindar's brow,
To form fresh garlands from the Naiad train.
Yet will I view her still, however coy,
In dreams poetic; see her to the sound
Of dulcet symphonies harmonious lead
Her sportive sister-graces, Mirth serene,
And Peace, sweet inmate of the sylvan shade.
These are thy handmaids, goddess of the fount,
And these thy offspring. Oft have I beheld
Their airy revels on the verdant steep
Of Avon, clear as fancy's eye could paint.
What time the dewy star of eve invites
To lonely musing, by the wave-worn beach,
Along the extended mead. Nor less intent
Their fairy forms I view, when from the height
Of Clifton, tow'ring mount, th' enraptur'd eye
Beholds the cultivated prospect rise
Hill above hill, with many a verdant bound
Of hedge-row chequer'd. Now on painted clouds
Sportive they roll, or down yon winding stream
Give their light mantles to the wafting wind,
And join the sea-green sisters of the flood.
Happy the man whom these amusive walks,
These waking-dreams delight! no cares molest
His vacant bosom: Solitude itself
But opens to his keener view new worlds,

[1] The spring at Bristol is usually called St. Vincent's Well, and the rocks near it St. Vincent's Rocks, on a fabulous tradition that that saint resided there.

[2] The high tides in the Avon generally foul the spring in such a manner as to make the waters improper to be drank till some hours afterward.

[3] Dr. Armstrong, author of that elegant didactic poem, called The Art of preserving Health.

[4] Alluding to a manuscript poem of Dr. Akenside's (since published) written in the spirit and manner of the ancients, called, An Hymn to the Water Nymphs.

Worlds of his own: from every genuine scene
Of Nature's varying hand his active mind
Takes fire at once, and his full soul o'erflows
With Heaven's own bounteous joy; he too creates,
And with new beings peoples earth and air,
And ocean's deep domain. The bards of old,
The godlike Grecian bards, from such fair founts
Drank inspiration. Hence on airy clifts
Light satyrs danc'd, along the woodland shade
Pan's mystic pipe resounded, and each rill
Confess'd its tutelary power, like thine.
But not like thine, bright deity, their urns
Pour'd health's rare treasures; on their grassy sides
The panting swain reclin'd with his tir'd flock
At sultry noon-tide, or at evening led
His unyok'd heifers to the common stream.
Yet some there have been, and there are, like thee
Profuse of liquid balm; from the fair train
Of eldest Tadmor [5], where the sapient king
For the faint traveller, and diseas'd, confin'd
To salutary baths the fugitive stream.
And still, though now perhaps their power unknown,
Unsought, the solitary waters creep
Amid Palmyra's ruin [6], and bewail
To rocks, and desert caves, the mighty loss
Of two imperial cities! so may sink
Yon cloud-envelop'd tow'rs; and times to come
Inquire where Avon flow'd, and the proud mart
Of Bristol rose. Nay, Severn's self may fail,
With all that waste of waters: and the swain
From the tall summit (whence we now survey
The anchoring bark, and see with every tide
Pass and repass the wealth of either world)
May hail the softer scene where groves aspire,
And bosom'd villages, and golden fields
Unite the Cambrian to the English shore.
Why should I mention many a fabled fount
By bards recorded, or historians old;
Whether they water'd Asia's fertile plains
With soft Callirrhoë [7]; or to letter'd Greece
Or warlike Latium lent their kindly aid?
Nor ye of modern fame, whose rills descend
From Alps to Appennines, or grateful lave
Germania's harass'd realms, expect my verse
Shall chant your praise, and dwell on foreign themes;
When chief o'er Albion have the healing powers
Shed wide their influence: from a thousand rocks
Health gushes, through a thousand vales it flows
Spontaneous. Scarce can luxury produce
More pale diseases than her streams relieve.
Witness, Avonia, the unnumber'd tongues
Which hail thy sister's name [8]! on the same banks
Your fountains rise, to the same stream they flow.

See in what myriads to her watry shrine
The various votaries press! they drink, they live!
Not more exulting crowds in the full height
Of Roman luxury proud Baiæ knew;
Ere Musa's fatal skill [9], fatal to Rome,
Defam'd the tepid wave. Nor round thy shades,
Clitumnus [10], more recording trophies hung.
O for a Shakspeare's pencil, while I trace
In Nature's breathing paint, the dreary waste
Of Buxton, dropping with incessant rains
Cold and ungenial; or its sweet reverse
Enchanting Matlock, from whose rocks like thine
Romantic foliage hangs, and rills descend,
And echoes murmur. Derwent, as he pours
His oft obstructed stream down rough cascades
And broken precipices, views with awe,
With rapture, the fair scene his waters form.
Nor yet has Nature to one spot confin'd
Her frugal blessings. Many a different site
And different air, to suit man's varying frame
The same relief extends. Thus Cheltenham sinks
Rural and calm amid the flowery vale,
Pleas'd with its pastoral scenes; while Scarbrough lifts
Its towering summits to th' aspiring clouds,
And sees th' unbounded ocean roll beneath.
Avonia frowns! and justly may'st thou frown,
O goddess, on the bard, th' injurious bard,
Who leaves thy pictur'd scenes, and *idly* roves
For foreign beauty to adorn *his song*.
Thine is all beauty; every *site is thine*.
Thine the sweet vale, and *verdure-crowned mead*
Slow rising from the plain, which Cheltenham boasts.
Thine Scarbrough's cliffs; and thine the russet heaths
Of sandy Tunbridge; o'er thy spacious downs
Stray wide the nibbling flocks; the hunter train
May range thy forests; and the muse-led youth,
Who loves the devious walk, and simple scene,
May in thy Kingswood view the scatter'd cots
And the green wilds of Dulwich. Does the Sun,
Does the free air delight? lo! Clifton stands
Courted by every breeze; and every Sun
There sheds a kinder ray; whether he rides
In southern skies sublime, or mildly pours
O'er Bristol's red'ning towers his orient beam,

[5] Tadmor in the wilderness, built by king Solomon, celebrated for its baths.

[6] Palmyra is generally allowed to have stood on the same spot of ground as Tadmor. See the Universal History, vol. ii. 8vo. edit. where is a print representing the ruins of that city.

[7] A fountain in Judea beyond Jordan, which empties itself in the lake Asphaltes. Its waters were not only medicinal, but remarkably soft and agreeable to the taste. Herod the Great made use of them in his last dreadful distemper. Josephus, l. xvii. c. 8.

[8] Bath.

[9] Antonius Musa, physician to Augustus Cæsar, was the first who brought cold bathing into great repute at Rome. But the same prescription which had saved Augustus, unhappily killed Marcellus. Horace describes the inhabitants of Baiæ as very uneasy at this new method of proceeding in physic:

..... Mihi Baias
Musa supervacuas Antonius, et tamen *illis*
Me facit invisum gelidâ dum perluor undâ
Per medium frigus. *Sanè myrteta relinqui*
Dictaque cessantem nervis elidere morbum
Sulfura contemni, Vicus gemit; invidus ægris
Qui caput aut stomachum supponere fontibus audent, &c.

[10] See a beautiful description of the source of this river in Pliny's Epistles, Ep. 8. Book viii. where he mentions it as a custom for persons to leave inscriptions, &c. as testimonies of their being cured there; something in the manner of the crutches at Bath.

Or gilds at eve the shrub-clad rocks of Ley.
Beneath thy mountains open to the south
Pale Sickness sits, and drinks th' enlivening day;
Nor fears th' innumerable pangs which pierce
In keener anguish from the north, or load
The dusky pinions of the peevish east.
Secure she sits, and from thy sacred urn
Implores, and finds relief. The slacken'd nerves
Resume their wonted tone, of every wind
And every season patient. Jocund health
Blooms on the cheek; and careless youth returns
(As fortune wills) to pleasure or to toil.
Yet think not, goddess, that the Muse ascribes
To thee unfailing strength, of force to wrest
Th' uplifted bolts of fate; to Jove alone
Belongs that high pre-eminence. Full oft,
This feeling heart can witness, have I heard
Along thy shore the piercing cries resound
Of widows and of orphans. Oft beheld
The solemn funeral pomp, and decent rites,
Which human vanity receives and pays
When dust returns to dust. Where Nature fails,
There too thy power must fail; or only lend
A momentary aid to soften pain,
And from the king of terrours steal his frown.
Nor yet for waters only art thou fam'd,
Avonia; deep within thy cavern'd rocks
Do diamonds lurk, which mimic those of Ind.
Some to the curious searcher's eye betray
Their varying hues amid the mossy clefts
Faint glimmering; others in the solid stone
Lie quite obscur'd, and wait the patient hand
Of art, or quick explosion's fiercer breath,
To wake their latent glories into day.
With these the British fair, ere traffic's power
Had made the wealth of other worlds our own,
Would deck their auburn tresses, or confine
The snowy roundness of their polish'd arm.
With these the little tyrants of the isle,
Monarchs of counties, or of clay-built towns
Sole potentates, would bind their haughty brows,
And awe the gazing crowd. Say, goddess, say,
Shall, studious of thy praise, the Muse declare
When first their lustre rose, and what kind power
Unveil'd their hidden charms? The Muse alone
Can call back time, and from oblivion save
The once-known tale, of which tradition's self
Has lost the faintest memory. 'Twas ere
The titles proud of Knight and Baron bold
Were known in Albion; long ere Cæsar's arms
Had tried its prowess, and been taught to yield.
Westward a mile from yon aspiring shrubs
Which front thy hallow'd fount, and shagg with thorns
The adverse side of Avon, dwelt a swain.
One only daughter bless'd his nuptial bed.
Fair was the maid; but wherefore said I fair?
For many a maid is fair, but Leya's form
Was beauty's self, where each united charm
Ennobled each, and added grace to all.
Yet cold as mountain snows her tim'rous heart
Rejects the voice of love. In vain the sire
With prayers, with mingled tears, demanded oft
The name of grandsire, and a prattling race
To cheer his drooping age. In vain the youths
To Leya's fav'rite name in every dale
Attun'd their rustic pipes, to Leya's ear
Music was discord when he talk'd of love.
And shall such beauty, and such power to bless,
Sink useless to the grave! forbid it, Love!
Forbid it, Vanity! ye mighty two
Who share the female breast! the last prevails.
"Whatever youth shall bring the noblest prize
May claim her conquer'd heart." The day was fix'd,
And forth from villages, and turf-built cots,
In crowds the suitors came: from Ashton's vale,
From Pil, from Porshut, and the town whose tower
Now stands a sea-mark to the pilots ken.
Nor were there wanting Clifton's love-sick sons
To swell th' enamour'd train. But most in thought
Yielded to Cadwal's heir, proud lord of Stoke;
Whose wide dominions spread o'er velvet lawns
And gently-swelling hills, and tufted groves,
Full many a mile. For there, ev'n then, the scene
We now behold to such perfection wrought,
Charm'd with untutor'd wildness, and but ask'd
A master's hand to tame it into grace.
Against such rivals, prodigal of wealth,
To venal beauty off'ring all their stores,
What arts shall Thenot use, who long has lov'd,
And long, too long despair'd? Amid thy rocks
Nightly he wanders, to the silent Moon
And starry host of Heaven he tells his pain.
But chief to thee, to thee his fond complaints
At morn, at eve, and in the midnight hour
Frequent he pours. No wealth paternal bless'd
His humbler birth; no fields of waving gold
Or flowering orchards, no wide-wandering herds
Or bleating firstlings of the flock were his,
To tempt the wary maid. Yet could his pipe
Make echoes listen, and his flowing tongue
Could chant soft ditties in so sweet a strain,
They charm'd with native music all but her.
Oft had'st thou heard him, goddess; oft resolv'd
To succour his distress. When now the day
The fatal day drew near, and love's last hope
Hung on a few short moments. Ocean's god
Was with thee, and observ'd thy anxious thought.
"And what," he cry'd, "can make Avonia's face
Wear aught but smiles? what jealous doubts perplex
My fair, my best belov'd?" "No jealous doubts,"
Thou answered'st mild, and on his breast reclin'd
Thy blushing cheek, "perplex Avonia's breast:
A cruel fair one flies the voice of love,
And gifts alone can win her. Mighty Power,
O bid thy Tritons ransack Ocean's wealth,
The coral's living branch, the lucid pearl,
And every shell where mingling lights and shades
Play happiest. O, if ever to thy breast
My artful coyness gave a moment's pain,
Learn from that pain to pity those that love."
The god return'd: "Can his Avonia ask
What Neptune would refuse? beauty like thine
Might task his utmost labours. But behold
How needless now his treasures! what thou seek'st
Is near thee; in the bosom of thy rocks
Myriads of glittering gems, of power to charm
More wary eyes than Leya's, lurk unseen:
From these select thy store." He spake, and rais'd
The massy trident; at whose stroke the womb
Of Earth gave up its treasures. Ready nymphs
Receiv'd the bursting gems, and Tritons lent
A happier polish to th' encrusted stone.
Scarce had they finish'd, when the plaintive strains
Of Thenot reach'd thy ears. "Approach, approach," The trident-bearer cried; and at his voice
The rocks divided, and the awe-struck youth
(Like Aristæus through the parting wave)

Descended trembling. But what words can paint
His joy, his rapture, when, surprise at length
Yielding to love, he grasp'd the fated gems,
And knew their wond'rous import. "O!" he cried,
"Dismiss me, gracious Powers; ere this, perhaps,
Young Cadwal clasps her charms, ere this the wealth
Of Madoc has prevail'd!"—"Go, youth, and know
Success attends thy enterprise; and time
Shall make thee wealthier than the proudest swain
Whose rivalship thou fear'st; go, and be blest.
Yet let not gratitude be lost in joy;
But when thy wide possessions shall extend
Farm beyond farm, remember whence they rose,
And grace thy village with Avonia's name."

How shall the blushing Muse pursue the tale
Impartial, and record th' ungrateful crime
Of Thenot love-deluded? When success
Had crown'd his fierce desires, awhile he paid
Due honours at thy shrine, and strew'd with flowers,
Jasmin and rose, and iris many-hued,
The rocky margin. Till at length, intent
On Leya's charms alone, of aught beside
Careless he grew; and scarcely now his hymns
Of praise were heard; if heard, they fondly mix'd
His Leya's praise with thine; or only seem'd
The dying echoes of his former strains.
Nor did he (how wilt thou excuse, O Love,
Thy traitor?) when his wide possessions spread,
Farm beyond farm, remember whence they rose,
Or grace his village with Avonia's name,
But on a festal day, amid the shouts
Of echoing shepherds, to the rising town
"Be Leya nam'd," he cried: and still unhang'd
(Indelible disgrace!) the name remains[11].

'Twas then, Avonia, negligent of all
His former injuries, thy heav'nly breast
Felt real rage; and thrice thy arm was rais'd
For speedy vengeance; thrice the azure god
Restrain'd its force, or ere th' uplifted rocks
Descending had o'erwhelm'd the fated town.
And thus he sooth'd thee, "Let not rage transport
My injur'd fair-one; love was all his crime,
Resistless love. Yet sure revenge awaits
Thy utmost wishes; never shall his town,
Which, had thy title grac'd it, had aspir'd
To the first naval honours, and look'd down
On Carthage and the ports which grace my own
Phœnicia, never shall it rise beyond
That humble village thou behold'st it now.
And soon transported to the British coast
From farthest India vessels shall arrive
Full fraught with gems, myself will speed the sails,
And all th' imaginary wealth he boasts
Shall sink neglected: rustics shall deride
His diamond's mimic blaze. Nor thou regret
Their perish'd splendour; on a firmer base
Thy glory rests; reject a spurious praise,
And to thy waters only trust for fame."

And what of fame, O goddess, canst thou ask
Beyond thy waters, ever-streaming source
Of health to thousands? Myriads yet unborn
Shall hail thy fost'ring wave: perchance to thee
Shall owe their first existence. For, if fame
Relate not fabling, the warm genial breath
Of nature, which calls forth the bursting forms
Through wide creation, and with various life
Fills every teeming element, amid
Thy stream delighted revels, with increase
Blessing the nuptial bed. Suppliant to thee
The pensive matron bends; without thy aid
Expiring families had ask'd in vain
The long-expected heir; and states perhaps,
Which now stand foremost in the lists of fame,
Had sunk unnerv'd, inglorious, the vile slaves
Of sloth, and crouch'd beneath a master's frown,
Had not thy breath awak'd some chosen soul,
Some finer ether, scarce ally'd to clay,
Hero to act, or poet to record.

O, if to Albion, to my native land,
Of all that glorious, that immortal train
Which swells her annals, thy prolific stream
Has given one bard, one hero; may nor storms
Nor earthquakes shake thy mansion; may the sweep,
The silent sweep, of slow-devouring time
Steal o'er thy rocks unfelt, and only bear
To future worlds thy virtues, and thy praise.

Still, still, Avonia, o'er thy Albion shed
Benignest influence; nor to her alone
Confine thy partial boon. The lamp of day,
God of the lower world, was meant to all
A common parent. Still to every realm
Send forth thy blessings; for to every realm,
Such its peculiar excellence, thy wave
May pass untainted; seasons, climates, spare
Its virtues, and the power which conquers all,
Innate corruption, never mixes there.

And might I ask a boon, in whispers ask
One partial favour; goddess, from the power
Of verse, and arts Pœonian, gracious thou
Entreat this one. Let other poets share
His noisy honours, rapid let them roll
As neighb'ring Severn, while the voice of fame
Re-echoes to their numbers: but let mine
My humbler weaker verse, from scantier rills
Diffusing wholesome draughts, unheard, unseen,
Glide gently on, and imitate thy spring.

[11] Ley, or Leigh, a small village on the opposite side of the Avon, mentioned in the first line of the preceding page.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

L'Amitié, qui dans le monde est à peine un sentiment, est une passion dans les cloitres.
Contes Moraux, de Marmontel.

Much have we heard the peevish world complain
Of friends neglected, and of friends forgot:
Another's frailties blindly we arraign,
And blame, as partial ills, the common lot:
For what is friendship?—'Tis the sacred tie
Of souls unbodied, and of love refin'd;
Beyond, Benevolence, thy social sigh,
Beyond the duties graven on our kind.
And ah how seldom, in this vale of tears,
This frail existence, by ourselves debas'd,
In hopes bewilder'd, or subdu'd by fears,
The joys unmix'd of mutual good we taste!
Proclaim, ye reverend sires, whom fate has spar'd
As life's example, and as virtue's test,
How few, how very few, your hearts have shar'd,
How much those hearts have pardon'd in the best.
Vain is their claim whom heedless pleasure joins
In bands of riot, or in leagues of vice;
They meet, they revel, as the day declines,
But, spectre like, they shudder at its rise.

For 'tis not friendship, though the raptures run,
Led by the mad'ning god, through every vein;
Like the warm flower, which drinks the noon-tide Sun,
Their bosoms open but to close again.
Yet there are hours of mirth, which friendship loves,
When prudence sleeps, and wisdom grows more kind,
Sallies of sense, which reason scarce approves,
When all unguarded glows the naked mind.
But far from those be each profaner eye
With glance malignant withering fancy's bloom;
Far the vile ear, where whispers never die;
Far the rank heart, which teems with ills to come.
Full oft, by fortune near each other plac'd,
Ill-suited souls, nor studious much to please,
Whole fruitless years in awkward union waste,
Till chance divides, whom chance had join'd with ease.
And yet, should either oddly soar on high,
And shine distinguish'd in some sphere remov'd,
The friend observes him with a jealous eye,
And calls ungrateful whom he never lov'd.
But leave we such for those of happier clay
On whose emerging stars the Graces smile,
And search for truth, where virtue's sacred ray
Wakes the glad seed in friendship's genuine soil.
In youth's soft season, when the vacant mind
To each kind impulse of affection yields,
When Nature charms, and love of humankind
With its own brightness every object gilds,
Should two congenial bosoms haply meet,
Or on the banks of Camus, hoary stream,
Or where smooth Isis glides on silver feet,
Nurse of the Muses each, and each their theme,
How blithe the mutual morning task they ply!
How sweet the saunt'ring walk at close of day!
How steal, secluded from the world's broad eye,
The midnight hours insensibly away!
While glows the social bosom to impart
Each young idea dawning science lends,
Or big with sorrow beats th' unpractis'd heart
For suff'ring virtue, and disastrous friends.
Deep in the volumes of the mighty dead
They feast on joys to vulgar minds unknown;
The hero's, sage's, patriot's path they tread,
Adore *each* worth, and make it half their own.
Sublime and pure as Thebes or Sparta taught
Eternal union from their souls they swear,
Each added converse swells the generous thought,
And each short absence makes it more sincere—
—"*And can*"—(*I hear* some eager voice exclaim,
Whose bliss now blossoms, and whose hopes beat high)
"*Can* Virtue's *basis fail* th' incumbent frame?
And *may* such friendships *ever ever* die?"
Ah, gentle youth, they may. Nor thou complain
If chance the sad experience should be thine.
What cannot change where all is light and vain?
—Ask of the Fates who twist life's varying line.
Ambition, vanity, suspense, surmise,
On the wide world's tempestuous ocean roll;
New loves, new friendships, new desires arise,
New joys elate, new griefs depress the soul.
Some, in the bustling mart of business, lose
The still small voice retirement loves to hear;
Some at the noisy bar enlarge their views,
And some in senates court a people's ear.
While others, led by glory's meteors, run
To distant wars for laurels stain'd with blood.
Meanwhile the stream of time glides calmly on,
And ends its silent course in Lethe's flood.
Unhappy only he of friendship's train
Who never knew what change or fortune meant,
With whom th' ideas of his youth remain
Too firmly fix'd, and rob him of content.
Condemn'd perhaps to some obscure retreat,
Where pale reflection wears a sickly bloom,
Still to the past he turns with pilgrim feet,
And ghosts of pleasure haunt him to his tomb.
O—but I will not name you—ye kind few,
With whom the morning of my life I pass'd,
May every bliss, your generous bosoms knew
In earlier days, attend you to the last.
I too, alas, am chang'd.—And yet there are
Who still with partial love my friendship own,
Forgive the frailties which they could not share,
Or find my heart unchang'd to them alone.
To them this votive tablet of the Muse
Pleas'd I suspend.—Nor let th' unfeeling mind
From these loose hints its own vile ways excuse,
Or start a thought to injure human-kind.
Who knows not friendship, knows not bliss sincere.
Court it, ye young; ye aged, bind it fast;
Earn it, ye proud; nor think the purchase dear,
Whate'er the labour, if 'tis gain'd at last.
Compar'd with all th' admiring world calls great,
Fame's loudest blast, ambition's noblest ends,
Ev'n the last pang of social life is sweet:
The pang which parts us from our weeping friends.

THE DOG.

A TALE.

A SQUIRE of parts, and some conceit,
Though not a glaring first-rate wit,
Had lately taken to his arms
A damsel of uncommon charms.
A mutual bliss their bosoms knew,
The hours on downy pinions flew,
And scatter'd roses as they pass'd:
Emblem of joy too sweet to last!
For lo! th' unequal Fates divide
Th' enamour'd swain and beauteous bride.
The honeymoon had scarcely wan'd,
And love its empire still maintain'd,
When forth he must, for business calls.
—Adieu, ye fields, ye groves, ye walls,
That in your hallow'd bounds contain
My source of joy—my source of pain!
It must be so; adieu, my dear.
They kiss, he sighs, she drops a tear,
For lovers of a certain cast
Think every parting is the last.
And still whine out, where'er they sever,
In tragic strain, "Farewell for ever!"
Awhile, in melancholy mood,
He slowly pac'd the tiresome road;
For "every road must tiresome prove
That bears us far from her we love."
But Sun, and exercise, and air,
At length dispel the glooms of care;
They vanish like a morning dream,
And happiness is now the theme.
How blest his lot, to gain at last,
So many vain researches past,

A wife so suited to his taste,
So fair, so gentle, and so chaste,
A tender partner for his bed,
A pillow for his aching head,
The bosom good for which he panted,
In short the very thing he wanted.
" And then to make my bliss complete,
And lay fresh laurels at my feet,
How many matches did she slight;
An Irish lord, a city knight,
And squires by dozens, yet agree
To pass her life with humble me.
And did not she the other day
When captain Wilkins pass'd our way—
The captain!—well, she lik'd not him,
Though drest in all his Hyde-park trim.
—She lik'd his sword-knot though 'twas yellow;
The captain is a sprightly fellow,
I should not often choose to see
Such dangerous visitors as he.
I wonder how he came to call—
Or why he pass'd that way at all.
His road lay farther to the right,
And me he hardly knew by sight.
Stay,—let me think—I freeze, I burn—
Where'er he went, he must return,
And, in my absence, may again
Make bold to call.—Come hither, Ben;
Did you observe, I'll lay my life
You did, when first he met my wife,
What speech it was the captain made?"
" What, captain Wilkins, sir?"—" The same.
Come, you can tell."—" I can't indeed,
For they were kissing when I came."
" Kiss, did they kiss?"—" Most surely, sir;
A bride, and he a bachelor."
" Peace, rascal, 'tis beyond endurance,
I wonder at some folks assurance.
They think, like Ranger in the play,
That all they meet is lawful prey.
These huff bluff captains are of late
Grown quite a nuisance in the state.—
Ben, turn your horse—nay, never stare,
And tell my wife I cannot bear
These frequent visits. Hence, you dunce!"
" 'The captain, sir, was there but once."
" Once is too often; tell her, Ben,
That, if he dares to call again,
She should avoid him like a toad,
A snake, a viper.—There's your road.
—And hark'ee, tell her, under favour,
We stretch too far polite behaviour.
Tell her, I do not understand
This kissing; tell her I command"—
" Heav'n bless us, sir, such whims as these"—
" Tell her I beg it on my knees,
By all the love she ever show'd,
By all she at the altar vow'd,
Howe'er absurd a husband's fears,
Howe'er injurious it appears,
She would not see him if he comes;
Nay, if she chance to hear his drums,
Bid her start back, and skulk for fear,
As if the thunder rent her ear."
O wond'rous power of love and beauty!
Obedience is a servant's duty,
And Ben obeys. But, as he goes,
He reasons much on human woes.
How frail is man, how prone to stray
And all the long *et cætera*
Of sayings, which, in former ages,
Immortaliz'd the Grecian sages,
But now the very vulgar speak,
And only critics quote in Greek.
With these, like Sancho, was he stor'd,
And Sancho-like drew forth his hoard.
Proper or not, he all apply'd,
And view'd the case on every side,
Till, on the whole, he thought it best
To turn the matter to a jest,
And, with a kind of clumsy wit,
At last on an expedient hit.
Suppose we then the journey o'er,
And madam meets him at the door.
" So soon return'd? and where's your master?
I hope you 've met with no disaster.
Is my dear well?"—" Extremely so;
And only sent me here to know
How fares his softer, better part.
Ah, madam, could you see his heart!
It was not even in his power
To brook the absence of an hour."—
" And, was this all? was this the whole
He sent you for! The kind, good, soul!
Tell him, that he's my source of bliss;
Tell him my health depends on his;
Tell him, this breast no joy can find,
If cares disturb his dearer mind;
This faithful breast, if he be well,
No pang, but that of absence, *feels*"
Ben blush'd, and *smil'd*, and *scratch'd his head*,
Then, falt'ring in his accents, said,
" One message more, he bade me bear,
But that 's a secret for your ear—
My master begs, on no account
Your ladyship would dare to mount
The mastiff dog."—" What means the lad?
Are you, or is your master mad?
I ride a dog? a pretty story."
" Ah, dearest madam, do not glory
In your own strength; temptation's strong,
And frail our nature."—" Hold your tongue,
Your master, sir, shall know of this."
" Dear madam, do not take amiss
Your servant's zeal; by all you vow'd,
By all the love you ever show'd,
By all your hopes of bliss to come,
Beware the mastiff dog!"—" Be dumb,
Insulting wretch," the lady cries.
The servant takes his cue, and flies.
While consternation marks her face,
He mounts his steed, and quits the place,
In vain she calls, as swift as wind
He scowers the lawn, yet cast behind
One parting look, which seem'd to say
" Beware the dog;" then rode away.
Why should I paint the hurrying scene
Of clashing thoughts which pass'd within,
Where doubt on doubt incessant roll'd.
Enough for me the secret's told,
And madam in a strange quandary,
What 'is to be done? " John, Betty, Harry,
Go, call him back." He's out of sight,
No speed can overtake his flight.
Patience per force alone remains,
Precarious cure for real pains!
" I ride a dog! a strange conceit,
And never sure attempted yet.
What can it mean? Whate'er it was,
There is some mystery in the case.—

And really, now I 've thought a minute,
There may be no great matter in it.
Ladies of old, to try a change,
Have rode on animals as strange.
Helle a ram, a bull Europa;
Nay English widows, for a *faux pas*,
Were doom'd to expiate their shame,
As authors say, upon a ram.
And shan't my virtue take a pride in
Outdoing such vile trulls in riding?
And sure a ram's as weak a creature—
Here, Betty, reach me the Spectator."—
" Lord bless me, ma'am, as one may say,
Your ladyship's quite mop'd to day.
Reading will only, I 'm afraid,
Put more strange megrims in your head.
'Twere better sure to take the air;
I'll order, ma'am, the coach and pair,
And then too I may go beside.
Or, if you rather choose to ride"—
" Ride, Betty? that's my wish, my aim.
Pray, Betty, is our Cæsar tame?"
" Tame, madam? Yes. I never heard—
You mean the mastiff in the yard?
He makes a noise, and barks at folks—
But surely, ma'am, your la'ship jokes."
" Jokes, Betty, no. By earth and Heaven
This insult shall not be forgiven.
Whate'er they mean, I'll ride the dog.
Go, prithee, free him from his clog,
And bring him hither; they shall find
There's courage in a female mind."
So said, so done. The dog appears
With Betty chirping on the stairs.
The floating sack is thrown aside,
The vestments, proper for a ride,
Such as we oft in Hyde-park view
Of fustian white lapell'd with blue,
By Betty's care were on the spot,
Nor is the feather'd hat forgot.
Pleas'd with herself th' accoutred lass
Took half a turn before her glass,
And simp'ring said, " I swear and vow,
I look like captain Wilkins now."
But serious cares our thoughts demand,
" Poor Cæsar, stroke him with your hand;
How mild he seems, and wags his tail!
'Tis now the moment to prevail."
She spake, and straight with eye sedate
Began th' important work of fate.
A cushion on his back she plac'd,
And bound with ribbands round his waist:
The knot, which whilom grac'd her head,
And down her winding lappets spread,
From all its soft meanders freed,
Became a bridle for her steed.
And now she mounts. " Dear Dian, hear!
Bright goddess of the lunar sphere!
Thou that hast oft preserv'd from fate
The nymph who leaps a five-barr'd gate,
O take me, goddess, to thy care,
O hear a tender lady's prayer!
Thy vot'ress once, as pure a maid
As ever rov'd the Delian shade,
Though now, by man's seduction won,
She wears, alas, a looser zone."
In vain she pray'd. She mounts, she falls!
And Cæsar barks, and Betty squawls.
The marble hearth receives below
The headlong dame, a direful blow!
And starting veins with blood disgrace
The softer marble of her face.
Here might I sing of fading charms
Reclin'd on Betty's faithful neck,
Like Venus in Dione's arms,
And much from Homer might I speak,
But we refer to Pope's translation,
And hasten to our plain narration.
While broths and plaisters are prepar'd,
And doctors feed, and madam scar'd,
At length returns th' impatient squire
Eager and panting with desire.
But finds his home a desert place,
No spouse to welcome his embrace,
No tender sharer of his bliss
To chide his absence with a kiss.
Sullen in bed the lady lay,
And muffled from the eye of day,
Nor deign'd a look, averse and sad
As Dido in th' Elysian shade.
Amaz'd, alarm'd, the bed he press'd,
And clasp'd her struggling to his breast.
" My life, my soul, I cannot brook
This cruel, this averted look.
And is it thus at last we meet?"
Then rais'd her gently from the sheet.
" What mean," he cries, " these bleeding stains
This muffled head, and bursting veins?
What sacrilegious hand could dare
To fix its impious vengeance there?"
" The dog, the dog!" was all she said,
And sobbing sunk again in bed.
"The dog, the dog!" express'd her grief,
Like poor Othello's handkerchief.
Meanwhile had Ben with prudent care
From Betty learnt the whole affair,
And drew th' impatient squire aside,
To own the cheat he could not hide.
" See, rascal, see," enrag'd he cries,
" What tumours on her forehead rise!
How swells with grief that face divine!"
" I own it all, the fault was mine,"
Replies the lad, " dear angry lord;
But hush! come hither, not a word!
Small are the ills we now endure,
Those tumours, sir, admit a cure.
But, had I done as you directed,
Whose forehead then had been affected?
Had captain Wilkins been forbidden,
Ah master, who had then been ridden?"

AN EPISTLE

FROM A GROVE IN DERBYSHIRE TO A GROVE IN SURREY.

Since every naturalist agrees
That groves are nothing else but trees,
And root-bound trees, like distant creatures,
Can only correspond by letters,
Borne on the winds which through us whistle,
Accept, dear sister, this epistle.
And first, as to their town relations
The ladies send to know the fashions,
Would I, in something better spelling,
Inquire how things go on at *Haling*;
For here, for all my master's storming,
I 'm sure we strangely want reforming,
Long have my lab'ring trees confin'd
Such griefs as almost burst their rind;

But you 'll permit me to disclose 'em,
And lodge them in your leafy bosom.
When gods came down the woods among,
As sweetly chants poetic song,
And fauns and sylvans sporting there
Attun'd the reed, or chas'd the fair,
My quiv'ring branches lightly fann'd
The movements of the master's hand;
Or half conceal'd, and half betray'd,
The blushing, flying, yielding maid;
Did even the bliss of Heav'n improve,
And solac'd gods with earthly love?
But now the world is grown so chaste,
Or else my master has no taste,
That, I 'll be sworn, the five-long year
We scarcely see a woman here.
And what, alas, are woodland quires
To those who want your fierce desires?
Can philosophic bosoms know
Why myrtles spring, or roses blow,
Why cowslips lift the velvet head,
Or woodbines form the fragrant shade?
Even violet couches only swell
To gratify his sight and smell;
And Milton's universal Pan
Scarce makes him feel himself a man.
And then he talks your dull morality
Like some old heathen man of quality,
(Plato, or what's his name who fled
So nobly at his army's head,)
For Christian lords have better breeding
Than by their talk to show their reading;
And what their sentiment in fact is,
That you may gather from their practice.
Though really, if it were no worse,
We might excuse this vain discourse;
Toss high our heads above his voice,
Or stop the babbling echo's noise;
But he, I tell you, has such freaks,
He thinks and acts whate'er he speaks.
Or, if he needs must preach and reason,
Why let him choose a proper season;
Such musty morals we might hear
When whistling winds have stript us bare,
As, after sixty, pious folks
Will on wet Sundays read good books.
And I must own, dear sister Haling,
'Tis mine, like many a lady's failing,
(Whom worried spouse to town conveys
From ease, and exercise, and air,
To sleepless nights, and raking days,
And joys—too exquisite to bear)
To feel December's piercing harms,
And every winter lose my charms.
While you [1] still flourish fresh and fair
Like your young ladies all the year.
O happy groves, who never feel
The stroke of winter, or of steel;
Nor find, but in the poet's [2] lay,
The race of leaves like men decay.
Nor hear th' imperious woodman's call,
Nor see your sylvan daughters fall,
With head declin'd attend their moan,
And echo to the dying groan.
While I, attack'd by foes to rest,
New vistas opening through my breast,
Am daily torn with wounds and flashes,
And see my oaks, my elms, my ashes,
With rhiming labels round them set,
As every tree were to be let.
And, when one pants for consolation,
Am put in mind of contemplation.
O friend, instruct me to endure
These mighty ills, or hint a cure.
Say, might not marriage, well apply'd,
Improve his taste, correct his pride,
Inform him books but make folks muddy,
Confine his morals to his study,
Teach him, like other mortals, here
To toy and prattle with his dear;
Avert that fate my fear foresees,
And, for his children, save his trees?
Right trusty Wood, if you approve
The remedy express'd above,
Write by the next fair wind that blows,
And kindly recommend a spouse.

[1] A great many of the trees at Haling are exotics and evergreens.

[2] Homer.

THE ANSWER.

Dear Grove, I ask ten thousand pardons,
Sure I 'm the most absurd of gardens!
Such correspondence to neglect—
Lord, how must all grove-kind reflect!
Your human loiterers, they say,
Can put ye off from day to day
With post gone out—the careless maid
Forgot—the letter was mislaid—
And twenty phrases wrought with art
To hide the coldness of the heart.
But vegetables from their youth
Were always taught to speak the truth,
In Dodona's vales, on Mona's mountains,
In Jotham's fables, or in Fontaine's,
They talk like any judge or bishop,
Quite from the cedar down to hyssop.
I therefore for my past offence
May own, with sylvan innocence,
I 've nought but negligence to plead;
Which you 'll excuse, and I 'll proceed.
You groves who stand remote from towns
(Though we are apt to call ye clowns)
Have really something in your natures
Which makes ye most diverting creatures.
And then, I vow, I like to see
That primitive simplicity;
To think of marriage as a means
T' improve his taste, and save your greens—
It looks so like that good old grove
Where Adam once to Eve made love,
That any soul alive would swear
Your trees were educated there.
Why, child, the only hope thou hast
Lies in thy master's want of taste;
For shou'd his ling'ring stay in London
Improve his taste, you must be undone;
Your trees would presently lie flat,
And the high mode of one green plat
Run through his worship's whole estate.
Besides, you rustics fill your fancies
With Ovid, and his strange romances.
Why now you think, in days like ours,
That love must still inhabit bowers,
And goddesses, as just rewards
For hymns of praise, grow fond of bards,

And fly to over-arching woods,
And flowery banks, and crystal floods,
Because such things, forsooth were wanted
When your great grandmothers were planted.
The case, my dear, is alter'd quite,
Not that we 're chaste, but more polite;
Your shepherdesses sought such places,
Like simple girls to hide their faces;
But our bright maids disdain the thought,
They know hypocrisy's a fault,
And never bear by their consent
The shame of seeming innocent.
  But I forget, you 've just got down
A mistress, as you wish'd, from town.
I don't know what you 'll say at Romely,
We really think the woman comely;
Has some good qualities beside,
They say, but she 's as yet a bride;
One can't trust every report—
Not we I mean who live near court;
A lie perhaps in Derbyshire
May be as strange as truth is here.
Our ladies, and all their relations,
Are vastly full of commendations;
As for Miss ——'s part, she swears,
—I ask her pardon—she avers
That never in her life time yet
She saw a woman more complete;
And wishes trees could tramp the plain,
Like Birnham wood to Dunsinane,
So might or you or I remove,
And Romely join to Haling grove.
O could her wish but alter fate
And kindly place us *tête à tête*,
How sweetly might from every walk
My echoes to your echoes talk!
But since, as justly you observe,
By Nature's laws, which never swerve,
We 're bound from gadding, tree by tree,
Both us and our posterity,
Let each, content with her own county,
E'en make the best of Nature's bounty.
Calmly enjoy the present bliss,
Nor in what *might be* lose what *is*.
  Believe me, dear, beyond expressing
We 're happy, if we knew the blessing,
Our masters, all the world allow,
Are honest men as times go now;
They neither wench, nor drink, nor game,
Nor burn with zeal or party flame,
From whence, excepting adverse fates,
We may conclude that their estates
Will probably increase, and we
Shall stand another century.
  Then never mind a tree or two
Cut down perhaps to ope a view,
Nor be of nail'd up verse asham'd,
You 'll live to see the poet damn'd.
I envy not, I swear and vow,
The temples, or the shades of Stow;
Nor Java's groves, whose arms display
Their blossoms to the rising day;
Nor *Chili's* woods, whose fruitage gleams
Ruddy beneath his setting beams;
Nor Teneriffa's forests shaggy;
Nor China's varying Sharawaggi;
Nor all that has been sung or said
Of Pindus, or of Windsor shade.
  Contentment is the chemic power
Which makes trees bloom in half an hour,
And faster plants substantial joy,
Than axe or hatchet can destroy.
O, gain but that, and you 'll perceive
Your fears all fade, your hopes revive.
In winter calm contentment's voice
Shall make, like mine, your trees rejoice;
Across dead boughs a verdure fling,
And bless you with eternal spring.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

Once, I remember well the day,
'Twas ere the blooming sweets of May
  Had lost their freshest hues,
When every flower on every hill,
In every vale, had drank its fill
  Of sun-shine, and of dews.

'Twas that sweet season's loveliest prime
When Spring gives up the reins of time
  To Summer's glowing hand,
And doubting mortals hardly know
By whose command the breezes blow
  Which fan the smiling land.

'Twas then beside a green-wood shade
Which cloth'd a lawn's aspiring head
  I wove my devious way,
With loitering steps, regardless where,
So soft, so genial was the air,
  So wond'rous bright the day.

And now my eyes with transport rove
O'er all the blue expanse above,
  Unbroken by a cloud!
And now beneath delighted pass,
Where winding through the deep-green grass
  A full-brim'd river flow'd.

I stop, I gaze; in accents rude
To thee, serenest Solitude,
  Bursts forth th' unbidden lay;
Begone, vile world; the learn'd, the wise,
The great, the busy, I despise;
  And pity ev'n the gay.

These, these, are joys alone, I cry;
'Tis here, divine Philosophy,
  Thou deign'st to fix thy throne!
Here Contemplation points the road
Through Nature's charms to Nature's God!
  These, these, are joys alone!

Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,
Ye human hopes, and human fears,
  Ye pleasures, and ye pains!—
While thus I spake, o'er all my soul
A philosophic calmness stole,
  A Stoic stillness reigns.

The tyrant passions all subside,
Fear, anger, pity, shame, and pride,
  No more my bosom move;
Yet still I felt, or seem'd to feel
A kind of visionary zeal
  Of universal love.

When lo! a voice! a voice I hear!
'Twas reason whisper'd in my ear
These monitory strains:
"What mean'st thou, man? would'st thou unbind
The ties which constitute thy kind,
The pleasures and the pains?

"The same Almighty Power unseen,
Who spreads the gay or solemn scene
To contemplation's eye,
Fix'd every movement of the soul,
Taught every wish its destin'd goal,
And quicken'd every joy.

"He bids the tyrant passions rage,
He bids them war eternal wage,
And combat each his foe:
Till from dissentions concords rise,
And beauties from deformities,
And happiness from woe.

"Art thou not man? and dar'st thou find
A bliss which leans not to mankind?
Presumptuous thought, and vain!
Each bliss unshar'd is unenjoy'd,
Each power is weak, unless employ'd
Some social good to gain.

"Shall light, and shade, and warmth, and air,
With those exalted joys compare
Which active virtue feels,
When on she drags, as lawful prize,
Contempt, and indolence, and vice,
At her triumphant wheels.

"As rest to labour still succeeds,
To man, while virtue's glorious deeds
Employ his toilsome day,
This fair variety of things
Are merely life's refreshing springs
To soothe him on his way.

"Enthusiast, go, unstring the lyre;
In vain thou sing'st, if none admire,
How sweet soe'er the strain.
And is not thy o'erflowing mind,
Unless thou mixest with thy kind,
Benevolent in vain?

"Enthusiast, go; try every sense:
If not thy bliss, thy excellence
Thou yet hast learn'd to scan.
At least thy wants, thy weakness know;
And see them all uniting show
That man was made for man."

THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A FABLE.

A Grecian Youth, of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philosophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boast his matchless skill,
To curb the steed, and guide the wheel,
And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they express'd
Was praise and transport to his breast.
At length, quite vain, he needs would shew
His master what his art could do;
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus' sacred shade.
The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
The Wood-nymphs startled at the sight,
The Muses drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmost shades retire!
Howe'er, the youth with forward air
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car.
The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring,
And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes,
And shouts, pursue him as he flies.
Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;
And now along th' indented plain,
The self-same track he marks again;
Pursues with care the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd;
The youths with emulation glow'd,
Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,
And all, but Plato, gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field;
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, flush'd with hope, had caught *his eye*:
"Alas! unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"Expect no praise from me;" *(and sigh'd)*
"With indignation I survey
Such skill and judgment thrown away.
The time profusely squander'd there
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at less expense,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
To govern men, and guide the state."

TO A GENTLEMAN,

ON HIS PITCHING A TENT IN HIS GARDEN.

Au! friend, forbear, nor fright the fields
With hostile scenes of imag'd war;
Content still roves the blooming wilds,
And fearless ease attends her there:
Ah! drive not the sweet wand'rer from her seat,
Nor with rude arts profane her latest best retreat.

Are there not bowers, and sylvan scenes,
By Nature's kind luxuriance wove?
Has Romely lost the *living greens*,
Which erst adorn'd her artless grove?
Where through each hallow'd haunt the poets
stray'd,
And met the willing Muse, and peopled every shade.

But now no bards thy woods among
Shall wait th' inspiring Muse's call;
For though to mirth and festal song
Thy choice devotes the woven wall,
Yet what avails that all be peace within,
If horrours guard the gate, and scare us from the
scene?

'Tis true, of old the patriarch spread
His happier tents which knew not war,
And chang'd at will the trampled mead
For fresher greens and purer air:
But long has man forgot such simple ways;
Truth unsuspecting harm!—the dream of ancient days.

Ev'n he, cut off from human kind,
(Thy neighbouring wretch) the child of care,
Who, to his native mines confin'd,
Nor sees the Sun, nor breathes the air, [womb
But 'midst the damps and darkness of Earth's
Drags out laborious life, and scarcely dreads the tomb.

Ev'n he, should some indulgent chance
Transport him to thy sylvan reign,
Would eye the floating veil askance,
And hide him in his caves again,
While dire presage in every breeze that blows
Hears shrieks, and clashing arms, and all Germania's woes.

And, doubt not, thy polluted taste
A sudden vengeance shall pursue;
Each fairy form we whilom trac'd
Along the morn or evening dew,
Nymph, Satyr, Faun, shall vindicate their grove,
Robb'd of its genuine charms, and hospitable Jove.

I see, all arm'd with dews unblest,
Keen frosts, and noisome vapours drear,
Already, from the bleak north-east,
The Genius of the wood appear!
—Far other office once his prime delight,
To nurse thy saplings tall, and heal the harms of night.

With *ringlets* quaint to curl thy shade,
To bid the insect tribes retire,
To guard thy walks, and not invade—
O wherefore then provoke his ire?
Alas! with prayers, with tears, his rage repel,
While yet the red'ning shoots with embryo-blossoms swell.

Too late thou 'lt weep, when blights deform
The fairest produce of the year;
Too late thou 'lt weep, when every storm
Shall loudly thunder in thy ear,
"Thus, thus the green-hair'd deities maintain
Their own eternal rights, and Nature's injur'd reign."

THE LARK.

A SIMILE.

TO THE REVEREND MR. ——

See how the Lark, the bird of day,
Springs from the earth, and wings her way!
To Heav'n's high vault her course she bends,
And sweetly sings as she ascends.
But when, contented with her height,
She shuts her wings, and checks her flight,
No more she chants the melting strain,
But sinks in silence to the plain.

This you observ'd, and ask'd from me,
My gentle friend, a simile.
So take in homely verse, but true,
Instead of one the following two.
That larks are poets' birds, is known,
So make the case the poet's own.
And see him first from fields arise
And pastoral scenes, to Cælia's eyes.
From thence the bold adventurer springs
To vaulted roofs, and courts, and kings.
Till having crown'd his soaring lays
With something more than empty praise;
And, like his readers, learnt aright
To mingle profit with delight;
He reads the news, he takes the air,
Or slumbers in his elbow chair.
Or lay aside for once grimace,
And make it, yours, the parson's case;
Who, leaving curate's humble roof,
Looks down on crape, and sits aloof.
Tho' no vain wish his breast enthral
To swell in pomp pontifical,
But pure contentment seated there,
Nor finds a want, nor feels a care,
Yet are there not to stain the cloth
(O may'st thou live secure from both!)
A city pride, or country sloth?
And may not man, if touch'd with these,
Resign his duty for his ease?
But I forbear; for well I ween
Such likenings suit with other men.
For never can my humble verse
The cautious ear of patron pierce;
Nor ever can thy breast admit
Degrading sloth, or self-conceit.
Then let the birds or sing or fly,
As Hector says, and what care I?
They hurt not me, nor eke my friend;
Since, whatsoe'er the Fates intend,
Nor he can sink, nor I ascend.

TO THE

HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSEND.

O Charles, in absence hear a friend complain,
Who knows thou lov'st him wheresoe'er he goes,
Yet feels uneasy starts of idle pain,
And often would be told the thing he knows.
Why then, thou loiterer, fleets the silent year,
How dar'st thou give a friend unnecessary fear?

We are not now beside that osier'd stream,
Where erst we wander'd, thoughtless of the way;
We do not now of distant ages dream,
And cheat in converse half the ling'ring day;
No fancied heroes rise at our command,
And no Timoleon weeps, and bleeds no Theban band.

Yet why complain? thou feel'st no want like these,
From me, 'tis true, but me alone debar'd,
Thou still in Granta's shades enjoy'st at ease
The books we reverenc'd, and the friends we shar'd;
Nor see'st without such aids the day decline,
Nor think how much their loss has added weight to thine.

Truth's genuine voice, the freely-opening mind,
Are thine, are friendship's and retirement's lot;
To conversation is the world confin'd,
Friends of an hour, who please and are forgot;
And interest stains, and vanity controls,
The pure unsullied thoughts, and sallies of our souls.

O I remember, and with pride repeat,
The rapid progress which our friendship knew!
Even at the first with willing minds we met;
And ere the root was fix'd, the branches grew.
In vain had fortune plac'd her weak barrier:
Clear was thy breast from pride, and mine from servile fear.

I saw thee gen'rous, and with joy can say
My education rose above my birth,
Thanks to those parent shades, on whose cold clay
Fall fast my tears, and lightly lie the earth!
To them I owe whate'er I dare pretend [friend,
Thou saw'st with partial eyes, and bade me call thee

Let others meanly heap the treasur'd store,
And awkward fondness cares on cares employ
To leave a race more exquisitely poor,
Possess'd of riches which they ne'er enjoy;
He 's only kind who takes the nobler way
T' unbind the springs of thought, and give them power to play.

His heirs shall bless him, and look down with scorn
On all that titles, birth, or wealth afford;
Lords of themselves, thank Heaven that they were born
Above the sordid miser's glitt'ring hoard,
Above the servile grandeur of a throne, [own.
For they are Nature's heirs, and all her works their

TO THE SAME.

ON THE DEATH OF A RELATION.

O Charles, 'tis now the tender, trying time,
The hour of friendship, the sad moment, when
You must awhile indulge a virtuous crime,
And hide your own to ease another's pain,
The mournful tribute Nature claims forego,
To calm a softer breast, and win it from its woe.

Yet think not consolation, vainly drest
In Tully's language, and the learned pride
Of wordy eloquence, can sooth the breast
Of real grief, or bid the tear subside,
The heartfelt tear, which streams from virtue's eye;
For virtue's noblest proof is soft humanity.

Let dull unfeeling pedants talk by rote
Of Cato's soul, which could itself subdue;
Or idle scraps of Stoic fustian quote,
And bravely bear the pangs they never knew:
Refin'd from men, to deserts let them fly,
And, mid their kindred rocks, unpitied live, and die.

But he, whose mercy melts in vernal skies,
Whose attribute is universal love,
Knit man to man by Nature's tend'rest ties,
And bade us social joys and sorrows prove;
Bade us bedew with tears the kindred urn,
And for a brother lost like sad Maria mourn.

He bids thee too, in whispers felt within,
For sure he finely tun'd thy social soul,
Haste to the lovely mourner, and restrain
Grief's swelling tides which in her bosom roll,
Not by obstructing the tumultuous course,
But stealing by degrees, and yielding to its force.

As the kind parent treats the wounded child
With open smiles, and only weeps by stealth;
Its wayward pain with condescension mild
She charms to rest, and cheats it into health:
So must we lightly urge th' afflicted fair, [bear.
Probe the self-tortur'd breast, and teach it how to

Improve each moment when th' elastic mind,
Tir'd with its plaints, resumes the bent of mirth;
Lead it to joys, not boistrous, but refin'd, [birth,
Far from those scenes which gave its sorrows
Thro' the smooth paths of fancy's flowery vale,
And the long devious tracks of some well-woven tale.

Tho' oft I've known a sorrow like to theirs,
In well-devised story painted strong,
Cheat the fond mourners of their real cares,
And draw perforce the list'ning ear along;
Till powerful fiction taught the tears to flow,
And more than half their grief bewail'd another's woe.

But she, alas, unfortunately wise,
Will see thro' every scheme thy art can frame,
Reject with honest scorn each mean disguise,
And her full share of genuine anguish claim;
Wild as the winds which ocean's face deform,
Or silent as the deep ere rolls th' impetuous storm.

Why had she talents given beyond her sex,
Or why those talents did her care improve?
Free from the follies which weak minds perplex,
But most expos'd to all which most can move.
Great souls alone are curs'd with grief's excess,
That quicker finer sense of exquisite distress.

Yet shall that power beyond her sex, at last,
Not giv'n in vain, o'er grief itself prevail,
Stop those heart-bursting groans which heave so fast,
And reason triumph where thy counsels fail;
Save when some well-known object ever dear
Recalls th' untutor'd sigh, or sudden-starting tear.

Such tender tribute to departed friends
Thro' life alas must sad remembrance pay;
And such, O Charles, when kinder fate extends
Thy stronger thread beyond my fatal day,
Such shall I hope from thee, till thou resign
That last sure pledge of love to some poor friend of thine.

TO MR. GARRICK.

On old Parnassus, t'other day,
The Muses met to sing and play;
Apart from all the rest were seen
The tragic and the comic queen,

Engag'd, perhaps, in deep debate
On Rich's, or on Fleetwood's fate.
When, on a sudden, news was brought
That Garrick had the patent got,
And both their ladyships again
Might now return to Drury-lane.
They bow'd, they simper'd, and agreed,
They wish'd the project might succeed,
'Twas very possible; the case
Was likely too, and had a face—
"A face!" Thalia titt'ring cry'd,
And could her joy no longer hide;
"Why, sister, all the world must see
How much this makes for you and me:
No longer now shall we expose
Our unbought goods to empty rows,
Or meanly be oblig'd to court
From foreign aid a weak support;
No more the poor polluted scene
Shall teem with births of Harlequin?
Or vindicated stage shall feel
The insults of the dancer's heel.
Such idle trash we'll kindly spare
To operas now—they'll want them there;
For Sadler's-Wells, they say, this year
Has quite outdone their engineer."
"Pugh, you're a wag," the buskin'd prude
Reply'd, and smil'd; "beside 'tis rude
To laugh at foreigners, you know,
And triumph o'er a vanquish'd foe:
For my part, I shall be content
If things succeed as they are meant;
And should not be displeas'd to find
Some changes of the tragic kind.
And say, Thalia, mayn't we hope
The scale will take a larger scope?
Shall he, whose all-expressive powers
Can reach the heights which Shakspeare soars,
Descend to touch an humbler key,
And tickle ears with poetry;
Where every tear is taught to flow
Thro' many a line's melodious woe,
And heart-felt pangs of deep distress
Are fritter'd into similies?
—O thou, whom Nature taught the art
To pierce, to cleave, to tear the heart,
Whatever name delight thy ear,
Othello, Richard, Hamlet, Lear,
O undertake my just defence,
And banish all but Nature hence!
See, to thy aid with streaming eyes
The fair afflicted Constance[1] flies;
Now wild as winds in madness tears
Her heaving breasts, and scatter'd hairs;
Or low on earth disdains relief,
With all the conscious pride of grief.
My Pritchard too in Hamlet's queen"—
The goddess of the sportive vein
Here stopp'd her short, and with a sneer,
"My Pritchard, if you please, my dear!
Her tragic merit I confess,
But surely mine's her proper dress;
Behold her there with native ease
And native spirit, born to please;
With all Maria's charms engage,
Or Milwood's arts, or Touchwood's rage,
Thro' every foible trace the fair,
Or leave the town, and toilet's care,
To chant in forests unconfin'd
The wilder notes of Rosalind.
"O thou, where'er thou fix thy praise,
Brute, Drugger, Fribble, Ranger, Bays?
O join with her in my behalf,
And teach an audience when to laugh.
So shall buffoons with shame repair
To draw in fools at Smithfield fair,
And real humour charm the age,
Though Falstaff[2] should forsake the stage."
She spoke. Melpomene reply'd,
And much was said on either side;
And many a chief, and many a fair,
Were mention'd to their credit there.
But I'll not venture to display
What goddesses think fit to say.
However, Garrick, this at least
Appears by both a truth confest,
That their whole fate for many a year
But hangs on your paternal care.
A nation's taste depends on you:
—Perhaps a nation's virtue too.
O think how glorious 'twere to raise
A theatre to virtue's praise.
Where no indignant blush might rise,
Nor wit be taught to plead for vice;
But every young attentive ear
Imbide the precepts, living there.
And every unexperienc'd breast
There feel its own rude hints exprest,
And, waken'd by the glowing scene,
Unfold the worth that lurks within.
If possible, be perfect quite;
A few short rules will guide you right.
Consult your own good sense in all,
Be deaf to fashion's fickle call,
Nor e'er descend from reason's laws
To court, what you command, applause.

[1] Mrs. Cibber, in the character of Lady Constance, in Shakespear's King John.

NATURE TO DR. HOADLY,

ON HIS COMEDY OF THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

Sly hypocrite! was this your aim?
To borrow Pæon's sacred name,
And lurk beneath his graver mien,
To trace the secrets of my reign?
Did I for this applaud your zeal,
And point out each minuter wheel,
Which finely taught the next to roll,
And made my works one perfect whole?
For who, but I, till you appear'd,
To model the dramatic herd,
E'er bade to wond'ring ears and eyes,
Such pleasing intricacies rise?
Where every part is nicely true,
Yet touches still the master clue;
Each riddle opening by degrees,
Till all unravels with such ease,
That only those who will be blind
Can feel one doubt perplex their mind.

[2] Mr. Quin, inimitable in that character, who was then leaving the stage.

Nor was't enough, you thought, to write;
But you must impiously unite
With Garrick too, who long before
Had stol'n my whole expressive pow'r.
That changeful Proteus of the stage,
Usurps my mirth, my grief, my rage;
And as his different parts incline,
Gives joys or pains, sincere as mine.
Yet you shall find (howe'er elate
Your triumph in your former cheat)
'Tis not so easy to escape
In Nature's, as in Pæon's shape.
For every critic, great or small,
Hates every thing that's natural.
The beaux, and ladies too can say,
"What does he mean? is this a play?
We see such people every day."
Nay more, to chafe, and tease your spleen,
And teach you how to steal again,
My very fools shall prove you're bit,
And damn you for your want of wit.

TO RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

Dear Cambridge, teach your friend the art
You use to gain the Muse's heart,
And make her so entirely yours,
That at all seasons, and all hours,
The anxious goddess ready stands
To wait the motion of your hands.
It was of old a truth confest
That poets must have needful rest,
And every imp of Phœbus' quire
To philosophic shades retire,
Amid those flowery scenes of ease
To pick up sense and similies.
Had Virgil been from coast to coast,
Like his Æneas, tempest-tost,
Or pass'd life's fluctuating dream
On Tyber's or on Mincio's stream,
He might have been expert in sailing;
But Mævius ne'er had fear'd his railing,
Nor great Augustus sav'd from fire
The relics of a trav'ling squire.
Had Horace too, from day to day,
Run post upon the Appian way,
In restless journies to and from
Brundisium, Capua, and Rome;
The bard had scarcely found a time
To put that very road in rhyme;
And sav'd great cities much expense
In lab'ring to mistake his sense.
Nay, he, whose Greek is out of date
Since Pope descended to translate,
Though wand'ring still from place to place,
At least lay by in stormy weather
(Whate'er Perrault or Wotton says)
To track his rhapsodies together.
But you, reversing every rule
Of ancient or of modern school,
Nor hurt by noise, nor cramp'd by rhymes,
Can all things do, and at all times.
Your own Scriblerus never knew
A more unsettled life than you,
Yet Pope in Twit'nam's peaceful grot
Scarce ever more correctly thought.
In whirligigs it is confest
The middle line's a line of rest;
And, let the sides fly how they will,
The central point must needs stand still.
Perhaps your mind, like one of these,
Beholds the tumult round at ease,
And stands, as firm as rock in ocean,
The centre of perpetual motion.
That Cæsar did three things at once,
Is known at school to every dunce;
But your more comprehensive mind
Leaves pidling Cæsar far behind.
You spread the lawn, direct the flood,
Cut vistas through, or plant a wood,
Build China's barks for Severn's stream,
Or form new plans for epic fame,
And then, in spite of wind or weather,
You read, row, ride, and write together.
But 'tis not your undoubted claim
To naval or equestrian fame,
Your nicer taste, or quicker parts,
In rural or mechanic arts,
(Though each alone in humbler station
Might raise both wealth and reputation)
It is not these that I would have,
Bear them, o' God's name, to your grave.
But 'tis that unexhausted vein,
That quick conception without pain,
That something, for no words can show it,
Which without leisure makes a poet.
Sure Nature cast, indulgent dame,
Some strange peculiar in your frame,
From whose well-lodg'd prolific seeds
This inexpressive power proceeds.
Or does Thalia court your arms
Because you seem to slight her charms,
And, like her sister females, fly
From our dull assiduity.
If that's the case, I'll soon be free,
I'll put on airs as well as she;
And ev'en in this poetic shade[1],
Where erst with Pope and Gay she play'd,
Ev'n here I'll tell her to her face
I've learn'd to scorn a forc'd embrace.
In short, here ends her former reign;
And if we e'er begin again
It must be on another score—
I'll write like you, or write no more.

TO MR. MASON.

Believe me, Mason, 'tis in vain
Thy fortitude the torrent braves;
Thou too must bear the inglorious chain;
The world, the world will have its slaves.
The chosen friend, for converse sweet,
The small, yet elegant retreat,
Are peaceful unambitious views
Which early fancy loves to form,
When aided by th' ingenuous Muse,
She turns the philosophic page,
And sees the wise of every age
With Nature's dictates warm.

But ah! how few has fortune given
The choice, to take or to refuse;
To fewer still indulgent Heav'n
Allots the very will to choose,

[1] Middleton Park, Oxfordshire.

And why are varying schemes prefer'd?
Man mixes with the common herd:
By custom guided to pursue,
Or wealth, or honours, fame, or ease,
What others wish he wishes too;
Nor from his own peculiar choice,
Till strengthen'd by the public voice,
His very pleasures please.

How oft, beneath some hoary shade
Where Cam glides indolently slow,
Hast thou, as indolently laid,
Prefer'd to Heaven thy fav'rite vow:
"Here, here for ever let me stay,
Here calmly loiter life away,
Nor all those vain connections know
Which fetter down the free-born mind,
The slave of interest, or of show;
While yon gay tenant of the grove,
The happier heir of Nature's love,
Can warble uncontrol'd."

Yet sure, my friend, th' eternal plan
By truth unerring was design'd;
Inferior parts were made for man,
But man himself for all mankind:
Then by th' apparent judge th' unseen;
Behold how rolls this vast machine
To one great end, howe'er withstood,
Directing its impartial course.
All labour for the general good:
Some stem the wave, some till the soil,
By choice the bold, th' ambitious toil,
The indolent by force.

That bird, thy fancy frees from care,
With many a fear unknown to thee,
Must rove to glean his scanty fare
From field to field, from tree to tree,
His lot, united with his kind,
Has all his little joys confin'd;
The lover's and the parent's ties
Alarm by turns his anxious breast;
Yet, bound by fate, by instinct wise,
He hails with songs the rising morn,
And, pleas'd with evening's cool return,
He sings himself to rest.

And tell me, has not Nature made
Some stated void for thee to fill,
Some spring, some wheel, which asks thy aid
To move, regardless of thy will?
Go then, go feel with glad surprise
New bliss from new attentions rise;
Till, happier in thy wider sphere,
Thou quit thy darling schemes of ease;
Nay, glowing in the full career,
Ev'n wish thy virtuous labours more;
Nor till the toilsome day is o'er
Expect the night of peace.

TO THE REVEREND DR. LOWTH[1].

ON HIS LIFE OF WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

O Lowth, while Wykeham's various worth you
And bid to distant times his annals shine, [trace,
Indulge another bard of Wykeham's race
In the fond wish to add his name to thine.

From the same fount, with reverence let me boast,
The classic streams with early thirst I caught;
What time, they say, the Muses revel'd most,
When Bigg presided, and when Burton taught.

But the same fate, which led me to the spring,
Forbad me further to pursue the stream:
Perhaps as kindly; for, as sages sing,
Of chance and fate full idly do we deem.

And sure in Granta's philosophic shade
Truth's genuine image beam'd upon my sight;
And slow-ey'd reason lent his sober aid
To form, deduce, compare, and judge aright.

Yes, ye sweet fields, beside your osier'd stream
Full many an Attic hour my youth enjoy'd;
Full many a friendship form'd, life's happiest dream,
And treasur'd many a bliss which never cloy'd.

Yet may the pilgrim, o'er his temperate fare
At eve, with pleasing recollection say, [bear
'T was the fresh morn which strung his nerves to
The piercing beam, and useful toils of day.

So let me still with filial love pursue
The nurse and parent of my infant thought,
From whence the colour of my life I drew,
When Bigg presided, and when Burton taught.

O, names by me rever'd!—till memory die,
Till my deaf ear forget th' enchanting flow
Of verse harmonious, shall my mental eye
Trace back old time, and teach my breast to glow.

Peace to that honour'd shade, whose mortal frame
Sleeps in the bosom of its parent earth,
While his freed soul, which boasts celestial flame,
Perhaps now triumphs in a nobler birth:

Perhaps with Wykeham, from some blissful bower,
Applauds thy labours, or prepares the wreath
For Burton's generous toil.—Th' insatiate power
Extends his deathful sway o'er all that breathe;

Nor aught avails it, that the virtuous sage
Forms future bards, or Wykehams yet to come;
Nor aught avails it, that his green old age, [tomb:
From youth well spent, may scorn t' elude the

For Burton too must fall. And o'er his urn,
While science hangs her sculptur'd trophies round,
The letter'd tribes of half an age shall mourn,
Whose lyres he strung, and added sense to sound.

Nor shall his candid ear, I trust, disdain
This artless tribute of a feeling mind;
And thou, O Lowth, shalt own the grateful strain,
Mean though it flow, was virtuously designed;

For 't was thy work inspir'd the melting mood
To feel, and pay the sacred debt I ow'd:
And the next virtue to bestowing good,
Thou know'st, is gratitude for good bestow'd.

TO THE REVEREND MR. WRIGHT. 1751.

Prithee tease me no longer, dear troublesome friend,
On a subject which wants not advice: [friend,
You may make me unhappy, but never can mend
Those ills I have learnt to despise.

You say I 'm dependent; what then?—if I make
That dependence quite easy to me,
Say why should you envy my lucky mistake,
Or why should I wish to be free?

[1] Afterward bishop of London.

Many men of less worth, you partially cry,
To splendour and opulence soar:
Suppose I allow it; yet, pray sir, am I
Less happy because they are more?

But why said I happy? I aim not at that,
Mere ease is my humble request;
I would neither repine at a niggardly fate,
Nor stretch my wings far from my nest.

Nor e'er may my pride or my folly reflect
On the favorites whom fortune has made,
Regardless of thousands who pine with neglect
In pensive obscurity's shade;

With whom, when comparing the merit I boast,
Though rais'd by indulgence to fame,
I sink in confusion bewilder'd and lost,
And wonder I am what I am!

And what are these wonders, these blessings refin'd,
Which splendour and opulence shower?
The health of the body, and peace of the mind,
Are things which are out of their power.

To contentment's calm sunshine, the lot of the few,
Can insolent greatness pretend?
Or can it bestow, what I boast of in you,
That blessing of blessings, a friend?

We may pay some regard to the rich and the great,
But how seldom we love them you know;
Or if we do love them, it is not their state,
The tinsel and plume of the show.

But some secret virtues we find in the heart
When the mask is laid kindly aside,
Which birth cannot give them, nor riches impart,
And which never once heard of their pride.

A flow of good spirits I 've seen with a smile
To worth make a shallow pretence;
And the chat of good breeding with ease, for a while,
May pass for good nature and sense;

But where is the bosom untainted by art,
The judgment so modest and stay'd,
That union so rare of the head and the heart,
Which fixes the friends it has made?

For those whom the great and the wealthy employ
Their pleasure or vanity's slaves,
Whate'er they can give I without them enjoy,
And am rid of just so many knaves.

For the many whom titles alone can allure,
And the blazon of ermine and gules,
I wrap myself round in my lowness secure,
And am rid of just so many fools.

Then why should I covet what cannot increase
My delights, and may lessen their store;
My present condition is quiet and ease,
And what can my future be more?

Should Fortune capriciously cease to be coy,
And in torrents of plenty descend,
I doubtless, like others, should clasp her with joy,
And my wants and my wishes extend.

But since 't is denied me, and Heaven best knows
Whether kinder to grant it or not,
Say, why should I vainly disturb my repose,
And peevishly carp at my lot?

No; still let me follow sage Horace's rule,
Who tried all things, and held fast the best;
Learn daily to put all my passions to school,
And keep the due poise of my breast.

Thus, firm at the helm, I glide calmly away
Like the merchant long us'd to the deep,
Nor trust for my safety on life's stormy sea
To the gilding and paint of my ship.

Nor yet can the giants of honour and pelf
My want of ambition deride,
He who rules his own bosom is lord of himself,
And lord of all nature beside.

ODE TO THE TIBER.

ON ENTERING THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME, AT OTRICOLI, 1755.

Hail, sacred stream, whose waters roll
Immortal through the classic page!
To thee the Muse-devoted soul,
Though destin'd to a later age
And less indulgent clime, to thee,
Nor thou disdain, in Runic lays,
Weak mimic of true harmony,
His grateful homage pays.
Far other strains thine elder ear
With pleas'd attention wont to hear,
When he, who strung the Latian lyre,
And he, who led th' Aonian quire
From Mantua's reedy lakes with osiers crown'd,
Taught Echo from thy banks with transport to resound.
Thy banks?—alas! is this the boasted scene,
This dreary, wide, uncultivated plain,
Where sick'ning Nature wears a fainter green,
And Desolation spreads her torpid reign?
Is this the scene where Freedom breath'd,
Her copious horn where Plenty wreath'd,
And Health at opening day
Bade all her roseate breezes fly,
To wake the sons of industry,
And make their fields more gay?

Where is the villa's rural pride,
The swelling dome's imperial gleam,
Which lov'd to grace thy verdant side,
And tremble in thy golden stream?
Where are the bold, the busy throngs,
That rush'd impatient to the war,
Or tun'd to peace triumphal songs,
And hail'd the passing car?
Along the solitary road[1],
Th' eternal flint by consuls trod,
We muse, and mark the sad decays
Of mighty works, and mighty days!
For these vile wastes, we cry, had Fate decreed
That Veii's sons should strive, for these Camillus bleed?
Did here, in after-times of Roman pride,
The musing shepherd from Soracte's height
See towns extend where'er thy waters glide,
And temples rise, and peopled farms unite?

[1] The Flaminian way.

They did. For this deserted plain
The hero strove, nor strove in vain;
And here the shepherd saw
Unnumber'd towns and temples spread,
While Rome majestic rear'd her head,
And gave the nations law.

Yes, thou and Latium once were great;
And still, ye first of human things,
Beyond the grasp of time or fate
Her fame and thine triumphant springs.
What though the mould'ring columns fall,
And strow the desert earth beneath,
Though ivy round each nodding wall
Entwine its fatal wreath,
Yet say, can Rhine or Danube boast
The numerous glories thou hast lost?
Can ev'n Euphrates' palmy shore,
Or Nile, with all his mystic lore,
Produce from old records of genuine fame
Such heroes, poets, kings, or emulate thy name?
Ev'n now the Muse, the conscious Muse is here;
From every ruin's formidable shade
Eternal music breathes on fancy's ear,
And wakes to more than form th' illustrious dead.
Thy Cæsars, Scipios, Catos rise,
The great, the virtuous, and the wise,
In solemn state advance!
They fix the philosophic eye,
Or trail the robe, or lift on high
The lightning of the lance.

But chief that humbler happier train,
Who knew those virtues to reward
Beyond the reach of chance or pain
Secure, th' historian and the bard.
By them the hero's generous rage
Still warm in youth immortal lives;
And in their adamantine page
Thy glory still survives.
Through deep savannahs wild and vast,
Unheard, unknown through ages past,
Beneath the Sun's directer beams,
What copious torrents pour their streams!
No fame have they, no fond pretence to mourn,
No annals swell their pride, or grace their storied urn.
While thou, with Rome's exalted genius join'd,
Her spear yet lifted, and her corslet brac'd,
Canst tell the waves, canst tell the passing wind,
Thy wondrous tale, and cheer the list'ning waste.
Though from his caves th' unfeeling North
Pour'd all his legion'd tempests forth,
Yet still thy laurels bloom:
One deathless glory still remains,
Thy stream *has* roll'd through Latian plains,
Has wash'd the walls of Rome.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

WRITTEN AT THE CONVENT OF HAUT VILLERS IN CHAMPAGNE, 1754.

Silent and clear, through yonder peaceful vale,
While Marne's slow waters weave their mazy way,
See, to th' exulting Sun, and fost'ring gale,
What boundless treasures his rich banks display!
Fast by the stream, and at the mountain's base,
The lowing herds through living pastures rove;
Wide waving harvests crown the rising space;
And still superior nods the viny grove.

High on the top, as guardian of the scene,
Imperial Sylvan spreads his umbrage wide;
Nor wants there many a cot, and spire between,
Or in the vale, or on the mountain's side,

To mark that man, as tenant of the whole,
Claims the just tribute of his culturing care,
Yet pays to Heaven, in gratitude of soul,
The boon which Heaven accepts, of praise and prayer.

O dire effects of war! the time has been
When desolation vaunted here her reign;
One ravag'd desert was yon beauteous scene,
And Marne ran purple to the frighted Seine.

Oft at his work, the toilsome day to cheat,
The swain still talks of those disastrous times
When Guise's pride, and Conde's ill-star'd heat,
Taught Christian zeal to authorize their crimes:

Oft to his children sportive on the grass
Does dreadful tales of worn tradition tell,
Oft points to Epernay's ill-fated pass,
Where force thrice triumph'd, and where Biron fell.

O dire effects of war!—may ever more
Through this sweet vale the voice of discord cease!
A British bard to Gallia's fertile shore
Can wish the blessings of eternal peace.

Yet say, ye monks, (beneath whose moss-grown seat,
Within whose cloister'd cells th' indebted Muse
Awhile sojourns, for meditation meet,
And these loose thoughts in pensive strain pursues,)

Avails it aught, that war's rude tumults spare
Yon cluster'd vineyard, or yon golden field,
If, niggards to yourselves, and fond of care,
You slight the joys their copious treasures yield?

Avails it aught, that Nature's liberal hand
With every blessing grateful man can know,
Clothes the rich bosom of yon smiling land,
The mountain's sloping side, or pendent brow,

If meagre famine paint your pallid cheek,
If breaks the midnight bell your hours of rest,
If, midst heart-chilling damps, and winter bleak,
You shun the cheerful bowl, and moderate feast?

Look forth, and be convinc'd! 'tis Nature pleads,
Her ample volume opens on your view:
The simple-minded swain, who running reads,
Feels the glad truth, and is it hid from you?

Look forth, and be convinc'd. Yon prospects wide
To reason's ear how forcibly they speak:
Compar'd with those how dull is letter'd pride,
And Austin's babbling eloquence how weak!

Temp'rance, not abstinence, in every bliss
Is man's true joy, and therefore Heaven's command.
The wretch who riots thanks his God amiss:
Who starves, rejects the bounties of his hand.

Mark, while the Marne in yon full channel glides,
How smooth his course, how Nature smiles around!
But should impetuous torrents swell his tides,
The fairy landscape sinks in oceans drown'd.

Nor less disastrous, should his thrifty urn
Neglected leave the once well-water'd land,
To dreary wastes yon paradise would turn,
Polluted ooze, or heaps of barren sand.

ELEGY II.

ON THE MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS [1].

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE BUSSY VILLIERS, VISCOUNT VILLIERS.

WRITTEN AT ROME, 1756.

Amid these mould'ring walls, this marble round,
Where slept the heroes of the Julian name,
Say, shall we linger still in thought profound,
And meditate the mournful paths to fame?

What though no cypress shades, in funeral rows,
No sculptur'd urns, the last records of fate,
O'er the shrunk terrace wave their baleful boughs,
Or breathe in storied emblems of the great;

Yet not with heedless eye will we survey
The scene though chang'd, nor negligently tread;
These variegated walks, however gay,
Were once the silent mansions of the dead.

In every shrub, in every flow'ret's bloom,
That paints with different hues you smiling plain,
Some hero's ashes issue from the tomb,
And live a vegetative life again.

For matter dies not, as the Sages say,
But shifts to other forms the pliant mass,
When the free spirit quits its cumb'rous clay,
And sees, beneath, the rolling planets pass.

Perhaps, my Villiers, for I sing to thee,
Perhaps, unknowing of the bloom it gives,
In yon fair scion of Apollo's tree
The sacred dust of young Marcellus lives.

Pluck not the leaf—'t were sacrilege to wound
Th' ideal memory of so sweet a shade;
In these sad seats an early grave he found,
And the first rites to gloomy Dis convey'd [2].

Witness thou field of Mars [3], that oft hadst known
His youthful triumphs in the mimic war,
Thou heard'st the heart-felt universal groan,
When o'er thy bosom roll'd the funeral car.

Witness thou Tuscan stream [4], where oft he glow'd
In sportive strugglings with th' opposing wave,
Fast by the recent tomb thy waters flow'd,
While wept the wise, the virtuous, and the brave.

[1] It is now a garden belonging to Marchese di Corre.

[2] He is said to be the first person buried in this monument.

[3] *Quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem*
Campus aget gemitus!

[4] ..... *Vel quæ, Tyberine, videbis*
Funera, cum tumulum præterlabere recentem.
Virg.

O lost too soon!—yet why lament a fate
By thousands envied, and by Heav'n approv'd?
Rare is the boon to those of longer date
To live, to die, admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd.

Weak are our judgments, and our passions warm,
And slowly dawns the radiant morn of truth,
Our expectations hastily we form,
And much we pardon to ingenuous youth.

Too oft we satiate on the applause we pay
To rising merit, and resume the crown;
Full many a blooming genius snatch'd away,
Has fall'n lamented, who had liv'd unknown

For hard the task, O Villiers, to sustain
Th' important burthen of an early fame;
Each added day some added worth to gain,
Prevent each wish, and answer every claim.

Be thou Marcellus, with a length of days!
But O remember, whatsoe'er thou art,
The most exalted breath of human praise
To please indeed must echo from the heart.

Though thou be brave, be virtuous, and be wise,
By all, like him, admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd;
'T is from within alone true fame can rise,
The only happy is the self-approv'd.

ELEGY III.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE SIMON HARCOURT, VISCOUNT NUNEHAM.

WRITTEN AT ROME, 1756.

Yes, noble youth, 't is true; the softer arts,
The sweetly-sounding string, and pencil's power,
Have warm'd to rapture even heroic hearts,
And taught the rude to wonder, and adore.

For Beauty charms us, whether she appears
In blended colours; or to soothing sound
Attunes her voice; or fair proportion wears
In yonder swelling dome's harmonious round.

All, all she charms; but not alike to all
'T is given to revel in her blissful bower;
Coercive ties, and reason's powerful call,
Bid some but taste the sweets, which some devour.

When Nature govern'd, and when man was young,
Perhaps at will th' untutor'd savage rov'd,
Where waters murmur'd, and where clusters hung,
He fed, and slept beneath the shade he lov'd.

But since the Sage's more sagacious mind,
By Heaven's permission, or by Heaven's command,
To polish'd states his social laws assign'd,
And general good on partial duties plann'd,

Not for ourselves our vagrant steps we bend
As heedless chance, or wanton choice ordain;
On various stations various tasks attend,
And men are *born* to trifle or to reign.

As chants the woodman, while the Dryads weep,
And falling forests fear th' uplifted blow;
As chants the shepherd, while he tends his sheep,
Or weaves to pliant forms the osier bough:

To me 't is given, whom Fortune loves to lead
Through humbler toils to life's sequester'd bowers,
To me 't is given to wake th' amusive reed,
And soothe with song the solitary hours.

But thee superior, soberer toils demand,
Severer paths are thine of patriot fame;
Thy birth, thy friends, thy king, thy native land,
Have given thee honours, and have each their claim.

Then nerve with fortitude thy feeling breast,
Each wish to combat, and each pain to bear;
Spurn with disdain th' inglorious love of rest,
Nor let the syren Ease approach thine ear.

Beneath yon cypress-shade's eternal green
See prostrate Rome her wondrous story tell,
Mark how she rose the world's imperial queen,
And tremble at the prospect how she fell!

Not that my rigid precepts would require
A painful struggling with each adverse gale,
Forbid thee listen to th' enchanting lyre,
Or turn thy steps from fancy's flowery vale.

Whate'er of Greece in sculptur'd brass survives,
Whate'er of Rome in mould'ring arcs remains,
Whate'er of genius on the canvass lives,
Or flows in polish'd verse, or airy strains.

Be these thy leisure; to the chosen few,
Who dare excel, thy fost'ring aid afford;
Their arts, their magic powers, with honours due
Exalt; but *be* thyself what they record.

ELEGY IV.

TO AN OFFICER.

WRITTEN AT ROME, 1756.

From Latian fields, the mansions of renown,
Where fix'd the warrior god his fated seat;
Where infant heroes learn'd the martial frown,
And little hearts for genuine glory beat;

What for my friend, my soldier, shall I frame?
What nobly-glowing verse that breathes of arms,
To point his radiant path to deathless fame,
By great examples, and terrific charms?

Quirinus first, with bold, collected bands,
The sinewy sons of strength, for empire strove;
Beneath his prowess bow'd th' astonish'd lands,
And temples rose to Mars, and to Feretrian Jove.

War taught contempt of death, contempt of pain,
And hence the Fabii, hence the Decii come:
War urg'd the slaughter, though she wept the slain,
Stern war, the rugged nurse of virtuous Rome.

But not from antique fables will I draw,
To fire thy active soul, a dubious aid,
Though now, ev'n now, they strike with rev'rent awe,
By poets or historians sacred made.

Nor yet to thee the babbling Muse shall tell
What mighty kings with all their legions wrought,
What cities sunk, and storied nations fell,
When Cæsar, Titus, or when Trajan fought.

While o'er yon hill th' exalted trophy[1] shows
To what vast heights of incorrupted praise
The great, the self-ennobled Marius rose
From private worth, and fortune's private ways.

From steep Arpinum's rock-invested shade,
From hardy virtue's emulative school,
His daring flight th' expanding genius made,
And by obeying nobly learn'd to rule.

Abash'd, confounded, stern Iberia groan'd,
And Afric trembled to her utmost coasts;
When the proud land its destin'd conqueror own'd
In the new consul, and his veteran hosts.

Yet chiefs are madmen, and ambition weak,
And mean the joys the laurel'd harvests yield,
If virtue fail. Let fame, let envy speak
Of Capsa's walls, and Sextia's watry field.

But sink for ever, in oblivion cast,
Dishonest triumphs, and ignoble spoils.
Miturnæ's Marsh severely paid at last
The guilty glories gain'd in civil broils.

Nor yet his vain contempt the Muse shall praise
For scenes of polish'd life, and letter'd worth;
The steel-rib'd warrior wants not envy's ways
To darken theirs, or call his merits forth:

Witness yon Cimbrian trophies!—Marius, there
Thy ample pinion found a space to fly,
As the plum'd eagle soaring sails in air,
In upper air, and scorns a middle sky.

Thence too thy country claim'd thee for her own,
And bade the sculptor's toil thy acts adorn,
To teach in characters of living stone
Eternal lessons to the youth unborn.

For wisely Rome her warlike sons rewards
With the sweet labours of her artists' hands;
He wakes her graces, who her empire guards,
And both Minervas join in willing bands.

O why, Britannia, why untrophied pass
The patriot deeds thy godlike sons display,
Why breathes on high no monumental brass,
Why swells no arc to grace Culloden's day?

Wait we till faithless France submissive bow
Beneath that hero's delegated spear,
Whose lightning smote rebellion's haughty brow,
And scatter'd her vile rout with horrour in the rear?

O land of freedom, land of arts, assume
That graceful dignity thy merits claim;
Exalt thy heroes like imperial Rome,
And build their virtues on their love of fame.

[1] The trophies of Marius, now erected before the Capitol.

ELEGY V.

TO A FRIEND SICK.

WRITTEN AT ROME, 1756.

'T was in this isle[6], O Wright, indulge my lay,
Whose naval form divides the Tuscan flood,
In the bright dawn of her illustrious day
Rome fix'd her temple to the healing god.

Here stood his altars, here his arm he bared,
And round his mystic staff the serpent twin'd,
Through crowded portals hymns of praise were heard,
And victims bled, and sacred seers divin'd.

On every breathing wall, on every round
Of column, swelling with proportion'd grace,
Its stated seat some votive tablet found,
And storied wonders dignified the place.

Oft from the balmy blessings of repose,
And the cool stillness of the night's deep shade,
To light and health th' exulting votarist rose,
While fancy work'd with med'cine's powerful aid.

Oft in his dreams, (no longer clogg'd with fears
Of some broad torrent, or some headlong steep,
With each dire form imagination wears
When harass'd nature sinks in turbid sleep)

Oft in his dreams he saw diffusive day
Through bursting glooms its cheerful beams ex-
On billowy clouds saw sportive genii play, [tend,
And bright Hygeia from her Heaven descend.

What marvel then, that man's o'erflowing mind
Should wreath-bound columns raise, and altars fair,
And grateful offerings pay, to powers so kind,
Though fancy-form'd, and creatures of the air?

Who that has writh'd beneath the scourge of pain,
Or felt the burthen'd languor of disease,
But would with joy the slightest respite gain,
And idolize the hand which lent him ease?

To thee, my friend, unwillingly to thee,
For truths like these, the anxious Muse appeals,
Can memory answer from affliction free,
Or speaks the sufferer what, I fear, he feels?

No, let me hope ere this in Romely grove
Hygeia revels with the blooming Spring,
Ere this the vocal seats the Muses love
With hymns of praise, like Pæon's temple, ring.

It was not written in the book of Fate
That, wand'ring far from Albion's sea-girt plain,
Thy distant friend should mourn thy shorter date,
And tell to alien woods and streams his pain.

It was not written. Many a year shall roll,
If aught th' inspiring Muse aright presage,
Of blameless intercourse from soul to soul,
And friendship well matur'd from youth to age.

[6] The Insula Tiberina, where there are still some small remains of the famous temple of Æsculapius.

ELEGY VI.

TO THE REV. MR. SANDERSON.

WRITTEN AT ROME, 1756.

Behold, my friend, to this small orb[7] confin'd,
The genuine features of Aurelius' face;
The father, friend, and lover of his kind,
Shrunk to a narrow coin's contracted space.

Not so his fame; for erst did Heaven ordain
While seas should waft us, and while suns should warm,
On tongues of men, the friend of man should reign
And in the arts he lov'd the patron charm.

Oft as amidst the mould'ring spoils of age,
His moss-grown monuments my steps pursue;
Oft as my eye revolves th' historic page,
Where pass his generous acts in fair review,

Imagination grasps at mighty things,
Which men, which angels, might with rapture see;
Then turns to humbler scenes its safer wings,
And, blush not while I speak it, thinks on thee,

With all that firm benevolence of mind
Which pities while it blames th' *unfeeling* vain,
With all that active zeal to serve *mankind*,
That tender suffering for another's *pain*,

Why wert not thou to thrones imperial *rais'd*?
Did heedless Fortune slumber at thy birth,
Or on thy virtues with indulgence gaz'd,
And gave her grandeurs to her sons of Earth?

Happy for thee, whose less distinguish'd sphere
Now cheers in private the delighted eye,
For calm Content, and smiling Ease are there,
And, Heaven's divinest gift, sweet Liberty.

Happy for me, on life's serener flood
Who sail, by talents as by choice restrain'd,
Else had I only shar'd the general good,
And lost the friend the universe had gain'd.

[7] The medal of Marcus Aurelius.

VERSES TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND, 1758.

..... Mures animos in martia bella
Versibus exacuit..... Hor.

Britons, rouse to deeds of death!—
Waste no zeal in idle breath,
Nor lose the harvest of your swords
In a civil war of words!
Wherefore teems the shameless press
With labour'd births of emptiness?
Reas'nings, which no facts produce,
Eloquence, that murders use;
Ill-tim'd humour, that beguiles
Weeping idiots of their smiles;
Wit, that knows but to defame,
And satire, that profanes the name.

Let th' undaunted Grecian teach
The use and dignity of speech,
At whose thunders nobly thrown
Shrunk the man of Macedon.
If the storm of words must rise,
Let it blast our enemies.
Sure and nervous be it hurl'd
On the Philips of the world.
Learn not vainly to despise
(Proud of Edward's victories!)
Warriors wedg'd in firm array,
And navies powerful to display
Their woven wings to every wind,
And leave the panting foe behind.
Give to France the honours due,
France has chiefs and statesmen too.
Breasts which patriot-passions feel,
Lovers of the common-weal.
And when such the foes we brave,
Whether on the land or wave,
Greater is the pride of war,
And the conquest nobler far.
Agincourt and Cressy long
Have flourish'd in immortal song;
And lisping babes aspire to praise
The wonders of Eliza's days.
And what else of late renown
Has added wreaths to Britain's crown;
Whether on th' impetuous Rhine
She bade her harness'd warriors shine,
Or snatch'd the dangerous palm of praise
Where the Sambre meets the Maese;
Or Danube rolls his watry train;
Or the yellow-tressed Mayne
Through Dettingen's immortal vale.—
Ev'n Fontenoy could tell a tale,
Might modest worth ingenuous speak,
To raise a blush on victory's cheek;
And bid the vanquish'd wreaths display
Great as on Culloden's day.
But glory which aspires to last
Leans not meanly on the past.
'T is the present now demands
British hearts, and British hands.
Curst be he, the willing slave,
Who doubts, who lingers to be brave.
Curst be the coward tongue that dare
Breathe one accent of despair,
Cold as Winter's icy hand,
To chill the genius of the land.
Chiefly you, who ride the deep,
And bid our thunders wake or sleep
As pity pleads, or glory calls—
Monarchs of our wooden walls!
Midst your mingling seas and skies
Rise ye Blakes, ye Raleighs rise!
Let the sordid lust of gain
Be banish'd from the liberal main,
He who strikes the generous blow
Aims it at the public foe.
Let glory be the guiding star,
Wealth and honours follow her.
See! she spreads her lustre wide
O'er the vast Atlantic tide!
Constant as the solar ray
Points the path, and leads the way!
Other worlds demand your care,
Other worlds to Britain dear;
Where the foe insidious roves
O'er headlong streams, and pathless groves;
And justice' simpler laws confounds
With imaginary bounds.
If protected commerce keep
Her tenour o'er yon heaving deep,
What have we from war to fear?
Commerce steels the nerves of war;
Heals the havoc rapine makes,
And new strength from conquest takes.
Nor less at home, O deign to smile,
Goddess of Britannia's isle!
Thou, that from her rocks survey'st
Her boundless realms, the watry waste;
Thou, that rov'st the hill and mead,
Where her flocks and heifers feed;
Thou, that cheer'st th' industrious swain,
While he strows the pregnant grain;
Thou, that hear'st his caroll'd vows
When th' expanded barn o'erflows;
Thou, the bulwark of our cause,
Thou, the guardian of our laws,
Sweet Liberty!—O deign to smile,
Goddess of Britannia's isle!
If to us indulgent Heaven
Nobler seeds of strength has given,
Nobler should the produce be;
Brave, yet gen'rous, are the free.
Come then, all thy powers diffuse,
Goddess of extended views!
Every breast which feels thy flame
Shall kindle into martial fame,
Till shame shall make the coward bold,
And indolence her arms unfold:
Ev'n avarice shall protect his hoard,
And the ploughshare gleam a sword.
Goddess, all thy powers diffuse!—
And thou, genuine British Muse,
Nurs'd amidst the Druids old
Where Deva's wizard waters roll'd,
Thou, that bear'st the golden key
To unlock eternity,
Summon thy poetic guard——
Britain still has many a bard,
Whom, when time and death shall join
T' expand the ore, and stamp the coin,
Late posterity shall own
Lineal to the Muse's throne—
Bid them leave th' inglorious theme
Of fabled shade, or haunted stream,
In the daisy painted mead
'T is to peace we tune the reed;
But when war's tremendous roar
Shakes the isle from shore to shore,
Every bard of purer fire,
Trytæus-like, should grasp the lyre;
Wake with verse the hardy deed,
Or in the generous strife like Sydney[1] bleed.

A CHARGE TO THE POETS.

FIRST PRINTED, 1762.

Quasi ex cathedrâ loquitur.—

FULL twenty years have roll'd, ye rhyming band,
Since first I dipp'd in ink my trembling hand,

[1] Sir Philip Sydney, mortally wounded in an action near Zutphen, in Gelderland.

For much it trembled, though th' obliging few,
Who judge with candour, prais'd the sketch I drew [1];
And Echo, answering from the public voice,
Indulg'd as genius, what I fear'd was choice.
At length, arriv'd at those maturer years
So rarely rais'd by hope, or sunk by fears,
I rest in peace; or scribble if I please:
In point of wealth not affluent, but at ease;
(For ease is truly theirs who dare confine
Their wishes to such moderate views as mine)
In point of what the world and you call fame,
(I judge but by conjecture) much the same.
But whether right or wrong I judge, to you
It matters not: the following fact is true.
From nobler names, and great in each degree,
The pension'd laurel has devolv'd to me.
To me, ye bards; and, what you 'll scarce conceive,
Or, at the best, unwillingly believe,
Howe'er unworthily I wear the crown,
Unask'd it came, and from a hand unknown.
Then, since my king and patron have thought fit
To place me on the throne of modern wit,
My grave advice, my brethren, hear at large;
As bishops to their clergy give their charge,
Though many a priest, who listens, might afford
Perhaps more solid counsel to my lord.
To you, ye guardians of the sacred fount,
Deans and archdeacons of the double mount,
That through our realms intestine broils may cease,
My first and last advice is, "Keep the peace!"
What is 't to you, that half the town admire
False sense, false strength, false softness, or false fire?
Through Heav'n's void concave let the meteors blaze,
He hurts his own, who wounds another's bays.
What is 't to you, that numbers place your name
First, fifth, or twentieth, in the lists of fame?
Old Time will settle all your claims at once,
Record the genius, and forget the dunce.
It boots us much to know, observers say,
Of what materials Nature form'd our clay;
From what strange beast Prometheus' plastic art
Purloin'd the particle which rules the heart.
If milky softness, gliding through the veins,
Incline the Muse to panegyric strains,
Insipid lays our kindest friends may lull,
Be very moral, yet be very dull.
If bile prevails, and temper dictates satire,
Our wit is spleen, our virtue is ill-nature;
With its own malice arm'd we combat evil,
As zeal for God's sake sometimes plays the devil.
O mark it well! does pride affect to reign
The solitary tyrant of the brain?
Or vanity exert her quick'ning flame,
Stuck round with ears that listen after fame?
O to these points let strict regard be given,
Nor "Know thyself [2]" in vain descend from Heaven.
Do critics tease you?—with a smile I speak,
Nor would suppose my brethren were so weak.
'T is on ourselves, and not our foes, or friends,
Our future fame, or infamy, depends.
Let envy point, or malice wing the darts,
They only wound us in our mortal parts.
Besides, 't is much too late to go to school,
Grown men will judge by Nature's noblest rule,
Admire true beauties, and slight faults excuse,
Not learn to dance from journals and reviews [3].
If fools traduce you, and your works decry,
As many fools will rate your worth too high;
Then balance the account, and fairly take
The cool report which men of judgment make.
In writing, as in life, he foils the foe,
Who, conscious of his strength, forgives the blow.
They court the insult who but seem afraid:
And then, by answering, you promote the trade,
And give them, what their own weak claims deny,
A chance for future laughter, or a sigh.
You, who as yet, unsullied by the press,
Hang o'er your labours in their virgin dress;
And you, who late the public taste have hit,
And still enjoy the honey-moon of wit,
Attentive hear me: grace may still abound;
Whoever preaches, if the doctrine 's sound.
If nature prompts you, or if friends persuade,
Why, write; but never pursue it as a trade.
And seldom publish: manuscripts disarm
The censor's frown, and boast an added charm,
Enhance their worth by seeming to retire,
For what but few can prate of, all admire.
Who trade in verse, alas! as rarely find
The public grateful, as the Muses kind.
From constant feasts like sated guests we steal,
And tir'd of tickling loose all power to feel.
'T is novelty we want; with that in view,
We praise stale matter, so the bard be new;
Or from known bards with ecstasy receive
Each pert new whim they almost blush to give.
A life of writing, unless wondrous short,
No wit can brave, no genius can support.
Some soberer province for your business choose,
Be that your helmet, and your plume the Muse.
Through Fame's long rubric, down from Chaucer's time,
Few fortunes have been rais'd by lofty rhyme.
And, when our toils success no longer crowns,
What shelter find we from a world in frowns?
O'er each distress, which vice or folly brings,
Though charity extend her healing wings,
No magdlin hospitals are yet assign'd
For slip-shod Muses of the vagrant kind;
Where anthems might succeed to satires keen,
And hymns of penitence to songs obscene.
What refuge then remains?—with gracious grin
Some practis'd bookseller invites you in.
Where luckless bards, condemn'd to court the town,
(Not for their parents' vices, but their own!)
Write gay conundrums with an aching head,
Or earn by defamation daily bread,
Or, friendless, shirtless, pennyless, complain,
Not of the world's, but "Cælia's cold disdain."
Lords of their workhouse see the tyrants sit,
Brokers in books, and stock-jobbers in wit,
Beneath whose lash, oblig'd to write or fast,
Our confessors and martyrs breathe their last!
And can ye bear such insolence?—away,
For shame; plough, dig, turn pedlars, drive the dray;

[1] The Danger of writing Verse. First printed in the year 1741; to which this poem may be considered as a sequel.

[2] E cœlo descendit, γνωθι σεαυτον. Juv.

[3] This is not intended as a reflection on either the journals or the reviews. They are not the masters, but the scholars, the grown gentlemen, at whom the author smiles; and who, he thinks, had much better not pretend to judge at all, than borrow opinions which never sit easy upon them.

With minds indignant each employment suits,
Our fleets want sailors, and our troops recruits;
And many a dirty street, on Thames's side,
Is yet by stool and brush unoccupied.
Time was when poets play'd the thorough game,
Swore, drank, and bluster'd, and blasphem'd for fame.
The first in brothels with their punk and Muse;
Your toast, ye bards? "Parnassus and the stews!"
Thank Heaven the times are chang'd; no poet now
Need roar for Bacchus, or to Venus bow.
'T is our own fault if Fielding's lash we feel,
Or, like French wits, begin with the Bastile.
Ev'n in those days some few escap'd their fate,
By better judgment, or a longer date,
And rode, like buoys, triumphant o'er the tide.
Poor Otway in an ale-house dos'd, and died!
While happier Southern, though with spots of yore,
Like Plato's hovering spirits, crusted o'er,
Liv'd every mortal vapour to remove,
And to our admiration join'd our love.
Light lie his funeral turf!—for you, who join
His decent manners to his art divine,
Would ye (while, round you, toss the proud and vain
Convuls'd with feeling, or with giving pain)
Indulge the Muse in innocence and ease,
And tread the flowery path of life in peace?
Avoid all authors.—"What! th' illustrious few,
Who, shunning Fame, have taught her to pursue,
Fair Virtue's heralds?"—yes, I say again,
Avoid all authors, till you 've read the men.
Full many a peevish, envious, slandering elf,
Is, in his works, benevolence itself.
For all mankind unknown, his bosom heaves,
He only injures those with whom he lives.
Read then the man: does truth his actions guide,
Exempt from petulance, exempt from pride?
To social duties does his heart attend,
As son, as father, husband, brother, friend?
Do those who know him love him? if they do,
You 've *my* permission, you may love him too.
But chief avoid the boist'rous roaring sparks,
The sons of fire!—you 'll know them by their marks.
Fond to be heard, they always court a crowd,
And, though 't is borrow'd nonsense, talk it loud.
One epithet supplies their constant chime;
Damn'd bad, *damn'd* good, *damn'd* low, and *damn'd* sublime!
But most in quick short repartee they shine
Of local humour; or from plays purloin
Each quaint stale scrap which every subject hits,
Till fools almost imagine they are wits. [rage!
Hear them on Shakspeare! there they foam, they
Yet taste not half the beauties of his page,
Nor see that Art, as well as Nature, strove
To place him foremost in th' Aonian grove.
For there, there only, where the sisters join,
His genius triumphs, and the work 's divine.
Or would ye sift more near these sons of fire,
'T is Garrick, and not Shakspeare, they admire.
Without his breath, inspiring every thought,
They ne'er perhaps had known what Shakspeare wrote;
Without his eager, his becoming zeal, [feel,
To teach them, though they scarce know why, to
A crude unmeaning mass had Jonson been,
And a dead letter Shakspeare's noblest scene.
O come the time, when diffidence again
Shall bind our youth in Nature's modest chain!
Born in a happier age, and happier clime,
Old Sophocles *had* merit in his time;
And so, no doubt, howe'er we flout his plays,
Had poor Euripides, in former days.
Not like the moderns, we confess; but yet
Some seeming faults we surely might forget,
Because 't would puzzle even the wise to show
Whether those faults were real faults, or no.
To all true merit give its just applause,
The worst have beauties, and the best have flaws.
Greek, French, Italian, English, great or small,
I own *my* frailty, I admire them all.
There are, mistaking prejudice for taste,
Who on one species all their rapture waste.
Though, various as the flowers which paint the year,
In rainbow charms the changeful Nine appear,
The different beauties coyly they admit,
And to one standard would confine our wit.
Some manner'd verse delights; while some can raise
To fairy fiction their ecstatic gaze,
Admire pure poetry, and revel there
On sightless forms, and pictures of the air!
Some hate all rhyme; some *seriously* deplore
That Milton wants that one enchantment more.
Tir'd with th' ambiguous tale, or antique phrase,
O'er Spenser's happiest paintings, loveliest lays,
Some heedless pass: while some with transport view
Each quaint old word, which scarce Eliza knew;
And, eager as the fancied knights, prepare
The lance, and combat in ideal war
Dragons of lust, and giants of despair.
Why, be it so; and what each thinks the test
Let each enjoy: but not condemn the rest.
Readers there are of every class prepar'd:
Each village teems; each hamlet has its bard,
Who gives the tone; and all th' inferior fry,
Like the great vulgar here, will join the cry.
But be it mine with every bard to glow,
And taste his raptures genuine as they flow,
Through all the Muses' wilds to rove along
From plaintive elegy to epic song:
And, if the sense be just, the numbers clear,
And the true colouring of the work be there,
Again, subdu'd by truth's ingenuous call,
I own *my* frailty, I admire them all.
Nor think I, with the mob, that Nature now
No longer warms the soil where laurels grow,
'T is true, our poets in repose delight,
And, wiser than their fathers, seldom write,
Yet I, but I forbear for prudent ends,
Could name a list, and half of them *my* friends,
For whom posterity its wreaths shall twine,
And its own bards neglect, to honour mine.
Their poets in their turn will grieve, and swear,
Perhaps with truth, no patron lends an ear.
Complaints of times when merit wants reward
Descend like similies from bard to bard;
We copy our distress from Greece and Rome;
As in our northern lays their flowrets bloom.
We feel their breezes, with their heats we burn,
And plead prescription to rejoice or mourn.
All present times are bad: then cast your eyes
Where fairy scenes of bliss in prospect rise.
As fond enthusiasts o'er the western main
With eager ken prophetical in vain,
See the mixt multitudes from every land
Grow pure by blending, virtuous by command;
Till, phenix-like, a new bright world of gold
Springs from the dregs and refuse of the old.

I'm no enthusiast, yet with joy can trace
Some gleams of sunshine for the tuneful race.
If monarchs listen when the Muses woo,
Attention wakes, and nations listen too.
The bard grows rapturous, who was dumb before,
And every fresh-plum'd eagle learns to soar!
Friend of the finer arts, when Egypt saw
Her second Ptolemy give science law,
Each genius waken'd from his dead repose,
The column swell'd, the pile majestic rose,
Exact proportion borrow'd strength from ease,
And use was taught by elegance to please.
Along the breathing walls, as fancy flow'd,
The sculpture soften'd, and the picture glow'd,
Heroes reviv'd in animated stone,
The groves grew vocal, and the Pleïads [4] shone!
Old Nilus rais'd his head, and wond'ring cried,
"Long live the king! my patron, and my pride!"
Secure of endless praise, behold, I bear
My grateful suffrage to my sovereign's ear.
Though war shall rage, though time shall level all,
Yon colours sicken, and yon columns fall,
Though art's dear treasures feed the wasting flame,
And the proud volume sinks, an empty name,
Though plenty may desert this copious vale,
My streams be scatter'd, or my fountain fail,
Yet Ptolemy has liv'd; the world has known
A king of arts, a patron on a throne.
Ev'n utmost Britain shall his name adore,
"And Nile be sung, when Nile shall flow no more [5]."
One rule remains. Nor shun nor court the great,
Your truest centre is that middle state
From whence with ease th' observing eye may go
To all which soars above, or sinks below.
'T is yours all manners to have tried, or known,
T' adopt all virtues, yet retain your own: [hurl'd,
To stem the tide, where thoughtless crowds are
The firm spectators of a bustling world! [wing.
Thus arm'd, proceed; the breezes court your
Go range all Helicon, taste every spring;
From varying nature cull th' innoxious spoil,
And, while amusement soothes the generous toil,
Let puzzled critics with judicious spite
Descant on what you can, or cannot write.
True to yourselves, not anxious for renown,
Nor court the world's applause, nor dread its frown.
Guard your own breasts, and be the bulwark there
To know no envy, and no malice fear.
At least you 'll find, thus stoic-like prepar'd,
That verse and virtue are their own reward.

VARIETY.

A TALE FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.
Mar.

I can 't live with you, or without you.

A gentle maid, of rural breeding,
By Nature first, and then by reading,
Was fill'd with all those soft sensations
Which we restrain in near relations,
Lest future husbands should be jealous,
And think their wives too fond of fellows.
The morning Sun beheld her rove
A nymph, or goddess of the grove!
At eve she pac'd the dewy lawn,
And call'd each clown she saw, a faun!
Then, scudding homeward, lock'd her door,
And turn'd some copious volume o'er.
For much she read; and chiefly those
Great authors, who in verse, or prose,
Or something betwixt both, unwind
The secret springs which move the mind.
These much she read; and thought she knew
The human heart's minutest clue;
Yet shrewd observers still declare,
(To show how shrewd observers are)
Though plays, which breath'd heroic flame,
And novels, in profusion, came,
Imported fresh and fresh from France,
She only read the heart's romance.
The world, no doubt, was well enough
To smooth the manners of the rough;
Might please the giddy and the vain,
Those tinsell'd slaves of folly's train:
But, for her part, the truest taste
She found was in retirement plac'd,
Where, as in verse it sweetly flows,
"On every thorn instruction grows."
Not that she wish'd to "be alone,"
As some affected prudes have done;
She knew it was decreed on high
We should "increase and multiply;"
And therefore, if kind Fate would grant
Her fondest wish, her only want,
A cottage with the man she lov'd
Was what her gentle heart approv'd;
In some delightful solitude
Where step profane might ne'er intrude;
But Hymen guard the sacred ground,
And *virtuous* Cupids hover round.
Not such as flutter on a fan
Round Crete's vile bull, or Leda's swan,
(Who scatter myrtles, scatter roses,
And hold their fingers to their noses)
But simp'ring, mild, and innocent
As angels on a monument.
Fate heard her pray'r: a lover came,
Who felt, like her, th' inoxious flame;
One who had trod, as well as she,
The flow'ry paths of poesy;
Had warm'd himself with Milton's heat,
Could ev'ry line of Pope repeat,
Or chant in Shenstone's tender strains,
"The lover's hopes," "the lover's pains."
Attentive to the charmer's tongue,
With him she thought no evening long;
With him she saunter'd half the day;
And sometimes, in a laughing way,
Ran o'er the catalogue by rote
Of who might marry, and who not;
"Consider, sir, we 're near relations—"
"I hope so in our inclinations."—
In short, she look'd, she blush'd consent;
He grasp'd her hand, to church they went;
And ev'ry matron that was there,
With tongue so voluble and supple,
Said, for her part, she must declare,
She never saw a finer couple.

[4] The seven poets patronised by Ptolemy Philadelphus are usually called by the name of that constellation.

[5] And Boyne be sung, when it has ceas'd to flow. Addison.

O Halcyon days! 'T was Nature's reign,
'T was Tempe's vale, and Enna's plain,
The fields assum'd unusual bloom,
And ev'ry Zephyr breath'd perfume.
The laughing Sun with genial beams
Danc'd lightly on th' exulting streams;
And the pale regent of the night,
In dewy softness shed delight.
'T was transport not to be exprest;
'T was Paradise!——But mark the rest.
Two smiling springs had wak'd the flow'rs
That paint the meads, or fringe the bow'rs,
(Ye lovers, lend your wond'ring ears,
Who count by months, and not by years)
Two smiling springs had chaplets wove
To crown their solitude, and love:
When lo, they find, they can 't tell how,
Their walks are not so pleasant now.
The seasons sure were chang'd; the place
Had, some how, got a diff'rent face.
Some blast had struck the cheerful scene;
The lawns, the woods were not so green.
The purling rill, which murmur'd by,
And once was liquid harmony,
Became a sluggish, reedy pool:
The days grew hot, the ev'nings cool.
The Moon with all the starry reign
Were melancholy's silent train.
And then the tedious winter night—
They could not read by candle-light.
Full oft, unknowing why they did,
They call'd in adventitious aid.
A faithful fav'rite dog ('t was thus
With Tobit and Telemachus)
Amus'd their steps; and for awhile
They view'd his gambols with a smile.
The kitten too was comical;
She play'd so oddly with her tail,
Or in the glass was pleas'd to find
Another cat, and peep'd behind.
A courteous neighbour at the door
Was deem'd intrusive noise no more.
For rural visits, now and then,
Are right, as men must live with men.
Then cousin Jenny, fresh from town,
A new recruit, a dear delight!
Made many a heavy hour go down,
At morn, at noon, at eve, at night:
Sure they could hear her jokes for ever,
She was so sprightly, and so clever!
Yet neighbours were not quite the thing;
What joy, alas! could converse bring
With awkward creatures bred at home—
The dog grew dull, or troublesome.
The cat had spoil'd the kitten's merit,
And, with her youth, had lost her spirit.
And jokes repeated o'er and o'er,
Had quite exhausted Jenny's store.
—" And then, my dear, I can 't abide
This always saunt'ring side by side."
" Enough!" he cries, " the reason 's plain:
For causes never rack your brain.
Our neighbours are like other folks,
Skip's playful tricks, and Jenny's jokes,
Are still delightful, still would please,
Were we, my dear, ourselves at ease.
Look round, with an impartial eye,
On yonder fields, on yonder sky;
The azure cope, the flow'rs below,
With all their wonted colours glow.
The rill still murmurs; and the Moon
Shines, as she did, a softer sun.
No change has made the seasons fail,
No comet brush'd us with his tail.
The scene 's the same, the same the weather—
We live, my dear, too much together."
Agreed. A rich old uncle dies,
And added wealth the means supplies.
With eager haste to town they flew,
Where all must please, for all was new.
But here, by strict poetic laws,
Description claims its proper pause.
The rosy Morn had rais'd her head
From old Tithonus' saffron bed;
And embryo sun-beams from the east,
Half chok'd, were struggling through the mist,
When forth advanc'd the gilded chaise,
The village crowded round to gaze.
The pert postillion, now promoted
From driving plough, and neatly booted,
His jacket, cap, and baldric on,
(As greater folks than he have done)
Look'd round; and, with a coxcomb air,
Smack'd loud his lash. The happy pair
Bow'd graceful, from a sep'rate door,
And Jenny, from the stool before.
Roll swift, ye wheels! to willing eyes
New objects ev'ry moment rise.
Each carriage passing on the road,
From the broad waggon's pond'rous load
To the light car, where mounted high
The giddy driver seems to fly,
Were themes for harmless satire fit,
And gave fresh force to Jenny's wit.
Whate'er occur'd, 't was all delightful,
No noise was harsh, no danger frightful.
The dash and splash through thick and thin,
The hair-breadth 'scapes, the bustling inn,
(Where well-bred landlords were so ready
To welcome in the 'squire and lady.)
Dirt, dust, and sun; they bore with ease,
Determin'd to be pleas'd, and please.
Now nearer town and all agog
They know dear London by its fog.
Bridges they cross, through lanes they wind,
Leave Hounslow's dang'rous heath behind,
Through Brentford win a passage free
By roaring, " Wilkes and Liberty!"
At Knightsbridge bless the short'ning way,
(Where Bays's troops in ambush lay)
O'er Piccadilly's pavement glide,
(With palaces to grace its side)
Till Bond-street with its lamps a-blaze
Concludes the journey of three days.
Why should we paint, in tedious song,
How ev'ry day, and all day long,
They drove at first with curious haste
Through Lud's vast town; or, as they pass'd
Midst risings, fallings, and repairs
Of streets on streets, and squares on squares,
Describe how strong their wonder grew
At buildings—and at builders too?
Scarce less astonishment arose
At architects more fair than those—
Who built as high, as widely spread
Th' enormous loads that cloth'd their head.
For British dames new follies love,
And, if they can 't invent, improve.
Some with erect pagodas vie,
Some nod, like Pisa's tow'r, awry,

Medusa's snakes, with Pallas' crest,
Convolv'd, contorted, and compress'd;
With intermingling trees, and flow'rs,
And corn, and grass, and shepherds' bow'rs,
Stage above stage the turrets run,
Like pendent groves of Babylon,
Till nodding from the topmost wall
Otranto's plumes envelope all!
While the black ewes, who own'd the hair,
Feed harmless on, in pastures fair,
Unconscious that *their* tails perfume,
In scented curls, the drawing-room.
When Night her murky pinions spread,
And sober folks retire to bed,
To ev'ry public place they flew,
Where Jenny told them who was who.
Money was always at command,
And tripp'd with pleasure hand in hand.
Money was equipage, was show,
Gallini's, Almack's, and Soho;
The *passe par tout* through ev'ry vein
Of dissipation's hydra reign.
O London, thou prolific source,
Parent of vice, and folly's nurse!
Fruitful as Nile thy copious springs
Spawn hourly births,—and all with stings:
But happiest far the he, or she,
I know not which, that livelier dunce
Who first contriv'd the coterie,
To crush domestic bliss at once.
Then grinn'd, no doubt, amidst the dames,
As Nero fiddled to the flames.
Of thee, Pantheon, let me speak
With rev'rence, though in numbers weak;
Thy beauties satire's frown beguile,
We spare the follies for the pile.
Flounc'd, furbelow'd, and trick'd for show,
With lamps above, and lamps below,
Thy charms e'en modern taste defy'd,
They could not spoil thee, though they try'd.
Ah, pity that Time's hasty wings
Must sweep thee off with vulgar things!
Let architects of humbler name
On *frail* materials build their fame,
Their noblest works the world might want,
Wyatt should build in adamant.
But what are these to scenes which lie
Secreted from the vulgar eye,
And baffle all the pow'rs of song?—
A brazen throat, an iron tongue,
(Which poets wish for, when at length
Their subject soars above their strength)
Would shun the task. Our humbler Muse,
(Who only reads the public news,
And idly utters what she gleans
From chronicles and magazines)
Recoiling feels her feeble fires,
And blushing to her shades retires.
Alas! she knows not how to treat
The finer follies of the great,
Where ev'n, Democritus, thy sneer
Were vain as Heraclitus' tear.
Suffice it that by just degrees
They reach'd all heights, and rose with ease;
(For beauty wins its way, uncall'd,
And ready dupes are ne'er black-ball'd.)
Each gambling dame she knew, and he
Knew every shark of quality;
From the grave, cautious few, who live
On thoughtless youth, and living thrive,
To the light train who mimic France,
And the soft sons of *nonchalance*.
While Jenny, now no more of use,
Excuse succeeding to excuse,
Grew piqued, and prudently withdrew
To shilling whist, and chicken lu.
Advanc'd to fashion's wav'ring head,
They now, where once they follow'd, led.
Devis'd new systems of delight,
A-bed all day, and up all night,
In diff'rent circles reign'd supreme.
Wives copied her, and husbands him;
Till so *divinely* life ran on,
So separate, so quite *bon-ton*,
That meeting in a public place,
They scarcely knew each other's face.
At last they met, by his desire,
A *tête à tête* across the fire;
Look'd in each other's face awhile,
With half a tear, and half a smile.
The [illegible] health, which wont to grace
With [illegible] glow his rural face,
Now scarce retain'd its faintest streak;
So sallow was his leathern cheek.
She lank, and pale, and hollow-ey'd,
With *rouge* had striven in vain to hide
What once was beauty, and repair
The rapine of the midnight air.
Silence is eloquence, 't is said.
Both wish'd to speak, both hung the head.
At length it burst.——"'T is time," he cries,
"When tir'd of folly, to be wise.
Are you too tir'd?"—then check'd a groan.
She wept consent, and he went on.
"How delicate the married life!
You love your husband, I my wife.
Not ev'n satiety could tame,
Nor dissipation quench the flame.
"True to the bias of our kind
'T is happiness we wish to find.
In rural scenes retir'd we sought
In vain the dear, delicious draught,
Though blest with love's indulgent store,
We found we wanted something more.
'T was company, 't was friends to share
The bliss we languish'd to declare.
'T was social converse, change of scene,
To soothe the sullen hour of spleen;
Short absences to wake desire,
And sweet regrets to fan the fire.
"We left the lonesome place; and found,
In dissipation's giddy round,
A thousand novelties to wake
The springs of life and not to break.
As, from the nest not wand'ring far,
In light excursions through the air,
The feather'd tenants of the grove
Around in mazy circles move,
(Sip the cool springs that murm'ring flow,
Or taste the blossom on the bough)
We sported freely with the rest;
And, still returning to the nest,
In easy mirth we chatted o'er
The trifles of the day before.
"Behold us now, dissolving quite
In the full ocean of delight;
In pleasures ev'ry hour employ,
Immers'd in all the world calls joy;
Our affluence easing the expense
Of splendour, and magnificence;

Our company, the exalted set
Of all that 's gay, and all that 's great:
Nor happy yet!—and where 's the wonder!—
We live, my dear, too much asunder."

The moral of my tale is this,
Variety 's the soul of bliss.
But such variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.
As from the heart's impelling pow'r
The life-blood pours its genial store;
Though, taking each a various way,
The active streams meandring play
Through ev'ry artery, ev'ry vein,
All to the heart return again;
From thence resume their new career,
But still return, and centre there:
So real happiness below
Must from the heart sincerely flow;
Nor, list'ning to the syren's song,
Must stray too far, or rest too long.
All human pleasures thither tend;
Must there begin, and there must end;
Must there recruit their languid force,
And gain fresh vigour from their source.

THE GOAT'S BEARD.

A FABLE.

Propria quæ maribus—
Fœmineo generi tribuuntur.

Lilly's Gram.

CAPELLÆ ET HIRCI.

Barbam Capellæ quum impetrâssent ab Jove,
Hirci mœrentes indignari cœperant,
Quod dignitatem fœminæ æquâssent suam;
" Sinite, inquit, illis gloriâ vanâ frui,
Et usurpare vestri ornatum muneris:
Pares dum non sint vestræ fortitudini."
Hoc argumentum monet ut sustineas tibi
Habitu esse similes, qui sint virtute impares [1].

Lib. IV. Fab. 14.

In eight terse lines has Phædrus told
(So frugal were the bards of old)
A tale of goats; and clos'd with grace,
Plan, moral, all, in that short space.

[1] The purport of the above fable is this. When the she-goats had, by their entreaties, obtained of Jupiter the privilege of having beards as well as the males, the he-goats grew angry; and complained, that he had degraded their dignity by admitting the females to equal honours with themselves.

To which the god replied, " That if they would take care to preserve the real and essential advantages which their sex gave them over the other, they would have no reason to be dissatisfied with letting them participate in what was merely ornamental."

Alas! that ancient moralist
Knew nothing of the slender twist
Which Italy, and France, have taught,
To later times to spin the thought.
They are our masters now, and we
Obsequious to their high decree,
Whate'er the classic critics say,
Will tell it in a modern way.
'Twas somewhere on the hills which lie
'Twixt Rome and Naples' softer clime,
(They can 't escape the traveller's eye,
Nor need their names be told in rhyme)
A herd of goats, each shining morn,
Midst scraggy myrtle, pointed thorn,
Quick glancing to the Sun display'd
Their spotted sides, and pierc'd the shade:
Their goatherds still, like those of old,
Pipe to the stragglers of the fold.
'T was there—and there (no matter when)
With Virgil's leave, we place the scene.
For scarcely can we think his swains
Dealt much in goats on Mantua's plains;
Much less could e'er his shepherds dream
Of pendent rocks on Mincio's stream.
From Naples his enliven'd thought
Its fondest, best ideas caught.
Theocritus perhaps beside
Some kind embellishments supply'd,
And poets are not common men—
Who talks of goats in Ely fen!
'T was there, on one important day,
It chanc'd the he-goats were away,
The ladies of the colony
Had form'd a female coterie;
And, as they browz'd the cliffs among,
Exerted all their power of tongue.
Of ease and freedom much they spoke,
Enfranchis'd from the husband's yoke;
How bright the Sun, how soft the air,
The trefoil flowers were sweeter far,
While thus *alone* they might debate
The hardships of the married state.
Encourag'd by the quick'ning flame
Which spread, and caught from dame to dame,
A matron, sager than the rest,
The fair enthusiasts thus address'd:
" Ladies, I joy to see, what I
Have felt, and smother'd with a sigh,
Should touch at length the general breast,
And honest nature stand confest.
Queens as we are, we see our power
Usurp'd, and daily sinking lower.
Why do our lords and masters reign
Sole monarchs o'er their subject train?
What stamp has Nature given their line,
What mark to prove their *right divine*
To lead at will the passive herd?
—It can be nothing but their beard.
" Observe our shapes, our winning airs,
Our spots more elegant than theirs;
With equal ease, with equal speed
We swim the brook, or skim the mead;
Climb the tall cliff, where wild thyme grows,
On pinnacles undaunted browze,
Hang fearless o'er th' impetuous stream,
And skip from crag to crag like them.
Why are they then to *us* preferr'd?
—It can be nothing but their beard.
" Then let us to great Jove prepare
A sacrifice and solemn prayer,

That he would graciously relieve
Our deep distress, and kindly give
The all we want, to make us shine
Joint empresses by *right divine*."
A general murmur of applause
Attends the speech. The common cause
Glows in each breast, and all defy
The bonds of Salique tyranny.
The mild, the timorous grow bold;
And, as they saunter to the fold,
Ev'n kids, with voices scarcely heard,
Lisp out,—"'T is nothing but the beard."
Agreed. And now with secret care
The due lustrations they prepare:
And having mark'd a sacred field,
Of horns a spacious altar build;
Then from the fragrant herbs that grow,
On craggy cliff, or mountain's brow,
They cull the sweets: and stuff the pile
With tragopogon's [1] downy spoil,
And gums of tragacanth [2] to raise
The bickering flame, and speed the blaze.
But chief the flower beyond compare,
The flaunting woodbine [3] revell'd there,
Sacred to goats; and bore their name
Till botanists of modern fame
New-fangled titles chose to give
To almost all the plants that live.
Of these a hallow'd heap they place
With all the skill of female grace;
Then spread the sprigs to catch the air,
And light them with the brushy hair
Pluck'd slily from their husbands' chins,
In seeming sport, when love begins.
"Hear, father Jove! if still thy mind
With partial fondness views our kind;
If, nurs'd by goats, as story says,
Thou still retain'st their gamesome ways;
If on thy shield [4] *her* skin appears
Who fed with milk thy infant years;
If Capricorn advanc'd by thee
Shines in a sphere a deity, *&c. &c.*
Hear, father Jove, our just request;
O grant us beards, and make us blest!"
Swift mounts the blaze, the scented sky
Seems pleas'd, the Zephyrs gently sigh,
And Jove himself, in frolic mood,
Reclining on an amber cloud,
Snuff'd in the gale; and, though he hides
A laugh which almost bursts his sides,
Smil'd gracious on the suppliant crew;
And from the left his thunder flew:
Blest omen of success! Ye fair,
Who know what tyrant spouses are,
If e'er you slipt the tighten'd rein,
Or gave a surly husband pain,
Guess at *their* joy.—Devoutly low
They bent, and with prophetic glow
They wreath'd their necks, they cock'd their tails,
With skittish coyness met the males,
And scarce admitted the embrace
But *merely* to preserve the race.
But chief the river banks they throng;
Narcissus-like o'er fountains hung,
And not a puddle could they pass
Without a squint to view their face,
Happy to see the sprouts arise
Which promis'd future dignities.
When lo! their utmost wish prevails.
A beard, as graceful as the male's,
Flows from their chins; and forth they mov'd
At once to be rever'd and lov'd;
Looking (to borrow a quaint phrase
From Young, to deck our humbler lays)
"Delightfully with all their might."
The he-goats started at the sight.
"Angels and ministers of grace!"
Appear'd on theirs, like Garrick's face [5].
Glance after glance oblique they sent,
Then fix'd in dumb astonishment.
Scarce more amaz'd did Atlas [6] stand,
Sole monarch of the Hesperian strand,
When Perseus on his shield display'd
Terrific charms, the Gorgon's head.
At last recovering their surprise,
For goats, like men, are sometimes wise,
On this absurd, new-modell'd plan,
Like human couples, they began,
Unwilling, for decorum's sake,
Quite to unite, or quite to break.
With short half words, and looks that leer'd,
They frown'd, they pouted, and they sneer'd.
In *general terms* express'd their thoughts
On *private* and *peculiar* faults;
Dropp'd hints they scarcely wish'd to smother,
And talk'd not *to* but *at* each other.
Till strife engend'ring more and more,
They downright wrangled, if not swore;
And ev'n the fair could scarce refrain
From broad expressions, when they saw
Th' accomplishments they wish'd to gain,
Created not respect but awe;
And softer kids usurp'd the flames
Due only to experienc'd dames.
'T was then the general discord rose;
And Jove, (industrious to compose
The casual feuds his hasty nod
Had caus'd) well worthy such a god,
Conven'd the states. And though he knew
What mortals say is really true,
"Advice is sometimes thrown away,"
He bade them meet, and fix'd the day.
Each conscious of their claim, divide
In separate bands on either side.
Like clients in a party cause,
Determin'd to succeed or die,
(What'e'er their judge may talk of laws)
Stanch martyrs to integrity.
The god appear'd, in proper state,
Not as the arbiter of fate,
With all those ensigns of command
Which sway the air, the sea, the land,
But yet with dignity, to draw
Attention, and becoming awe.
"Approach!" he cry'd, "your idle strife
Has rais'd a thought: I 'll give it life.

[1] A plant called, in English, the goat's beard.

[2] The goat's thorn. The gums of this plant are used in medicine.

[3] The caprifolium, or goat's leaf of the ancients and of Tournefort. Linnæus ranks it under the genus of lonicera, as he does the tragacinth under that of astragalus.

[4] *The ægis*, called so from the goat's skin which covers it.

[5] In the character of Hamlet.

[6] Ovid's Metamorphoses. Book iv. Fab. 15.

For know, ye goats, my high behests
Shall not be thrown away on beasts.
When sexes plead, the cause is common;
Be goats no more, but man and woman."
The change ensues. He smil'd again,
And thus address'd the motley train.—
(Here might we tell, in Ovid's lay,
How forms to other forms gave way,
How pert-cock'd tails, and shaggy hides,
And horns, and twenty things besides,
Grew spruce bag-wigs, or well-queu'd hair,
The floating sack, the *pet-en-l'air*,
Fur gown, gold chain, or regal robe,
Which rules, in ermin'd state, the globe.
We wave all this, and say again,
He thus address'd the motley train.)
" When first I different sexes form'd,
Happy myself, with goodness warm'd,
I meant you helpmates for each other;
The ties of father, son, and brother,
And all the charities below
I kindly meant should spring from you.
Were more exalted scenes your lot,
I kindly meant, as who would not?
The fair should soothe the hero's care,
The hero should protect the fair;
The statesman's toils a respite find
In pleasures of domestic kind;
And kings themselves in social down
Forget the thorns which line a crown.
" In humbler life, that man should roam
Busy abroad, while she at home,
Impatient for his dear return,
Should bid the crackling incense burn,
And spread, as fortune might afford,
The genial feast, or frugal board.
The joys of honest competence,
The solace even of indigence.
" But things are chang'd, no matter how;
These blessings are not frequent now.
Let Time account, as he glides on,
For all his wings and scythe have done:
We take you in his present page,
The refuse of an iron age.
Then hear our sober thoughts.
..... Ye dames,
Affection and good-breeding claims
That first, in preference to the males,
We place *your* merits in the scales.
For, whether 't was design'd or not,
You some ascendancy have got.
Ladies, we own, have had their share
In learning, politics, and war.
To pass at once the doubtful tale
Of Amazons in coats of mail,
(Fables which ancient Greece has taught,
And, if I knew them, I 've forgot.)
Authentic records still contain,
To make the females justly vain,
Examples of heroic worth—
Semiramis of East [7] and North [8],
Marg'ret the Anjouvine [9]; of Spain
Fair Blanche [10]; and Ellen of Guienne [11].
Catherine of France [12] immortal grew
A rubric saint with Barthol'mew:
In Russia, Catherines more than one
Have done *great things*: and many a Joan
Has bustled in the active scene;
The pope [13], the warrior, and the queen!
But these are stars which blaze and fall;
O'er Albion did Eliza rise
A constellation of them all,
And shines the Virgo of the skies!
Some dames of less athletic mould [14],
By mere misfortune render'd bold,
Have drawn the dagger in defence
Of their own spotless innocence.
O'er these the pensive Muse shall mourn,
And pity's tear shall grace their urn.
Others [15], a more heroic part,
By just revenge to fury led,
Have plung'd it in a husband's heart,
And triumph'd o'er the mighty dead.
Though laurels are *their* meed, 't is true,
Let milder females have their due,
And be with humbler myrtles crown'd,
Who suck'd the poison [16] from the wound.
For folks there are who do n't admire
In angel forms that soul of fire,
Nor are quite pleas'd with wounds and scars
On limbs best fram'd for softer wars.
Nay now, so squeamish men are grown,
Their manners are so like your own,
That, though no Spartan dames we view
Thump'd, cuff'd, and wrestled black and blue,
Ev'n slighter blemishes offend
Sometimes the fair-one's fondest friend.
Glorious, no doubt, it is, to dare
The dangers of the Sylvan war,
When foremost in the chase you ride
Some headlong steed you cannot guide,

[7] The wife of Ninus.

[8] Margaret de Waldemar, commonly called the Semiramis of the North. She united in her own person the three kingdoms of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. The first by descent, the second by marriage, and the third by conquest. See the union of Calmar, 1393.

[9] Wife of Henry the Sixth of England, who (notwithstanding her supposed intrigue with the duke of Suffolk) supported the interest of her husband and his family with the most heroic spirit.

[10] Blanche of Castile, wife to Louis the Eighth of France. She governed that kingdom during the minority of her son, St. Louis, and during his absence at the holy wars, with great fortitude and success. The wicked chronicles of the times have been very free with her character.

[11] An adventurer in the crusades. She was first married to Louis the Seventh of France, by whom she was divorced, under a pretence of consanguinity; and was afterwards wife to Henry the Second of England. Her behaviour here is well known.

[12] The famous Catherine of Medicis, wife to Henry the Second of France, and mother to the three succeeding monarchs. The massacre of Paris, on St. Bartholomew's day, was conducted under her auspices.

[13] Pope Joan; Joan of Arc, and Joan of Naples.

[14] [15] Of these two assertions the author does not choose to give examples, as *some* might be thought fabulous, and *others* invidious.

[16] Whether the story of Eleanor of Castile, wife to Edward the First of England, is fictitious or not, the Eleanor crosses existing at present are a sufficient testimony of her husband's affections, and his gratitude to her memory.

And owe, by Providence, or chance,
Your safety to your ignorance.
But ah! the consequential ill
Might *there* restrain ev'n woman's will.
The furrow plough'd by Tyburn hat [17]
On the fair forehead's Parian flat;
The freckles, bloches, and parch'd skins,
The worms, which like black-headed pins
Peep through the damask cheek, or rise
On noses bloated out of size,
Are things which females ought to dread.—
But you know best, and I proceed.
" Some sages, a peculiar thought,
Think politics become you not.
Nay one, well vers'd in Nature's rules,
Calls 'cunning women [18] knavish fools.'
—Your pardon—I but barely hint
What impious mortals dare to print.
" In learning, doubtless, you have shin'd
The paragons of human kind.
Each abstract science have explor'd;
Have pierc'd through Nature's coyest hoard;
And cropp'd the loveliest lovers that grow
On steep Parnassus' double brow.
" And yet what small remains we find!
Aspasia [19] left no tracts behind;
Content her doctrines to impart,
As oral truths, warm from the heart.
And ill-bred Time has swept away
Full many a grave and sprightly lay,
Full many a tome of just renown
Fram'd by the numerous fair who shone
Poetic or historic queens,
From Sappho down to Anne Comnenes [20].
" In modern days, the female pen
Is paramount, and copes with men.
Ladies have led th' instructive crew,
And kindly told us all they knew.
In France, in Britain, many a score.—
I mention none—but praise the more.
And yet in that same little isle
I view, with a peculiar smile,
And wish to name a chosen few:
A —, —, or a —, —, —,
Or—But I won't. It envy raises.
Few men can bear each other's praises,
And in the fair-one would not see
A *genus irritabile*.
" Swift says, a clever school-boy's fame
Is all at which the sex should aim.
It may be so, and *he* be wise—
But *I* authorities despise.
Men cannot judge in such affairs.
I grant *your* talents great as theirs.

Your wit of a more *piercing* kind,
Your sense more *moral* and *refin'd*;
And should ye from strict reasoning swerve,
You still have conquest in reserve.
If arguments are sometimes slight,
'Your eyes are always in the right [21].'
In love your empire is supreme,
The hero's palm, the poet's theme.
Nor will we dare to fix a date
When that soft empire yields to fate.
At seventy great Eliza lov'd,
Though coy perhaps her heroes [22] prov'd,
And Ninon [23] had a longer reign,
She lov'd, and was belov'd again;
Let Gedoyne the just era fix,
At eighty, or at eighty-six.
" One little hint, before we close
This tedious soporific dose,
One little hint we choose to give,
That nuptial harmony may live.
As husbands, though on small pretence,
Are wondrous jealous of their sense,
Perhaps 't were prudent to conceal
The great accomplishments you feel.
Then screen what pains the naked eye
With that thin gauze called modesty;
At least with diffidence maintain
The triumphs you are sure to gain.
Arm'd with this caution, justly claim
Your genuine share of power and fame;
Be every thing your conscious merit
Inspires, and with becoming spirit
Expand each passion of the heart,
Each talent Nature gives exert;
Be wise, be learn'd, be brave, nay fear'd—
But *keep your sex*, and HIDE THE BEARD [24].
" Ladies, your slave."—The dames withdrew.
" Now, gentlemen, I turn to you.
You heard the lessons which I gave,
At once both ludicrous and grave,
And sneer'd perhaps; but have a care,
I only banter'd with the fair.
When your important cause comes on,
We take it in a higher tone.

[17] The small round hat, which acquired its name from its being the distinguishing mark of a pickpocket: it is now adopted by gentlemen and ladies.

[18] " A cunning woman is a knavish fool."
Lord Lyttelton's Advice to a Lady.

[19] The pupils of this learned lady (if we except Socrates) were most of them her lovers *too*, and consequently received instruction in the most agreeable manner it could be conveyed.

[20] A princess of great learning, daughter of Alexius Comnenus, emperor of Constantinople, during the time of the first crusades. She wrote the history of her father's long reign, and is ranked among the Byzantine historians.

[21] A line of Prior.

[22] Essex and Courtney.

[23] It is recorded of the celebrated Ninon l'Enclos, that a young French abbè, of the name of Gedoyne, had long solicited her favours, and was rather astonished at her coyness. When she yielded at last, she begged his pardon for so dilatory a compliance, and pleaded as her excuse, that her female vanity was piqued upon having a lover after she was fourscore; that she had only completed her eightieth year the day before, and therefore hoped her *empressement* to oblige him would be a proper acknowledgment of her gratitude for his attentions.

How long the attachment lasted, the author of this poem has modestly left undetermined.

[24] A certain Grecian painter, who had usually exerted his talents on lascivious subjects, was commanded by the state under which he lived, to atone for his errours, by forming a piece which should damp the most licentious appetite. He accordingly drew a naked Venus with all the charms his imagination could suggest, and then, to make her totally disgusting, clapped her on a beard.

"Is there a fault in womankind
You did not make, or strive to find?
To rise on *your* defects you teach them,
And lose *your* virtues ere they reach them.
Would e'er ambition touch their brain,
Did *you* your lawful rule maintain,
With tenderness exert your sway,
And mildly win them to OBEY?
Had Cæsar, Antony, been men,
We scarce had heard of Egypt's queen [25].
Follies and vices of his own
Sunk to a slave great Philip's son;
Nor did Alcides [26] learn to spin
Till he put off the lion's skin.
"Henry the Fourth of France (a name
We love, we pity, and we blame)
Had frailties, which the meanest clown
Of native sense would blush to own.
D'Etrée, Vernueil, and twenty more,
Will prove him vassal to a ——.
Nothing could tame the headstrong lad,
Whose pure good-nature was run mad.
Ev'n toil, and penury, and pain,
And Sully [27], teas'd and preach'd in vain.
Nothing could stop th' insatiate rage,
Not even the hasty snow of age [28];
Not even his last provoking wife [29],
That fire-brand of perpetual strife,
Who set half Europe in a flame,
And died, poor wretch, an empty name.
"*In what* the world calls politics
You teach the fair a thousand tricks.
Full many a mistress of a king,
At first a plain unheeded thing,
But swells in fancied dignity,
And glories in her infamy;
Till, to distress a weaker brother,
You play her off against each other;
Improve the sex's native wiles,
Th' artillery of tears and smiles;
Flatter her pride, or peevishness,
Till she, elated by success,
Feels her own force, and bolder grown
By your instructions, acts alone;
Procures now this, now that man's fall,
And fairly triumphs o'er you all.
"The second Charles on England's throne
(Sav'd from oblivion by his crown)
Call him whatever you think fit,
A knave, an idiot, or a wit,
Had from his travels learnt no more,
Than modern youths from Europe's tour.
To all that should improve his mind,
The voluntary dupe was blind.
What'er calamities fell on him,
Distress was thrown away upon him.

The same unfeeling thoughtless thing,
Whether an exile or a king.
"Cleaveland and Portsmouth had fine features,
And yet they were but silly creatures,
Play'd off like shuttles in a loom
(To weave the web of England's doom!)
By knaves abroad and knaves at home.
Of all who sooth'd his idle hours [30],
(To wave his *en passant* amours)
Of all who gloried in the flame,
And in broad day-light blaz'd their shame,
Spite of her frolics and expense [31],
Nell Guyn alone had common sense.
"Of gaming little shall be said,
You 're surfeited upon that head.
What arguments can move the mind
Where folly is with madness join'd?
What sober reasoning can prevail,
Where even contempt and ruin fail?
Yet let me mention, betwixt friends,
"Burn not the taper at both ends."
Why must your wives be taught by you
That needless art to squander too?
Whene'er they show their bracelet strings,
Their dear white hands, and brilliant rings,
It should be in a quiet way;
Ladies should piddle, and not play.
"You know too well *your* glorious power,
Greatly to lose in half an hour
What cost your ancestors with pain
At least full half an age to gain.
Then let your spouses (to be grave)
For coals and candles something save,
And keep their pin-money and jointures,
To free from jail the kind appointers.
"Learning—you scarce know what it is.
Then put the question, and 't is this:
True learning is the mind's good breeding,
'T is common sense improv'd by reading.
If common sense, that corner-stone,
Is wanting, let the rest alone.
Better be fools without pretence,
Than coxcombs even of eminence.
Eve [32] from her husband's lips preferr'd
What she from angels might have heard,

[25] Cleopatra.

[26] His condescensions to Omphale are well known.

[27] See his Memoirs.

[28] He was very early grey.

[29] Mary of Medicis. This lady was of an ambitious intriguing spirit, with a very mean understanding. That she was a "provoking wife," Sully's Memoirs sufficiently testify. The disturbances she raised at home, and the cabals she entered into abroad during her exile, are a proof of the second position. The last she must have severely felt, for she died at Cologne in 1642, in extreme misery.

[30] "There was as much of laziness as of love in all those hours which he passed among his mistresses; who served only to fill up his seraglio, while a bewitching kind of pleasure, called sauntering, was the sultana queen he delighted in."
Duke of Buckinghamshire's Character of Ch. II.

[31] Bishop Burnet, in his History of his Own Times, says of Mrs. Guyn, that she was the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was in a court, yet continued, to the end of the king's life, in great favour, and was maintained at a vast expense.—He might have added, to her credit, that she never meddled at all with the wretched politics of those times.

[32] In the eighth book of Paradise Lost, while Adam was conversing with Raphael,

.....and by his countenance seem'd
Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse—

Eve retired.

Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high—

And wisely chose to understand
Exalted truths at second hand.
Should your soft mates adopt her notions,
And for instruction wait *your* motions,
To what improvements would they reach?
—Lord bless you! what have *you* to teach?
"Yes, one thing, I confess, you deal in,
And read in fairly without spelling.
In that, I own, your zeal is such,
You even communicate too much.
In matter, spirit, and in fate
Your knowledge is extremely great,
Nobly deserting common sense
For metaphysic excellence.
And yet whate'er you say, or sing,
Religion is a serious thing.
At least to *me*, you will allow,
A deity, it must be so.
Then let me whisper,—'Do n't perplex
With specious doubts the weaker sex.
Let them enjoy their Tates and Bradys,
Free-thinking is not sport for ladies.'
"Is 't not enough *you* read Voltaire,
While sneering valets frizz your hair,
And half asleep, with half an eye
Steal in dear infidelity?
Is 't not enough Helvetius' schemes
Elucidate *your* waking dreams,
(Though each who on the doctrine doats
Skips o'er the text, to skim the notes)
Why must the fair be made the wise
Partakers of your mysteries?
You 'll say they listen to your chat.
I grant them fools, but what of that?
Your prudence sure might be so civil
To let your females fear the *devil*.
Even for the comfort of your lives
Some must be mothers, daughters, wives;
Howe'er it with *your* genius suits,
They should not *all* be prostitutes.
"Firm as the sage Lucretius draws
Above religion, morals, laws,
Secure (though at a proper distance)
Of that *great blessing* NON-EXISTENCE,
You triumph; each a deity
In all, *but* immortality.
Why therefore will ye condescend
To tease a weak believing friend,
Whose honest ignorance might gain
From errour a relief in pain,
And bear with fortitude and honour
The miseries *you* brought upon her?
Momus perhaps would slily say,
For Momus has a *merry* way,
Why will your *wisdom* and your *wit*
To such degrading tricks submit?
Why in soft bosoms raise a riot?
Can 't ye be d—mn'd yourselves in quiet?
"But that 's an after-thought; at present
We merely wish you to be decent.
And just will add some trifling things,
From whence, *we* think, confusion springs.

But because,

Her husband the relater she preferr'd
Before the angel—

The poet assigns a reason for it,

.....From *his* lip
Not *words* alone pleas'd *her*.

"You 'll easily conceive in gods,
Who fix in air their thin abodes,
And feast on incense, and ambrosia,
Foul feeding must create a nausea.
Yet we ourselves to flesh and blood
Have granted more substantial food,
Nor wonder that, in times like yours,
All but the poor are epicures,
And reason from effects to causes,
On roti's, entremets, and sauces.
But here be wise, the reason 's clear,
Be niggards of your knowledge here,
And to yourselves alone confine
That first of blessings, how to dine.
For should the fair *your* taste pursue,
And eating be *their* science too,
Should they too catch this nasty trick,
(The bare idea makes me sick)
What would become of Nature's boast?
Their beauty and their sex were lost.
—I turn disgusted from the scene,—
She-gluttons are *she*-aldermen.
"Another precept lingers yet,
To make the tiresome group complete.
In all your commerce with the sex,
Whether you mean to please or vex,
If not well-bred, at least be civil;
Ill manners are a catching evil.
I speak to the superior few:
—Ye British youths, I speak to you.
"The ancient heroes of romance,
Idolaters in complaisance,
So hit the sex's dearest whim,
So rais'd them in their own esteem,
That ev'ry conscious worth increas'd,
And every foible sunk to rest.
Nay, e'en when chivalry was o'er,
And adoration reign'd no more,
Within due bounds the following sect
Restrain'd them by profound respect;
Politely grasp'd the silken reins,
And held them in ideal chains.
But now, when *you* appear before them,
You want all deference and decorum;
And, conscious of good Heav'n knows what,
Noddle your heads, and slouch your hat;
Or, careless of the circling throng,
Through full assemblies lounge along,
And on a couch politely throw
Your listless limbs without a bow,
While all the fair, like Sheba's queen,
Crowd eager to the inviting scene,
And o'er that couch in raptures hang
To hear their Solomon's harangue.
No doubt 't is edifying stuff,
(For gentle ears are cannon-proof)
And wise the doctrines which you teach.
But your examples more than preach:
For 't is from hence your high-bred lasses
Lose, or despise, their native graces.
Hence comes it that at every rout
They hoyden in, and hoyden out.
The modest dignity of yore,
The step chastis'd, is seen no more.
They hop, they gallop, and they trot,
A curt'sy is a thing forgot.
Th' affected stare, the thrust-out chin,
The leer, the titter, and the grin,
Supply what 'hung on Hebe's cheek,
And lov'd to live in dimple sleek.'

Nay, some who boast their sixteen quarters,
One might mistake for chandlers' daughters.
"Ah, could these triflers of a day
Know what their masters think and say,
When o'er their claret they debate
Each pretty victim's future fate;
With what contempt and malice fraught
They sneer the follies they have taught;
How deep a blush their cheek would fire!
Their little breasts would burst with ire;
And the most heedless mawkin there,
The loveliest idiot, drop a tear.
"Virtues have sexes, past a doubt,
Mythologists have mark'd them out;
Nor yet in excellence alone
Have this peculiar difference shown:
Your vices—that 's too hard a name—
Your follies—should not be the same.
In every plant, in every grain
Of Nature's genuine works we find
Some innate essences remain
Which mark the species and the kind.
Though forms may vary, round or square,
Be smooth, be rough, be regular;
Though colours separate or unite,
The sport of superficial light;
Yet is there *something*, that or this,
By Nature's kind indulgence sown,
Which makes each thing be what it is,
A tree a tree, a stone a stone.
So in each sex distinct and clear
A genuine *something* should appear,
Aje ne sai quoi, however slight,
To vindicate the natural right.
"Then, sirs, for I perceive you yawn,
Be this conclusion fairly drawn:
Sexes are *proper*, and not *common*;
Man *must* be man, and woman woman.
In short, be coxcombs if you please,
Be arrant ladies in your dress;
Be every name the vulgar give
To what their grossness can't conceive:
Yet one small favour let me ask,
Not to impose too hard a task—
Whether you fix your fancied reign
In brothels, or in drawing-rooms,
The little *something* still retain.
Be gamesters, gluttons, jockies, grooms,
Be all which Nature never meant,
Free-thinkers in the full extent,
But, ah! for *something* be rever'd,
And *keep your sex*, and SHOW THE BEARD."

TO HER GRACE

THE DUTCHESS OF QUEENSBURY[1].

Say, shall a bard in these late times
Dare to address his trivial rhymes
To her, whom Prior, Pope, and Gay,
And every bard, who breath'd a lay
Of happier vein, was fond to choose
The patroness of every Muse?
Say, can he hope that you, the theme
Of partial Swift's severe esteem,
You, who have borne meridian rays,
And triumph'd in poetic blaze,
Ev'n with indulgence should receive
The fainter gleams of ebbing eve?
He will; and boldly say in print,
That 't was your grace who gave the hint;
Who told him that the present scene
Of dress, and each preposterous fashion,
Flow'd from supineness in the men,
And not from female inclination.
That women were obliged to try
All stratagems to catch the eye,
And many a wild vagary play
To gain attention any way.
'T was merely cunning in the fair.—
This *may* be true—but have a care;
Your grace will contradict in part,
Your own assertion, and *my* song,
Whose beauty, undisguis'd by art,
Has charm'd so much, and charm'd so long.

VENUS ATTIRING THE GRACES.

..... In naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely. Milton.

As Venus one day, at her toilet affairs,
With the Graces attending, adjusted her airs,
In a negligent way, without boddice or hoop,
As Guido[1] has painted the beautiful group,
(For Guido, no doubt, in idea at least,
Had seen all the Graces and Venus undrest)
Half pensive, half smiling, the goddess of beauty
Look'd round on the girls, as they toil'd in their duty:
"And surely," she cry'd, "you have strangely miscarry'd,
That not one of the three should have ever been marry'd.
Let me nicely examine—fair foreheads, straight noses,
And cheeks that might rival Aurora's own roses;
Lips; teeth; and what eyes! that can languish, or roll,
To enliven or soften the elegant whole.
The sweet auburn tresses, that shade what they deck;
The shoulders, that fall from the delicate neck;
The polish'd round arm, which *my* statues might own,
And the lovely contour which descends from the zone.
"Then how it should happen I cannot divine:
Either you are too coy, or the gods too supine.
I believe 't is the latter; for every soft bosom
Must have its attachments, and wish to disclose 'em.
Some lovers not beauty but novelty warms,
They have seen you so often they 're tir'd of your charms.
But I 'll find out a method their languor to move,
And at least make them stare, if I can't make them love.

[1] In the first edition of this little poem the name was not printed. As the dutchess is since dead, it cannot be necessary to conceal it. She was of a great age when this compliment was paid to her, which was singularly well adapted, as her grace never changed her dress according to the fashion, but retained that which had been in vogue when she was a young beauty.

[1] The celebrated picture of Venus *attired* by the Graces.

Come here, you two girls, that look full in my face [2],
And you that so often are turning your back,
Put on these cork rumps, and then tighten your stays
Till your hips, and your ribs, and the strings themselves crack.
Can ye speak? can ye breathe?—Not a word—then 't will do.
You have often dress'd *me*, and for once I 'll dress *you*.
Do n't let your curls fall with that natural bend,
But stretch them up tight till each hair stands an end.
One, two, nay three cushions, like Cybele's tow'rs;
Then a few ells of gauze, and some baskets of flow'rs.
These bottles of nectar will serve for perfumes.
Go pluck the fledg'd Cupids, and bring me their plumes.
If that 's not enough, you may strip all the fowls,
My doves, Juno's peacocks, and Pallas's owls.
And stay, from Jove's eagle, if napping [3] you take him,
You may snatch a few quills—but be sure you do n't wake him.
"Hold! what are ye doing! I vow and protest,
If I do n't watch you closely you 'll spoil the whole jest.
What I have disorder'd you still set to rights,
And seem half unwilling to make yourselves frights,
What I am concealing you want to display;
But it sha' n't serve the turn, for I will have my way.
Those crimp'd colet'montés do n't reach to your chins,
And the heels of your slippers are broader than pins.
You can stand, you can walk, like the girls in the street;
Those buckles won't do, they scarce cover your feet.
Here, run to the Cyclops, you boys without wings,
And bring up their boxes of contraband things.—
* * * * *
"Well, now you 're bedizen'd, I 'll swear, as ye pass,
I can scarcely help laughing—do n't look in the glass.
Those tittering boys shall be whipt if they tease you,
So come away, girls. From your torments to ease you,
We 'll haste to Olympus, and get the thing over;
I have *not* the least doubt but you 'll each find a lover.

[2] Alluding to the usual representation of the Graces.

[3] The sleeping eagle in Pindar. Thus translated by West:

Perch'd on the sceptre of th' Olympian king,
The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
While gentle sleep his closing eye-lids seals;
And o'er his heaving limbs in loose array
To ev'ry balmy gale the ruffling feathers play.

Thus imitated by Akenside:

.....With slacken'd wings,
While now the solemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord
Sleeps the stern eagle; by the number'd notes
Possess'd; and satiate with the melting tone:
Sovereign of birds.

And thus by Gray:

Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terrour of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

And if it succeeds, with a torrent of mirth
We 'll pester their godships ages and ages;
Then send the receipt to the ladies on Earth,
And bid *them* become monsters, till men become men."

ON A MESSAGE-CARD IN VERSE,

SENT BY A LADY.

Hermes, the gamester of the sky,
To share for once mankind's delights,
Slipp'd down to Earth, exceeding sly,
And bid his coachman dive to White's.
In form a beau, so light he trips,
You 'd swear his wings were at his heels;
From glass to glass alert he skips,
And bows and prattles while he deals.
In short, so well his part he play'd,
The waiters took him for a peer;
And ev'n some great ones whisp'ring said,
He was no vulgar foreigner.
Whate'er he was, he swept the board,
Won every bet, and every game;
Stripp'd ev'n the rooks, who stamp'd and roar'd,
And wonder'd how the devil it came!
He wonder'd too, and thought it hard;
But found at last this great command
Was owing to one fav'rite card,
Which still brought luck into his hand.
The four of spades; whene'er he saw
Its sable spots, he laugh'd at rules,
Took odds beyond the gaming law,
And Hoyle and Philidor were fools.
But now, for now 't was time to go,
What gratitude shall he express?
And what peculiar boon bestow
Upon the cause of his success?
Suppose, for something must be done,
On Juno's self he could prevail
To pick the pips out, one by one,
And stick them in her peacock's tail.
Should Pallas have it, was a doubt,
To twist her silk, or range her pins,
Or should the Muses cut it out,
For bridges to their violins.
To Venus should the prize be given,
Superior beauty's just reward,
And 'gainst the next great rout in Heaven
Be sent her for a message-card.
Or hold—by Jove, a lucky hit!
Your goddesses are arrant farces;
Go, carry it to Mrs. ——,
And bid her fill it full of verses.

ON THE

BIRTH-DAY OF A YOUNG LADY,

FOUR YEARS OLD.

Old creeping Time, with silent tread,
Has stol'n four years o'er Molly's head.
The rose-bud opens on her cheek,
The meaning eyes begin to speak;
And in each smiling look is seen
The innocence which plays within.
Nor is the fault'ring tongue confin'd
To lisp the dawnings of the mind,
But fair and full her words convey
The little all they have to say;

And each fond parent, as they fall,
Find volumes in that little all.
May every charm, which now appears,
Increase, and brighten with her years!
And may that same old creeping Time
Go on till she has reach'd her prime,
Then, like a master of his trade,
Stand still, nor hurt the work he made.

THE JE NE SCAI QUOI.

A SONG.

Yes, I 'm in love, I feel it now,
And Cælia has undone me;
And yet I 'll swear I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me.

'T is not her face which love creates,
For there no graces revel;
'T is not her shape, for there the Fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'T is not her air, for sure in that
There 's nothing more than common;
And all her sense is only chat,
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm—
'T was both perhaps, or neither;
In short, 't was that provoking charm
Of Cælia all together.

THE DOUBLE CONQUEST.

A SONG.

Of music, and of beauty's power,
I doubted much, and doubted long:
The fairest face a gaudy flower,
An empty sound the sweetest song.

But when her voice Clarinda rais'd,
And sung so sweet, and smil'd so gay,
At once I listen'd, and I gaz'd;
And heard, and look'd my soul away.

To her, of all his beauteous train,
This wondrous power had Love assign'd,
A double conquest to obtain,
And cure at once the deaf and blind.

SONG FOR RANELAGH.

Ye belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
Who trip in this frolicsome round,
Pray tell me from whence this impertinence springs,
The sexes at once to confound?
What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,
With each motion design'd to perplex?
Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
And softness the test of your sex.

The girl, who on beauty depends for support,
May call every art to her aid;
The bosom display'd, and the pettieoat short,
Are samples she gives of her trade.

But you, on whom fortune indulgently smiles,
And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,
Should slily attack us with coyness, and wiles,
Not with open and insolent war.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,
Shrinks modestly back from the view,
And kindly should seem by the artist design'd
To serve as a model for you.
Then learn, with her beauty, to copy her air,
Nor venture too much to reveal:
Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
And double each charm you conceal.

The blushes of Morn, and the mildness of May,
Are charms which no art can procure:
O be but yourselves, and our homage we pay,
And your empire is solid and sure.
But if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
And put us in fear of our lives,
You may do very well for sisters and aunts,
But, believe me, you 'll never be wives.

AN INSCRIPTION

IN THE COTTAGE OF VENUS,

AT MIDDLETON PARK, OXFORDSHIRE.

Quisquis es, O juvenis, nostro vagus advena luco,
Cui cor est tenerum, cuique puella comes;
Quisquis es, ah fugias!—hic suadent omnia amorem,
Inque casâ hâc latitans omnia suadet amor.
Aspice flore capri quam circum astringitur ilex
Hærenti amplexu, et luxuriante comâ!
Sylva tegit, tacitum sternit tibi lana cubile,
Aut tumet in vivos mollior herba toros.
Si quis adest subitum dant tintinnabula signum,
Et strepit in primo limine porta loquax.
Nec rigidum ostendit nostro de parjete vultum
Actæusve senex, dimidiusve Cato:
At nuda aspirat dulces Cytherea furores,
Atque suos ritus consecrat ipsa Venus.

THE SAME IN ENGLISH.

Whoe'er thou art, whom chance ordains to rove
A youthful stranger to this fatal grove,
O, if thy breast can feel too soft a flame,
And with thee wanders some unguarded dame,
Fly, fly the place!—Each object through the shade
Persuades to love; and in this cottage laid,
What cannot, may not, will not, love persuade?
See to yon oak how close the woodbine cleaves,
And twines around its luxury of leaves!
Above, the boughs a pleasing darkness shed,
Beneath, a noiseless couch soft fleeces spread,
Or softer herbage forms a living bed.
Do spies approach?—Shrill bells the sound repeat,
And from the entrance screams the conscious gate.
Nor from these walls do rigid busts frown,
Or philosophic censors threat in stone.
But Venus' self does her own rites approve
In naked state, and through the raptur'd grove
Breathes the sweet madness of excessive love.

HYMN TO VENUS,

ON A GREAT VARIETY OF ROSES BEING PLANTED ROUND HER COTTAGE.

Te, dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cæli
Adventumque tuum; tibi suaves Dædala tellus
Summittit flores..... Lucret.

O Venus, whose inspiring breath
First waken'd Nature's genial power,
And cloth'd the teeming Earth beneath
With every plant, with every flower,
Which paints the verdant lap of Spring,
Or wantons in the Summer's ray;
Which, brush'd by Zephyr's dewy wing,
With fragrance hails the opening day;
Or, pour'd profuse on hill, on plain, on dale,
Reserves its treasur'd sweets for evening's softer gale!

To thee, behold, what new delights
The master of this shade prepares!
Induc'd by far inferior rites,
You 've heard a Cyprian's softest prayers;
There, form'd to wreaths, the sickly flower
Has on thy altars bloom'd and died;
But here, around thy fragrant bower,
Extends the living incense wide;
From the first rose the fost'ring zephyrs rear,
To that whose fainter blush adorns the dying year.

Behold one beauteous flower assume
The lustre of th' unsullied snow!
While there the Belgic's softer bloom
Improves the damask's deeper glow;
The Austrian here in purple breaks,
Or flaunts in robes of yellow light;
While there, in more fantastic streaks,
The red rose mingles with the white[1],
And in its name records poor Albion's woes,
Albion that oft has wept the colours of the rose!

Then, Venus, come; to every thorn
Thy kind prolific influence lend;
And bid the tears of eve and morn
In gently dropping dews descend;
Teach every sunbeam's warmth and light
To pierce thy thicket's inmost shade;
Nor let th' ungenial damps of night
The breeze's searching wings evade,
But every plant confess the power that guides,
And all be beauty here where beauty's queen presides.

So shall the master's bounteous hand
New plans design, new temples raise
To thee, and wide as his command
Extend the trophies of thy praise.
So daily, nightly, to thy star
The bard shall grateful tribute pay,
Whether it gilds Aurora's car,
Or loiters in the train of day;
And each revolving year new hymns shall grace
Thy showery month, which wakes the vegetable race.

[1] York and Lancaster roses.

IN A HERMITAGE,

AT THE SAME PLACE.

The man, whose days of youth and ease
In Nature's calm enjoyments pass'd,
Will want no monitors, like these[1],
To torture and alarm his last.

The gloomy grot, the cypress shade,
The zealot's list of rigid rules,
To him are merely dull parade,
The tragic pageantry of fools.

What life affords he freely tastes,
When Nature calls resigns his breath;
Nor age in weak repining wastes,
Nor acts alive the farce of death.

Not so the youths of folly's train,
Impatient of each kind restraint
Which parent Nature fix'd, in vain,
To teach us man's true bliss, content.

For something still beyond enough
With eager impotence they strive,
Till appetite has learn'd to loathe
The very joys by which we live.

Then, fill'd with all which sour disdain
To disappointed vice can add,
Tir'd of himself, man flies from man,
And hates the world he made so bad.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLD BATH.

Whoe'er thou art, approach.—Has med'cine fail'd?
Have balms and herbs essay'd their powers in vain?
Nor the free air, nor fost'ring Sun prevail'd
To raise thy drooping strength, or soothe thy pain?

Yet enter here. Nor doubt to trust thy frame
To the cold bosom of this lucid lake.
Here Health may greet thee, and life's languid flame,
Ev'n from its icy grasp, new vigour take.

What soft Ausonia's genial shores deny,
May Zembla give. Then boldly trust the wave:
So shall thy grateful tablet hang on high,
And frequent votaries bless this healing cave.

INSCRIPTION ON AN OAK,

AT ROMELY, IN DERBYSHIRE.

THE OAK IS SUPPOSED TO SPEAK.

Once was I fam'd, an awful sage,
The silent wonder of my age!
To me was every science known,
And every language was my own.
The Sun beheld my daily toil,
I labour'd o'er the midnight oil,
And, hid in woods, conceal'd from view
Whate'er I was, whate'er I knew.

[1] A skull, hour-glass, &c.

In short, consum'd with learned care
I liv'd, I died—a rooted here!
For Heaven, that 's pleas'd with doing good,
To make me useful made me wood.

INSCRIPTION FOR A TREE[1]

ON THE TERRACE, AT NUNEHAM, OXFORDSHIRE.

This tree was planted by a female hand,
In the gay dawn of rustic beauty's glow;
And fast beside it did her cottage stand,
When age had cloth'd the matron's head with snow.
To her, long us'd to Nature's simple ways,
This single spot was happiness complete;
Her tree could shield her from the noon-tide blaze,
And from the tempest screen her little seat.
Here with her Collin oft the faithful maid
Had led the dance, the envious youths among.
Here, when his aged bones in earth were laid,
The patient matron turn'd her wheel, and sung.
She felt her loss; yet felt it as she ought,
Nor dar'd 'gainst Nature's general law exclaim;
But check'd her tears, and to her children taught
That well-known truth, "their lot would be the same."
Though Thames before her flow'd, his farther shores
She ne'er explor'd; contented with her own:
And distant Oxford, though she saw its towers,
To her ambition was a world unknown.
Did dreadful tales the clowns from market bear
Of kings, and tumults, and the courtier train,
She coldly listen'd with unheeding ear,
And good queen Anne, for aught she car'd, might reign.
The Sun her day, the seasons mark'd her year,
She toil'd, she slept, from care, from envy free,
For what had she to hope, or what to fear,
Blest with her cottage, and her fav'rite tree?
Hear this, ye great, whose proud possessions spread
O'er Earth's rich surface to no space confin'd;
Ye learn'd in arts, in men, in manners read,
Who boast as wide an empire o'er the mind,
With reverence visit her august domain;
To her unletter'd memory bow the knee:
She found that happiness you seek in vain,
Blest with a cottage, and a single tree.

INSCRIPTION

ON

THE PEDESTAL OF AN URN,

ERECTED IN THE FLOWER-GARDEN AT NUNEHAM, BY G. S. HARCOURT, AND THE HONOURABLE ELIZABETH VERNON, VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS NUNEHAM.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF FRANCES POOLE, VISCOUNTESS PALMERSTON.

Here shall our ling'ring footsteps oft be found,
This is *her* shrine, and consecrates the ground.
Here living sweets around her altar rise,
And breathe perpetual incense to the skies.
Here too the thoughtless and the young may tread,
Who shun the drearier mansions of the dead;
May here be taught what worth the world has known.
Her wit, her sense, her virtues, were her own;
To her peculiar—and for ever lost
To those who knew, and therefore low'd her most.
O, if kind pity steal on virtue's eye,
Check not the tear, nor stop the useful sigh;
From soft humanity's ingenuous flame
A wish may rise to emulate her fame,
And some faint image of her worth restore,
When those, who now lament her, are no more.

AN EPITAPH.

Here lies a youth (ah, wherefore breathless lies!)
Learn'd without pride, and diffidently wise.
Mild to all faults, which from weak nature flow'd;
Fond of all virtues, wheresoe'er bestow'd.
Who never gave, nor slightly took offence,
The best good-nature, and the best good sense.
Who living hop'd, and dying felt no fears,
His only sting of death, a parent's tears.

EPITAPH IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

TO THE

MEMORY OF MRS. PRITCHARD,

THIS TABLET IS PLACED HERE BY THE VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTION OF THOSE WHO ADMIRED AND ESTEEMED HER.

SHE RETIRED FROM THE STAGE, OF WHICH SHE HAD LONG BEEN THE ORNAMENT, IN THE MONTH OF APRIL ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED SIXTY-EIGHT, AND DIED AT BATH IN THE MONTH OF AUGUST FOLLOWING, IN THE FIFTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF HER AGE.

Her comic vein had every charm to please,
'T was Nature's dictates breath'd with Nature's ease.
Ev'n when her powers sustain'd the tragic load,
Full, clear, and just, th' harmonious accents flow'd;
And the big passions of her feeling heart
Burst freely forth, and sham'd the mimic art.
Oft, on the scene, with colours not her own,
She painted vice, and taught us what to shun:
One virtuous track her real life pursued,
That nobler part was uniformly good,
Each duty there to such perfection wrought,
That, if the precepts fail'd, th' example taught.

ON THE LATE

IMPROVEMENTS AT NUNEHAM,

THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF HARCOURT.

Dame Nature, the goddess, one very bright day,
In strolling through *Nuneham, met Brown in her* way:

[1] This tree is well known to the country people by the name of Bab's tree. It was planted by one Barbara Wyat, who was so much attached to it, that, on the removal of the village of Nuneham to where it is now built, she earnestly entreated that she might still remain in her old habitation. Her request was complied with, and her cottage not pulled down till after her death.

"And bless me," she said, with an insolent sneer,
"I wonder that fellow will dare to come here.
What more than I *did* has your impudence plann'd?
The lawn, wood, and water, are all of my hand;
In my very best manner, with Themis's scales,
I lifted the hills, and I scoop'd out the vales;
With Sylvan's own umbrage I grac'd ev'ry brow,
And pour'd the rich Thames through the meadows below."
"I grant it," he cry'd; "to your sov'reign com-[mand
I bow, as I ought.—Gentle lady, your hand;
The weather's inviting, so let us move on;
You know what you *did*, and now see what I've done.
I, with gratitude, own you have reason to plead,
That to these happy scenes you were bounteous indeed:
My lovely materials were many and great!
(For sometimes, you know, I 'm oblig'd to create)
But say in return, my adorable dame,
To all you see here, can you lay a just claim?
Were there no slighter parts which you finish'd in haste,
Or left, like a friend, to give scope to my taste?
Who drew o'er the surface, did you, or did I,
The smooth-flowing outline, that steals from the eye[1],
The soft undulations, both distant and near,
That heave from the lawns, and yet scarcely appear?
(So bends the ripe harvest the breezes beneath,
As if Earth was in slumber and gently took breath)
Who thinn'd, and who group'd, and who scatter'd those trees,
Who bade the slopes fall with that delicate ease,
Who cast them in shade, and who plac'd them in light,
Who bade them divide, and who bade them unite?
The ridges are melted, the boundaries gone:
Observe all these changes, and candidly own
I have cloth'd you when naked, and, when overdrest,
I have stripp'd you again to your boddice and vest;
Conceal'd ev'ry blemish, each beauty display'd,
As Reynolds would picture some exquisite maid,
Each spirited feature would happily place,
And shed o'er the whole inexpressible grace.
"One question remains. Up the green of yon steep,
Who threw the bold walk with that elegant sweep?
—There is little to see, till the summit we gain;
Nay, never draw back, you may climb without pain,
And, I hope, will perceive how each object is caught,
And is lost, in exactly the point where it ought.
That ground of your moulding is certainly fine,
But the swell of that knoll and those openings are mine.
The prospect, wherever beheld, must be good,
But has ten times its charms, when you burst from this wood, ["Hold!
A wood of my planting."—The goddess cried,
'Tis grown very hot, and 't is grown very cold:"
She fann'd and she shudder'd, she cough'd and she sneez'd,
Inclin'd to be angry, inclin'd to be pleas'd,
Half smil'd, and half pouted—then turn'd from the view,
And dropp'd him a courtesy, and blushing withdrew.
Yet soon recollecting her thoughts, as she pass'd,
"I may have my revenge on this fellow at last:
For a lucky conjecture comes into my head,
That, whate'er he has done, and whate'er he has said,
The world's little malice will balk his design:
Each fault they call his, and each excellence mine[2]."

[1] The first two words in this couplet have identical rather than corresponding sounds, and therefore only appear to rhyme. This defect, however, may easily be removed by transposing the two verses, and reading them thus:

That sweet-flowing outline, that steals from the view,
Who drew o'er the surface, did I, or did you? *M.*

TO LADY NUNEHAM,

NOW COUNTESS OF HARCOURT,

ON THE DEATH OF HER SISTER, THE HONOURABLE CATHERINE VENABLES VERNON, JUNE, MDCCLXXV.

Mild as the opening morn's serenest ray,
Mild as the close of summer's softest day,
Her form, her virtues, (fram'd alike to please
With artless grace and unassuming ease)
On every breast their mingling influence stole,
And in sweet union breath'd one beauteous whole.
Oft, o'er a sister's much-lamented bier,
Has genuine anguish pour'd the kindred tear:
Oft, on a dear-lov'd friend's untimely grave,
Have sunk in speechless grief, the wise and brave.
—Ah, hapless thou! for whose severer woe
Death arm'd with double force his fatal blow,
Condemn'd (just Heaven! for what mysterious end?)
To lose at once the sister and the friend[3]!

[2] Although the personification of Nature has been common to several poets, when they meant to compliment an artist that rivalled her, yet the idea of making her behave herself like that most unnatural of all created beings, *a modern fine lady*, must be allowed to be a thought both very bold and truly original, and the poet has, I think, executed it with much genuine humour. *M.*

[3] The first six lines of this elegant elegiac poem are inscribed on a neat marble tablet, (similar to that of Mrs. Pritchard's monument in Westminster Abbey) which is placed in the chancel of the parish church of Sudbury in Staffordshire, and the four following added, instead of what is here personally addressed to the present lady Harcourt.

This fair example to the world was lent,
As the short lesson of a life well spent;
Alas, how short! but bounteous Heav'n best knows
When to reclaim the blessings it bestows. *M.*

THE *BATTLE OF ARGOED LLWYFAIN*[1].

Morning rose; the issuing Sun
Saw the dreadful fight begun;
And that Sun's descending ray
Clos'd the battle, clos'd the day.

[1] The following is a translation of a poem of Taliessin, king of the bards, and is a description of the battle of Argoed Llwyfain, fought about the year 548, by Godden, a king of North Britain, and Urien Reged, king of Cumbria, against Fflamdwyn,

Fflamdwyn pour'd his rapid bands,
Legions four, o'er Reged's lands.
The numerous host, from side to side,
Spread destruction wild and wide,
From Argoed's summits [2], forest-crown'd,
To s'eep Arfyndd's [3] utmost bound.
Short their triumph, short their sway,
Born and ended with the day!
Flush'd with conquest Fflamdwyn said,
Boastful at his army's head,
"Strive not to oppose the stream,
Redeem your lands, your lives redeem,
Give me pledges," Fflamdwyn cried.
"Never," Urien's son replied.
Owen [4], of the mighty stroke,
Kindling, as the hero spoke,
Cenau [5], Coel's blooming heir,
Caught the flame, and grasp'd the spear:
"Shall Coel's issue pledges give
To the insulting foe, and live?
Never such be Britons' shame,
Never, till this mangled frame
Like some vanquish'd lion lie,
Drench'd in blood, and bleeding die."
Day advanc'd: and ere the Sun
Reach'd the radiant point of noon,
Urien came with fresh supplies.
"Rise, ye sons of Cambria, rise!
Spread your banners to the foe,
Spread them on the mountain's brow:
Lift your lances high in air,
Friends and brothers of the war;
Rush like torrents down the steep,
Through the vales in myriads sweep;
Fflamdwyn never can sustain
The force of our united train."
Havoc, havoc rag'd around,
Many a carcass strew'd the ground:
Ravens drank the purple flood,
Raven plumes were dyed in blood;
Frighted crowds from place to place
Eager, hurrying, breathless, pale,
Spread the news of their disgrace,
Trembling as they told the tale.
These are Taliessin's rhymes,
These shall live to distant times,
And the bard's prophetic rage
Animate a future age.
Child of sorrow, child of pain,
Never may I smile again,
If till all-subduing death
Close these eyes, and stop this breath,
Ever I forgot to raise
My grateful songs to Urien's praise!

a Saxon general, supposed to be Ida, king of Northumberland. It is inserted in Jones's Historical Account of the Welch Bards, published in 1784, and is thus introduced by the author: "I am indebted to the obliging disposition and undiminished powers of Mr. Whitehead, for the following faithful and animated versification of this valuable antique."

To this commendation from Mr. Jones, who certainly could judge best of the fidelity of the version, and with whom I agree as to the other epithet, I have only to add, that I think no critic will deal candidly, who, in estimating the poetical merit of this piece in general, shall compare it with those imitations which Mr. Gray made of the *Scaldic* odes. The wild mythology of the Edda, to which they perpetually allude, gives them a charm peculiar to themselves, and sets them above what he himself has produced from *Cambro-British* originals. *M.*

This is the last of the great battles of Urien Reged, celebrated by Taliessin in poems now extant. See Carte's History of England, p. 211 and 213.

[2] A part of Cumbria, the country of prince Llywarch Hen, from whence he was drove by the Saxons.

[3] Some place on the borders of Northumberland.

[4] Owen ap Urien acted as his father's general.

[5] Cenau led to the assistance of Urien Reged the forces of his father Coel Godhebog, king of a northern tract called Godden, probably inhabited by the Godini of Ptolemy. Owen ap Urien and Cenau ap Coel were in the number of Arthur's Knights. See Lewis's History of Britain, p. 201.

THE SWEEPERS.

I sing of sweepers, frequent in thy streets,
Augusta, as the flowers which grace the spring,
Or branches withering in autumnal shades
To form the brooms they wield. Preserv'd by them
From dirt, from coach-hire, and th' oppressive rheums
Which clog the springs of life, to them I sing,
And ask no inspiration but their smiles.
Hail, unown'd youths, and virgins unendow'd!
Whether on bulk begot, while rattled loud
The passing coaches, or th' officious hand
Of sportive link-boy wide around him dash'd
The pitchy flame obstructive of the joy;
Or more propitious to the dark retreat
Of round-house owe your birth, where Nature's reign
Revives, and emulous of Spartan fame
The mingling sexes share promiscuous love;
And scarce the pregnant female knows to whom
She owes the precious burthen, scarce the sire
Can claim, confus'd, the many-featur'd child.
Nor blush that hence your origin we trace:
'T was thus immortal heroes sprung of old
Strong from the stol'n embrace: by such as you
Unhous'd, uncloth'd, unletter'd, and unfed,
Were kingdoms model'd; cities taught to rise,
Firm laws enacted, freedom's rights maintain'd,
The gods and patriots of an infant world!
Let others meanly chant in tuneful song
The black-shoe race, whose mercenary tribes
Allur'd by halfpence take their morning stand
Where streets divide, and to their proffer'd stools
Solicit wand'ring feet; vain pensioners,
And placemen of the crowd! Not so you pour
Your blessings on mankind. Nor traffic vile
Be your employment deem'd, ye last remains
Of public spirit, whose laborious hands,
Uncertain of reward, bid kennels know
Their wonted bounds, remove the bord'ring filth,
And give th' obstructed ordure where to glide.
What though the pitying passenger bestows
His unextorted boon, must they refuse
The well-earn'd bounty, scorn th' obtruded ore?
Proud were the thought and vain. And shall not we
Repay their kindly labours, men like them,
With gratitude unsought? I too have oft

Seen in our streets the wither'd hands of age
Toil in th' industrious task; and can we there
Be thrifty niggards? Haply they have known
Far better days, and scatter'd liberal round
The scanty pittance we afford them now.
Soon from this office grant them their discharge,
Ye kind church-wardens! take their meagre limbs
Shiv'ring with cold and age, and wrap them warm
In those blest mansions Charity has rais'd.

But you of younger years, while vigour knits
Your lab'ring sinews, urge the generous task,
Nor lose in fruitless brawls the precious hours
Assign'd to toil. Be your contentions, who
First in the dark'ning streets, when Autumn sheds
Her earliest showers, shall clear th' obstructed pass;
Or last shall quit the field when Spring distils
Her moist'ning dews, prolific there in vain.
So may each lusty scavenger, ye fair,
Fly ardent to your arms; and every maid
Ye gentle youths, be to your wishes kind;
Whether Ostrea's fishy fumes allure,
As Venus' tresses fragrant; or the sweets
More mild and rural from her stall who toils
To feast the sages of the Samian school.

Nor ever may your hearts elate with pride
Desert this sphere of love; for should ye, youths,
When blood boils high, and some more lucky chance
Has swell'd your stores, pursue the tawdry band
That romp from lamp to lamp—for health expect
Disease, for fleeting pleasure foul remorse,
And daily, nightly, agonizing pains.
In vain you call for Æsculapius' aid
From Whitecross-alley, or the azure posts
Which beam through Haydon-yard: the god demands
More ample offerings, and rejects your prayer.

And you, ye fair, O let me warn your breasts
To shun deluding men: for some there are,
Great lords of counties, mighty men of war,
And well-dress'd courtiers, who with leering eye
Can in the face begrim'd with dirt discern
Strange charms, and pant for Cynthia in a cloud.

But let Lardella's fate avert your own.
Lardella once was fair, the early boast
Of proud St. Giles's, from its ample pound
To where the column points the seven-fold day.
Happy, thrice happy, had she never known
A street more spacious! but ambition led
Her youthful footsteps, artless, unassur'd,
To Whitehall's fatal pavement. There she ply'd
Like you the active broom. At sight of her
The coachman dropp'd his lash, the porter oft
Forgot his burthen, and with wild amaze
The tall well-booted sentry, arm'd in vain,
Lean'd from his horse to gaze upon her charms.

But Fate reserv'd her for more dreadful ills:
A lord beheld her, and with powerful gold
Seduc'd her to his arms. What cannot gold
Effect, when aided by the matron's tongue,
Long tried and practis'd in the trade of vice,
Against th' unwary innocent! Awhile
Dazzled with splendour, giddy with the height
Of unexperienc'd greatness, she looks down
With thoughtless pride, nor sees the gulf beneath.
But soon, too soon, the high-wrought transport sinks
In cold indifference, and a newer face
Alarms her restless lover's fickle heart.
Distress'd, abandon'd, whither shall she fly?
How urge her former task, and brave the winds
And piercing rains with limbs whose daintier sense
Shrinks from the evening breeze? Nor has she now,
Sweet Innocence, thy calmer heart-felt aid,
To solace or support the pangs she feels.

Why should the weeping Muse pursue her steps
Through the dull round of infamy, through haunts
Of public lust, and every painful stage
Of ill-feign'd transport, and uneasy joy?
Too sure she tried them all, till her sunk eye
Lost its last languish; and the bloom of health,
Which revell'd once on beauty's virgin cheek,
Was pale disease, and meagre penury.
Then, loath'd, deserted, to her life's last pang
In bitterness of soul she curs'd in vain
Her proud betrayer, curs'd her fatal charms,
And perish'd in the streets from whence she sprung.

FATAL CONSTANCY:

OR, LOVE IN TEARS.

A SKETCH OF A TRAGEDY IN THE HEROIC TASTE.

Sed vetuere patres quod non potuere vetare.
Ovid.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following sketch of a tragedy, *though interrupted* with breaks and *et cæteras* (which are left to be supplied by the fancy of the reader) is nevertheless a continued soliloquy spoken by the hero of the piece, and may be performed by one actor, with all the starts, graces, and theatrical attitudes in practice at present.

If any young author should be ambitious of writing on this model, he may begin his preface, or his advertisement, which is the more fashionable term, by observing, that "it is a melancholy contemplation to every lover of literature, to behold that universal defect of science which is the disgrace of the present times." He may then proceed to assert, "that every species of fine writing is at its very lowest ebb; that the reign of * * * * was what might properly enough be styled the golden age of dramatic poetry; that since that happy era genius itself has gradually decayed, till at length, if he may be allowed the expression, the *effœtæ vires* of nature, by he knows not what fatality, seem quite exhausted."

In his dedication, if to a lord; the proper topics are his lordship's public spirit, the noble stand which he made in the cause of liberty, but more particularly his heroic disinterestedness in hiding from the world his own spirited performances, that those of inferior authors might have a chance for success.

If to a lady; after the usual compliments of wit, beauty, elegance of taste, and every social virtue, he must by no means forget, that like Prometheus he has endeavoured to steal fire from Heaven; and that the finest and most animated touches in the character of Lindamira are but faint copies of the perfections of his patroness.

He may take hints for his prologue from the following lines:

Critics, to-night at your dread bar appears
A virgin author, aw'd by various fears.

Should ye once hiss, poor man, he dies away,
So much he trembles for his first essay;
And therefore humbly hopes to gain your vote
—For the best play that ever yet was wrote.
Athens and Rome, the Stagirite, old Ben,
Corneille's sublimity, exact Racine,
Rowe's flowing lines, and Otway's tender part,
How Southern wounds, and Shakspeare tears the heart,
Rules, nature, strength, truth, greatness, taste, and art, &c. &c. &c.

FATAL CONSTANCY.

ACT I.

A Room of State.

THE HERO AND HIS FRIEND MEETING.

[*If this manner of opening the play, though almost universally practised, should be thought too simple and unaffecting, the curtain may rise slowly to soft music, and discover the hero in a reclining pensive posture, who, upon the entrance of his friend, and the ceasing of the symphony, may start from his couch, and come forward.*]

Welcome, my friend; thy absence long has torn
My bleeding breast—nor hast thou heard as yet
My hapless story. 'T was that fatal morn,
The frighted Sun seem'd conscious of my grief,
And hid himself in clouds, the tuneful birds
Forgot their music, &c.—O Lysimachus,
Think'st thou she e'er can listen to my vows?
Think'st thou the king can e'er refuse her to me?
O, if he should!—I cannot bear the thought—
The shipwreck'd mariner, the tortur'd wretch
That on the rack, the traveller that sees
In pathless deserts the pale light's last gleam
Sink in the deep abyss, distracted, lost—
—But soft ye now, for Lindamira comes.
Ah, cruel maid, &c. &c. &c.
And dost thou yield? Ye waters, gently glide;
Wind, catch the sound, O thou transcending fair!
Stars, fall from Heaven; and suns, forget to rise;
And chaos come, when Lindamira dies!
[*Exeunt embracing.*

ACT II.

The Presence-Chamber.[1]

THE HERO, SOLUS.

How frail is man! what fears, what doubts perplex
His firmest resolutions! Sure the gods[1], &c.
But hark! yon trumpet's sprightly notes declare
The king's approach; be still, my flutt'ring heart.
O royal sir, if e'er thy groveling slave, &c.
[*Kneeling.*
Refus'd! O indignation! [*Rising hastily.*
Is it day?
Do I behold the Sun?—Thou tyrant, monster—
Down, down allegiance to the blackest Hell.

[1] It is a usual complaint in tragedy, as well as in common life, that the gods have not made us as they should have done.

I cannot, will not bear it.—O my fair,
And art thou come to witness my disgrace?
And is it possible that charms like thine
Could spring from such a sire?—Why dost thou weep?
Say, can a father's harsh commands control—
—Unkind and cruel! then thou never lovedst.
Curs'd be the treacherous sex, curs'd be the hour,
Curs'd be the world, and every thing—but her!
By Heaven, she faints! Ah, lift those lovely eyes,
Turn on this faithful breast their cheering beams.
—O joy! O ecstasy! and wilt thou seek
With me some happier land, some safer shore?
At night I 'll meet thee in the palmy grove,
When the pale Moon-beams, conscious of the theft—
—Till then a long adieu!
The merchant, thus, &c.
[*Exeunt severally, languishing at each other.*

ACT III.

The Palmy Grove.

THE HERO, SOLUS.

Night, black-brow'd Night, queen of the ebon wand,
Now o'er the world has spread her solemn reign.
The glow-worm twinkles, and from every flower
The pearly dews return the pale reflex
Of Cynthia's beams, each drop a little moon!
Hark! Lindamira comes—No, 't was the breath
Of Zephyr panting on the leafy spray.
Perhaps he lurks in yonder woodbine bower
To steal soft kisses from her lips, and catch
Ambrosial odours from her passing sighs.
O thief!—
She comes; quick let us haste away. [love,
The guards pursue us? Heavens!—Come then, my
Fly, fly this moment.
[*Here a long conference upon love, virtue, the Moon, &c. till the guards come up.*
—Dogs, will ye tear her from me?
Ye must not, shall not—O, my heart-strings crack,
My head turns round, my starting eye-balls hang
Upon her parting steps—I can no more.—
So the first man, from Paradise exil'd,
With fond reluctance leaves the blooming wild:
Around the birds in pleasing concert sing,
Beneath his feet th' unbidden flow'rets spring;
On verdant hills the flocks unumber'd play,
Through verdant vales meand'ring rivers stray;
Blossoms and fruits at once the trees adorn,
Eternal roses bloom on every thorn,
And join Pomona's lap to Amalthæa's horn.
[*Exeunt, torn off on different sides.*

ACT IV.

A Prison.

THE HERO, IN CHAINS.

Ye deep dark dungeons, and hard prison walls,
Hard as my fate, and darksome as the grave
To which I hasten, wherefore do ye bathe
Your rugged bosoms with unwholesome dews
That seem to weep in mockery of my woe?
—But see! some angel brightness breaks the gloom.
'T is Lindamira comes! So breaks the morn

On the reviving world. Thou faithful fair!
[*Approaching to embrace her.*
—Curse on my fetters, how they bind my limbs,
Nor will permit me take one chaste embrace.
Yet come, O come!
What say'st thou? Force thee to it!
Thy father force thee to Orosius' arms!
He cannot, will not, shall not.—O my brain!
Darkness and devils! Burst my bonds, ye powers,
That I may tear him piecemeal from the Earth,
And scatter him to all the winds of Heaven.
—What means that bell?—O 't is the sound of death.
Alas, I had forgot I was to die!
Let me reflect on death, &c.—
But what is death,
Racks, tortures, burning pincers, floods of fire,
What are ye all to disappointed love?
Drag, drag me hence, ye ministers of Fate,
From the dire thought—Orosius must enjoy her!
Death's welcome now—Orosius must enjoy her!
Hang on her lip, pant on her breast!—O gods!
I see the lustful satyr grasp her charms,
I see him melting in her amorous arms:
Fiends seize me, furies lash me, vultures tear,
Hell, horrour, madness, darkness, and despair!
[*Runs off to execution.*

ACT V.

The Area before the Palace.

THE HERO, AND SOLDIERS.

I THANK you, friends; I thank you, fellow-soldiers:
Ye gave me liberty, ye gave me life.
Yet what are those? Alas! ye cannot give
My Lindamira to my longing arms.
O, I have search'd in vain the palace round,
Explor'd each room, and trac'd my steps again,
Like good Æneas through the streets of Troy,
When lost Creusa, &c.—
Ha! by Heaven she comes!
'T is she, 't is she, and we shall still be blest!
We shall, we shall!—But why that heaving breast?
Why floats that hair dishevell'd to the wind?
Why burst the tears, in torrents from her eyes?
Speak, Lindamira, speak!—
Distraction! No,
He could not dare it. What, this dreadful night,
When the dire thunder rattled o'er his head,
Marry thee! bed thee! force thee to be his!
Defile that Heaven of charms!—What means thy rage?
Thou shalt not die! O wrest the dagger from her.
Thou still art mine, still, still to me art pure
As the soft fleecy snow on Alpine hills,
Ere the warm breath of Spring pollutes its whiteness,
—O gods, she dies! And dost thou bear me, Earth?
Thus, thus, I follow my adventurous love,
And we shall rest together.
Ha! the king!
But let him come; I am beyond his reach,
He cannot curse me more. See, tyrant, see,
And triumph in the mischiefs thou hast caus'd.
—By Heaven he weeps! O, if humanity
Can touch thy flinty heart, hear my last prayer;
Be kind, and lay me in the same cold grave
Thus with my love; one winding sheet shall hold
Our wretched relics, and one marble tomb
Tell our sad story to the weeping world.
—One kiss—'t is very dark—good night—Heaven
—Oh! [*Dies.*

THE MORAL.

Let cruel fathers learn from woes like these
To wed their daughters where those daughters please.
Nor erring mortals hope true joys to prove,
When such dire ills attend on virtuous love.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY LINDAMIRA.

STRANGE rules, good folks! these poets are so nice,
They turn our mere amusements into vice.
Lard! must we women of our lives be lavish,
Because those huge strong creatures, *men*, will ravish!
I'll swear I thought it hard, and think so still,
To die for—being pleas'd against one's will.
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
But you, ye fair and brave, for virtue's sake,
These spotless scenes to your protection take.

ODES.

ODE I.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1758.

THE ARGUMENT.

About the year 963, Ottoberto, of the family of Este, passed from Italy into Germany with the emperor Otho the Great. Azo, his descendant in the next century, by a marriage with the daughter of Welfus, count Altdorf, inherited the dominions of that family in Suabia. Welfus, a son of that marriage, received the dukedom of Bavaria from the emperor Henry the Fourth, in 1061. The descendants of Welfus became afterwards possessed of all those dutchies which lie between the Elbe and the Weser (Brunswick, Wolfenbuttle, Lunenburg, Zell, Hanover, &c.) and in the year 1714, George the First, duke and elector of Hanover, succeeded to the throne of Great Britain.

WHEN Othbert left th' Italian plain,
And soft Atesté's green domain,
Attendant on imperial sway
Where Fame and Otho led the way,
The genius of the Julian hills
(Whose piny summits nod with snow,
Whose Naiads pour their thousand rills
To swell th' exulting Po)
An eager look prophetic cast,
And hail'd the hero as he pass'd.

* George the Second.

"Hail, all hail," the woods reply'd,
And Echo on her airy tide
Roll'd the long murmurs down the mountain's side.

The voice resum'd again: "Proceed,
Nor cast one ling'ring look behind;
By those who toil for virtue's meed
Be every softer thought resign'd;
Nor social home, nor genial air,
Nor glowing suns, are worth thy care:
New realms await thee in a harsher sky,
Thee and thy chosen race from Azo's nuptial tie.

"'T is glory wakes; her active flame
Nor time shall quench, nor danger tame;
Nor Boia's[2] amplest range confine,
Though Guelpho reigns, the Guelphic line.
Yon northern star, which dimly gleams
Athwart the twilight veil of eve,
Must point their path to distant streams:
And many a wreath shall victory weave,
And many a palm shall Fame display
To grace the warriors on their way,
Till regions bow to their commands
Where Albis widens through the lands,
And vast Visurgis spreads his golden sands.

"Nor rest they there. Yon guiding fire
Still shines aloft, and gilds the main!
Not Lion Henry's[3] fond desire
To grasp th' Italian realms again,
Nor warring winds, nor wintry seas,
Shall stop the progress Fate decrees;
For lo! Britannia calls to happier coasts,
And vales more verdant far than soft Ateste boasts.

"Behold, with euphrasy I clear
Thy visual nerve, and fix it there,
Where, crown'd with rocks grotesque and steep,
The white isle rises o'er the deep!
There glory rests. For there arrive
Thy chosen sons; and there attain
To the first title Fate can give,
The father-kings of free-born men!
Proceed; rejoice; descend the vale,
And bid the future monarchs hail!"
"Hail, all hail," the hero cried;
And Echo on her airy tide
Pursued him, murmuring down the mountain's side.

'T was thus, O king, to heroes old
The mountains breath'd the strain divine,
Ere yet her volumes Fame unroll'd
To trace the wonders of thy line;

Ere freedom yet on ocean's breast
Had northward fix'd her halcyon nest;
Or Albion's oaks descending to the main
Had roll'd her thunders wide, and claim'd the wat'ry reign.

But now each Briton's glowing tongue
Proclaims the truths the Genius sung,
On Brunswick's name with rapture dwells,
And, hark! the general chorus swells:
"May years on happy years roll o'er,
Till glory close the shining page,
And our ill-fated sons deplore
The shortness of a Nestor's age[4]!
Hail, all hail! on Albion's plains
The friend of man and freedom reigns!
Eccho, waft the triumph round,
Till Gallia's utmost shores rebound,
And all her bulwarks tremble at the sound."

ODE II.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1759.

Ye guardian powers, to whose command,
At Nature's birth, th' Almighty mind
The delegated task assign'd
To watch o'er Albion's favour'd land,
What time your hosts with choral lay,
Emerging from its kindred deep,
Applausive hail'd each verdant steep,
And white rock, glittering to the new-born day!
Angelic bands, where'er ye rove
Whilst lock'd in sleep creation lies:
Whether to genial dews above
You melt the congregated skies,
Or teach the torrent streams below
To wake the verdure of the vale,
Or guide the varying winds that blow
To speed the coming or the parting sail:
Where'er ye bend your roving flight,
Whilst now the radiant lord of light
Winds to the north his sliding sphere,
Avert each ill, each bliss improve,
And tench the minutes as they move
To bless the opening year.

Already Albion's lifted spear,
And rolling thunders of the main,
Which justice' sacred laws maintain,
Have taught the haughty Gaul to fear.
On other earths, in other skies,
Beyond old Ocean's western bound,
Though bleeds afresh th' eternal wound,
Again Britannia's cross triumphant flies.
To British George, the king of isles,
The tribes that rove th' Arcadian snows,
Redeem'd from Gallia's polish'd wiles,
Shall breathe their voluntary vows:
Where Nature guards her last retreat,
And pleas'd Astrea lingers still;
While faith yet triumphs o'er deceit,
And virtue reigns, from ignorance of ill.
Yet, angel powers, though Gallia bend,
Though Fame, with all her wreaths, attend

[2] Bavaria.

[3] Henry the Lion, duke of Bavaria, Saxony, &c. was one of the greatest heroes of the twelfth century. He united in his own person the hereditary dominions of five families. His claims upon Italy hindered him from joining with the emperor Frederic the First, in his third attack upon the pope, though he had assisted him in the two former; for which he was stripped of his dominions by that emperor, and died in 1195, possessed only of those dutchies which lie between the Elbe and the Weser.

From this Henry, and a daughter of Henry the Second of England, his present majesty is lineally descended.

[4] Nestoriæ brevitas senectæ.
Musæ Anglicanæ.

On bleeding war's tremendous sway,
The sons of leisure still complain,
And musing science sighs in vain,
For Peace is still away.

Go then, ye faithful guides
Of her returning steps, angelic band,
Explore the sacred seats where Peace resides,
And waves her olive wand.
Bid her the wastes of war repair.
—O southward seek the flying fair,
For not on poor Germania's harass'd plain,
Nor where the Vistula's proud current swells,
Nor on the borders of the frighted Seine,
Nor in the depths of Russia's snows she dwells.
Yet O, where'er, deserting freedom's isle,
She gilds the slave's delusive toil;
Whether on Ebro's banks she strays,
Or sighing traces Taio's winding ways,
Or soft Ausonia's shores her feet detain,
O bring the wanderer back, with glory in her train.

ODE III.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1759.

Begin the song—Ye subject choirs,
The bard whom liberty inspires
Wakes into willing voice th' accordant lays.—
Say, shall we trace the hero's flame
From the first fest'ring gale of fame,
Which bade the expanding bosom pant for praise?
Or hail the star whose orient beam
Shed influence on his natal hour,
What time the nymphs of Leyna's stream,
Emerging from their wat'ry bower,
Sung their soft carols through each osier shade,
And for the pregnant fair invok'd Lucina's aid?

No. Haste to Scheld's admiring wave,
Distinguish'd amidst thousands brave,
Where the young warrior flesh'd his eager sword:
While Albion's troops with rapture view'd
The ranks confus'd, the Gaul subdu'd,
And hail'd, prophetic hail'd, their future lord,
Waiting the chief's maturer nod,
On his plum'd helmet vict'ry sate,
While suppliant nations round him bow'd,
And Austria trembled for her fate,
Till, at his bidding slaughter swell'd the Mayne,
And half her blooming sons proud Gallia wept in vain.

But what are wreaths in battle won?
And what the tribute of amaze
Which man too oft mistaken pays
To the vain idol shrine of false renown?
The noblest wreaths the monarch wears
Are those his virtuous rule demands,
Unstain'd by widows' or by orphans' tears,
And woven by his subjects' hands.
Comets may rise, and wonder mark their way
Above the bounds of Nature's sober laws,
But 't is th' all-cheering lamp of day,
The permanent, th' unerring cause,
By whom th' enliven'd world its course maintains,
By whom all Nature smiles, and beauteous order reigns.

ODE IV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1760.

Again the Sun's revolving sphere
Wakes into life th' impatient year,
The white-wing'd minutes haste:
And, spite of Fortune's fickle wheel,
Th' eternal Fates have fix'd their seal
Upon the glories of the past.
Suspended high in memory's fane,
Beyond ev'n envy's soaring rage,
The deeds survive, to breathe again
In faithful history's future page;
Where distant times shall wond'ring read
Of Albion's strength, of battles won,
Of faith restor'd, of nations freed;
Whilst round the globe her conquests run,
From the first blush of orient day,
To where descend his noontide beams,
On sable Afric's golden streams,
And where at eve the gradual gleams decay.

So much already hast thou prov'd
Of fair success, O best belov'd,
O first of favour'd isles!
What can thy fate assign thee more,
What whiter boon has Heaven in store,
To bless thy monarch's ceaseless toils?
Each rising season, as it flows,
Each month exerts a rival claim;
Each day with expectation glows,
Each fleeting hour demands its fame.
Around thy genius waiting stands
Each future child of anxious time:
See how they press in shadowy bands,
As from thy fleecy rocks sublime
He rolls around prophetic eyes,
And earth, and sea, and Heaven surveys:
"O grant a portion of thy praise!
O bid us all," they cry, "with lustre rise!"

Genius of Albion, hear their prayer,
O bid them all with lustre rise!
Beneath thy tutelary care,
The brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Shall mark each moment's winged speed
With something that disdains to die,
The hero's, patriot's, poet's meed,
And passport to eternity!
Around thy rocks while ocean raves,
While yonder Sun revolves his radiant car,
The land of freedom with the land of slaves,
As Nature's friends, *must* wage illustrious war.
Then be each deed with glory crown'd,
Till smiling Peace resume her throne;
Till not on Albion's shores alone
The voice of freedom shall resound,
But every realm shall equal blessings find,
And man enjoy the birth-right of his kind.

ODE V.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1761.

Still must the Muse, indignant, hear
The clanging trump, the rattling car,
And usher in each opening year
With groans of death, and sounds of war?

O'er bleeding millions, realms opprest,
The tuneful mourner sinks distrest,
Or breathes but notes of woe:
And cannot Gallia learn to melt,
Nor feel what Britain long has felt
For her insulting foe?
Amidst her native rocks secure,
Her floating bulwarks hovering round,
What can the sea-girt realm endure,
What dread, through all her wat'ry bound?
Great queen of Ocean, she defies
All but the Power who rules the skies,
And bids the storms engage;
Inferior foes are dash'd and lost,
As breaks the white wave on her coast
Consum'd in idle rage.
For alien sorrows heaves her generous breast,
She proffers peace to ease a rival's pain:
Her crowded ports, her fields in plenty drest,
Bless the glad merchant, and th' industrious swain.
Do blooming youths in battle fall?
True to their fame the funeral urn we raise;
And thousands, at the glorious call,
Aspire to equal praise.

Thee, Glory, thee through climes unknown
Th' adventurous chief with zeal pursues;
And fame brings back from every zone
Fresh subjects for the British Muse.
Tremendous as th' ill-omen'd bird
To frighted France thy voice was heard
From Minden's echoing towers;
O'er Biscay's roar thy voice prevail'd;
And at thy word the rocks we scal'd,
And Canada is ours.
O potent queen of every breast
Which aims at praise by virtuous deeds,
Where'er thy influence shines, confest
The hero acts, th' event succeeds.
But ah! must Glory only bear,
Bellona-like, the vengeful spear?
To fill her mighty mind
Must bulwarks fall, and cities flame,
And is her amplest field of fame
The miseries of mankind?
On ruins pil'd, on ruins must she rise,
And lend her rays to gild her fatal throne?
Must the mild Power who melts in vernal skies,
By thunders only make his godhead known?
No, be the omen far away;
From yonder pregnant cloud a kinder gleam,
Though faintly struggling into day,
Portends a happier theme!—

—And who is he, of regal mien,
Reclin'd on Albion's golden fleece,
Whose polish'd brow and eye serene
Proclaim him elder-born of peace?
Another George!—Ye winds convey
Th' auspicious name from pole to pole!
Thames, catch the sound, and tell the subject sea
Beneath whose sway its waters roll,
The hoary monarch of the deep,
Who sooth'd its murmurs with a father's care,
Doth now eternal sabbath keep,
And leaves his trident to his blooming heir.
O, if the Muse aright divine,
Fair Peace shall bless his opening reign,
And through its splendid progress shine,
With every art to grace her train.
The wreaths, so late by glory won,
Shall weave their foliage round his throne,
Till kings, abash'd, shall tremble to be foes,
And Albion's dreaded strength secure the world's repose.

ODE VI.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1761.

'T WAS at the nectar'd feast of Jove,
When fair Alcmena's son
His destin'd course on Earth had run,
And claim'd the thrones above,
Around their king, in deep debate,
Conven'd, the heavenly synod sate,
And meditated boons refin'd
To grace the friend of human kind:
When lo, to mark th' advancing god,
Propitious Hermes stretch'd his rod,
The roofs with music rung!
For, from amidst the circling choir,
Apollo struck th' alarming lyre,
And thus the Muses sung:
"What boon divine would Heav'n bestow?
Ye gods, unbend the studious bow,
The fruitless search give o'er,
Whilst we the just reward assign,
Let Hercules with Hebe join,
And youth unite with power!"

O sacred Truth, in emblem drest!
Again the Muses sing,
Again in Britain's blooming king
Alcides stands confest.
By temp'rance nurs'd, and early taught
To shun the smooth fallacious draught
Which sparkles high in Circe's bowl;
To tame each hydra of the soul,
Each lurking pest, which mocks its birth,
And ties its spirit down to Earth,
Immers'd in mortal coil;
His choice was that severer road
Which leads to virtue's calm abode,
And well repays the toil.
In vain ye tempt, ye specious harms,
Ye flow'ry wiles, ye flatt'ring charms,
That breathe from yonder bower;
And Heav'n the just reward assigns,
For Hercules with Hebe joins,
And youth unites with power.

O, call'd by Heav'n to fill that awful throne,
Where Edward, Henry, William, George, have shone,
(Where love with rev'rence, laws with power agree,
And 't is each subject's birthright to be free)
The fairest wreaths already won
Are but a prelude to the whole:
Thy arduous task is now begun,
And, starting from a nobler goal,
Heroes and kings of ages past
Are thy compeers: extended high
The trump of Fame expects the blast,
The radiant lists before thee lie,
The field is time, the prize eternity!
Beyond example's bounded light
'T is time to urge thy daring flight,

And heights untry'd explore:
O think what thou alone can'st give,
What blessings Britain may receive
When youth unites with power.

ODE VII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1762.

God of slaughter, quit the scene,
Lay the crested helmet by;
Love commands, and beauty's queen
Rules the power who rules the sky.
Janus, with well-omen'd grace,
Mounts the year's revolving car,
And forward turns his smiling face,
And longs to close the gates of war.
Enough of glory Albion knows.—
Come, ye powers of sweet repose,
On downy pinions move!
Let the war-worn legions own
Your gentler sway, and from the throne
Receive the laws of love!

Yet, if justice still requires
Roman arts, and Roman souls,
Britain breathes her wonted fires,
And her wonted thunders rolls.
Added to our fairer isle
Gallia mourns her bulwark gone:
Conquest pays the price of toil,
Either India is our own.
Ye sons of freedom, grasp the sword;
Pour, ye rich, th' imprison'd hoard,
And teach it how to shine:
Each selfish, each contracted aim
To glory's more exalted claim
Let luxury resign.

You too, ye British dames, may share
If not the toils, and dangers of the war,
At least its glory. From the Baltic shore,
From Runic virtue's native shore,
Fraught with the tales of ancient lore,
Behold a fair instructress come!
When the fierce female tyrant of the north[1]
Claim'd every realm her conquering arms could gain,
When discord, red with slaughter, issuing forth,
Saw Albert struggling with the victor's chain;
The storm beat high, and shook the coast,
Th' exhausted treasures of the land
Could scarce supply th' embattled host,
Or pay th' insulting foe's demand.
What then could beauty do[2]? She gave
Her treasur'd tribute to the brave,
To her own softness join'd the manly heart,
Sustain'd the soldier's drooping arms,
Confided in her genuine charms,
And yielded every ornament of art.
—We want them not. Yet, O ye fair,
Should Gallia, obstinately vain,
To her own ruin urge despair,
And brave th' acknowledg'd masters of the main:
Should she through ling'ring years protract her fall,
Through seas of blood to her destruction wade,
Say, could ye feel the generous call,
And own the fair example here portray'd?
Doubtless ye could. The royal dame
Would plead her dear adopted country's cause,
And each indignant breast unite its flame,
To save the land of liberty and laws.

[1] Margaret de Waldemar, called the Semiramis of the north.

[2] In the year 1395, the ladies of Mecklenburgh, to support their duke Albert's pretensions to the crown of Sweden, and to redeem him when he was taken prisoner, gave up all their jewels to the public; for which they afterwards received great emoluments and privileges, particularly the right of succession in fiefs, which had before been appropriated to males only.

ODE VIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1762.

"Go, Flora," (said th' impatient queen
Who shares great Jove's eternal reign)
"Go breathe on yonder thorn;
Wake into bloom th' emerging rose,
And let the fairest flower that blows
The fairest month adorn.
Sacred to me that month shall rise,
Whatever contests[1] shake the skies
To give that month a name:
Her April buds let Venus boast,
Let Maia range her painted host;
But June is Juno's claim.

"And goddess, know, in after times
(I name not days, I name not climes)
From Nature's noblest throes
A human flower shall glad the Earth,
And the same month disclose his birth,
Which bears the blushing rose.
Nations shall bless his mild command,
And fragrance fill th' exulting land,
Where'er I fix his throne."
Britannia listen'd as she spoke,
And from her lips prophetic broke,
"The flower shall be my own!"

O goddess of connubial love,
Thou sister, and thou wife of Jove,
To thee the suppliant voice we raise!
We name not months, we name not days,
For where thy smiles propitious shine,
The whole prolific year is thine.
Accordant to the trembling strings,
Hark, the general chorus swells,
From every heart it springs,
On every tongue it dwells.
Goddess of connubial love,
Sister thou, and wife of Jove,
Bid the genial powers that glide
On ether's all-pervading tide,
Or from the fount of life that stream
Mingling with the solar beam,

[1] Alluding to the contention between the goddesses in Ovid's Fasti, about naming the month of June.

Bid them here at virtue's shrine,
In closest vaous or union join.
Till many a George and many a Charlotte prove,
How much to thee we owe, queen of connubial love!

ODE IX.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1763.

At length th' imperious lord of war
Yields to the Fates their ebon car,
And frowning quits his toil:
Dash'd from his hand the bleeding spear
Now deigns a happier form to wear,
And peaceful turns the soil.
Th' insatiate Furies of his train,
Revenge, and Hate, and fell Disdain,
With heart of steel, and eyes of fire,
Who stain the sword which honour draws,
Who sully virtue's sacred cause,
To Stygian depths retire.
Unholy shapes, and shadows drear,
The pallid family of Fear,
And Rapine, still with shrieks pursued,
And meagre Famine's squalid brood,
Close the dire crew.—Ye eternal gates, display
Your adamantine folds, and shut them from the day!

For lo, in yonder pregnant skies
On billowy clouds the goddess lies,
Whose presence breathes delight,
Whose power th' obsequious seasons own,
And winter loses half his frown,
And half her shades the night,
Soft-smiling Peace! whom Venus bore,
When tutor'd by th' enchanting lore
Of Maia's blooming son,
She sooth'd the synod of the gods,
Drove Discord from the blest abodes,
And Jove resum'd his throne.
Th' attendant Graces gird her round,
And sportive Ease, with locks unbound,
And every Muse to leisure born,
And Plenty, with her twisted horn,
While changeful Commeree spreads his loosen'd sails, [vails!
Blow as ye list, ye winds, the reign of Peace pre-

And lo, to grace that mildew reign,
And add fresh lustre to the year,
Sweet Innocence adorns the train,
In form, and features, Albion's heir!
A future George!—Propitious powers,
Ye delegates of Heaven's high king,
Who guide the years, the days, the hours
That float on Time's progressive wing,
Exert your influence, bid us know
From parent worth what virtues flow!
Be to less happy realms resign'd
The warrior's unrelenting rage,
We ask not kings of hero-kind,
The storms and earthquakes of their age.
To us be nobler blessings given:
O teach us, delegates of Heaven,
What mightier bliss from union springs!
Future subjects, future kings,
Shall bless the fair example shown,
And from our character transcribe their own:

"A people zealous to obey;
A monarch whose parental sway
Despises regal art:
His shield, the laws which guard the land;
His sword, each Briton's eager hand;
His throne, each Briton's heart."

ODE X.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1763.

Common births, like common things,
Pass unheeded, or unknown:
Time but spreads, or waves his wings,
The phantom swells, the phantom's gone!
Born for millions, monarchs rise
Heirs of infamy or fame.
When the virtuous, brave, or wise,
Demand our praise, with loud acclaim,
We twine the festive wreath, the shrines adorn,
'Tis not our king's alone, 't is Britain's natal morn.
Bright examples plac'd on high
Shine with more distinguish'd blaze;
Thither nations turn their eye,
And grow virtuous as they gaze.
Thoughtless ease, and sportive leisure,
Dwell in life's contracted sphere;
Public is the monarch's pleasure,
Public is the monarch's care:
If Titus smiles, the observant world is gay;
If Titus frowns, or sighs, *we* sigh and lose a day!
Around their couch, around their board
A thousand ears attentive wait,
A thousand busy tongues record
The smallest whispers of the great.
Happy those whom truth sincere
And conscious virtue join to guide!
Can they have a foe to fear,
Can they have a thought to hide?
Nobly they soar above th' admiring throng,
Superior to the power, the will of acting wrong.
Such may Britain find her king!—
Such the Muse[1] of rapid wing
Wafts to some sublimer sphere:
Gods and heroes mingle there.
Fame's eternal accents breathe,
Black Cocytus howls beneath;
Ev'n Malice learns to blush, and hides her stings.
—O such may Britain ever find her kings!

ODE XI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1765.

Sacred to thee,
O Commerce, daughter of sweet Liberty,
Shall flow the annual strain!
Beneath a monarch's fostering care
Thy sails unnumber'd swell in air,
And darken half the main.
From every cliff of Britain's coasts
We see them toil, thy daring hosts
Who bid our wealth increase,
Who spread our martial glory far,—
The sons of fortitude in war,
Of industry in peace.

[1] Pindar.

On woven wings,
To where, in orient clime, the grey dawn springs,
To where soft evening's ray
Sheds its last blush, their course they steer,
Meet, or o'ertake, the circling year,
Led by the lord of day.
Whate'er the frozen poles provide,
Whate'er the torrid regions hide,
From Sirius' fiercer flames,
Of herb, or root, or gem, or ore,
They grasp them all from shore to shore,
And waft them all to Thames.
When Spain's proud pendants wav'd in western skies,
When Gama's fleet on Indian billows hung,
In either sea did Ocean's genius rise,
And the same truths in the same numbers sung.
"Daring mortals, whither tend
These vain pursuits? Forbear, forbear!
These sacred waves no keel shall rend,
No streamers float on this sequester'd air!
—Yes, yes, proceed, and conquer too;
Success be yours: but, mortals, know,

"Know, ye rash adventurous bands,
To crush your high-blown pride,
Not for yourselves, or native lands,
You brave the seasons, and you stem the tide.
Nor Betis', nor Iberus' stream,
Nor Tagus with his golden gleam,
Shall insolently call their own
The dear-bought treasures of these worlds unknown.
A chosen race to freedom dear,
Untaught to injure, as to fear,
By me conducted, shall exert their claims,
Shall glut my great revenge, and roll them all to
Thames."

ODE XII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1765.

HAIL to the rosy morn, whose ray
To lustre wakes th' auspicious day,
Which Britain holds so dear!
To this fair month of right belong
The festive dance, the choral song,
And pastimes of the year.
Whate'er the wintry colds prepar'd,
Whate'er the spring but faintly rear'd,
Now wears its brightest bloom;
A brighter blue enrobes the skies,
From laughing fields the zephyrs rise
On wings that breathe perfume.
The lark in air that warbling floats,
The wood-birds with their tuneful throats,
The streams that murmur as they flow,
The flocks that rove the mountain's brow,
The herds that through the meadows play,
Proclaim 't is Nature's holiday!

And shall the British lyre be mute,
Nor thrill through all its trembling strings,
With oaten reed, and pastoral flute,
Whilst every vale responsive rings?
To him we pour the grateful lay,
Who makes the season doubly gay:
For whom, so late, our lifted eyes
With tears besought the pitying skies,
And won the cherub Health to crown
A nation's prayer, and ease that breast
Which feels all sorrows but its own,
And seeks by blessing to be blest.
Fled are all the ghastly train,
Writhing pain, and pale disease;
Joy resumes his wonted reign,
The Sun-beams mingle with the breeze,
And his own month, which Health's gay livery wears,
On the sweet prospect smiles of long succeeding
years.

ODE XIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1766.

HAIL to the man, so sings the Hebrew bard,
Whose numerous offspring grace his genial board:
Heaven's fairest gift, Heaven's best reward,
To those who honour, who obey his word.
What shall he fear, though drooping age
Unnerve his strength, and pointless sink his spear;
In vain the proud, in vain the mad shall rage;
He fears his God, and knows no other fear.
Lo! at his call a duteous race
Spring eager from his lov'd embrace,
To shield the sire from whom their virtues rose;
And fly at each rever'd command,
Like arrows from the giant's hand,
In vengeance on his foes.
So Edward fought on Cressy's bleeding plain,
A blooming hero, great beyond his years.
So William fought—but cease the strain,
A loss so recent bathes the Muse in tears.
So shall hereafter every son,—
Who now with prattling infancy relieves
Those anxious cares which wait upon a throne,
Where, ah! too oft, amidst the myrtles, weaves
The thorn its pointed anguish—So
Shall every youth his duty know,
To guard the monarch's right, and people's weal;
And thou, great George, with just regard
To Heaven, shalt own the Hebrew bard
But sung the truths you feel.

Blest be the day which gave thee birth!
Let others tear the ravag'd Earth,
And fell Ambition's powers appear
In storms, which desolate the year.
Confess'd thy milder virtues shine,
Thou rul'st indeed, our hearts are thine.
By slender ties our kings of old
Their fabled right divine would vainly hold.
Thy juster claim ev'n Freedom's sons can love,
The king who bends to Heaven, must Heaven itself
approve.

ODE XIV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1767.

WHEN first the rude o'er-peopled North
Pour'd his prolific offspring forth,
At large in alien climes to roam,
And seek a newer, better home,
From the bleak mountain's barren head,
The marshy vale, th' ungrateful plain,
From cold and penury they fled
To warmer suns, and Ceres' golden reign.

At every step the breezes blew
Soft and more soft: the lengthen'd view
Did fairer scenes expand:
Unconscious of approaching foes,
The farm, the town, the city rose,
To tempt the spoiler's hand.

Not Britain so. For nobler ends
Her willing daring sons she sends,
Fraught like the fabled car of old,
Which scatter'd blessings as it roll'd.
From cultur'd fields, from fleecy downs,
From vales that wear eternal bloom,
From peopled farms, and busy towns,
Where shines the ploughshare, and where sounds the loom,
To sandy deserts, pathless woods,
Impending steeps, and headlong floods,
She sends th' industrious swarm:
To where self-strangled Nature lies,
Till social art shall bid her rise
From chaos into form.

Thus George and Britain bless mankind.—
And lest the parent realm should find
Her numbers shrink, with flag unfurl'd
She stands, th' asylum of the world.
From foreign strands new subjects come,
New arts accede a thousand ways,
For here the wretched finds a home,
And all her portals Charity displays.
From each proud master's hard command,
From tyrant Zeal's oppressive hand,
What eager exiles fly!
"Give us," they cry, "'t is Nature's cause,
O give us liberty and laws,
Beneath a harsher sky!"

Thus George and Britain bless mankind.—
Away, ye barks; the favouring wind
Springs from the east; ye prows, divide
The vast Atlantic's heaving tide!
Britannia from each rocky height
Pursues you with applauding hands:
Afar, impatient for the freight,
See! the whole western world expecting stands!
Already fancy paints each plain,
The deserts nod with golden grain,
The wond'ring vales look gay,
The woodman's stroke the forests feel,
The lakes admit the merchant's keel—
Away, ye barks, away!

ODE XV.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1767.

FRIEND to the poor!—for sure, O king,
That godlike attribute is thine—
Friend to the poor! to thee we sing,
To thee our annual offerings bring,
And bend at Mercy's shrine.
In vain had Nature deign'd to smile
Propitious on our fav'rite isle
Emerging from the main:
In vain the genial source of day
Selected each indulgent ray
For Britain's fertile plain:
In vain yon bright surrounding skies
Bade all their clouds in volumes rise,
Their fost'ring dews distill'd:
In vain the wide and teeming Earth
Gave all her buried treasures birth,
And crown'd the laughing field:
For lo! some fiend, in evil hour,
Assuming Famine's horrid mien,
Diffus'd her petrifying power
O'er thoughtless Plenty's festive bower,
And blasted every green.
Strong panic terrours shook the land;
Th' obdurate breast, the griping hand
Were almost taught to spare;
For loud misrule, the scourge of crimes,
Mix'd with the madness of the times,
And rous'd a rustic war.
Whilst real Want, with sigh sincere,
At home, in silence, dropp'd a tear,
Or rais'd th' imploring eye,
Foul Riot's sons in torrents came,
And dar'd usurp thy awful name,
Thrice sacred Misery!

Then George arose. His feeling heart
Inspir'd the nation's better part
With virtues like its own:
His power control'd th' insatiate train,
Whose avarice grasp'd at private gain,
Regardless of a people's groan.
Like snows beneath th' all-cheering ray,
The rebel crowds dissolv'd away:
And Justice, though the sword she drew,
Glanc'd lightly o'er th' offending crew,
And scarce selected, to avenge her woes,
A single victim from a host of foes.
Yes, Mercy triumph'd; Mercy shone confest
In her own noblest sphere, a monarch's breast.
Forcibly mild did Mercy shine,
Like the sweet month in which we pay
Our annual vows at Mercy's shrine,
And hail our monarch's natal day.

ODE XVI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1768.

LET the voice of Music breathe,
Hail with song the new-born year!
Though the frozen Earth beneath
Feels not yet his influence near,
Already from his southern goal
The genial god who rules the day
Has bid his glowing axle roll,
And promis'd the return of May.
Yon ruffian blasts, whose pinions sweep
Impetuous o'er our northern deep,
Shall cease their sounds of war:
And, gradual as his power prevails,
Shall mingle with the softer gales
That sport around his car.

Poets should be prophets too,—
Plenty in his train attends;
Fruits and flowers of various hue
Bloom where'er her step she bends.
Down the green hill's sloping side,
Winding to the vale below,
See, she pours her golden tide!
Whilst, upon its airy brow,

Amidst his flocks, whom Nature leads
To flowery feasts on mountains' heads,
Th' exulting shepherd lies:
And to th' horizon's utmost bound
Rolls his eye with transport round,
Then lifts it to the skies.

Let the voice of Music breathe!
Twine, ye swains, the festal wreath!
Britain shall no more complain
Of niggard harvests, and a failing year:
No more the miser hoard his grain,
Regardless of the peasant's tear,
Whose hand laborious till'd the earth,
And gave those very treasures birth.

No more shall George, whose parent breast
Feels every pang his subjects know,
Behold a faithful land distress'd,
Or hear one sigh of real woe.
But grateful mirth, whose decent bounds
No riot swells, no fear confounds,
And heartfelt ease, whose glow within
Exalts Contentment's modest mien,
In every face shall smile confess'd,
And in his people's joy, the monarch too be blest.

ODE XVII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1768.

Prepare, prepare your songs of praise,
The genial month returns again,
Her annual rites when Britain pays
To her own monarch of the main.
Not on Phenicia's bending shore,
Whence Commerce first her wings essay'd,
And dar'd th' unfathom'd deep explore,
Sincerer vows the Tyrian paid
To that imaginary deity,
Who bade him boldly seize the empire of the sea.
What though no victim bull be led,
His front with snow-white fillets bound;
Nor fable chant the neighing steed;
That issued when he smote the ground;
Our fields a living incense breathe:
Nor Libanus, nor Carmel's brow,
To dress the bower, or form the wreath,
More liberal fragrance could bestow.
We too have herds, and steeds, beside the rills
That feed and rove, protected, o'er a thousand hills.
Secure, while George the sceptre sways,
(Whom will, whom int'rest, and whom duty draws
To venerate and patronize the laws)
Secure her open front does Freedom raise.
Secure the merchant ploughs the deep,
His wealth his own: secure the swains
Amidst their rural treasures sleep,
Lords of their little kingdoms of the plains.
Then to his day be honour given!
May every choicest boon of Heaven
His bright, distinguish'd reign adorn!
Till, white as Britain's fleece, old Time shall shed
His snows upon his reverend head,
Commanding filial awe from senates yet unborn.

ODE XVIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1769.

Patron of Arts, at length by thee
Their home is fix'd: thy kind decree
Has plac'd their empire here.
No more unheeded shall they waste
Their treasures on the fickle taste
Of each fantastic year.
Judgment shall frame each chaste design,
Nor e'er from Truth's unerring line
The sportive artist roam:
Whether the breathing bust he forms,
With Nature's tints the canvass warms,
Or swells, like Heaven's high arch, th' imperial dome,
Fancy, the wanderer, shall be taught
To own severer laws:
Spite of her wily wanton play,
Spite of her lovely errours, which betray
Th' enchanted soul to fond applause,
Ev'n she, the wanderer, shall be taught
That nothing truly great was ever wrought,
Where judgment was away.

Through osier twigs th' Acanthus rose:
Th' idea charms, the artist glows:
But 't was his skill to please,
Which bade the graceful foliage spread,
To crown the stately columns head
With dignity and ease.
When great Apelles, pride of Greece,
Frown'd on the almost finish'd piece,
Despairing to succeed,
What though the missile vengeance pass'd
From his rash hand, the random cast
Might dash the foam, but skill had form'd the steed.
Nor less the Phidian arts approve
Labour, and patient care,
Whate'er the skilful artists trace,
Laocoon's pangs, or soft Antinous' face.
By skill, with that diviner air
The Delian god does all but move;
'T was skill gave terrours to the front of Jove,
To Venus every grace.

—And shall each sacred seat,
The vales of Arno, and the Tuscan stream,
No more be visited with pilgrim feet?
No more on sweet Hymettus' summits dream
The sons of Albion? or below,
Where Ilyssus' waters flow,
Trace with awe the dear remains
Of mould'ring urns, and mutilated fanes?
Far be the thought. Each sacred seat,
Each monument of ancient fame,
Shall still be visited with pilgrim feet,
And Albion gladly own from whence she caught the flame.
Still shall her studious youth repair,
Beneath their king's protecting care,
To every clime which art has known;
And rich with spoils from every coast
Return, till Albion learn to boast
An Athens of her own.

ODE XIX.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1770.

Forward, Janus, turn thine eyes,
Future scenes in prospect view,
Rising as the moments rise,
Which form the fleeting year anew.

Fresh beneath the scythe of Time,
Could the Muse's voice avail,
Joys should spring and reach their prime,
Blooming ere the former fail,
And every joy its tribute bring
To Britain, and to Britain's king.

Suns should warm the pregnant soil,
Health in every breeze should blow;
Plenty crown the peasant's toil,
And shine upon his cheerful brow.
Round the throne whilst duty waits,
Duty join'd with filial love,
Peace should triumph in our gates,
And every distant fear remove;
Till gratitude to Heav'n should raise
The speaking eye, the song of praise.

Let the nations round in arms
Stun the world with war's alarms,
But let Britain still be found
Safe within her wat'ry bound.
Tyrant chiefs may realms destroy;
Nobler is our monarch's joy,
Of all that 's truly great possess'd,
And, by blessing, truly blest.

Though comets rise, and wonder mark their way,
Above the bounds of Nature's sober laws,
It is the all-cheering lamp of day,
The permanent, the unerring cause,
By whom th' enliven'd world its course maintains,
By whom all Nature smiles, and beauteous order reigns.

ODE XX.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1770.

Discord hence! the torch resign—
Harmony shall rule to day.
Whate'er thy busy fiends design
Of future ills, in cruel play,
To torture or alarm mankind,
Lead the insidious train away,
Some blacker hours for mischief find;
Harmony shall rule to day.

Distinguish'd from the vulgar year,
And mark'd with Heaven's peculiar white,
This day shall grace the rolling sphere,
And ling'ring end its bright career,
Unwilling to be lost in night.
Discord, lead thy fiends away!,
Harmony shall rule to day.

Is there, intent on Britain's good,
Some angel hovering in the sky,
Whose ample view surveys her circling flood,
Her guardian rocks, that shine on high,
Her forests, waving to the gales,
Her streams, that glide through fertile vales,
Her lowing pastures, fleecy downs,
Towering cities, busy towns,
Is there who views them all with joy serene,
And breathes a blessing on the various scene?

O, if there is, to him 't is given,
(When daring crimes almost demand
The vengeance of the Thunderer's hand)
To soften, or avert, the wrath of Heaven.
O'er ocean's face do tempests sweep?
Do civil storms blow loud?
He stills the raging of the deep,
And madness of the crowd.

He too, when Heaven vouchsafes to smile
Propitious on his favourite isle,
With zeal performs the task he loves,
And every gracious boon improves.
Blest delegate! if now there lies
Ripening in yonder pregnant skies
Some great event of more than common good,
Though Envy howl with all her brood,
Thy wonted power employ;
Usher the mighty moments in
Sacred to harmony and joy,
And from his era let their course begin!

ODE XXI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1771.

Again returns the circling year,
Again the festal day,
Which ushers in its bright career,
Demands the votive lay:
Again the oft-accustom'd Muse
Her tributary task pursues,
Strikes the preluding lyre again,
And calls the harmonious band to animate her strain.
Britain is the glowing theme;
To Britain sacred be the song:
Whate'er the sages lov'd to dream
Lycéan shades among,
(When rapturd views their bosoms warm'd
Of perfect states by fancy form'd)
United here and realiz'd we see,
Thrones, independence, laws, and liberty!
The triple cord, which binds them fast,
Like the golden chain of Jove
Combining all below with all above,
Shall bid the sacred union last.
What though jars intestine rise,
And discord seems awhile to reign,
Britain's sons are brave, are wise,
The storm subsides, and they embrace again.
The master-springs which rule the land,
Guided by a skilful hand,
Loosening now, and now restraining,
Yielding something, something gaining,
Preserve inviolate the public frame,
As, though the seasons change, the year is still the same.
O, should Britain's foes presume,
Trusting some delusive scene
Of transient feuds that rage at home,
And seem to shake the nice machine,
Should they dare to lift the sword,
Or bid their hostile thunders roar,
Soon their pride would mirth afford,
And break like billows on a shore;
Soon would find her vengeance wake,
Weep in blood the dire mistake,
And 'gainst their wild attempts united see
Thrones, independence, laws, and liberty!

ODE XXII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1771.

Long did the churlish East detain
In icy bonds th' imprison'd spring:
No verdure dropp'd in dewy rain,
And not a zephyr wav'd its wing.

Even he, th' enlivening source of day,
But pour'd an ineffectual ray
On Earth's wild bosom, cold and bare;
Where not a plant uprear'd its head,
Or dar'd its infant foliage spread
To meet the blasting air.

Nor less did man confess its force:
Whate'er could damp its genial course,
Or o'er the seats of life prevail,
Each pale disease that pants for breath,
Each painful harbinger of death,
Lurk'd in the loaded gale.

But now th' unfolding year resumes
Its various hues, its rich array;
And, bursting into bolder blooms,
Repays with strength its long delay.
'T is Nature reigns. The grove unbinds
Its tresses to the southern winds,
The birds with music fill its bowers;
The flocks, the herds beneath its shade
Repose, or sport along the glade,
And crop the rising flowers.
Nor less does man rejoice. To him
More mildly sweet the breezes seem,
More fresh the fields, the suns more warm;
While health, the animating soul
Of every bliss, inspires the whole,
And heightens each peculiar charm.

Loveliest of months, bright June! again
Thy season smiles. With thee return
The frolic band of Pleasure's train;
With thee Britannia's festal morn,
When the glad land her homage pays
To George, her monarch, and her friend.
"May cheerful health, may length of days,
And smiling peace his steps attend!
May every good"—Cease, cease the strain;
The prayer were impotent and vain:
What greater good can man possess
Than he, to whom all-bounteous Heaven,
With unremitting hand, has given
The power and will to bless?

ODE XXIII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1772.

At length the fleeting year is o'er,
And we no longer are deceiv'd;
The wars, the tumults are no more
Which fancy form'd, and fear believ'd.
Each distant object of distress,
Each phantom of uncertain guess,
The busy mind of man could raise,
Has taught ev'n folly to beware;
And fleets and armies in the air
The wond'ring crowd has ceas'd to gaze.
And shall the same dull cheats again
Revive, in stale succession roll'd?
Shall sage experience warn in vain,
Nor the new year be wiser than the old?
Forbid it, ye protecting powers,
Who guide the months, the days, the hours,
Which now advance on rapid wing!
May each new spectre of the night
Dissolve at their approaching light,
As fly the wint'ry damps the soft return of spring!
True to herself if Britain prove,
What foreign foes has she to dread?
Her sacred laws, her sovereign's love,
Her virtuous pride by Freedom bred,
Secure at once domestic ease,
And awe th' aspiring nations into peace.

Did Rome e'er court a tyrant's smiles,
Till faction wrought the civil frame's decay?
Did Greece submit to Philip's wiles,
Till her own faithless sons prepar'd the way?

True to herself if Britain prove,
The warring world will league in vain,
Her sacred laws, her sovereign's love,
Her empire boundless as the main,
Will guard at once domestic ease,
And awe th' aspiring nations into peace.

ODE XXIV.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1772.

From scenes of death, and deep distress,
(Where Britain shar'd her monarch's woe)
Which most the feeling mind oppress,
Yet best to bear the virtuous know,
Turn we our eyes—The cypress wreath
No more the plaintive Muse shall wear;
The blooming flowers which round her breathe,
Shall form the chaplet for her hair;
And the gay month which claims her annual fire,
Shall raise to sprightlier notes the animated lyre.
The lark that mounts on morning wings
To meet the rising day,
Amidst the clouds exulting sings,
The dewy clouds, whence Zephyr flings
The fragrance of the May.
The day, which gave our monarch birth,
Recalls each noblest theme of ages past;
Tells us, whate'er we owed to Nassau's worth,
The Brunswick race confirm'd, and bade it last:
Tells us, with rapturous joy unblam'd,
And conscious gratitude, to feel
Our laws, our liberties, reclaim'd
From tyrant pride, and bigot zeal;
While each glad voice, that wakes the echoing air,
In one united wish thus joins the general prayer:
"Till Ocean quits his fav'rite isle,
Till, Thames, thy wat'ry train
No more shall bless its pregnant soil,
May order, peace, and freedom smile
Beneath a Brunswick's reign!"

ODE XXV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1773.

Wrapt in the stole of sable grain,
With storms and tempests in his train,
Which howl the naked woods among,
Winter claims the solemn song.
Hark, 't is Nature's last farewell;
Every blast is Nature's knell!

Yet shall glooms oppress the mind,
So oft by sage experience taught
To feel its present views confin'd,
And to the future point th' aspiring thought?
All that fades again shall live,
Nature dies but to revive.

Yon Sun, who sails in southern skies,
And faintly gilds th' horizon's bound,
Shall northward still, and northward rise,
With beams of warmth and splendour crown'd;
Shall wake the slumbering, buried grain
From the cold Earth's relenting breast,
And Britain's isle shall bloom again
In all its wonted verdure drest.

Britain, to whom kind Heaven's indulgent care
Has fix'd in temperate climes its stated goal,
Far from the burning zone's inclement air,
Far from th' eternal frosts which bind the pole:
Here dewy spring exerts his genial powers;
Here summer glows salubrious, not severe;
Here copious autumn spreads his golden stores,
And winter strengthens the returning year.

O with each blessing may it rise,
Which Heaven can give, or mortals bear!
May each wing'd moment, as it flies,
Improve a joy, or ease a care;
Till Britain's grateful heart astonish'd bends
To that Almighty Power from whom all good descends.

ODE XXVI.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1773.

Born for millions are the kings
Who sit on Britain's guarded throne:
From delegated power their glory springs,
Their birth-day is our own!

In impious pomp let tyrants shine,
Assuming attributes divine,
And stretch their unresisted sway
O'er slaves, who tremble, and obey.
On lawless pinions let them soar:
Far happier he, whose temperate power,
Acknowledg'd, and avow'd,
Ev'n on the throne restriction knows;
And to those laws implicit bows
By which it rules the crowd.

When erst th' imperial pride of Rome
Exulting saw a world o'ercome,
And rais'd a mortal to the skies,
There were, 't is true, with eagle eyes
Who view'd the dazzling scene.
Though incense blaz'd on flattery's shrine,
Great Titus and the greater Antonine
Felt, and confess'd they were but men.

But ah! how few, let History speak
With weeping eye, and blushing cheek,
E'er reach'd their mighty mind!
Man, selfish man, in most prevail'd,
And power roll'd down a curse, entail'd
On reason and mankind.

Happy the land, to whom 't is given
T' enjoy that choicest boon of Heaven,
Where, bound in one illustrious chain,
The monarch and the people reign!

Hence is Britannia's weal maintain'd;
Hence are the rights his fathers gain'd
To every free-born subject known:
Hence to the throne, in songs of praise,
A grateful realm its tribute pays,
And hails the king, whose birth-day is its own.

ODE XXVII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1774.

"Pass but a few short fleeting years,"
Imperial Xerxes sigh'd and said,
Whilst his fond eye, suffus'd with tears,
His numerous hosts survey'd;
"Pass but a few short fleeting years,
And all that pomp, which now appears
A glorious living scene,
Shall breathe its last; shall fall, shall die,
And low in Earth yon myriads lie
As they had never been!"
True, tyrant: wherefore then does pride,
And vain ambition, urge thy mind
To spread thy needless conquests wide,
And desolate mankind?
Say, why do millions bleed at thy command?
If life, alas! is short, why shake the hasty sand?

Not so do Britain's kings behold
Their floating bulwarks of the main
Their undulating sails unfold,
And gather all the winds aerial reign.
Myriads they see, prepar'd to brave
The loudest storm, the wildest wave,
To hurl just thunders on insulting foes,
To guard, and not invade, the world's repose.
Myriads they see, their country's dear delight,
Their country's dear defence, and glory in the sight!
Nor do they idly drop a tear
On fated Nature's future bier;
For not the grave can damp Britannia's fires;
Though chang'd the men, the worth is still the same;
The sons will emulate their sires,
And the sons' sons will catch the glorious flame!

ODE XXVIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1774.

Hark!—or does the Muse's ear
Form the sounds she longs to hear?—
Hark! from yonder western main
O'er the white wave echoing far,
Vows of duty swell the strain,
And drown the notes of war.
The prodigal again returns,
And on his parent's neck reclines;
With honest shame his bosom burns,
And in his eye affection shines;
Shines through tears, at once that prove
Grief, and joy, and filial love.

Discord, stop that raven voice,
Lest the nations round rejoice.
Tell it not on Gallia's plain,
Tell it not on Ebro's stream,
Though but transient be the pain,
Like to some delusive dream:
For soon shall reason, calm, and sage,
Detect each vile seducer's wiles,
Shall soothe to peace mistaken rage,
And all be harmony and smiles;
Smiles repentant, such as prove
Grief, and joy, and filial love.

O prophetic be the Muse!
May her monitory flame
Wake the soul to noble views,
And point the path to genuine fame!
Just subjection, mild commands,
Mutual interest, mutual love,
Form indissoluble bands,
Like the golden chain of Jove.
Closely may they all unite!
And see, a gleam of lustre breaks
From the shades of envious night—
And hark, 't is more than fancy speaks—
They bow, they yield, they join the choral lay,
And hail with us our monarch's natal day.

ODE XXIX.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1775.

Ye powers, who rule o'er states and kings,
Who shield with sublunary wings
Man's erring race from woe,
To Britain's sons in every clime
Your blessings waft, whate'er their crime,
On all the winds that blow!

Beyond the vast Atlantic tide
Extend your healing influence wide,
Where millions claim your care:
Inspire each just, each filial thought,
And let the nations round be taught
The British oak is there.

Though vaguely wild its branches spread,
And rear almost an alien head
Wide-waving o'er the plain,
Let still, unspoil'd by foreign earth,
And conscious of its nobler birth,
The untainted trunk remain.

Where mutual interest binds the band,
Where due subjection, mild command,
Ensure perpetual ease,
Shall jarring tumults madly rave,
And hostile banners proudly wave
O'er once united seas?

No; midst the blaze of wrath divine
Heaven's loveliest attribute shall shine,
And mercy gild the ray;
Shall still avert impending fate;
And concord its best era date
From this auspicious day.

ODE XXX.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1776.

On the white rocks which guard her coast,
Observant of the parting day,
Whose orb was half in ocean lost,
Reclin'd Britannia lay.
Wide o'er the wat'ry waste
A pensive look she cast;
And scarce could check the rising sigh, [her eye.
And scarce could stop the tear which trembled in

"Sheathe, sheathe the sword which thirsts for blood,"
She cried, "deceiv'd, mistaken men!
Nor let your parent, o'er the flood,
Send forth her voice in vain!
Alas! no tyrant she,
She courts you to be free:
Submissive hear her soft command,
Nor force unwilling vengeance from a parent's hand."

Hear her, ye wise, to duty true,
And teach the rest to feel,
Nor let the madness of a few
Distress the public weal!
So shall the opening year assume,
Time's fairest child, a happier bloom;
The white-wing'd hours shall lightly move,
The Sun with added lustre shine!
"To err is human."—Let us prove
"Forgiveness is divine!"

ODE XXXI[1].

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1776.

Ye western gales, whose genial breath
Unbinds the glebe, till all beneath
One verdant livery wears:
You soothe the sultry heats of noon,
Add softness to the setting Sun,
And dry the morning's tears.

[1] To this ode Mr. Mason has prefixed the following advertisement, which, however, has not prevented us, as the reader will perceive, from inserting the regular series of all Mr. Whitehead's new-year and birth-day odes, both previous and subsequent to it.

"In the Collection of Poems which Mr. Whitehead printed in 1774, he thought proper to select certain of his new-year and birth-day odes for re-publication. Beginning, therefore, from that date, I have reviewed, with the assistance of some friends, whose taste in lyric composition I could depend on, all that he wrote afterwards, and those which we best approved are here inserted. In this review it is to be noted, to the poet's honour, that we found more variety of sentiment and expression, than could well be expected from such an uniformity of subject. If we lamented the necessity he was under, of so frequently adverting to the war with America, we generally admired his delicate manner of treating it. Should, therefore, the odes here reprinted lead any person to read all that he composed, in compliance with the forms of his

This is your season, lovely gales,
Through ether now your power prevails;
And our dilated breasts shall own
The joys which flow from you alone.

Why, therefore, in yon dubious sky,
With outspread wing, and eager eye
On distant scenes intent,
"Sits Expectation in the air"——
Why do alternate hope and fear
Suspend some great event?

Can Britain fail?—The thought were vain!
The powerful empress of the main
But strives to smooth th' unruly flood,
And dreads a conquest stain'd with blood.

While yet, ye winds, your breezy balm
Through Nature spreads a general calm,
While yet a pause fell Discord knows;
Catch the soft moment of repose,
Your genuine powers exert;
To pity melt th' obdurate mind,
Teach every bosom to be kind,
And humanize the heart.

Propitious gales, O wing your way!
And whilst we hail that rightful sway
Whence temper'd freedom springs,
The bliss we feel, to future times
Extend, and from your native climes
Bring peace upon your wings!——

ODE XXXII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1777.

AGAIN imperial Winter's sway
Bids the earth and air obey;
Throws o'er yon hostile lakes his icy bar,
And, for a while, suspends the rage of war.
O may it ne'er revive!——Ye wise,
Ye just, ye virtuous, and ye brave,
Leave fell contention to the sons of vice,
And join your powers to save!

Enough of slaughter have ye known,
Ye wayward children of a distant clime,
For you we heave the kindred groan,
We pity your misfortune, and your crime.
Stop, parricides, the blow,
O find another foe!
And hear a parent's dear request,
Who longs to clasp you to her yielding breast.

What change would ye require? What form
Ideal floats in fancy's sky?
Ye fond enthusiasts break the charm,
And let cool reason clear the mental eye.
On Britain's well-mix'd state alone,
True Liberty has fix'd her throne,
Where law, not man, an equal rule maintains:
Can freedom e'er be found where many a tyrant reigns?

United, let us all those blessings find,
The God of Nature meant mankind,
Whate'er of errour, ill redrest;
Whate'er of passion, ill represt;
Whate'er the wicked have conceiv'd,
And folly's heedless sons believ'd,
Let all lie buried in oblivion's flood,
And our great cement be,—the public good.

ODE XXXIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1777.

DRIVEN out from Heaven's ethereal domes,
On Earth insatiate Discord roams,
And spreads her baleful influence far:
On wretched man her scorpion stings
Around th' insidious fury flings,
Corroding every bliss, and sharp'ning every care.

Hence, demon, hence! in tenfold night
Thy Stygian spells employ,
Nor with thy presence blast the light
Of that auspicious day, which Britain gives to joy.

But come, thou softer deity,
Fairest Unanimity!
Not more fair the star that leads
Bright Aurora's glowing steeds,
Or on Hesper's front that shines,
When the garish day declines;
Bring thy usual train along,
Festive Dance, and choral Song,
Loose-rob'd Sport, from folly free,
And Mirth, chastis'd by decency.

Enough of war the pensive Muse has sung,
Enough of slaughter trembled on her tongue;
Fairer prospects let her bring
Than hostile fields and scenes of blood;
If happier hours are on the wing,
Wherefore damp the coming good?
If again our tears must flow,
Why forestall the future woe?
Bright-ey'd Hope, thy pleasing power
Gilds at least the present hour,
Every anxious thought beguiles,
Dresses every face in smiles,
Nor lets one transient cloud the bliss destroy
Of that auspicious day, which Britain gives to joy.

ODE XXXIV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1778.

WHEN rival nations, great in arms,
Great in power, in glory great,
Fill the world with war's alarms,
And breathe a temporary hate,
The hostile storms but rage a while,
And the tired contest ends.——
But ah, how hard to reconcile
The foes who once were friends!
Each hasty word, each look unkind,
Each distant hint, that seems to mean
A something lurking in the mind
Which almost longs to lurk unseen,

office, (and all are to be found in the Annual Register printed by Dodsley) I persuade myself he must agree with me in thinking, that no court poet ever had fewer *courtly stains*, and that his page is, at the least, as *white as Addison's*."

Each shadow of a shade offends
Th' embitter'd foes who once were friends.

That power alone who fram'd the soul,
And bade the springs of passion play,
Can all their jarring strings control,
And form on discord concord's sway.
'T is he alone, whose breath of love
Did o'er the world of waters move,
Whose touch the mountains bends;
Whose word from darkness call'd forth light,
'T is he alone can reunite
The foes who once were friends.

To him, O Britain, bow the knee!
His awful, his august decree,
Ye rebel tribes, adore!
Forgive at once, and be forgiven,
Ope in each breast a little heaven,
And discord is no more.

ODE XXXV.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1778.

Arm'd with her native force, behold,
How proudly through each martial plain
Britannia stalks! "'T was thus of old,
My warlike sons, a gallant train,
Call'd forth their genuine strength, and spread
Their banners o'er the tented mead;
'T was thus they taught perfidious France to yield."
She cries, and shows the lilies on her shield.

"Yes, goddess, yes! 't was thus of old,"
The Muse replies, "thy barons bold
Led forth their native troops, and spread
Their banners o'er the tented mead.
But nobler now the zeal that warms
Each patriot breast: for freedom's reign
Has burst the Norman's feudal chain,
And given new force to glory's charms.
No vassal bands
Rise at a tyrant lord's commands:
'T is for themselves, with honest rage,
The voluntary youths engage;
To guard their sacred homes they fight,
And in their own assert the public right.
Bound by choice, and choice alone,
Their leaders, and their laws are both their own:
Laws obey'd, because approv'd,
And chiefs that rule, because belov'd.
'T is hence that flash of virtuous pride,
Which Britain's sons disdain to hide,
Glows on their cheeks, and through their eyes,
In active fire, the foe defies.
'T is hence, at home, they claim and find
Th' undoubted rights of human kind;
And, whilst they own a just control,
But yield a part to guard the whole.
'T is hence they spurn a servile chain,
While tyrant man's despotic reign
Enslaves the peopled Earth;
And hence, with equal zeal obey
A father-king, and hail the day
Which gave such monarchs birth."

ODE XXXVI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1779.

To arms, to arms, ye sons of might,
And hail with sounds of war the new-born year!
Britannia, from her rocky height,
Points to the Gallic coast, and lifts her spear.
Th' immortal hatred, which by turns
Wakes and sleeps, with fury burns:
New cause of just offence has Albion found,
And lo, it bleeds afresh, th' eternal wound!

Though great in war, of skill possest,
Though native courage fire their breast
With ardour for the public weal,
One want, at least, our rivals feel,
The want of freedom damps each gen'rous aim;
Whoe'er the lord they serve, th' oppression is the same.

Power despotic rarely knows,
Rarely heeds a subject's woes;
By force it claims, with grasping hand,
Whate'er ambition dares demand:
The ravag'd merchant, plunder'd swain,
May pour their weak complaints in vain;
Their private sorrows are *their own;*
A tyrant feels not, though a people groan.
O happier far the well-mix'd state,
Which blends the monarch's with the subject's fate,
And links the sceptre to the spade!
The stroke which wounds the lowliest clown
Is insult to the British crown,
And he attacks our rights who dares the throne invade
One common flame, one active soul,
Pervades and animates the whole;
One heart, one hand, directs the blow,
And hurls the vollied vengeance on the foe.

ODE XXXVII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1779.

Let Gallia mourn! th' insulting foe,
Who dar'd to aim the treach'rous blow,
When lost, she thought, in deep dismay,
Forlorn, distress'd, Britannia lay:

Deems she misfortune e'er can tame
The gen'rous inborn British flame?
Is *Agincourt* so *little* known?
Must fresh conviction curb her pride,
Each age new annals be supply'd,
Of Gallia's shame and our renown?

What though a while the tempest shrouds
Her summits, and a night of clouds
Each rock and mountain wears;
Yet soon returns the flitting breeze,
And brighter o'er her subject seas
The queen of isles appears.

Let Gallia mourn! th' insulting foe,
Who sees, by all the winds that blow,
Her treasures waited to the coast
She insolently deem'd was lost.

Yon Sun, that with meridian ray
Now gilds the consecrated day,
When Britain breathes her annual vow
For him, the guardian of her laws,
For him, who in her sacred cause
Bids the red bolt of vengeance glow:

That very Sun, when Ganges' stream
Redden'd beneath his rising beam,
Saw Britain's banners wave
In eastern air, with honest pride,
O'er vanquish'd forts, which Gallia tried,
But tried in vain to save.

That very Sun, ere evening dew
Has dimm'd his radiant orb, will view,
Where Lucia's mountains tower on high,
And seem to prop the western sky,
That oft-contested island own
Allegiance to the British throne.

Like her own oak, the forest's king,
Though Britain feels the blows around;
Ev'n from the steel's inflictive sting,
New force she gains, new scions spring,
And flourish from the wound.

ODE XXXVIII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1780.

And dares insulting France pretend
To grasp the trident of the main,
And hope the astonish'd world should bend
To the mock pageantry assum'd in vain?
What, though her fleets the billows load,
What, though her mimic thunders roar,
She bears the ensigns of the god,
But not his delegated power.
Ev'n from the birth of time 't was Heaven's decree,
The queen of isles should reign sole empress of the sea.

United Bourbon's giant pride
Strains every nerve, each effort tries,
With all but justice on its side,
That strength can give, or perfidy devise.
Dread they not him who rules the sky,
Whose nod directs the whirlwind's speed,
Who bares his red right arm on high
For vengeance on the perjur'd head,
Th' Almighty Power, by whose august decree
The queen of isles alone is sovereign of the sea?

Vain-glorious France! deluded Spain!
Whom even experience warns in vain,
Is there a sea that dashing pours
Its big waves round your trembling shores,
Is there a promontory's brow
That does not Britain's vast achievements know?
Ask Biscay's rolling flood,
Ask the proud Celtic steep,
How oft her navies rode
Triumphant o'er the deep?
Ask Lagos' summits that beheld your fate,
Ask Calpe's jutting front, fair cause of endless hate.
Yet midst the loudest blasts of Fame,
When most the admiring nations gaze,
What to herself does Britain claim?
—Not to herself she gives the praise,
But low in dust her head she bows,
And prostrate pays her grateful vows
To him, the Almighty Power, by whose decree
She reigns, and still shall reign, sole empress of the sea.

ODE XXXIX.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1780.

Still o'er the deep does Britain reign,
Her monarch still the trident bears:
Vainglorious France, deluded Spain,
Have found their boasted efforts vain;
Vain as the fleeting shades when orient light appears.

As the young eagle to the blaze of day
Undazzled and undaunted turns his eyes,
So unappall'd, where glory led the way,
Midst storms of war, midst mingling seas and skies,
The genuine offspring of the Brunswick name
Prov'd his high birth's hereditary claim,
And the applauding nation hail'd with joy
Their future hero in the intrepid boy.

Prophetic, as the flame that spread
Round the young Iulus' head,
Be that blest omen of success. The Muse
Catches thence ecstatic views;
Sees new laurels nobly won,
As the circling year rolls on;
Sees that triumphs of its own
Each distinguish'd month shall crown;
And, ere this festive day again
Returns to wake the grateful strain,
Sees all that host of foes,
Both to her glory and repose,
Bend their proud necks beneath Britannia's yoke,
And court that peace which their injustice broke.

Still o'er the deep shall Britain reign,
Her monarch still the trident bear;
The warring world is leagu'd in vain
To conquer those who know not fear.

Grasp'd be the spear by ev'ry hand,
Let every heart united glow,
Collected, like the Theban band,
Can Britain dread a foe?

No! o'er the deep she still shall reign,
Her monarch still the trident bear:
The warring world is leagu'd in vain
To conquer those who know not fear.

ODE XL.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1781.

Ask round the world, from age to age,
Not where alone th' historian's page
Or poet's song have just attention won:
But even the feeblest voice of fame
Has learnt to lisp Britannia's name,
Ask of her inborn worth, and deeds of high renown!

What power from Lusitania broke
The haughty Spaniard's galling yoke?
Who bade the Belgian mounds with freedom ring?
Who fix'd so oft with strength supreme
Unballanc'd Europe's nodding beam,
And rais'd the Austrian eagle's drooping wing?
'T was Britain!—Britain heard the nations groan,
As jealous of their freedom as her own!
Where'er her valiant troops she led,
Check'd and abash'd, and taught to fear,
The Earth's proud tyrants stopp'd their mad career;
To Britain Gallia bow'd; from Britain Julius fled.

Why then, when round her fair protectress' brow
The dark clouds gather, and the tempests blow,
With folded arms, at ease reclin'd,
Does Europe sit? or, more unkind,
Why fraudulently aid the insidious plan?
The foes of Britain are the foes of man.

Alas! her glory soars too high;
Her radiant star of liberty
Has bid too long th' astonish'd nations gaze;
That glory which they once admir'd,
That glory in their cause acquir'd, [blaze.
That glory burns too bright, they cannot bear the

Then Britain, by experience wise,
Court not an envious or a timid friend;
Firm in thyself undaunted rise,
On thy own arm and righteous Heaven depend.
So as in great Eliza's days,
On self-supported pinions borne,
Again shalt thou look down with scorn
On an opposing world, and all its wily ways:
Grown greater from distress,
And eager still to bless,
As truly generous as thou 'rt truly brave, [save.
Again shalt crush the proud, again the conquer'd

ODE XLI.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1781.

Still does the rage of war prevail,
Still thirsts for blood th' insatiate spear?
Waft not, ye winds, th' invidious tale,
Nor let th' untutor'd nations hear,
That passion baffles reason's boasted reign,
And half the peopled world is civilized in vain.
What are morals, what are laws,
What religion's sacred name?
Nor morals soften, nor religion awes: [same.
Pure though the precepts flow, the actions are the
Revenge, and pride, and deadly hate,
And avarice tainting deep the mind,
With all the fury fiends that wait,
As torturing plagues, on human kind,
When shown in their own native light,
In truth's clear mirrour heavenly bright,
Like real monsters rise;
But let illusion's powerful wand
Transform, arrange, the hideous band,
They cheat us in disguise;
We dress their horrid forms in borrow'd rays,
Then call them glory, and pursue the blaze.
O blind to Nature's social plan,
And Heaven's indulgent end!
Her kinder laws knit man to man,
As brother and as friend.
Nature, intent alone to bless,
Bids strife and discord cease;
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace."
Ev'n this auspicious day would wear
A brighter face of joy serene;
And not one ruffling gale of care
Disturb the halcyon scene;
On lighter wings would Zephyr move,
The Sun with added lustre shine,
Did Peace, descending from above,
Here fix her earthly shrine;
Here to the monarch's fondest prayer
A just attention yield,
And let him change the sword of war
For her protecting shield.

ODE XLII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1782.

O wondrous power of inborn worth,
When danger calls its spirit forth,
And strong necessity compels
The secret springs to burst their narrow cells!
Though foes unnumber'd gird her round,
Though not one friend is faithful found,
Though impious scorn derides,
Yet still unmov'd amidst the band,
Like her own rocks, does Britain stand,
And braves th' insulting tides.
A world in arms assaults her reign,
A world in arms assaults in vain.

'T is Britain calls, ye nations, hear!
Unbrace the corselet, drop the spear,
No more th' insidious toil pursue,
Nor strive to weaken what you can 't subdue.
'T is Britain calls: with fatal speed
You urge, by headlong fury led,
Your own impending fate.
Too late you 'll weep, too late you 'll find,
'T was for the glory of mankind
That Britain should be great.
In Britain's voice 't is Freedom calls,
For Freedom dies if Britain falls.

She cannot fall; the same Almighty hand
That rais'd her white rocks from the main,
Does still her arduous cause maintain,
Still grasps the shield that guards her favour'd land.
Obedient to his word,
Not to destroy, but to reclaim,
Th' avenging angel waves the flaming sword:
Revere his awful name!
Repentant in the dust,
Confess his judgments just;
Th' avenging sword shall cease to wave,
And whom his mercy spares, his power shall save.

ODE XLIII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1782.

Still does reluctant Peace refuse,
Though courted by each generous mind,
To shed her panacean dews,
And heal the madness of mankind!

Must this auspicious day again
Be clouded with one anxious care,
And powers malignant render vain [pray'r!
The monarch's fondest wish, the people's general

O no! in yonder pregnant sky,
Whence all our hopes and blessings spring,
New bursting scenes of glory lie,
And future joys are on the wing:
The ling'ring morn, that coyly sheds
On broken clouds and mountain-heads
At first a glimmering ray,
Now brighter and now brighter glows,
Wide and more wide the lustre flows,
Till all is future day,
And Earth, rejoicing in ethereal light, [night.
Forgets the dreary damps, and live-long shades of

Satiate of war, whose mad excess
No bound, no kind restriction knows,
But marks its progress with distress,
The willing world shall seek repose;
And Belgia waking from her dreams
Of Gallic frauds, illusive schemes,
Shall add new strength to concord's chain,
And know her ancient friends again.

While those, whom nearer ties unite,
Whom all the charities combine,
Shall backward turn their trembling sight,
And deprecate the wrath divine:
Midst bleeding heaps of brothers slain,
Midst desolation's horrid reign,
And all its complicated woes,
With wild affright in every face,
Shall strain more close the strict embrace,
And wonder they could e'er be foes.

O pleasing hope, O blest presage
Of joys to last from age to age! [prove,
For what Heaven's self commands must Heaven ap-
Returning amity, and mutual love!

And hark! on yonder western main
Imperious France is taught to know,
That Britain reassumes her reign:
Her thunders only slept to strike the deeper blow.

Ye nations, hear! the Gallic star,
Shorn of its beams, th' horizon leaves;
That fatal firebrand of the war
No longer dazzles and deceives.

Record it in the fairest light
Of faithful History's future page, [fight,
"They only triumph'd, whilst they shunn'd the
We, when we forc'd them to engage."

ODE XLIV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1783.

Ye nations, hear th' important tale——
Though armies press, though fleets assail,
Though vengeful war's collected stores
At once united Bourbon pours——
Unmov'd amidst th' insulting bands,
Emblem of Britain, Calpe stands—
Th' all-conquering hosts their baffled efforts mourn,
And, though the wreath's prepar'd, unwreath'd the chiefs return.

Ye nations, hear! nor fondly deem
Britannia's ancient spirit fled;
Or glosing weep her setting beam,
Whose fierce meridian rays her rivals dread—
Her genius slept—her genius wakes—
Nor strength deserts her, nor high Heaven forsakes.

To Heaven she bends, and Heaven alone,
Who all her wants, her weakness knows,
And supplicates th' eternal throne
To spare her crimes, and heal her woes.
Proud man with vengeance still
Pursues, and aggravates e'en fancied ill;
Far gentler means offended Heaven employs,
With mercy Heaven corrects—chastises, not de-
stroys.

When hope's last gleam can hardly dare
To pierce the gloom and soothe despair;
When flames th' uplifted bolt on high,
In act to cleave th' offended sky,
Its issuing wrath can Heaven repress,
And win to virtue by success.
Then O! to Heaven's protecting hand
Be praise, be prayer address'd,
Whose mercy bids a guilty land
Be virtuous and be bless'd!

So shall the rising year regain
The erring seasons' wonted chain;
The rolling months that gird the sphere,
Again their wonted liveries wear;
And health breathe fresh in every gale,
And plenty clothe each smiling vale
With all the blessings Nature yields
To temperate suns from fertile fields.

So shall the proud be taught to bow,
Pale envy's fierce contentions cease,
The sea once more its sovereign know,
And glory gild the wreath of Peace.

ODE XLV.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1783.

At length the troubled waters rest,
And, shadowing Ocean's calmer breast,
Exulting Commerce spreads her woven wings:
Free as the winds that waft them o'er,
Her issuing vessels glide from shore to shore,
And in the bending shrouds the careless sea-boy sings.

Is peace a blessing?—Ask the mind
That glows with love of human kind,
That knows no guile, no partial weakness knows,
Contracted to no narrow sphere,
The world, the world at large is umpire here;
They feel, and they enjoy, the blessings peace be-
stows.

Then, oh! what bliss his bosom shares,
Who, conscious of ingenuous worth,
Can nobly scorn inferior cares,
And send the generous edict forth;
To distant sighs of modest woe
Can lend a pitying list'ning ear,
Nor see the meanest sorrows flow
Without a sympathising tear.

Though Rapine with her fury train
Rove wide and wild o'er Earth and main,
In act to strike, though Slaughter cleave the air,
At his command they drop the sword,
And in their midway course his potent word
Arrests the shafts of death, of terrour, of despair.

When those who have the power to bless,
Are readiest to relieve distress,
When private virtues dignify a crown,
The genuine sons of freedom feel
A duty which transcends a subject's zeal,
And dread the man's reproach more than the monarch's frown.

Then to this day be honours paid
The world's proud conqu'rors never knew;
Their laurels shrink, their glories fade,
Expos'd to reason's sober view.
But reason, justice, truth rejoice,
When discord's baneful triumphs cease,
And hail, with one united voice,
The friend of man, the friend of peace.

ODE XLVI.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1784.

Exeunt of arms—to happier ends
Her forward view Britannia bends;
The gen'rous hosts, who grasp'd the sword,
Obedient to her awful word,
Though martial glory cease,
Shall now, with equal industry,
Like Rome's brave sons, when Rome was free,
Resume the arts of peace.

O come, ye toil-worn wand'rers, come
To genial hearths, and social home,
The tender housewife's busy care;
The board with temperate plenty crown'd;
The smiling progeny around,
That listen to the tale of war.

Yet be not war the fav'rite theme,
For what has war with bliss to do?
Teach them more justly far to deem,
And own experience taught it you.

Teach them, 't is in the will of Fate,
Their frugal industry alone
Can make their country truly great,
And in her bliss secure their own.

Be all the songs that soothe their toil,
And bid the brow of labour smile,
When through the loom the shuttle glides,
Or shining share the glebe divides,
Or, bending to the woodman's stroke,
To waft her commerce, falls the British oak—
Be all their songs, that soften these,
Of calm content and future well-earn'd ease;
Nor dread lest inborn spirit die:
One glorious lesson, early taught,
Will all the boasted powers supply
Of practis'd rules and studied thought.
From the first dawn of reason's ray
On the young bosom's yielding clay,
Strong be their country's love impress'd,
And with your own example fire their breast:
Tell them 't is theirs to grasp the sword
When Britain gives the awful word;
To bleed, to die, in Britain's cause,
And guard, from faction nobly free,
Their birth-right blessing, liberty,
True liberty, that loves the laws.

ODE XLVII.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 4, 1784.

Hail to the day, whose beams, again
Returning, claim the choral strain,
And bid us breathe our annual vows
To the first power that Britain knows;
The power which, though itself restrain'd,
And subject to that just control
Which, many an arduous conflict gain'd,
Connects, unites, and animates the whole.

Yon radiant Sun, whose central force
Winds back each planet's vagrant course,
And through the systems holds imperial sway,
Bound by the same inherent laws,
Ev'n whilst it seems the active cause,
Promotes the general good, as much confin'd as they.

That wondrous plan, through ages sought,
Which elder Egypt never taught,
Nor Greece with all her letter'd lore,
Nor struggling Rome, could e'er explore,
Though many a form of rule she tried;
That wondrous plan has Britain found,
Which curbs licentiousness and pride,
Yet leaves true liberty without a wound.

The fierce Plantagenets beheld
Its growing strength, and deign'd to yield;
Th' imperious Tudors frown'd, and felt aggrieved;
Th' unhappy race, whose faults we mourn,
Delay'd awhile its wish'd return,
Till Brunswick perfected what Nassau had achiev'd.

From that bright era of renown,
Astrea walks the world again,
Her fabled form the nations own,
With all th' attendant virtues in her train.
Hark! with what general loud acclaim
They venerate the British name,
When forms of rule are in the balance weigh'd,
And pour their torrents of applause
On the fair isle, whose equal laws
Control the sceptre, and protect the spade.

The triple chain, which binds them fast,
Like Homer's golden one, descends from Jove;
Long may the sacred union last,
And the mixt powers in mutual concert move,
Each tempering each, and listening to the call
Of genuine public good, blest source and end of all!

ODE XLVIII.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR. 1785.

Delusive is the poet's dream,
Or does prophetic truth inspire
The zeal which prompts the glowing theme,
And animates th' according lyre?

Trust the Muse! her eye commands
Distant times and distant lands;
Through bursting clouds, in opening skies,
Sees from discord union rise;
And friendship bind unwilling foes
In firmer ties than duty knows.

Torn rudely from its parent tree,
Yon scion rising in the west
Will soon its genuine glory see,
And court again the fostering breast,
Whose nurture gave its powers to spread,
And feel their force, and lift an alien head.

The parent tree, when storms impend,
Shall own affection's warmth again;
Again his fostering aid shall lend;
Nor hear the suppliant plead in vain;
Shall stretch protecting branches round,
Extend the shelter, and forget the wound.

Two Britains through th' admiring world
Shall wing their way with sails unfurl'd;
Each from the other's kindred state
Avert by turns the bolts of fate;
And acts of mutual amity endear
The Tyre and Carthage of a wider sphere.

When Rome's divided eagles flew;
And different thrones her empire knew,
The varying language soon disjoin'd
The boasted masters of mankind:
But here, no ills like those we fear,
No varying language threatens here;
Congenial worth, congenial flame,
Their manners and their arts the same,
To the same tongue shall glowing themes afford,
And British heroes act, and British bards record.

Fly, swift, ye years! ye minutes haste!
And in the future lose the past;
O'er many a thought-afflicting tale,
Oblivion, cast thy friendly veil!
Let not Memory breathe a sigh,
Or backward turn th' indignant eye;
Nor the insidious arts of foes
Enlarge the breach that longs to close,
But acts of amity alone inspire
Firm faith, and cordial love, and wake the willing lyre.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE

TO THE ROMAN FATHER.

SPOKEN BY MR. BARRY. 1750.

Britons, to night in native pomp we come,
True heroes all, from virtuous ancient Rome;
In those far distant times when Romans knew
The sweets of guarded liberty, like you;
And, safe from ills which force or faction brings,
Saw freedom reign beneath the smile of kings.
Yet from such times, and such plain chiefs as these,
What can we frame a polish'd age to please?
Say, can you listen to the artless woes
Of an old tale, which every school-boy knows?
Where to your hearts alone the scenes apply,
No merit theirs but pure simplicity.
Our bard has play'd a most adventurous part,
And turn'd upon himself the critic's art;
Stripp'd each luxuriant plume from fancy's wings,
And torn up similies like vulgar things:
Nay ev'n each moral, sentimental stroke,
Where not the character, but poet spoke,
He lopp'd, as foreign to his chaste design,
Nor spar'd an useless, though a golden line.
These are his arts; if these cannot atone
For all those nameless errours yet unknown;
If, shunning faults which nobler bards commit,
He wants their force to strike th' attentive pit;
Be just, and tell him so; he asks advice,
Willing to learn, and would not ask it twice.
Your kind applause may bid him write—beware!
Or kinder censure teach him to forbear.

EPILOGUE

TO THE ROMAN FATHER.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PRITCHARD. 1750.

Ladies, by me our courteous author sends
His compliments to all his female friends;
And thanks them from his soul for every bright
Indulgent tear, which they have shed to night.
Sorrow in virtue's cause proclaims a mind,
And gives to beauty graces more refin'd.
O who could bear the loveliest form of art,
A cherub's face, without a feeling heart!
'T is there alone, whatever charms we boast,
Though men may flatter, and though men will toast,
'T is there alone they find the joy sincere;
The wife, the parent, and the friend, are there:
All else, the veriest rakes themselves must own,
Are but the paltry play-things of the town;
The painted clouds, which glittering tempt the chase,
Then melt in air, and mock the vain embrace.
Well then; the private virtues, 't is confest,
Are the soft inmates of the female breast.
But then, they fill so full that crowded space,
That the poor public seldom finds a place.
And I suspect there 's many a fair-one here,
Who pour'd her sorrows on Horatia's bier,
That still retains so much of flesh and blood,
She 'd fairly hang the brother, if she could.
Why, ladies, to be sure, if that be all,
At your tribunal he must stand or fall.
Whate'er his country or his sire decreed,
You are his judges now, and he must plead.
Like other culprit youths, he wanted grace;
But could have no self-interest in the case.
Had she been wife, or mistress, or a friend,
It might have answer'd some convenient end:
But a mere sister, whom he lov'd—to take
Her life away—and for his country's sake!
Faith, ladies, you may pardon him; indeed
There 's very little fear the crime should spread.
True patriots are but rare among the men,
And really might be useful, now and then.
Then do not check, by your disapprobation,
A spirit which once rul'd the British nation,
And still might rule—would you but set the fashion.

PROLOGUE

TO EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, 1751.

Critics! your favour is our author's right—
The well-known scenes we shall present to night,
Are no weak efforts of a modern pen,
But the strong touches of immortal Ben;
A rough old bard, whose honest pride disdain'd
Applause itself, unless by merit gain'd—
And would to night your loudest praise disclaim,
Should his great shade perceive the doubtful fame,
Not to his labours granted, but his name.
Boldly he wrote, and boldly told the age,
"He dar'd not prostitute the useful stage,
Or purchase their delight at such a rate,
As for it he himself must justly hate;
But rather begg'd they would be pleas'd to see
From him such plays as other plays should be;
Would learn from him to scorn a motley scene,
And leave their monsters, to be pleas'd with men."
Thus spoke the bard.—And though the times are chang'd,
Since his free Muse for fools the city rang'd;
And satire had not then appear'd in state,
To lash the finer follies of the great;
Yet let no prejudice infect your mind,
Nor slight the gold, because not quite refin'd;
With no false niceness this performance view,
Nor damn for low, whate'er is just and true:
Sure to those scenes some honour should be paid,
Which Camden patroniz'd, and Shakspeare play'd:
Nature was Nature then, and *still* survives;
The garb may *alter*, but the substance lives,
Lives in this play—where each may find complete,
His pictur'd self——Then favour the deceit—
Kindly forget the hundred years between;
Become old *Britons*, and admire old *Ben*.

PROLOGUE

TO CREUSA.

SPOKEN BY MR. ROSS, 1754.

Prologues of old, the learn'd in language say,
Were merely introductions to the play,
Spoken by gods, or ghosts, or men who knew
Whate'er was previous to the scenes in view;
And complaisantly came to lay before ye
The several heads and windings of the story.
But modern times and British rules are such,
Our bards beforehand must not tell too much;
Nor dare we, like the neighb'ring French, admit
Ev'n confidants, who might instruct the pit,
By asking questions of the leading few,
And hearing secrets which before they knew.
Yet what we can to help this antique piece
We will attempt.—Our scene to night is Greece,
And, by the magic of the poet's rod,
This stage the temple of the Delphic god!
Where kings, and chiefs, and sages came of old,
Like modern fools, to have their fortunes told;
And monarchs were enthron'd, or nations freed,
As an old priest, or wither'd maid, decreed.
Yet think not all were equally deceiv'd,
Some knew; more doubted, many more believ'd.
In short, these oracles and witching rhymes
Were but the pious frauds of ancient times,
Wisely contriv'd to keep mankind in awe,
When faith was wonder, and religion law!
Thus much premis'd to ev'ry feeling breast,
We leave the scenes themselves to tell the rest.
—Yet something sure was to the critics said,
Which I forget—some invocation made!
Ye critic bands, like jealous guardians, rise,
To watch th' encroachments on the realm of lies!
From you our author would two boons claim,
Not wholly diffident, nor wholly vain:
Two things he asks; 't is modest, sure, from you
Who can do all things, to request but two:
First to his scenes a kind attention pay,
Then judge!—with candour judge—and we obey.

EPILOGUE

TO CREUSA.

SPOKEN BY MISS HAUGHTON, WHO ACTED THE PYTHIA. 1754.

At length I 'm freed from tragical parade,
No more a Pythian priestess—though a maid;
At once resigning, with my sacred dwelling,
My wreaths, my wand, my arts of fortune-telling.
Yet superstitious folks, no doubt, are here,
Who still regard me with a kind of fear,
Lest to their secret thoughts these prying eyes
Should boldly pass, and take them by surprise.
Nay, though I disavow the whole deceit,
And fairly own my science all a cheat,
Should I declare, in spite of ears and eyes,
The beaux were handsome, or the critics wise,
They 'd all believe it, and with dear delight
Say to themselves at least,
"The girl has taste;" "The woman's in the right."
Or, should I tell the ladies, so dispos'd,
They 'd get good matches ere the season clos'd,
They 'd smile, perhaps, with seeming discontent,
And, sneering, wonder what the creature meant;
But whisper to their friends, with beating heart,
"Suppose there should be something in her art!"
Grave statesmen too would chuckle, should I say,
On such a motion, and by such a day,
They would be summon'd from their own affairs
To 'tend the nation's more important cares:
"Well, if I must—howe'er I dread the load,
I 'll undergo it—for my country's good."
All men are bubbles; in a skilful hand,
The ruling passion is the conjurer's wand.
Whether we praise, foretell, persuade, advise,
'T is that alone confirms us fools or wise.
The devil without may spread the tempting sin,
But the sure conqueror is—the devil within.

A SECOND PROLOGUE

TO CREUSA.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PRITCHARD. 1754.

Stay, ladies—Though I 'm almost tir'd to death
With this long part—and am so out of breath—
Yet such a lucky thought kind Heaven has sent,
That if I die for 't, I must give it vent.

The men you know are gone[1]. And now suppose,
Both our lords and masters are rechose,
We take th' advantage of an empty town,
And choose a house of commons of our own?
What think ye, cannot we make laws?—and then
Cannot we too unmake them, like the men?
O place us once in good St. Stephen's pews,
We 'll show them women have their public use.
Imprimis, they shall marry; not a man
Past twenty-five, but what shall wear the chain.
Next, though in earnest set about reclaiming;
Nor, by my life and soul, we 'll put down gaming:
We 'll dispossess their deep destructive midnight play;
The laws we make, we 'll force them to obey;
Unless we let them, when their spirits flag,
Piddle with us, ye know, at quinze and brag.
"I hope, my dearest," says some well-bred spouse,
"When such a bill shall come before your house,
That you 'll consider men are men—at least
That you 'll not speak, my dear."—Not speak?—these—
the beast! [these—
What, would you wound my honour?—Wrongs like
For this, sir, I shall bring you on your knees.
—Or, if we 're quite good-natur'd, tell the man,
We 'll do him all the service that we can.
Then for ourselves, what projects, what designs!
We 'll tax, and double tax, their nasty wines;
But duty-free import our blonds and laces,
French hoops, French silks, French cambrics, and
—French faces.
In short, my scheme is not completed quite,
But I may tell you more another night.
So come again, come all, and let us raise
Such glorious trophies to our country's praise,
That all true Britons shall with one consent
Cry out, "Long live the female parliament!"

[1] This epilogue was spoken at the time of a general election.

PROLOGUE

TO THE ORPHAN OF CHINA;

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLLAND, 1759.

Enough of Greece and Rome. Th' exhausted store
Of either nation now can charm no more:
Ev'n adventitious helps in vain we try,
Our triumphs languish in the public eye;
And grave processions, musically slow,
Here pass unheeded—as a lord mayor's show.
On eagle wings the poet of to night
Soars for fresh virtues to the source of light,
To China's eastern realms; and boldly bears
Confucius' morals to Britannia's ears.
Accept th' imported boon; as echoing Greece
Receiv'd from wand'ring chiefs her golden fleece;
Nor only richer by the spoils become, [home.
But praise th' advent'rous youth who brings them
One dubious character, we own, he draws,
A patriot zealous in a monarch's cause!
Nice is the task the varying hand to guide,
And teach the blending colours to divide;
Where, rainbow-like, th' encroaching tints invade
Each other's bounds, and mingle light with shade.
If then, assiduous to obtain his end,
You find too far the subject's zeal extend;
If undistinguish'd loyalty prevails
Where nature shrinks, and strong affection fails,
On China's tenets charge the fond mistake,
And spare his errour for his virtue's sake.
From nobler motives our allegiance springs,
For Britain knows no right divine in kings;
From freedom's choice that boasted right arose,
And through each line from freedom's choice it flows,
Justice, with mercy join'd, the throne maintains;
And in his people's hearts—our monarch reigns.

PROLOGUE

TO THE SCHOOL FOR LOVERS,

AS IT WAS INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN, 1762.

Success makes people vain.—The maxim 's true,
We all confess it—and not over new.
The veriest clown who stumps along the streets,
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,
Some twelve months hence, bedaub'd with livery lace,
Shall thrust his saucy flambeau in your face.
Not so our bard: though twice your kind applause
Has, on this fickle spot, espous'd his cause;
He owns, with gratitude, th' obliging debt;
Has twice been favour'd, and is modest yet.
Plain tragedy, his first adventurous care,
Spoke to your hearts, and found an echo there.
Plain comedy to night, with strokes refin'd,
Would catch the coyest features of the mind;
Would play politely with your hopes and fears,
And sometimes smiles provoke, and sometimes tears.
Your giant wits, like those of old, may climb
Olympus high, and step o'er space and time;
May stride, with seven-leagu'd boots, from shore to shore,
And, nobly by transgressing, charm you more.
Alas! our author dares not laugh at schools,
Plain sense confines his humbler Muse to rules.
Form'd on the classic scale his structures rise,
He shifts no scenes to dazzle and surprise.
In one poor garden's solitary grove,
Like the primeval pair, his lovers rove;
And in due time will each transaction pass,
—Unless some hasty critic shakes the glass.

PROLOGUE

TO THE SCHOOL FOR LOVERS,

AS SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, 1762.

Success makes people vain—The maxim 's true—
We all confess it—and not over new.
The veriest clown, who stumps along the streets,
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,
Some twelve months hence, bedaub'd with livery lace,
Shall thrust his saucy flambeau in your face.
Not so our bard—though twice your kind applause
Has, on this fickle spot, espous'd his cause:
He owns, with gratitude th' obliging debt;
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Your giant wits, like those of old, may climb
Olympus high, and step o'er space and time;
May stride, with seven-league'd boots from shore to shore,
And, nobly by transgressing, charm you more.
Alas! our author dares not laugh at schools—
Plain sense confines his humbler Muse to rules:
He shifts no scenes—But here I stopp'd him short—
"Not change your scenes?" said I—"I 'm sorry for 't:
My constant friends above, around, below,
Have English tastes, and love both change and show:
Without such aids, ev'n Shakspeare would be flat—
Our crowded pantomimes are proofs of that.
What eager transport stares from every eye,
When pullies rattle, and our Genii fly!
When tin cascades like falling waters gleam;
Or through the canvass—*bursts* the real stream,
While thirsty Islington laments in vain
Half her New River roll'd to Drury Lane.
Lord, sir," said I, "for gallery, boxes, pit,
I 'll back my Harlequin against your wit"—
Yet still the author, anxious for his play,
Shook his wise head—"What will the critics say?"
"As usual, sir—abuse you all they can!"—
"And what the ladies?"—"He 's a charming man!
A charming piece!—One scarce knows what it means:
But that 's no matter—where there 's such sweet scenes!"
Still he persists—and let him—*entre nous*—
I know your tastes, and will indulge them too.
Change you shall have; so set your hearts at ease:
Write as *he* will, we 'll act it as *you* please.

EPILOGUE

TO THE SCHOOL FOR LOVERS.

SPOKEN BEFORE THE DANCE, BY MRS. YATES AND MR. PALMER, IN THE CHARACTERS OF ARAMINTA AND MODELY, 1762.

ARAMINTA.

Well, ladies, am I right, or am I not?
Should not this foolish passion be forgot;
This fluttering something, scarce to be express'd,
Which pleads for coxcombs in each female breast?
How mortified he look'd!—and looks so still.
[*Turning to Modely.*
He really may repent—perhaps he will.—

MODELY.

Will, Araminta?—Ladies, be so good,
Man's made of frail materials, flesh and blood.
We all offend at some unhappy crisis,
Have whims, caprices, vanities,—and vices.
Your happier sex by Nature was design'd,
Her last best work, to perfect human kind.
No spot, no blemish, the fair frame deforms,
No avarice taints, no naughty passion warms
Your firmer hearts. No love of change in you
E'er taught desire to stray.....

ARAMINTA.

..... All this is true.
Yet stay; the men, perchance, may call it sneer.
And some few ladies think you not sincere.
For your petition, whether wrong or right,
Whate'er it be, withdraw it for to night.
Another time, if I should want a spouse,
I may myself report it to the house:
At present, let us strive to mend the age;
Let justice reign, at least upon the stage.
Where the fair dames, who like to live by rule,
May learn two lessons from the Lovers' School;
While Cælia's choice instructs them how to choose
And my refusal warns them to refuse.

PROLOGUE

TO ALMIDA.

SPOKEN BY MR. REDDISH, 1771.

Critics be dumb—to night a lady sues.
From soft Italia's shores, an English Muse,
Though fate there binds her in a pleasing chain,
Sends to our stage the offspring of her brain:
True to her birth she pants for British bays,
And to her country trusts for genuine praise.
From infancy well read in tragic lore,
She treads the path her father trod before;
To the same candid judges trusts her cause,
And hopes the same indulgence and applause.
No Salic law here bars the female's claim,
Who pleads hereditary right to fame.
Of love and arms she sings, the *mighty* two,
Whose powers uniting must *the world subdue*;
Of love and arms! in that heroic age,
Which knew no poet's, no historian's page;
But war to glory form'd the unletter'd mind,
And chivalry alone taught morals to mankind;
Nor taught in vain: the youth who dar'd aspire
To the nice honours of a lover's fire,
Observ'd with duteous care each rigid rule,
Each stern command of labour's patient school;
Was early train'd to bear the sultry beams
Of burning suns, and winter's fierce extremes;
Was brave, was temperate: to one idol fair
His vows he breath'd, his wishes center'd there:
Honour alone could gain her kind regard;
Honour *was virtue, beauty its reward.*
And shall not British breasts, in beauty's cause,
Adopt to night the manners which she draws?
Male writers we confess are lawful prize,
Giants and monsters that but rarely rise!
With their enormous spoils your triumphs grace
Attack, confound, exterminate the race;
But when a lady tempts the critic war,
Be all knights errant, and protect the fair.

ADDITIONAL POEMS

OF

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD

PUBLISHED BY MR. MASON, &c.

THE VISION OF SOLOMON.

WRITTEN WHEN AT SCHOOL.

'T was night, and sleep with gently waving wand
Sat softly brooding o'er that monarch's brow,
Whose waking nod could Judah's realms command,
Or deal destruction to the frighted foe.
Great David's son—But at this tranquil hour,
No dreams of state disturb'd his peaceful bed,
To nobler heights his thoughts unfetter'd soar,
And brighter visions hover round his head.
Let meaner kings by mortals guard their state:
Around his sacred couch aërial legates wait.

"Hail, best below'd!" superior to the rest
One bending angel cry'd with heav'nly voice,
"Earth, seas, and air stand to thy view confest,
And God's own mandate ratifies thy choice.
Choose then from these—say, shall thy pow'r extend
Where suns scarce warm this Earth's remotest shore?
Shall India's lords beneath thy sceptre bend,
Whilst their black troops stand silent and adore?
To thee, sole lord, shall Earth her stores unfold,
Pour all her gems to thee, and mines that flame with gold?

"Shall Ocean's waves, obedient to thy call,
As erst to Moses, rang'd in order stand,
While crowds once more admire the floating wall,
And treasures open on the glitt'ring sand?
Or shall Fame's breath inspire each softer air,
The just and good to distant worlds resound,
While Peace, fair goddess, leads the smiling year,
Swells the glad grain, and spreads the harvest round,
Bids Jordan's stream extend its azure pride,
Pleas'd with reflected fruits that tremble in the tide?"

The cherub spoke—when Power majestic rose,
A Tyrian tinctur'd robe she dragg'd behind,
Whose artful folds at ev'ry turn disclose
Sceptres and crowns that flutter'd in the wind.
Gigantic phantom! in her face appear'd
Terrific charms, too fierce for mortal eyes;
Aw'd and amaz'd her very smiles we fear'd,
As though storms lurk'd beneath the smooth disguise.
But when she frowns, tremendous thunders roar,
Stern Desolation reigns, and kingdoms float in gore.

Her Wealth succeeds—and scarce his tott'ring head
Sustains the glitt'ring ore's incumbent weight,
O'er his old limbs were tatter'd garments spread,
A well-fix'd staff directs his double feet.
Thus mean himself appear'd, but all around
What crowds unnumber'd hail the passing seer!
Power, as he came, bow'd lowly to the ground,
And own'd with rev'rence a superior there.
"Rise, David's son, thy utmost wish extend,
See to thy sceptre Wealth, the world's great monarch, bend."

Fame next approach'd, whose clarion's martial sound
Bids conqu'ring laurels flourish ever green,
And gentle Peace with olive chaplets crown'd,
And Plenty, goddess of the sylvan scene;
These Pleasure join'd; loose flow'd her radiant hair,
Her flying fingers touch'd the trembling lyre,
"Come, Mirth," she sung, "your blooming wreaths prepare,
Come, gay Delight, and ever young Desire,
Let days, let years, in downy circles move
Sacred to sprightly Joy, and all-subduing Love."

The mingled train advanc'd; to close the rear,
As lost in thought, appear'd a pensive maid,
Bright was her aspect, lovely yet severe,
In virgin white her decent limbs array'd,
She mov'd in sober state; on either side
A beauteous handmaid friendly aid bestow'd,
Fair Virtue here, her view from Earth to guide;
There Contemplation rais'd her golden rod.
Hail, Wisdom, hail! I see and bless the sight;
First-born of Heav'n, pure source of intellectual light.

[1] See 2 Chron. chap. i. verses 7—12.

On her the monarch fix'd his eager eyes,
On her alone, regardless of the crowd,
" Let vulgar souls" he cry'd, " your trifles prize,
Mortals that dare of misery be proud.
Hence then: I burn for more ingenuous charms,
Nature's true beauties with more lustre shine;
Then take me, Wisdom, take me to thy arms,
O snatch me from myself, and make me thine:
All Heav'n calls good, or man felicity,
Peace, Plenty, Health, Content, are all compris'd
in thee[2]."

VERSES TO HIS MOTHER,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

WRITTEN IN HIS EARLY YEARS.

Ere yet to Heav'n my infant thought could reach,
Ere praise its Maker by the powers of speech,
Taught by thy care, by thy example mov'd,
I rais'd my waking eyes, ador'd and lov'd.
For this, and this my more than life, receive
That poor return which I with blushes give,
For ah! the trifling tribute of a lay
Is all my humble gratitude can pay!
Hear then my fervent wish, though cloth'd in song,
(Ye pow'rs confirm it, ere it quit my tongue!)
From this blest day, may fate propitious shine,
Each earthly bliss, that Heav'n calls good, be thine,
May adverse clouds, like empty mists decay,
And time declining shed a purer ray,
To gild the ev'ning of thy well-spent day.
And when (yet ne'er let that sad hour appear,
While my poor breast draws in this vital air)
Thy fainting frame sinks on the bed of death,
May no sharp pangs attend thy fleeting breath;
No care on care, like restless billows roll,
To break the calm of thy departing soul.
Full in thy sight let choirs of angels spread
Their radiant plumes, and hover round thy head:
Then one soft sigh thy issuing soul convey
(While thy great loss and mine points out the way[1])
To scenes of bliss, and realms of endless day.

[2] Had I thought it fair to make more alterations from the MS. than such very trifling ones, as I believed the young author would himself have done, if, immediately after he had composed it, he had revised it for the press, I should, in order to make the concluding part of the speech refer to the preceding visionary personages, have printed the last line thus:

Ev'n Power, and Wealth, and Fame, are all compris'd in thee. *M.*

[1] This line, as I think, alludes to the recent loss of his father, that loss being only parenthetically touched upon, from a delicate apprehension, as it should seem, of too much affecting his surviving parent. If this supposition be admitted, the author's age, when he wrote it, could not have exceeded fifteen or sixteen years. I need not hint to the poetical reader, that he seems to have had Mr. Pope's verses to Mrs. Martha Blount, on her birth-day, in his eye, when he wrote this little poem: his imitation, however, is by no means servile. *M.*

FRAGMENT OF A POEM

WRITTEN ABOUT THE TIME HE INTENDED TO TAKE ORDERS.

O ever mine! whate'er my fate portends
Of absence, passions, business, fortune, friends;
Whether in wide-spread scarf, and rustling gown,
My borrow'd rhet'ric soothes the saints in town,
Or makes in country pews soft matrons weep,
Gay damsels smile, and tir'd churchwardens sleep,
Whether to ease consign'd, my future day,
One downy circle, sportive rolls away;
Or deep in Cambria, or the wilds of Kent,
I drag out life, and learn from ills content:
Still be thy friendship like a genius there,
Zest of the joy, and solace of the care.

FRAGMENT OF VERSES

ON CHURCHILL.

So from his common-place, where Churchill strings
Into some motley form his *damn'd* good things;
The purple patches every where prevail,
But the poor work has neither head nor tail.
.....
Churchill had strength of thought, had power to paint,
Nor felt from principles the least restraint;
From Hell itself his characters he drew,
And christen'd them by every name he knew:
For 't was from hearsay he pick'd up his tales,
Where false and true by accident prevails:
Hence I, though older far, have liv'd to see
Churchill forgot, an empty shade like me.
.....
That I 'm his foe, ev'n Churchill can 't pretend,
But—thank my stars—he proves I am no friend:
Yet, Churchill, could an honest wish succeed,
I 'd prove myself to thee a friend *indeed*;
For had I power like that *which bends the sphere*
To music never heard by mortal ears,
Where in his system sits the central Sun,
And drags reluctant planets into tune,
So would I bridle thy eccentric soul,
In reason's sober orbit bid it roll:
Spite of thyself, would make thy rancour cease,
Preserve thy present fame and future peace,
And teach thy Muse no vulgar place to find
In the full moral chorus of mankind.

A PATHETIC APOLOGY

FOR ALL LAUREATS, PAST, PRESENT, AND TO COME.

WRITTEN SOME YEARS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

Veniant ad Cæsaris aures!

Ye silly dogs, whose half-year lays
Attend like satellites on Bays;
And still, with added lumber, load
Each birth-day and each new-year ode,
Why will ye *strive* to be *severe*?
In pity to yourselves forbear;

Nor let the sneering public see,
What numbers write far worse than he.
His Muse, *obliged* by sack and pension,
Without a subject, or invention—
Must certain words in order set,
As innocent as a Gazette;
Must some half-meaning half disguise,
And utter neither truth nor lies.
But why will *you*, ye volunteers
In nonsense, tease us with your jeers,
Who *might* with dullness and her crew
Securely slumber? Why will *you*
Sport your dim orbs amidst her fogs?
You 're not *oblig'd*—ye silly dogs!
When Jove, as ancient fables sing,
Made of a senseless log a king,
The frogs at first their doubts express'd;
But soon leap'd up, and smok'd the jest.
While every tadpole of the lake
Lay quiet, though they felt it quake,
They knew their nature's due degree,
Themselves scarce more alive than he;
They knew they could not croak like frogs,
—Why will *you* try?—ye silly dogs!
When the poor barber felt askance
The thunder of a Quixote's lance,
For merely bearing on his head
Th' expressive emblem of his trade,
The barber was a harmless log,
The hero was the silly dog—
What trivial things are cause of quarrel!
Mambrino's helmet, or the laurel,
Alike distract an idiot's brain,
"Unreal mockeries!" shadowy pain.
Each laureat (if kind Heav'n dispense
Some little gleam of common sense)
Blest with one hundred pounds *per ann.*
And that too tax'd, and but ill paid,
With caution frames his frugal plan,
Nor apes his brethren of the trade.
He never will to garrets rise
For inspiration from the skies;
And pluck, as Hotspur would have done,
"Bright honour from the pale-fac'd Moon;"
He never will to cellars venture,
To drag up glory from the centre;
But calmly steer his course between
Th' aerial and infernal scene;
—*One hundred pounds!* a golden mean!
Nor need *he* ask a printer's pains
To fix the type, and share the gains;
Each morning paper is so kind
To give his works to every wind.
Each evening post and magazine,
Gratis adopts the *lay serene.*
On their frail barks his praise or blame
Floats for an hour, and sinks with them;
Sure without envy you might see
Such floundering immortality.
Why will ye then, amidst the bogs,
Thrust in *your* oar?—ye silly dogs!
He ne'er desires his stated loan,
(I honestly can speak for one)
Should meet in print the public eye:
Content with Boyce's harmony,
Who throws, on many a worthless lay,
His music and his powers away.
Are *you* not charm'd, when at Vauxhall,
Or Marybone, the syrens squall
Your oft repeated *madrigals*,
Your Nancys of the *hills* or vales,
While *tip-toe* misses and their beaux
Catch the dear sounds in triple rows,
And whisper, as their happiness,
They know the author of the piece?
This vanity, my gentle brothers,
You feel; forgive it then in others,
At least in one you call a dunce,
The laureat's odes are sung but once,
And then not heard—while your renown
For half a season stuns the town—
Nay, on brown paper, fairly spread,
With wooden print to grace its head,
Each barber pastes you on his wall;
Each cobler chants you in his stall,
And Dolly, from her master's shop,
Encores you, as she twirls her mop.
Then "ponder well, ye parents dear"
Of works, which live a whole half year:
And with a tender eye survey
The frailer offspring of a day,
Whose glories wither ere they bloom,
Whose very cradle is their tomb:
Have ye no bowels, cruel men!
You who may grasp, or quit the pen,
May choose your subject, nay, your time,
When genius prompts to sport in rhyme;
Dependent on yourselves alone,
To be immortal, or unknown:
Does no compassion touch your breast
For brethren to the service prest?
To laureats is no pity due,
Encumber'd with a thousand clogs?
I 'm very sure they *pity* you,
—Ye silliest of all silly dogs.

THE LYRIC MUSE TO MR. MASON,

ON THE RECOVERY OF THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HOLDERNESSE FROM A DANGEROUS ILLNESS.

(FROM DODSLEY'S COLLECTION, EDITION 1782.)

MASON, snatch the votive lyre,
D'Arcy lives, and I inspire,
'T is the Muse that deigns to ask:
Can thy hand forget its task?
Or can the lyre its strains refuse
To the patron of the Muse?
Hark, what notes of artless love
The feather'd poets of the grove,
Grateful for the bowers they fill,
Warble wild on Sion-hill[1];
In tuneful tribute duly paid
To the master of the shade!
And shall the bard sit fancy-proof
Beneath the hospitable roof,
Where every menial face affords
Raptur'd thoughts that want but words?
And the patron's dearer part,
The gentle sharer of his heart,
Wears her wonted charms again?
Time, that felt affliction's chain,
Learns on lighter wings to move;
And the tender pledge of love,

[1] A country seat belonging to lord Holdernesse.

Sweet Amelia now is press'd
With double transport to her breast.
Sweet Amelia, thoughtless why,
Imitates the general joy:
Innocent of care or guile
See the lovely mimic smile,
And as the heartfelt raptures rise,
Catch them from her mother's eyes.
Does the noisy town deny
Soothing airs and ecstasy?
Sion's shades afford retreat,
Thither bend thy pilgrim feet.
There bid th' imaginary train,
Coinage of the poet's brain,
Nor only in effects appear,
But forms, and limbs, and features wear:
Let festive Mirth, with flow'rets crown'd,
Lightly tread the measur'd round:
And Peace, that seldom knows to share
The statesman's friendly bowl, be there;
While rosy Health, superior guest,
Loose to the zephyrs bares her breast:
And, to add a sweeter grace,
Give her soft Amelia's face.
Mason, why this dull delay?
Haste, to Sion haste away.
There the Muse again shall ask,
Nor thy hand forget its task;
Nor the lyre its strains refuse
To the patron of the Muse.

ON

THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE.

WRITTEN IN 1748, AND PRINTED AMONG THE CAMBRIDGE GRATULATORY VERSES.

From whom should Peace sincerer vows receive
Than from those arts which by her presence live?
Far from the noise of arms, in cells and shades,
The sons of science wait th' inspiring maids:
Yet not inglorious; if the cloister'd sage
Enrich the moral or historic page,
The hero's acts from dark oblivion save,
Or frame the precepts which make heroes brave.
But now no more shall rude alarms molest
The learn'd, the virtuous, or the tuneful breast:
No more the matron's pious tears deplore
Her absent heir: the pensive bride no more
With fancied dangers real fears create;
Or Albion tremble for her William's fate:
William, whose godlike arm and filial care
Hush'd her loud griefs, and snatch'd her from despair.
He came, he saw, and drove Rebellion forth
To the bleak regions of her native north:
There, on the confines of some barren shore,
While tempests howl, and oceans round her roar,
The fiend, impatient of the galling chain,
Heaves her huge limbs, and bites her bonds in vain.
But Peace returns, and o'er the smiling land
The fair magician waves her olive wand:
Beneath whose touch the vales fresh verdure wear,
And future harvests seem already here.
Wide o'er the deep her halcyon power prevails;
The deep, now darken'd with unnumber'd sails.
Securely there the merchant ploughs his way
Through Ushant's straits, and Biscay's faithless bay:
Securely slacks his course, and points the place,
Where late our heroes urg'd the naval chase:
"'T was there," he cries, "where yon advancing tide
Swells from the right, that Gallia's towering pride
Bow'd to the British flag:" then spreads the sail,
And whilst his eager tongue pursues the tale
Of Albion's triumphs, round the Celtic steep
Winds to the bosom of Iberia's deep.
There, as they glide, he sees with ardent eyes
In crowds his country's former conquests rise:
He leaves the lessening Groyne, beheld from far,
And Vigo, dreading still the sound of war;
Cascaia's turrets half in Tagus lost,
And Gades, and Calpe's oft-disputed coast:
Fair cause of endless hate!—But why essays
Th' ambitious verse to grasp Britannia's praise?
Witness, O Earth, how wide her conquests run;
Witness, thou rising and thou setting Sun;
Witness, ye winds that bear her on her way,
And waves, that hail her sovereign of the sea!
Yet ne'er should glory's generous heat too far
Provoke destructive, though successful war.
Th' Almighty hand, which first her shores secur'd
With rolling oceans, and with rocks immur'd,
Which spread her plains, and bade her flocks increase,
Design'd Britannia for the land of peace:
Where Commerce only should exert her sway,
And musing Science trim th' unfading bay.
Then O, though still from Albion's favour'd coast
New Drakes, new Williams, lead her willing hosts;
Though many a realm, in many a *fatal hour*,
Has forc'd her to be brave, and *felt her power:*
Yet still be peace her choice. With plenty crown'd,
Still may she shed the softer blessings round!
Nor fear we thence her innate worth should fail:
Firm as her oaks, when winds or waves assail,
She'll stand the storm: though better pleas'd to spread
The milder honours of a peaceful shade.
Ye lands of slaves, whom each mad master's will
Draws forth in myriads, and inures to kill!
What though, from use, your strengthen'd sinews know
To hurl the lance, or bend the stubborn bow;
What though, from use, your harden'd bodies bear
The march laborious, and the midnight air;
Yet must ye still inglorious schemes pursue,
And feel a want which Britons never knew.
'T is in a juster cause our arms engage,
Than weak ambition, or insatiate rage:
'T is from a nobler source our spirits roll:
Toil forms the limbs, but liberty the soul.

THE

POEMS

OF

RICHARD JAGO.

THE

LIFE OF JAGO,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

RICHARD JAGO, descended of a Cornish family, was the third son of the rev. Richard Jago, rector of Beaudesert[1], in Warwickshire, by Margaret, the daughter of William Parker, gent. of Henly in Arden; and was born October 1, 1715. He received his classical education under the rev. Mr. Crumpton, an excellent schoolmaster, at Solihull, in the same county, but one whose severity our poet has thought proper to record in his Edge-Hill.

> Hail, Solihull! respectful I salute
> Thy walls: more awful once, when, from the sweets
> Of festive freedom, and domestic ease,
> With throbbing heart, to the stern discipline
> Of pedagogue morose I sad return'd.

At this school he formed an intimacy, which death only dissolved, with the poet Shenstone, whose letters to him have since been published. In their early days they probably exchanged their juvenile verses, and afterwards communicated to each other their more serious studies and pursuits. Somervile also appears to have encouraged our author's first attempts, which were made at a yet earlier period, when under his father's humble roof.

> O Beaudesert!.....
> Haunt of my youthful steps! where I was wont
> To range, chanting my rude notes to the wind,
> While Somervile disdain'd not to regard
> With candid ear, and regulate the strain.

From school he was entered as a servitor of University College, Oxford, where Shenstone, then a commoner of Pembroke, the late rev. Richard Greaves, Mr. Whistler, and others who appear among Shenstone's correspondents, showed him every respect, notwithstanding the inferiority of his rank. A young man of whatever merit, who was servitor, was usually visited, if visited at all, with secresy; but this prejudice is now so

[1] Or Beldesert, a living conferred upon him by Lloyd, bishop of Worcester, in 1709. C.

much abolished, that the same circumspection is not thought necessary. He took his master's degree July 9, 1738, having entered into the church the year before, and served the curacy of Snitterfield, near Stratford upon Avon. His father died in 1740. In 1744, or, according to Shenstone's Letters, in 1743, he married Dorothea Susanna Fancourt, daughter of the rev. —— Fancourt of Kilmcote in Leicestershire, a young lady whom he had known from her childhood[2].

For several years after his marriage, he resided at Harbury, to which living he was presented in 1746. Lord Willoughby de Broke gave him also the living of Chesterton, at a small distance from Harbury. These two benefices together did not produce more than one hundred pounds a year. In 1751 he had the misfortune to lose his wife, who appears to have been an amiable and accomplished woman, and was left with the care of seven very young children.

In 1754 lord Clare, the late earl Nugent, procured for him from Dr. Madox, bishop of Worcester, the vicarage of Snitterfield, worth about 140*l.* In 1759, he married a second wife, Margaret, daughter of James Underwood, esq. of Rudgely, in Staffordshire, who survived him, but by whom he had no children.

Some of his smaller pieces of poetry had before this time been inserted in Dodsley's Collection, but he put in for higher claims, by publishing the poem of Edge-Hill, in the year 1767; and in 1768 his more popular fable of Labour and Genius. In 1771, he was presented by his kind patron, lord Willoughby de Broke, to the living of Kilmcote, formerly held by his first wife's father, which being worth near 300*l.* a year, enabled him to maintain his family with ease and comfort, especially as he retained Snitterfield, and resigned only the trifling living of Harbury. During the latter part of his life, when the infirmities of age made their approach, he resided almost entirely at Snitterfield, where he amused himself with improving the vicarage house, and ornamenting his grounds, a taste he probably caught from Shenstone, but which he contrived to indulge at a much less expense.

He died after a short illness, May 8, 1781, aged sixty-five years, and was *buried*, according to his desire, in a vault which he had made for his family in the *church at Snit*terfield. Three of his daughters, by the first wife, survived him.

His personal character is thus given by his biographer—"Mr. Jago, in his person, was about the middle stature. In his manner, like most people of sensibility, he appeared reserved among strangers: amongst his friends he was free and easy: and his conversation sprightly and entertaining. In domestic life, he was the affectionate husband, the tender parent, the kind master, the hospitable neighbour, and sincere friend; and both by his doctrine and example, a faithful and worthy minister of the parish over which he presided."

In 1784, his poems, as corrected, improved, and enlarged by the author a short time before his death, with some additional pieces, were published by his friend, the late John Scott Hylton, esq. of Lapall-House near Hales Owen, who was likewise the correspondent of Shenstone. To this publication Mr. Hylton prefixed some account of Jago's life, which, however meagre and unsatisfactory, is all that can now be procured. A very few particulars, indeed, but perhaps of no great importance, have been gleaned from Shenstone's Letters, &c. His life, it may be presumed, was that of a man not dependent on fame, and whose productions formed the amusement of his leisure hours. It would

[2] Shenstone's Letters. Letter xlix. *C.*

appear by one of Shenstone's letters that he occasionally used his pencil as well as his pen.

His rank as a poet cannot be thought very high. Yet we have few more beautiful specimens of tenderness and sensibility than in his Elegies on the Blackbirds and Goldfinches. The fable of Labour and Genius has a pleasing mixture of elegance and humour.

The Elegy on the Blackbirds appeared first in The Adventurer, to the editor of which it was sent by Gilbert West, and published as his. The author claimed it, however, when added to Dodsley's collection, a circumstance which Dr. Johnson has noted, but not with sufficient precision, in his life of West. Even when Mr. Jago put his name to it, a manager of the Bath theatre endeavoured to make it pass for his own, and with great effrontery asserted that *Jago* was a fictitious name adopted from the play of Othello.

His longest poem, Edge-Hill, has some passages not destitute of animation, but it is so topographically exact, that to enjoy it the reader must have a map constantly before him; and perhaps with that aid, if he is not conversant with the various scenery, the effect will be languor and indifference. Even his friend Shenstone seems to speak coldly of it. "You must by no means lay aside the thoughts of perfecting Edge-hill, at your leisure. It is possible, that in order to keep clear of flattery, I have said less in its favour than I really ought—but I never considered it otherwise than as a poem which it was very adviseable for you to complete and finish." Shenstone did not live to see it published in its finished state, and whatever his objections, probably bestowed the warmest praise on the tender and simple episode of Lydia and the Blind Lover, taken from a story in The Tatler.

His other pieces requires no distinct notice.—Shenstone, in a letter dated 1759, mentions an Essay on Electricity written by Jago, but whether published, I have not been able to discover. In 1755, he printed a very sensible and seasonable discourse, entitled The Causes of Impenitence considered, preached at Harbury, May 4, 1755, on occasion of a conversation said to have passed between one of the inhabitants and an apparition, in the churchyard belonging to that place. From this incident, which he does not consider it as his business either to confirm or disprove, he takes an opportunity to enforce the necessity of repentance. Another sermon, 1763, is attributed to him in Cooke's Historical Register, of which I can find no mention any where else.

HINTS

FOR A

PREFACE,

FOR ANY AUTHOR, AND FOR ANY BOOK.

THE following sheets were fairly transcribed, the title-page was adjusted, and every thing, as the writer thought, in readiness for the press, when, upon casting his eyes over them for the last time, with more than usual attention, something seemed wanting, which, after a short pause, he perceived to be the Preface. Now it is fit the reader should know, as an apology for this seeming inattention, that he had formerly rejected this article under a notion of its being superfluous, and uninteresting to the reader; but now, when matters were come to a crisis, and it was almost too late, he changed his mind, and thought a preface as essential to the figure of a book, as a portico is to that of a building.

Not that the author would insinuate by this comparison, that his paper edifice was entitled to any thing superb and pompous of this sort; but only that it wanted something plain and decent, between the beggarly style of Quarles, or Ogilby, and the magnificence of the profuse Dryden. Far be it from him, by calling this small appendage to his work by the name of a portico, or an antechamber, or a vestibule, or the like, to raise the reader's expectations, or to encourage any ideas but those of the most simple kind, as introductory to his subsequent entertainment: neither would he, like some undertakers in literary architecture, bestow as much expense on the entrance, as, prudently managed, might furnish the lofty town apartments, or pastoral villa of a modern poet. On the contrary, he reserves all his finery of carving and gilding, as well as his pictures and cabinets, for their proper places within.

But for the further illustration of his meaning, he chooses to have recourse to allusions more nearly related to his subject, such as the prelude to a song, or the prologue to a play, there being evidently a great affinity between rhyming and fiddling, writing verses and playing the fool.

Another consideration, which greatly influenced the author in this point, was the respect which he bears to the public. For conceiving himself now in the very act of making his appearance before every circle of the polite and learned world, he was struck with awe, and felt as if he had been guilty of some indecorum, like a person abruptly breaking into good company with his hat on, or without making a bow. For though by his situation in life he is happily relieved from any personal embarrassment of this kind, yet he considered his book as his proxy, and he would by no means have his proxy guilty of such an impropriety as to keep his hat on before all the learned men of Europe, or to omit making his bow upon being admitted to an audience, or presented in the drawing-room.

Great is the force of this little article of gesticulation, from the lowest class of orators in the street, to those in the highest departments in life; insomuch that it has been thought a prudent, attentive, and skilful manager, either on the stage, or at the bar, as well as the bowing dean in his walk, may acquire as much success amongst polite and well-bred people, and particularly the ladies, who are the best judges, by the magic of his bow, as by any other part of his action or oratory.

Yet, notwithstanding all that the author has said concerning this external mark of reverence, he is sensible that there is a set of cynical philosophers, who are so far from paying it due regard, that they count it no better than a refined species of idolatry, and an abomination utterly unbecoming so noble and erect a creature as man. Upon these gentlemen it is not to be expected that the best bow which the author or his book could make, would have any effect; and therefore he shall decline that ceremony with them, to take them by the hand in a friendly manner, hoping that they will make some allowance for his having been taught against his own consent to dance, and scribble from his infancy.

He is aware likewise that there is another sect of philosophers, whom his ingenious friend Mr. G. author of the Spiritual Quixote, distinguishes by the name of *censorious Christians*, "who," as he expresses it, "will not suffer a man to nod in his elbow-chair, or to talk nonsense without contradicting or ridiculing him."—But as the writer of this admirable work has shown himself so able and successful a casuist in a similar instance of a petulant and over officious zeal, he hopes these gentlemen will, in imitation of Mr. Wildgoose, for the future refrain from a practice so injurious to their neighbours' repose, and so contrary to all the laws of civility and good manners.

It is true, some of these literati may be considered under a more formidable character, from their custom of holding a monthly meeting, or office for arraigning the conduct of all whom they suspect of maintaining heretical opinions contrary to their jurisdiction. In this view these good fathers scruple not to put an author upon the rack for the slightest offence, and not content with their claims of inspiration and infallibility, will torture his own words to prove his guilt. In the execution of this office they judge all men by their own standard, and, like the tyrant Procrustes, regardless of the acute pain they inflict at every stroke, will lop off a foot, or any other portion of an author's matter, or lengthen it out, as best suits their purpose, to bring him to their measure.

But to the inexpressible comfort of himself, and of every free-born English writer, the author reflects that the competence of such a court cannot be admitted in a protestant country: and to speak the truth, from experience, its power, as exercised amongst us, though still very tremendous, is tempered with a gentleness and moderation unknown to those of Spain and Portugal.

But though the author is not without hopes, by his complaisance and condescension, to conciliate the affections of all those various sects of the learned in every part of the world, yet his principal dependence is upon the gentle and humane, whose minds are always open to the feelings of others, as well as to the gratification of their own refined taste and sentiments; and to these he makes his appeal, which he hopes they will accept as a tribute due to their superior merit, and a testimony of the profound respect with which he is their

most obedient,

humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

POEMS

OF

RICHARD JAGO.

EDGE-HILL:

A POEM.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis, et artes
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes. Virg.

Our sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired, or satiated with its proper enjoyment.

Spect. No. 411, On the Pleasures of Imagination.

PREFACE.

The following poem takes its name from a ridge of hills, which is the boundary between the counties of Oxford and Warwick, and remarkable for its beautiful and extensive prospect, of which the latter forms a considerable part. This circumstance afforded the writer an opportunity, very agreeable to him, of paying a tribute to his native country, by exhibiting its beauties to the public in a poetical delineation; divided, by an imaginary line, into a number of distinct scenes, corresponding with the different times of the day, each forming an entire picture, and containing its due proportion of objects and colouring.

In the execution of this design, he endeavoured to make it as extensively interesting as he could, by the frequent introduction of general reflections, historical, philosophical, and moral; and to enliven the description by digressions and episodes, naturally arising from the subject.

EDGE-HILL.

BOOK I. MORNING.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address. Ascent to the hill. General view. Comparison. Philosophical account of the origin and formation of mountains, &c. Morning view, comprehending the south-west part of the scene, interspersed with elements and examples of rural taste; showing, at the same time, its connection with, and dependence upon, civil government; and concluding with an historical episode of the Red-horse.

BRITANNIA'S rural charms, and tranquil scenes,
Far from the circling ocean, where her fleets,
Like Eden's nightly guards[1], majestic ride,
I sing; O may the theme and kindred soil
Propitious prove, and to th' appointed hill
Invite the Muses from their cloister'd shades,
With me to rove, and harmonize the strain!
Nor shall they, for a time, regret the loss
Of their lov'd Isis, and fair Cherwel's stream,
While to the north of their own beauteous fields
The pictur'd scene they view, where Avon shapes
His winding way, enlarging as it flows,
Nor hastes to join Sabrina's prouder wave.
Like a tall rampart! here the mountain rears
Its verdant edge; and, if the tuneful maids
Their presence deign, shall with Parnassus vie.
Level and smooth the track, which thither leads!
Of champaign bold and fair! its adverse side
Abrupt and steep! Thanks, Miller[2]! to thy paths,
That ease our winding steps! Thanks to the fount,

[1] Milton. Paradise Lost, book iv.
[2] Sanderson Miller, esq. of Radway.

The trees, the flow'rs, imparting to the sense
Fragrance or dulcet sound of murm'ring rill,
And stilling ev'ry tumult in the breast!
And oft the stately tow'rs, that overtop
The rising wood, and oft the broken arch,
Or mould'ring wall, well taught to counterfeit
The waste of time, to solemn thought excite,
And crown with graceful pomp the shaggy hill.
So Virtue paints the steep ascent to Fame[3]:
So her aerial residence displays.
Still let thy friendship, which prepar'd the way,
Attend, and guide me, as my ravish'd sight
O'er the bleak hill or shelter'd valley roves.
Teach me with just observance to remark
Their various charms, their storied fame record,
And to the visual join the mental search.
The summit 's gain'd! and, from its airy height,
The late-trod plain looks like an inland sea,
View'd from some promontory's hoary head,
With distant shores environ'd; not with face
Glassy and uniform, but when its waves
Are gently ruffled by the southern gale,
And the tall masts like waving forests rise.
Such is the scene! that, from the terrae'd hill,
Displays its graces; intermixture sweet
Of lawns and groves, of open and retir'd.
Vales, farms, towns, villas, castles, distant spires,
And hills on hills, with ambient clouds enrob'd,
In long succession court the lab'ring sight;
Lost in the bright confusion. Thus the youth,
Escap'd from painful drudgery of words,
Views the fair fields of science wide display'd;
Where Phebus dwells, and all the tuneful Nine;
Perplex'd awhile he stands, and now to this,
Now that blest seat of harmony divine
Explores his way, with giddy rapture tir'd:
Till some sage Mentor, whose experienc'd feet
Have trod the mazy path, directs his search,
And leads him wond'ring to their bright abodes.
Come then, my friend! guide thou th' advent'rous Muse,
And with thy counsel regulate her flight.
Yet, ere the sweet excursion she begins,
O! listen, while, from sacred records drawn,
My daring song unfolds the cause, whence rose
This various face of things—of high, of low—
Of rough and smooth. For with its parent Earth
Coeval not prevail'd what now appears
Of hill and dale; nor was its new-form'd shape,
Like a smooth polish'd orb, a surface plain,
Wanting the sweet variety of change,
Concave, convex, the deep, and the sublime:
Nor, from old Ocean's watry bed, were scoop'd
Its neighb'ring shores; nor were they now depress'd,
Now rais'd by sudden shocks; but fashion'd all
In perfect harmony by laws divine[4],
On passive matter, at its birth impress'd.

When now two days, as mortals count their time,
Th' Almighty had employ'd on man's abode;
To motion rous'd the dead, inactive mass,
The dark illumin'd, and the parts terrene
Impelling each to each, the circle form'd,
Compact and firm, of Earth's stupendous orb,
With boundless seas, as with a garment cloth'd,
On the third morn he bade the waters flow
Down to their place, and let dry land appear;
And it was so. Straight to their destin'd bed,
From every part, th' obedient waters ran,
Shaping their downward course, and, as they found
Resistance varying with the varying soil,
In their retreat they form'd the gentle slope,
Or headlong precipice, or deep-worn dale,
Or valley, stretching far its winding maze,
As further still their humid train they led,
By Heav'n directed to the realms below[5].
Now first was seen the variegated face
Of Earth's fair orb shap'd by the plastic flood:
Now smooth and level like its liquid plains,
Now, like its ruffled waves, sweet interchange
Of hill and dale, and now a rougher scene,
Mountains on mountains lifted to the sky.
Such was her infant form, yet unadorn'd!
And in the naked soil the subtle stream[6]
Fretted its winding track. So he ordain'd!
Who form'd the fluid mass of atoms small,
The principles of things! who moist from dry,
From heavy sever'd light, compacting close
The solid glebe, stratum of rock, or ore,
Or crumbling marl, or close tenacious clay,
Or what beside, in wondrous order rang'd,
Orb within orb, Earth's secret depths contains.
So was the shapely sphere, on ev'ry side,
With equal pressure of surrounding air
Sustain'd, of sea and land harmonious form'd.
Nor beauteous covering was withheld, for straight,
At the divine command, the verd'rous grass
Upsprang unsown, with ev'ry seedful herb,
Fruit, plant, or tree, pregnant with future store;
God saw the whole—And lo! 't was very good.
But man, ungrateful man! to deadly ill
Soon turn'd the good bestow'd, with horrid crimes
Polluting Earth's fair seat, his Maker's gift!
Till mercy could no more with justice strive.
Then wrath divine unbarr'd Heav'n's watry gates,
And loos'd the fountains of the great abyss.
Again the waters o'er the Earth prevail'd.
Hills rear'd their heads in vain. Full forty days
The flood increas'd, nor, till sev'n Moons had wan'd,
Appear'd the mountain tops. Perish'd all flesh,
One family except! and all the works
Of art were swept into th' oblivious pool.
In that dread time what change th' avenging flood
Might cause in Earth's devoted fabric, who
Of mortal birth can tell? Whether again

[3] See Lord Shaftsbury's Judgment of Hercules.

[4] Amongst the many fanciful conceits of writers on the subject, a learned divine, in his Confutation of Dr. Burnett's Theory, supposes that hills and mountains might be occasioned by fermentation, after the manner of leaven in dough; while others have attributed their production to the several different causes mentioned above.

The following solution, by the descent of water from the surface of the Earth to the centre, seemed most easy and natural to the author, and is therefore adopted. Vide Warren's Geologiæ, 1698.

[5] Called in scripture, the deep, the great deep, the deep that lieth under or beneath the Earth—the Tartarus or Erebus of the Heathens.

[6] .....So the watry throng
With serpent errour wand'ring found their way,
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore.
Easy! ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
Milton. Paradise Lost, book vii.

'T was to its first chaotic mass reduc'd [7],
To be reform'd anew? or, in its orb,
What violence, what disruptions it endur'd [8]?
What ancient mountains stood the furious shock?
What new arose? For doubtless new there are,
If all are not; strong proof exhibiting
Of later rise, and their once fluid state,
By stranger-fossils, in their inmost bed
Of looser mould, or marble rock entomb'd,
Or shell marine, incorp'rate with themselves:
Nor less the conic hill [9], with ample base,
Or scarry slope [9] by rushing billows torn,
Or fissure deep [9], in the late delug'd soil
Cleft by succeeding draught, side answering side,
And curve to adverse curve exact oppos'd,
Confess the watry pow'r; while scatter'd trains,
Or rocky fragments, wash'd from broken hills,
Take up the tale, and spread it round the globe.
Then, as the flood retir'd, another face
Of things appear'd, another, and the same!
Taurus, and Libanus, and Atlas, feign'd
To prop the skies! and that fam'd Alpine ridge,
Or Appenine, or snow-clad Caucasus,
Or Ararat, on whose emergent top
First moor'd that precious bark, whose chosen crew
Again o'erspread Earth's universal orb.
For now, as at the first, from ev'ry side
Hasted the waters to their ancient bounds,
The vast abys! perhaps from thence ascend,
Urg'd by th' incumbent air, through mazy clefts
Beneath the deep, or rise in vapours warm,
Piercing the vaulted Earth, anon condens'd
Within the lofty mountains' secret cells,
Ere they their summits gain, down their steep sides
To trickle in a never-ceasing round [10].
So up the porous stone, or crystal tube,
The philosophic eye with wonder views
The tinctur'd fluid rise; so tepid dews
From chymic founts in copious streams distil.
Such is the structure, such the wave-worn face
Of Earth's huge fabric! beauteous to the sight,
And stor'd with wonders [11], to the attentive mind
Confirming, with persuasive eloquence
Drawn from the rocky mount or watry fen,
Those sacred pages, which record the past,
And awfully predict its future doom.
Now, while the Sun its heav'nly radiance sheds
Across the vale, disclosing all its charms,
Emblem of that fair light, at whose approach
The Gentile darkness fled! ye nymphs, and swains!
Come haste with me, while now 't is early morn,
Through Upton's airy fields [12], to where yon point
Projecting hides Northampton's ancient seat [13],
Retir'd, and hid amidst surrounding shades:
Counting a length of honourable years,
And solid worth; while painted Belvideres,
Naked, aloft, and built but to be seen,
Shrink at the Sun, and totter to the wind.
So sober sense oft shuns the public view,
In privacy conceal'd, while the pert sons
Of folly flutter in the glare of day.
Hence, o'er the plain, where, strip'd with alleys green,
The golden harvest nods, let me your view
Progressive lead to Verney's sister walls [14],
Alike in honour, as in name allied!
Alike her walls a noble master own,
Studious of elegance. At his command,
New pillars grace the dome with Grecian pomp
Of Corinth's gay design. At his command,
On hill, or plain, new culture clothes the scene
With verdant grass, or variegated grove;
And bubbling rills in sweeter notes discharge
Their liquid stores. Along the winding vale,
At his command, observant of the shore,
The glitt'ring stream, with correspondent grace,
Its course pursues, and o'er th' exulting wave
The stately bridge a beauteous form displays.
On either side, rich as th' embroider'd floor
From Persia's gaudy looms, and firm as fair,
The chequer'd lawns with count'nance blithe proclaim
The Graces reign. Plains, hills, and woods reply
"The Graces reign," and Nature smiles applause.
Smile on, fair source of beauty, source of bliss!
To crown the master's cost, and deck her path
Who shares his joy, of gentlest manners join'd
With manly sense, train'd to the love refin'd
Of Nature's charms in Wroxton's beauteous groves [15].
Thy neighb'ring villa's ever open gate,
And festive board, O Walton [16]! next invite
The pleasing toil. Unwilling, who can pay
To thee the votive strain? For Science here
And Candour dwell, prepar'd alike to cheer
The stranger-guest, or for the nation's weal
To pour the stores mature of wisdom forth,
In senatorial councils often prov'd,

[7] According to Mr. Hutchinson and his followers.

[8] According to Dr. Burnett's Theory.

[9] There are some remarkable traces of the great event here treated of, in each of these kinds, at Welcombe, near Stratford upon Avon, formerly a seat of the Combe family, the whole scene bearing the strongest marks of some violent conflict of Nature, and particularly of the agency of water.

[10] May not the ebbing and flowing of the sea, to whatever cause it is owing, tend to assist this operation, as the pulsation of the heart accelerates the circulation of the blood in animal bodies?

The reader may see this hypothesis very ably supported by Mr. Catcot, in his Essay on the Deluge, second edit., together with many respectable names, ancient and modern, by whom it is patronised. The following passage from Lucretius is quoted by him, as well expressing their general meaning:

Partim quod subter per terras diditur omnes,
Percolatur enim virus, retroque remanat
Materies humoris, et ad caput amnibus omnis
Convenit, unde super terras fluit agmine dulci,
Quà via secta semel liquido pede detulit undas.

[11] Trees of a very large size, torn up by the roots, and other vegetable and animal bodies, the spoils of the Deluge, are found in every part of the Earth, but chiefly in fens, or bogs, or amongst peat-earth, which is an assemblage of decayed vegetables.

See Woodward's Nat. Hist. of the Earth, &c.

[12] Upton, the seat of Robert Child, esq.

[13] Compton-Winyate, a seat of the right hon. the earl of Northampton, at the foot of Edge-Hill.

[14] Compton-Verney, a seat of the right hon. lord Willoughby de Broke.

[15] Wroxton, the seat of the right hon. the earl of Guilford, father of lady Willoughby de Broke.

[16] Walton, the seat of sir Charles Mordaunt, bart. many years a member of parliament for the county of Warwick.

And, by the public voice attested long,
Long may it be! with well-deserv'd applause.
And see beneath the shade of full-grown elm,
Or near the border of the winding brook,
Skirting the grassy lawn, her polish'd train
Walk forth to taste the fragrance of the grove,
Woodbine, or rose, or to the upland scene
Of wildly-planted hill, or trickling stream
From the pure rock, or moss-lin'd grottos cool,
The Naiads' humid cell! protract the way
With learned converse, or ingenuous song.
The search pursue to Charlecote's fair domain [17],
Where Avon's sportive stream delighted strays
Through the gay smiling meads, and to his bed,
Hele's gentle current woos, by Lucy's hand
In ev'ry graceful ornament attir'd,
And worthier, such, to share his liquid realms!

Near, nor unmindful of th' increasing flood,
Stratford her spacious magazines unfolds,
And hails th' unwieldly barge from western shores,
With foreign dainties fraught, or native ore
Of pitchy hue, to pile the fuel'd grate
In woolly stores or husky grain repay'd.
To speed her wealth, lo! the proud bridge [18] extends
His num'rous arches, stately monument
Of old munificence, and pious love.
Of native soil! There Stower exulting pays
His tributary stream, well pleas'd with wave
Auxiliary her pond'rous stores to waft;
And boasting, as he flows, of growing fame,
And wondrous beauties on his banks display'd—
Of Alcot's swelling lawns [19], and fretted spires
Of fairest model, Gothic or Chinese—
Of Eatington's [20], and Tolton's [21] verdant meads,
And groves of various leaf, and Honington [22],
Profuse of charms, and attic elegance;
Nor fails he to relate, in jocund mood,
How liberally the masters of the scene
Enlarge his current, and direct his course
With winding grace—and how his crystal wave
Reflects th' inverted spires and pillar'd domes—
And how the frisking deer play on his sides,
Piet'ring their branched heads, with wanton sport,
In his clear face. Pleas'd with the vaunting tale,
Nor jealous of his fame, Avon receives
The prattling stream, and, towards thy nobler flood,
Sabrina fair, pursues his length'ning way.

Hail, beauteous Avon, hail! on whose fair banks
The smiling daisies, and their sister tribes,
Violets, and cuckoo-buds, and lady-smocks,
A brighter dye disclose, and proudly tell
That Shakspeare, as he stray'd these meads along,
Their simple charms admir'd, and in his verse
Preserv'd, in never-fading bloom to live.

And thou, whose birth these walls unrival'd boast,
That mock'st the rules of the proud Stagyrite,
And learning's tedious toil, hail, mighty bard!
Thou great magician, hail! Thy piercing thought
Unaided saw each movement of the mind,
As skilful artists view the small machine,
The secret springs and nice dependencies,
And to thy mimic scenes, by fancy wrought
To such a wondrous shape, th' impassion'd breast
In floods of grief or peals of laughter bow'd,
Obedient to the wonder-working strain,
Like the tun'd string responsive to the touch,
Or to the wizard's charm, the passive storm.
Humour and wit, the tragic pomp, or phrase
Familiar, flow'd spontaneous from thy tongue,
As flowers from Nature's lap.—Thy potent spells
From their bright seats aerial sprites detain'd,
Or from their unseen haunts, and slumb'ring shades,
Awak'd the fairy tribes, with jocund step
The circled green and leafy hall to tread:
While, from his dripping caves, old Avon sent
His willing Naiads to their harmless rout.

Alas! how languid is the labour'd song,
The slow result of rules and tortur'd sense,
Compar'd with thine! thy animated thought,
And glowing phrase! which art in vain essays,
And schools can never teach. Yet, though deny'd
Thy pow'rs, by situation more allied,
I court the genius of thy sportive Muse
On Avon's bank, her sacred haunts explore,
And hear in ev'ry breeze her charming notes.

Beyond these flow'ry meads, with classic streams
Enrich'd, two sister rills their currents join,
And Ikenild displays his Roman pride.
There Alcester [23] her ancient honour boasts.
But fairer fame, and far more happy lot
She boasts, O Ragley [24]! in thy courtly train
Of Hertford's splendid line! Lo! from these shades,
Ev'n now his sov'reign, studious of her weal,
Calls him to bear his delegated rule
To Britain's sister isle. Hibernia's sons
Applaud the choice, and hail him to their shore
With cordial gratulation. Him, well-pleas'd
With more than filial rev'rence to obey,
Beauchamp attends. What son, but would rejoice
The deeds of such a father to record!
What father, but were blest in such a son!
Nor may the Muse omit with Conway's name [25]
To grace her song. O! might it worthy flow
Of those her theme involves! The cider land,
In Georgic strains by her own Philips sung,
Should boast no brighter fame, though proudly grac'd
With loftiest-titled names—The Cecil line,
Or Beaufort's, or, O Chandos'! thine, or his
In Anna's councils high, her fav'rite peer,
Harley! by me still honour'd in his race.

See, how the pillar'd isles and stately dome
Brighten the woodland shade! while scatter'd hill
Airy and light, in many a conic form,
A theatre compose, grotesque and wild,
And, with their shaggy sides, contract the vale
Winding, in straiten'd circuit, round their base.
Beneath their waving umbrage Flora spreads
Her spotted couch, primrose, and hyacinth
Profuse, with ev'ry simpler bud that blows
On hill or dale. Such too thy flow'ry pride,

[17] Charlecote, the seat of George Lucy, esq.
[18] This bridge was built in the reign of king Henry VII. at the sole cost and charge of sir Hugh Clopton, knt. lord mayor of the city of London, and a native of this place.
[19] The seat of James West, esq.
[20] The seat of the hon. George Shirley, esq.
[21] The seat of sir Henry Parker, bart.
[22] The seat of Joseph Townsend, esq.
[23] So called from its situation on the river Alnus, or Alne, and from its being a Roman station on the Ikenild-street.
[24] A seat of the right hon. the earl of Hertford.
[25] The right hon. Henry Seymour Conway, esq. one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state, and brother to the right hon. the earl of Hertford.

O Hewel[26]! by thy master's lib'ral hand
Advanc'd to rural fame! Such Umberslade[27]!
In the sweet labour join'd, with culture fair,
And splendid arts, from Arden's woodland shades[28]
The pois'nous damps and savage gloom to chase.
What happy lot attends your calm retreats,
By no scant bound'ry, nor obstructing fence,
Immur'd or circumscrib'd; but spread at large
In open day: save what to cool recess
Is destin'd voluntary, not constrain'd
By sad necessity, and casual state
Of sickly peace! Such as the moated hall,
With close circumference of watry guard,
And pensile bridge proclaim! or, rear'd aloft,
And inaccessible the massy tow'rs,
And narrow circuit of embattled walls,
Rais'd on the mountain precipice! Such thine
O Beaudesert[29]! old Montfort's lofty seat!
Haunt of my youthful steps! where I was wont
To range, chanting my rude notes to the wind,
While Somervile disdain'd not to regard
With candid ear, and regulate the strain.
Such was the genius of the Gothic age,
And Norman policy! Such the retreats
Of Britain's ancient nobles! less intent
On rural beauty, and sweet patronage
Of gentle arts, than studious to restrain,
With servile awe, barbarian multitudes;
Or, with confed'rate force, the regal pow'r
Control. Hence proudly they their vassal troops
Assembling, now the fate of empire plann'd:
Now o'er defenceless tribes, with wanton rage,
Tyrannic rul'd; and in their castled halls
Secure, with wild excess their revels kept,
While many a sturdy youth, or beauteous maid,
Sole solace of their parents' drooping age!
Bewail'd their wretched fate, by force compell'd
To these abhorr'd abodes! Hence frequent wars[30],
In ancient annals fam'd! Hence haply feign'd
Th' enchanted castle, and its cursed train
Of giants, spectres, and magicians dire!
Hence gen'rous minds, with indignation fir'd,
And threat'ning fierce revenge, were character'd
By gallant knights on bold achievements bent,
Subduing monsters, and dissolving spells.
Thus, from the rural landscape, learn to know
The various characters of time and place.
To hail, from open scenes, and cultur'd fields,
Fair Liberty, and Freedom's gen'rous reign,
With guardian laws, and polish'd arts adorn'd.
While the portcullis huge, or moated fence,
The sad reverse of savage times betray—
Distrust, barbarity, and Gothic rule.
Would ye, with faultless judgment, learn to plan
The rural seat? To copy, as ye rove,
The well-form'd picture, and correct design?
First shun the false extremes of high and low.
With watry vapours this your fretted walls
Will soon deface; and that, with rough assault,
And frequent tempests shake your tott'ring roof.
Me most the gentle eminence delights
Of healthy champaign, to the sunny south
Fair-op'ning, and with woods, and circling hills,
Nor too remote, nor, with too close embrace,
Stopping the buxom air, behind enclos'd.
But if your lot hath fall'n in fields less fair,
Consult their genius, and, with due regard
To Nature's clear directions, shape your plan.
The site too lofty shelter, and the low
With sunny lawns, and open areas cheer.
The marish drain, and with capacious urns,
And well-conducted streams, refresh the dry.
So shall your lawns with healthful verdure smile,
While others, sick'ning at the sultry blaze,
A russet wild display, or the rank blade,
And matted tufts the careless owner shame.
Seek not, with fruitless cost, the level plain
To raise aloft, nor sink the rising hill.
Each has its charms though diff'rent, each in kind
Improve, not alter. Art with art conceal.
Let no straight terrac'd lines your slopes deform;
No barb'rous walls restrain the bounded sight;
But to the distant fields the closer scene
Connect. The spacious lawn with scatter'd trees
Irregular, in beauteous negligence,
Clothe bountiful. Your unimprison'd eye,
With pleasing freedom, through the lofty maze
Shall rove, and find no dull satiety.
The sportive stream with stiffen'd line avoid
To torture, nor prefer the long canal,
Or labour'd fount, to Nature's easy flow.
Your winding paths, now to the sunny gleam[31]
Directed, now with high embow'ring trees
Or fragrant shrubs conceal'd, with frequent seat
And rural structure deck. Their pleasing form
To fancy's eye suggests inhabitants
Of more than mortal make, and their cool shade,
And friendly shelter to refreshment sweet,
And wholesome meditation shall invite.
To ev'ry structure give its proper site.
Nor, on the dreary heath, the gay alcove,
Nor the lone hermit's cell, or mournful urn,
Build on the sprightly lawn. The grassy slope
And shelter'd border for the cool arcade
Or Tuscan porch reserve. To the chaste dome,
And fair rotunda, give the swelling mount
Of freshest green. If to the Gothic scene
Your taste incline, in the well-water'd vale,
With lofty pines embrown'd, the mimic fane,
And mould'ring abbey's fretted windows, place.
The craggy rock, or precipicious hill,
Shall well become the castle's massy walls.
In royal villas the Palladian arch,
And Grecian portico, with dignity,
Their pride display: ill suits their lofty rank
The simpler scene. If chance historic deeds
Your fields distinguish, count them doubly fair,
And studious aid, with monumental stone
And faithful comment, fancy's fond review.
Now other hills, with other wonders stor'd,
Invite the search. In vain! unless the Muse
The landscape order. Nor will she decline
The pleasing task. For not to her 't is hard
To soar above the mountain's airy height,
With tow'ring pinions, or, with gentler wing,
T' explore the cool recesses of the vale.
Her piercing eye extends beyond the reach
Of optic tube, levell'd by midnight sage,
At the Moon's disk, or other distant Sun,

[26] The seat of the right hon. the earl of Plymouth.
[27] The seat of the right hon. lord Archer.
[28] The forest, or woodland part of Warwickshire.
[29] So called from its pleasant rural situation.
[30] Called the barons' wars.
[31] Hæc amat obscurum, volet hæc sub luce videri. Hor.

And planetary worlds beyond the orb
Of Saturn. Nor can intervening rocks
Impede her search. Alike the sylvan gloom,
Or Earth's profoundest caverns, she pervades,
And, to her fav'rite sons, makes visible
All that may grace or dignify the song,
Howe'er envelop'd from their mortal ken.
So Uriel, winged regent of the Sun!
Upon its evening beam to Paradise
Came gliding down; so, on its sloping ray,
To his bright charge return'd. So *th' heav'nly guest*
From Adam's eyes the carnal film remov'd,
On Eden's hill, and purg'd his visual nerve
To see things yet unform'd, and future deeds.
Lo! where the southern hill, with winding course,
Bends tow'rd the west, and from his airy seat
Views four fair provinces in union join'd;
Beneath his feet, conspicuous rais'd, and rude,
A massy pillar rears its shapeless head.
Others in stature less, an area smooth
Enclose, like that on Sarum's ancient plain[32].
And some of middle rank apart are seen:
Distinguish'd those! by courtly character
Of knights, while that the regal title bears[33].
What now the circle drear, and stiffen'd mass
Compose, like us, were animated forms,
With vital warmth, and sense, and thought endued;
A band of warriors brave! Effect accurs'd
Of necromantic art, and spells impure.
So vulgar fame. But clerks, in antique lore
Profoundly skill'd, far other story tell:
And, in its mystic form, temple, or court
Espy, to fabled gods, or throned kings
Devote; or fabric monumental, rais'd
By Saxon hands, or by that Danish chief
Rollo[34]! the builder in the name imply'd.
Yet to the west the pleasing search pursue,
Where from the vale, Brails lifts his scarry sides,
And Illmington, and Campden's hoary hills
(By Lyttelton's sweet plaint, and thy abode
His matchless Lucia! to the Muse endear'd)
Impress new grandeur on the spreading scene,
With champaign fields, broad plain, and covert vale
Diversify'd: by Ceres, some adorn'd
With rich luxuriance of golden grain,
And some in Flora's liv'ry gaily dight,
And some with sylvan honours graceful crown'd.
Witness the forest glades, with stately pride,
Surrounding Sheldon's venerable dome[35]!
Witness the sloping lawns of Idlicot[36]!
And Honington's irriguous meads! Some wind
Mead'ring round the hills disjoin'd, remote,
Giving full licence to their sportive range;
While distant, but distinct, his Alpine ridge
Malvern erects o'er Esham's vale sublime,
And boldly terminates the finish'd scene.
Still are the praises of the Red-Horse Vale
Unsung; as oft it happens to the mind
Intent on distant themes, while what 's more near,
And, nearer, more important, 'scapes its note.
From yonder far-known hill, where the thin turf
But ill conceals the ruddy glebe, a form
On the bare soil portray'd, like that fam'd steed,
Which, in its womb, the fate of Troy conceal'd,
O'erlooks the vale.—Ye swains, that wish to learn,
Whence rose the strange phenomenon, attend!
Britannia's sons, though now for arts renown'd,
A race of ancestors untaught, and rude,
Acknowledge; like those naked Indian tribes,
Which first Columbus in the Atlantic isles
With wonder saw. Alike their early fate,
To yield to conquering arms! Imperial Rome
Was then to them what Britain is to these,
And through the subject land her trophies rear'd.
But haughty Rome, her ancient manners flown,
Stoop'd to barbaric rage. O'er her proud walls
The Goths prevail, which erst the Punic bands
Assail'd in vain, though Cannæ's bloody field
Their valour own'd, and Hannibal their guide!
Such is the fate which mightiest empires prove,
Unless the virtues of the son preserve
What his forefather's ruder courage won!
No Cato now[37] the list'ning senate warm'd
To love of virtuous deeds, and public weal.
No Scipios led her hardy sons to war,
With sense of glory fir'd. Through all her realms
Or hostile arms invade, or factions shake
Her tott'ring state. From her proud capitol
Her tutelary gods retire, and Rome,
Imperial Rome, once mistress of the world,
A victim falls, so righteous Heav'n ordains,
To pride and luxury's all-conq'ring charms.
Meantime her ancient foes, erewhile restrain'd
By Roman arms, from Caledonia's hills
Rush like a torrent, with resistless force,
O'er Britain's fenceless bounds, and through her
Pour the full tide of desolating war. [fields
Ætius, thrice consul! now an empty name,
In vain her sons invoke. In vain they seek
Relief in servitude. Ev'n servitude
Its miserable comforts now denies.
From shore to shore they fly. The briny flood,
A guardian once, their further flight restrains.
Some court the boist'rous deep, a *milder* foe,
Some gain the distant shores, and *fondly* hope
In each to find a more indulgent home.
The rest, protracting still a wretched life,
From Belgia's coast in wild despair invite
Its new inhabitants, a Saxon race!
On enterprise and martial conquest bent.
With joy the Saxons to their aid repair,
And soon revenge them on their northern foes,
Revenge too dearly bought! These courted guests
Give them short space for joy. A hostile look
On their fair fields they cast, (for feeble hands
Alas! too fair) and seize them for their own.
And now again the conquer'd isle assumes
Another form; on ev'ry plain and hill
New marks exhibiting of servile state,
The massy stone with figures quaint inscrib'd—
Or dyke by Woden[38], or the Mercian king[39],

32 Stone-henge.
33 Called the king's stone, or koning stone.
34 Called Roll-rich stones.
35 Weston, the seat of William Sheldon, esq.
36 The seat of the late baron Legge, now belonging to Robert Ladbroke, esq.

37 Non his juventus orta parentibus
Infecit æquor sanguine Punico,
Pyrrhumque, et ingentem cecidit
Antiochum, Hannibalemque dirum. Hor.

38 Wansdyke, or Wodensdyke, a boundary of the kingdom of the West Saxons, in Wiltshire.

39 Offa, from whom the boundary between the kingdom of the Mercians and the Britons in Wales took its name.

Vast bound'ry made—or thine, O Ashbury[40]!
And Tysoe's[41] wondrous theme, the martial horse,
Carv'd on the yielding turf, armorial sign
Of Hengist, Saxon chief! of Brunswick now,
And with the British lion join'd, the bird
Of Rome surpassing. Studious to preserve
The fav'rite form, the treach'rous conquerors
Their vassal tribes compel, with festive rites,
Its fading figure yearly to renew,
And to the neighb'ring vale impart its name[42].

EDGE-HILL.

BOOK II. NOON.

ARGUMENT.

Noon. The mid-scene from the castle on Ratley-hill. More particular accounts of the several parts of this scene, and of whatever is most remarkable in it. Warwick. Its antiquity. Historical account of the earls of Warwick. Story of Guy. Guy's Cliffe. Kenelworth. Its castle. History of it. Balsal. Wroxal. Coventry. Its environs. Manufactures. Story of Godiva. Peroration.

The Sun, whose eastern ray had scarcely gilt
The mountain's brow while up the steep ascent
With early step we climb'd, now wide displays
His radiant orb, and half his daily stage
Hath nearly measur'd. From th' illumin'd vale
The soaring mists are drain'd, and, o'er the hill,
No more breathes grateful the cool, balmy air,
Cheering our search, and urging on our steps
Delightful. See, the languid herds forsake
The burning mead, and creep beneath the shade
Of spreading tree, or shelt'ring hedge-row tall:
Or, in the mant'ling pool, rude reservoir
Of wintry rains, and the slow, thrifty spring!
Cool their parch'd limbs, and lave their panting sides.
Let us too seek the shade. Yon airy dome,
Beneath whose lofty battlements we found
A covert passage to these sultry realms,
Invites our drooping strength, and well befriends
The pleasing comment on fair Nature's book,
In sumptuous volume, open'd to our view.
Ye sportive nymphs! that o'er the rural scene
Preside, you chief! that haunt the flow'ry banks
Of Avon, where, with more majestic wave,
Warwick's illustrious lord, through the gay meads
His dancing current guides, or round the lawn
Directs th' embroider'd verge of various dyes,
O! teach me all its graces to unfold,
And with your praise join his attendant fame.
'T is well! Here shelter'd from the scorching heat,
At large we view the subject vale sublime,
And unimpeded. Hence its limits trace
Stretching, in wanton bound'ry, from the foot
Of this green mountain, far as human ken
Can reach, a theatre immense! adorn'd
With ornaments of sweet variety,
By Nature's pencil drawn—the level meads,
A verdant floor! with brightest gems inlaid,
And richly painted flow'rs—the tillag'd plain,
Wide waving to the Sun a rival blaze
Of gold, best source of wealth!—the prouder hills,
With outline fair, in naked pomp display'd,
Round, angular, oblong; and others crown'd
With graceful foliage. Over all her horn
Fair Plenty pours, and cultivation spreads.
Her height'ning lustre. See, beneath her touch,
The smiling harvests rise, with bending line
And wavy ridge, along the dappled glebe.
Stretching their lengthen'd beds. Her careful hand
Piles up the yellow grain, or rustling hay
Adust for wintry store—the long-ridg'd mow,
Or shapely pyramid, with conic roof,
Dressing the landscape. She the thick-wove fence
Nurses, and adds, with care, the hedge-row elm.
Around her farms and villages she plans
The rural garden, yielding wholesome food
Of simple viands, and the fragrant herb
Medicinal. The well-rang'd orchard now
She orders, or the shelt'ring clump, or tuft
Of hardy trees, the wintry storms to curb,
Or guard the sweet retreat of village swain,
With health and plenty crown'd. Fair Science next,
Her offspring! adds towns, cities, vaulted domes,
And splendid palaces, and chases large,
With lake, and planted grove. Hence Warwick, fair
With rising buildings, Coventry's tall spires,
And Kenelworth! thy stately castle rose,
Which still, in ruin, charms th' astonish'd sight.
To crown the beauteous scene, the curtain'd sky,
Its canopy divine of azure tint,
Spreads heav'nly fair, and softens ev'ry charm.
Now yet again, with accurate survey,
The level plain, hills rising various, woods,
And meadows green, the simple cot, and towns,
Nurs'ries of arts and commerce! Warwick, fair
With rising buildings, Coventry's tall spires,
Magnificent in ruin Kenelworth!
And still more distant scenes, with legends strange,
And smoky arts, taught in the dusky schools
Of Tubal's sons, attentive let us scan,
And all their charms and mysteries explore.
First view, but cautious, the vast precipice;
Lest, startled at the giddy height, thy sense
Swimming forsake thee, and thy trembling limbs,
Unnerv'd, and fault'ring, threaten dang'rous lapse.
Along th' indented bank, the forest tribes,
The thin-leav'd ash, dark oak, and glossy beech,
Of polish'd rind, their branching boughs extend,
With blended tints and amicable strife,
Forming a checker'd shade. Below, the lawns,
With spacious sweep and wild declivity,
To yellow plains their sloping verdure join. [herds
There, white with flocks, and in her num'rous
Exulting, Chadsunt's pastures[1], large and fair,
Salute the sight, and witness to the fame
Of Litchfield's mitred saint[2]. The furzy heaths
Succeed; close refuge of the tim'rous hare,
Or prowling fox, but refuge insecure!
From their dark covert oft the hunter-train
Rouse them unwilling, and o'er hill and dale,
With wild tumultuous joy, their steps pursue.

[40] Ashbury, in Berkshire, near which is the figure of a horse cut on the side of a hill, in whitish earth, which gives name to the neighbouring valley.

[41] The figure of the red horse, here described, is in the parish of Tysoe.

[42] Called, from this figure, the Vale of Red-Horse.

[1] The seat of James Newsam Craggs, esq.

[2] St. Chadd.

Just vengeance on the midnight thief! and life
With life aton'd! But that poor, trembling wretch!
"Who doubts if now she lives," what hath she done;
Guiltless of blood, and impotent of wrong?
How num'rous, how insatiate yet her foes!
Ev'n in these thickets, where she vainly sought
A safe retreat from man's unfeeling race,
The busy hound, to blood and slaughter train'd,
Snuffs her sweet vapour, and, to murth'rous rage
By mad'ning sounds impell'd, in her close seat
With fury tears her, and her corse devours:
Or scares her o'er the fields, and, by the scent,
With keen desire of reeking gore inflam'd,
Loud bellowing tortures her with deathful cries.
Nor more secure her *path!* Man even there,
Watching, with foul intent, her secret haunts,
Plants instruments of death, and round her neck
The fatal snare entwines. Thus innocence,
In human things, by wily fraud ensnar'd,
Oft helpless falls, while the bold plund'rer 'scapes.
Next the wide champaign, and the cheerful downs
Claim notice; chiefly thine, O Chesterton[3]!
Pre-eminent. Nor 'scape the roving eye
Thy solemn wood, and Roman vestiges,
Encampment green, or military road!
Amusive to the grave historic mind.
Thee Tachbroke[4] joins with venerable shade.
Nor distant far, in Saxon annals fam'd,
The rural court of Offa[5], Mercian king!
Where, sever'd from its trunk, low lies the head
Of brave Fermundus, slain by coward hands,
As on the turf supine in sleep he lay,
Nor wist it sleep from which to wake no more!

Now Warwick claims the song; supremely fair
In this fair realm; conspicuous rais'd to view
On the firm rock, a beauteous eminence
For health and pleasure form'd. Full to the south
A stately range of high embattled walls
And lofty tow'rs, and precipices vast,
Its guardian worth and ancient pomp confess[6].
The northern hills[7], where Superstition long
Her gloomy rites maintain'd, a tranquil scene
Of gentler arts, and pleasures more refin'd,
Displays. Lawns, parks, and meadows fair,
And groves around their mingled graces join,
And Avon pours his tributary stream.

On thee contending kings their bounty pour'd[8],
And call'd the favour'd city by their names.
Thy worth the Romans publish'd[9], when to thee
Their legions they consign'd. Thee, Ethelflede[10],
Thy guardian fair! with royal grace restor'd,
When Pagan foes had raz'd thy goodly streets.
A monarch's care, those walls to learning rais'd[11],
These an asylum to declining age[12]
A Leicester's love proclaim. Nor pass unsung
The train of gallant chiefs, by thy lov'd name
Distinguish'd, and by deeds of high renown
Gracing the lofty title. Arthgal[13] first,
And brave Morvidus, fam'd in Druid song,
And British annals. Fair Felicia's sire,
Rohand! and with her join'd in wedded love,
Immortal Guy! who near Wintonia's walls
With that gigantic braggard Colebrand fight!
For a long summer's day sole fight maintain'd.
But huge gigantic size, and braggart oaths,
And sword, or massy club, dismay'd thee not.
Thy skill the stroke eluded, or thy shield
Harmless receiv'd, while on his batter'd sides
Fell thick thy galling blows, till from his hands
Down dropp'd the pond'rous weapon, and himself
Prostrate, to thy keen blade his grizly head
Reluctant yielded. Lamentations loud,
And shouts victorious, in strange concert join'd,
Proclaim the champion's fall. Thee Athelstan
His great deliverer owns, and meditates
With honours fair, and festive pomp to crown.
But other meed thy thoughtful mind employ'd,
Intent in heav'nly solitude to spend
The precious eve of life. Yet shall the Muse
Thy deed record, and on her patriot list
Enrol thy name, though many a Saxon chief
She leaves unsung. A Norman race succeeds,
To thee, fair town[14]! by charitable deeds
And pious gifts endear'd. The Beauchamps too
Thou claim'st, for arms and courtly manners fam'd!
Him chief[15], whom three imperial Henrys crown'd
With envied honours. Mirror fair was he
Of valour, and of knightly feats, achiev'd
In tilt and tournament. Thee Nevil[16] boasts
For bold exploits renown'd, with civil strife
When Britain's bleeding realm her weakness
And half her nobles in the contest slain [mourn'd,
Of York and Lancaster. He, sworn to both,
As int'rest tempted, or resentment fir'd,
To Henry now, and now to Edward join'd
His pow'rful aid; now both to empire rais'd,
Now from their summit pluck'd, till in the strife
By Edward's conquering arms at length he fell.
Thou, Clarence[17], next, and next thy hapless son,
The last Plantagenet[18], awhile appears
To dignify the list; both sacrific'd
To barb'rous policy! Proud Dudley[19] now

3 A seat of the right hon. lord Willoughby de Broke, so called from its being a Roman station on the Foss-Way.

4 A seat of sir Walter Bagot, bart.

5 Offchurch, the seat of Whitwick Knightley, esq.

6 The castle.

7 The priory, now the seat of Henry Wise, esq.

8 Called Caer-Leon, from Guth-Leon, also Caer-Gwayr, or Guaric, from Gwar, two British kings. Its present name is said to be taken from Warremund, a Saxon.

9 It was the Præsidium of the Romans.

10 She rebuilt it when it had been destroyed by the Danes.

11 The free-school.

12 The hospital.

13 The first earl of Warwick, and one of the knights of king Arthur's round table.

14 Henry de Novo Burgo, the first Norman earl, founded the priory at Warwick, and Roger, his son, built and endowed the church of St. Mary.

15 Richard earl of Warwick, in the reigns of king Henry IV. V. and VI. was governor of Calais, and lieutenant-general of France. He founded the lady's chapel, and lies interred there, under a very magnificent monument.

16 Called Make-king. He was killed at the battle of Barnet.

17 He married the earl of Warwick's daughter, and was put to death by his brother, Edward IV.

18 Beheaded in the Tower, by Henry VII. under a pretence of favouring the escape of Peter Warbeck.

19 Made earl of Warwick by Edward VI. and afterwards duke of Northumberland.

From Edward's hand the bright distinction bore,
But soon to Mary paid his forfeit head,
And in his fate a wretched race involv'd:
Thee chief, thee wept by ev'ry gentle Muse,
Fair Jane [20]! untimely doom'd to bloody death,
For treason not thy own. To Rich's [21] line
Was then transferr'd th' illustrious name, to thine,
O Greville [22]! last. Late may it there remain!
With promise fair, as now, (more fair what heart
Parental craves?) of long, transmissive worth,
Proud Warwick's name, with growing fame to grace,
And crown, with lasting joy, her castled hill.
Hail, stately pile; fit mansion for the great!
Worthy the lofty title! Worthy him [23],
To Beauchamp's gallant race allied! the friend
Of gentle Sidney! to whose long desert,
In royal councils prov'd, his sov'reign's gift
Consign'd the lofty structure: worthy he!
The lofty structure's splendour to restore.
Nor less intent who now, by lineal right,
His place sustains, with reparations bold,
And well-attemper'd dignity to grace
Th' embattled walls. Nor spares his gen'rous mind
The cost of rural work, plantation large,
Forest, or fragrant shrub; or shelter'd walks,
Or ample, verdant lawns, where the sleek deer
Sport on the brink of Avon's flood, or graze
Beneath the rising walls; magnificence
With grace uniting, and enlarg'd delight
Of prospect fair, and Nature's smiling scenes!
Still is the colouring faint. O! could my verse,
Like their Louisa's [24] pencil'd shades, describe
The tow'rs, the woods, the lawns, the winding stream,
Fair like her form, and like her birth sublime!
Not Windsor's royal scenes by Denham sung,
Or that more tuneful bard on Twick'nam's shore,
Should boast a loftier strain, but in my verse
Their fame should live, as lives, proportion'd true,
Their beauteous image in her graven lines.
Transporting theme! on which I still could waste
The ling'ring hours, and still protract the song
With new delight; but thy example, Guy!
Calls me from scenes of pomp, and earthly pride,
To muse with thee in thy sequester'd cell [25].
Here the calm scene lulls the tumultuous breast
To sweet composure. Here the *gliding* stream,
That winds its wat'ry path in many a maze,
As loth to leave the enchanted spot, invites
To moralize on fleeting time and life,
With all its treacherous sweets and fading joys,
In emblem shown, by many a short-liv'd flow'r,
That on its margin smiles, and smiling falls
To join its parent earth. Here let me delve,
Near thine, my chamber in the peaceful rock,
And think no more of gilded palaces,
And luxury of sense. From the till'd glebe,
Or ever-teeming brook, my frugal meal
I 'll gain, and slake my thirst at yonder spring.
Like thee, I 'll climb the steep, and mark the scene
How fair! how passing fair! in grateful strains
Singing the praises of creative love.
Like thee, I 'll tend the call of mattin bell [26]
To early orisons, and latest tune
My evening song to that more wondrous love,
Which sav'd us from the grand apostate's wiles,
And righteous vengeance of Almighty ire,
Justly incens'd. O, pow'r of grace divine!
When mercy met with truth, with justice, peace.
Thou, holy hermit! in this league secure,
Did'st wait Death's vanquish'd spectre as a friend,
To change thy mortal coil for heav'nly bliss.
Next, Kenelworth! thy fame invites the song.
Assemblage sweet of social and serene!
But chiefly two fair streets, in adverse rows,
Their lengthen'd fronts extend, reflecting each
Beauty on each reciprocal. Between,
A verdant valley, slop'd from either side,
Forms the mid-space, where gently gliding flows
A crystal stream, beneath the mould'ring base
Of an old abbey's venerable walls.
Still further in the vale her castle lifts
Its stately tow'rs, and tott'ring battlements,
Dress'd with the rampant ivy's uncheck'd growth
Luxuriant. Here let us pause awhile,
To read the melancholy tale of pomp
Laid low in dust, and, from historic page,
Compose its epitaph. Hail, Clinton [27]! hail!
Thy Norman founder still yon neighb'ring Green [28],
And massy walls, with style imperial grac'd [29],
Record. The Montforts [30] thee with hardy deeds,
And memorable siege by Henry's arms [31],
And senatorial acts, that bear thy name,
Distinguish. Thee the bold Lancastrian line [32],
A royal train! from valiant Gaunt deriv'd,
Grace with new lustre; till Eliza's hand
Transferr'd thy walls to Leicester's favour'd earl [33].
He long, beneath thy roof, the maiden queen,

[20] Lady Jane Grey, married to a son of the earl of Warwick.

[21] Robert lord Rich, created earl of Warwick by James I.

[22] Greville lord Brook, first created earl Brook of Warwick castle, and afterwards earl of Warwick, by king George II.

[23] Sir Fulke Greville, made baron Brook of Beauchamp's-court, by James I. had the castle of Warwick, then in a ruinous condition, granted to him; upon which he laid out 20,000*l*. He lies buried in a neat octagon building, on the north side of the chancel at Warwick, under a fine marble monument, on which is the following very significant, laconic inscription:

"TROPHOEVM PECCATI!
FULKE GREVILLE, Servant to Queen ELIZABETH, Counsellor to King JAMES, and Friend to Sir PHILIP SIDNEY."

[24] The right hon. lady Louisa Greville, daughter to the right hon. the earl of Warwick.

[25] Called Guy's Cliff, the seat of the right hon. lady Mary Greatheed.

[26] Here was anciently an oratory, where, tradition says, Guy spent the latter part of his life in devotional exercises.

[27] Geoffry de Clinton, who built both the castle and the adjoining monastery, Tem. Hen. I.

[28] Clinton Green.

[29] Cæsar's Tower.

[30] The Montforts, earls of Leicester, of which Simon de Montfort, and his son Henry, were killed at the battle of Evesham.

[31] Henry III. who besieged this castle, and called a convention here, which passed an act for redeeming forfeited estates, called Dictum de Kenelworth.

[32] From whom a part of this structure is called Lancaster's Buildings.

[33] Granted by queen Elizabeth to Dudley earl of Leicester.

And all her courtly guests, with rare device
Of mask, and emblematic scenery,
Tritons, and sea-nymphs, and the floating isle,
Detain'd. Nor feats of prowess, joust, or tilt
Of harness'd knights, nor rustic revelry
Were wanting; nor the dance, and sprightly mirth
Beneath the festive walls, with regal state,
And choicest lux'ry serv'd. But regal state,
And sprightly mirth, beneath the festive roof,
Are now no more. No more assembled crowds
At the stern porter's lodge admittance crave.
No more, with plaint, or suit importunate,
The thronged lobby echoes, nor with staff,
Or gaudy badge, the busy pursuivants
Lead to wish'd audience. All, alas! is gone,
And Silence keeps her melancholy court
Throughout the walls; save, where, in rooms of state,
Kings once repos'd! chatter the wrangling daws,
Or screech-owls hoot along the vaulted isles.
No more the trumpet calls the martial band,
With sprightly summons, to the guarded lists;
Nor lofty galleries their pride disclose
Of beauteous nymphs in courtly pomp attir'd,
Watching, with trembling hearts, the doubtful strife,
And, with their looks, inspiring wondrous deeds.
No more the lake displays its pageant shows,
And emblematic forms. Alike the lake
And all its emblematic forms are flown,
And in their place mute flocks, and heifers graze,
Or buxom damsels ted the new-mown hay.

What art thou, Grandeur! with thy flatt'ring train
Of pompous lies, and boastful promises?
Where are they now, and what 's their mighty sum?
All, all are vanish'd! like the fleeting forms
Drawn in an evening cloud. Nought now remains,
Save these sad relics of departed pomp,
These spoils of time, a monumental pile!
Which to the vain its mournful tale relates,
And warns them not to trust to fleeting dreams.

Thee too, though boasting not a royal train,
The Muse, O Balshal [34]! in her faithful page
Shall celebrate: for long beneath thy roof
A band of warriors bold, of high renown,
To martial deeds and hazardous emprise
Sworn, for defence of Salem's sacred walls,
From Paynim foes, and holy pilgrimage.
Now other guests thou entertain'st,
A female band, by female charity
Sustain'd. Thee, Wroxal [35]! too, in fame allied,
Seat of the poet's, and the Muse's friend!
My verse shall sing, with thy long-exil'd knight,
By Leonard's pray'rs, from distant servitude,
To these brown thickets, and his mournful mate,
Invisibly convey'd. Yet doubted she
His speech and alter'd form, and better proof
Impatient urg'd. (So Ithaca's chaste queen
Her much-wish'd lord, by twice ten absent years
And wise Minerva's guardian care disguis'd,
Acknowledg'd not: so, with suspended faith,
His bridal claim repress'd.) Straight he displays
Part of the nuptial ring between them shar'd,
When in the bold crusade his shield he bore.

The twin memorial of their plighted love
Within her faithful bosom she retain'd.
Quick from its shrine the hallow'd pledge she drew,
To match it with its mate, when, strange to tell!
No sooner had the separated curves
Approach'd each other, but, with sudden spring,
They join'd again, and the small circle clos'd.
So they, long sever'd, met in close embrace.

At length, O Coventry! thy neighb'ring fields,
And fair surrounding villas, we attend,
Allesley [36], and Whitley's [37] pastures, Stivichale [38],
That views with lasting joy thy green domains,
And Bagington's [39] fair walls, and Stonely [40]! thine,
And Coombe's [41] majestic pile, both boasting once
Monastic pomp, still equal in renown!
And, as their kindred fortunes they compare,
Applauding more the present than the past.
Ev'n now the pencil'd sheets, unroll'd, display
More sprightly charms of beauteous lawn, and grove,
And sweetly-wand'ring paths, and ambient stream,
To cheer with lasting flow th' enamell'd scene,
And themes of song for future bards prepare.

Fair city! thus environ'd! and thyself
For royal grants and silken arts renown'd!
To thee the docile youth repair, and learn,
With sidelong glance and nimble stroke, to ply
The flitting shuttle, while their active feet,
In mystic movements, press the subtle stops
Of the loom's complicated frame, contriv'd,
From the loose thread, to form, with wondrous art,
A texture close, inwrought with choice device
Of flow'r, or foliage gay, to the rich stuff,
Or silky web, imparting fairer worth.
Nor shall the Muse, in her descriptive song,
Neglect from dark oblivion to preserve
Thy mould'ring cross [42], with ornament profuse
Of pinnacles, and niches, proudly rais'd,
Height above height, a sculptur'd chronicle!
Less lasting than the monumental verse.
Nor scornful will she flout thy cavalcade,
Made yearly to Godiva's deathless praise,
While gaping crowds around her pageant throng,
With prying look and stupid wonderment.
Not so the Muse! who, with her virtue fir'd,
And love of thy renown, in notes as chaste
As her fair purpose, from memorials dark,
Shall, to the list'ning ear, her tale explain.

When Edward [43], last of Egbert's royal race,
O'er sev'n united realms the sceptre sway'd,
Proud Leofric, with trust of sov'reign pow'r,
The subject Mercians rul'd. His lofty state
The loveliest of her sex! a noble dame
Of Thorold's ancient line, Godiva shar'd.
But pageant pomp charm'd not her saintly mind
Like virtuous deeds, and care of others' weal.

[34] Formerly a seat of the Knights Templars, now an almshouse for poor widows, founded by the lady Katharine Levison, a descendant of Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester.

[35] The seat of Christopher Wren, esq.; once a nunnery, dedicated to St. Leonard.—See Dugdale's Antiquities.

[36] The seat of M. Neale, esq.

[37] The seat of Ed. Bowater, esq.; now belonging to Francis Wheeler, esq.

[38] The seat of Arthur Gregory, esq.; commanding a pleasant view of Coventry Park, &c.

[39] The seat of William Bromley, esq.; one of the representatives in parliament for the county of Warwick.

[40] The seat of the right hon. lord Leigh.

[41] The seat of the right hon. lord Craven.

[42] Built by sir William Hollies, lord mayor of London, in the reign of king Henry VIII.

[43] Edward the Confessor.

Such tender passions in his haughty breast
He cherish'd not, but with despotic sway
Control'd his vassal tribes, and, from their toil,
His luxury maintain'd. Godiva saw
Their plaintive looks; with grief she saw thy sons,
O Coventry! by tyrant laws oppress'd,
And urg'd her haughty lord, but urg'd in vain!
With patriot-rule, thy drooping arts to cheer.
Yet, though forbidden e'er again to move
In what so much his lofty state concern'd,
Not so from thought of charitable deed
Desisted she, but amiably perverse
Her hopeless suit renew'd. Bold was th' attempt!
Yet not more bold than fair, if pitying sighs
Be fair, and charity which knows no bounds.
What had'st thou then to fear from wrath inflam'd
At such transcendent guilt, rebellion join'd
With female weakness and officious zeal?
So thy stern lord might call the gen'rous deed;
Perhaps might punish as befitted deed
So call'd, if love restrain'd not: yet though love
O'er anger triumph'd, and imperious rule,
Not o'er his pride; which better to maintain,
His answer thus he artfully return'd.
" Why will the lovely partner of my joys,
Forbidden, thus her wild petition urge?
Think not my breast is steel'd against the claims
Of sweet humanity. Think not I hear
Regardless thy request. If piety,
Or other motive, with mistaken zeal,
Call'd to thy aid, pierc'd not my stubborn frame,
Yet to the pleader's worth, and modest charms,
Would my fond love no trivial gift impart.
But pomp and fame forbid. That vassalage,
Which, thoughtless, thou would'st tempt me to
dissolve,
Exalts our splendour, and augments my pow'r.
With tender bosoms form'd, and yielding hearts,
Your sex soon melts at sights of vulgar woe;
Heedless how *glory fires the manly* breast
With love of rank sublime. This principle
In female minds a feebler empire holds,
Opposing less the specious arguments
For milder rule, and freedom's popular theme.
But plant some gentler passion in its room,
Some virtuous instinct suited to your make,
As glory is to ours, alike requir'd
A ransom for the vulgar's vassal state,
Then would'st thou soon the strong contention own,
And justify my conduct. Thou art fair,
And chaste as fair; with nicest sense of shame,
And sanctity of thought. Thy bosom thou
Didst ne'er expose to shameless dalliance
Of wanton eyes; nor, ill-concealing it
Beneath the treach'rous cov'ring, tempt aside
The secret glance, with meditated fraud.
Go now, and lay thy modest garments by:
In naked beauty mount thy milk-white steed,
And through the streets, in face of open day,
And gazing slaves, their fair deliv'rer ride:
Then will I own thy pity was sincere,
Applaud thy virtue, and confirm thy suit.
But if thou lik'st not such ungentle terms,
And sure thy soul the guilty thought abhors!
Know then that Leofric, like thee, can feel,
Like thee, may pity, while he seems severe,
And urge thy suit no more." His speech he clos'd,
And, with strange oaths, confirm'd the sad decree.
Again, within Godiva's gent'le breast
New tumults rose. At length her female fears
Gave way, and sweet humanity prevail'd.
Reluctant, but resolv'd, the matchless fair
Gives all her naked beauty to the Sun:
Then mounts her milk-white steed, and, through
the streets,
Rides fearless; her dishevell'd hair a veil!
That o'er her beauteous limbs luxuriant flow'd,
Nurs'd long by Fate for this important day!
Prostrate to earth th' astonish'd vassals bow,
Or to their inmost privacies retire.
All, but one prying slave! who fondly hop'd,
With venial curiosity, to gaze
On such a wondrous dame. But foul disgrace
O'ertook the bold offender, and he stands,
By just decree, a spectacle abhorr'd,
And lasting monument of swift revenge
For thoughts impure, and beauty's injur'd charms.
Ye guardians of her rights, so nobly won!
Cherish the Muse, who first in modern strains
Essay'd to sing your lovely patriot's [44] fame,
Anxious to rescue from oblivious time
Such matchless virtue, her heroic deed
Illustrate, and your gay procession grace.

EDGE-HILL.

BOOK III. AFTERNOON.

ARGUMENT.

Address to the right hon. the earl of Clarendon. Metaphysical subtleties exploded. Philosophical account of vision, and optic glasses. Objects of sight not sufficiently regarded on account of their being common. Story relative thereto. Return to the mid-scene. Solihul. School scene. Bremicham. Its manufactures. Coal mines. Iron ore. Process of it. Panegyric upon iron.

Again, the Muse her airy flight essays.
Will Villers, skill'd alike in classic song,
Or, with a critic's eye, to trace the charms
Of Nature's beauteous scenes, attend the lay?
Will he, accustom'd to soft Latian climes,
As to their softer numbers, deign awhile
To quit the Mantuan bard's harmonious strain,
By sweet attraction of the theme allur'd?
The Latian poet's song is still the same.
Not so the Latian fields. The gentle Arts
That made those fields so fair, when Gothic rule,
And Superstition, with her bigot train,

[44] See Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire.
It is pleasant enough to observe, with what gravity the above-mentioned learned writer dwells on the praises of this renowned lady. " And now, before I proceed," says he, " I have a word more to say of the noble countess Godeva, which is, that besides her devout advancement of that pious work of his, i. e. her husband Leofric, in this magnificent monastery, viz. of monks at Coventry, she gave her whole treasure thereto, and sent for skilful goldsmiths, who, with all the gold and silver she had, made crosses, images of saints, and other curious ornaments." Which passages may serve as a specimen of the devotion and patriotism of those times.

Fix'd there their gloomy seat, to this fair isle
Retir'd, with Freedom's gen'rous sons to dwell,
To grace her cities, and her smiling plains
With plenty clothe, and crown the rural toil.
Nor hath he found, throughout those spacious realms
Where Albis flows, and Ister's stately flood,
More verdant meads, or more superb remains
Of old magnificence, than his own fields
Display, where Clinton's [1] venerable walls
In ruin, still their ancient grandeur telt.
Requires there aught of learning's pompous aid
To prove that all this outward frame of things
Is what it seems, not unsubstantial air,
Ideal vision, or a waking dream,
Without existence, save what fancy gives?
Shall we, because we strive in vain to tell
How matter acts on incorporeal mind,
Or how, when sleep has lock'd up ev'ry sense,
Or fevers rage, imagination paints
Unreal scenes, reject what sober sense
And calmest thought attest? Shall we confound
States wholly diff'rent? Sleep with wakeful life?
Disease with health? This were to quit the day,
And seek our path at midnight. To renounce
Man's surest evidence, and idolize
Imagination. Hence then banish we
These metaphysic subtleties, and mark
The curious structure of these visual orbs,
The windows of the mind; substance how clear,
Aqueous or crystalline! through which the soul,
As through a glass, all outward things surveys.
See, while the Sun gilds, with his golden beam,
Yon distant pile, which Hyde, with care refin'd,
From plunder guards, its form how beautiful!
Anon some cloud his radiance intercepts,
And all the splendid object fades away.
Or, if some incrustation o'er the sight
Its baleful texture spread, like a clear lens,
With filth obscur'd! no more the sensory,
Through the thick film, imbibes the cheerful day,
"But cloud instead, and ever-during night
Surround it!" So, when on some weighty truth
A beam of heav'nly light its lustre sheds,
To reason's eye it looks supremely fair.
But if foul passion, or distemper'd pride,
Impede its search, or phrensy seize the brain,
Then ignorance a gloomy darkness spreads,
Or superstition, with misshapen forms,
Erects its savage empire in the mind.
The vulgar race of men, like herds that graze,
On instinct live, not knowing how they live;
While reason sleeps, or waking stoops to sense.
But sage philosophy explores the cause
Of each phenomenon of sight, or sound,
Taste, touch, or smell; each organ's inmost frame,
And correspondence with external things:
Explains how diff'rent texture of their parts
Excites sensations diff'rent, rough, or smooth,
Bitter, or sweet, fragrance, or noisome scent:
How various streams of undulating air,
Through the ear's winding labyrinth convey'd,
Cause all the vast variety of sounds.
Hence too the subtle properties of light,
And sev'n-fold colour are distinctly view'd
In the prismatic glass, and outward forms
Shown fairly drawn, in miniature divine,
On the transparent eye's membranous cell.
By combination hence of diff'rent orbs,
Convex, or concave, through their crystal pores,
Transmitting variously the solar ray,
With line oblique, the telescopic tube
Reveals the wonders of the starry sphere,
Worlds above worlds; or, in a single grain,
Or wat'ry drop, the penetrative eye
Discerns innumerable inhabitants
Of perfect structure, imperceptible
To naked view. Hence each defect of sense
Obtains relief; hence to the palsy'd ear
New impulse, vision new to languid sight,
Surprise to both, and youthful joys restor'd!
Cheap is the bliss we never knew to want!
So graceless spendthrifts waste unthankfully
Those sums, which merit often seeks in vain,
And poverty would kneel to call its own.
So objects, hourly seen, unheeded pass,
At which the new-created sight would gaze
With exquisite delight. Doubt ye this truth?
A tale shall place it fairer to your view.
A youth [2] there was, a youth of lib'ral mind,
And fair proportion in each lineament
Of outward form; but dim suffusion veil'd
His sightless orbs, which roll'd, and roll'd in vain,
To find the blaze of day. From infancy,
Till full maturity glow'd on his cheek,
The long, long night its gloomy empire held,
And mock'd each gentle effort, lotions,
Or cataplasms, by parental hands,
With fruitless care employ'd. At length a Leech,
Of skill profound, well-vers'd in optic lore,
An arduous task devis'd aside to draw
The veil, which, like a cloud, hung o'er his sight,
And ope a lucid passage to the Sun.
Instant the youth the promis'd blessing craves.
But first his parents, with uplifted hands,
The healing pow'rs invoke, and pitying friends
With sympathizing heart, the rites prepare:
Mongst these, who well deserv'd the important trust,
A gentle maid there was, that long had wail'd
His hapless fate. Full many a tedious hour
Had she, with converse, and instructive song,
Beguil'd. Full many a step darkling her arm
Sustain'd him; and, as they their youthful days
In friendly deeds, and mutual intercourse
Of sweet endearment pass'd, love in each breast
His empire fix'd; in her's with pity join'd,
In his with gratitude and deep regard.
The friendly wound was giv'n; th' obstructing film
Drawn artfully aside; and on his sight
Burst the full tide of day. Surpris'd he stood,
Not knowing where he was, nor what he saw!
The skilful artist first, as first in place
He view'd, then seiz'd his hand, then felt his own,
Then mark'd their near resemblance, much perplex'd,
And still the more perplex'd, the more he saw.
Now silence first th' impatient mother broke,
And, as her eager looks on him she bent,
"My son," she cried, "my son!" On her he gaz'd
With fresh surprise. "And, what?" he cried, "art thou,

[1] The magnificent ruins of Kenelworth castle, built by Geofry de Clinton, and more particularly described in the preceding book, belonged to the right hon. the earl of Clarendon; many years resident in Italy, and envoy to most of the courts in Germany.

[2] For the general subject of the following story, see The Tatler, number 55, and Smith's Optics.

My mother? for thy voice bespeaks thee such,
Though to my sight unknown."—"Thy mother!"
She quick reply'd, "thy sister, brother these."
"O! 't is too much," he said; "too soon to part,
Ere well we meet! But this new flood of day
O'erpow'rs me, and I feel a death-like damp
Chill all my frame, and stop my fault'ring tongue."
Now Lydia, so they call'd his gentle friend,
Who, with averted eye, but, in her soul,
Had felt the lancing steel, her aid apply'd,
"And stay, dear youth," she said, "or with thee take
Thy Lydia, thine alike in life or death."
At Lydia's name, at Lydia's well-known voice,
He strove again to raise his drooping head,
And ope his closing eye, but strove in vain,
And on her trembling bosom sunk away.
Now other fears distract his weeping friends.
But short this grief! for soon his life return'd,
And, with return of life, return'd their peace.
Yet, for his safety, they resolve awhile
His infant sense from day's bright beams to guard,
Ere yet again they tempt such dang'rous joy.
As, when from some transporting dream awak'd,
We fondly on the sweet delusion dwell,
And, with intense reflection, to our minds
Picture th' enchanted scene—angelic forms—
Converse sublime—and more than waking bliss!
Till the coy vision, as the more we strive
To paint it livelier on th' enraptur'd sense,
Still fainter grows, and dies at last away:
So dwelt the youth on his late transient joy,
So long'd the dear remembrance to renew.
At length, *again* the wish'd-for day arriv'd.
The task was Lydia's! her's the charge, *alone*
From dangers new to guard the dear delight;
But first th' impatient youth she thus address'd.
"Dear youth! my trembling hands but ill essay
This tender task, and, with unusual fear,
My flutt'ring heart forebodes some danger nigh."
"Dismiss thy fears," he cried, "nor think so ill
I con thy lessons, as still need be taught
To hail, with caution, the new-coming day.
Then loose these envious folds, and teach my sight,
If more can be, to make thee more belov'd."
"Ah! there 's my grief," she cried: "'t is true our hearts
With mutual passion burn, but then 't is true
Thou ne'er hast known me by that subtle sense
Through which love most an easy passage finds;
That sense! which soon may show thee many a maid
Fairer than Lydia, though more faithful none.
And may she not cease then to be belov'd?
May she not then, when less thou need'st her care,
Give place to some new charmer? 'T is for this
I sigh; for this my sad foreboding fears
New terrours form."—"And can'st thou then," he cried,
"Want aught that might endear thee to my soul?
Art thou not excellence? Art thou not all
That man could wish? Goodness, and gentlest love?
Can I forget thy long assiduous care?
Thy morning-tendance, surest mark to me
Of day's return, of night thy late adieu?
Do I need aught to make my bliss complete,
When thou art by me? when I press thy hand?
When I breathe fragrance at thy near approach;
And hear the sweetest music in thy voice?
Can that, which to each other sense is dear,
So wondrous dear, be otherwise to sight?
Or can sight make, what is to reason good
And lovely, seem less lovely and less good?
Perish the sense, that would make Lydia such!
Perish its joys, those joys however great!
If to be purchas'd with the loss of thee.
O my dear Lydia! if there be indeed
The danger thou report'st, O! by our love,
Our mutual love, I charge thee, ne'er unbind
These hapless orbs, or tear them from their seat,
Ere they betray me thus to worse than death."
"No, Heav'n forbid!" she cried, "for Heav'n hath heard
Thy parents' pray'rs, and many a friend now waits
To mingle looks of cordial love with thine.
And should I rob them of the sacred bliss?
Should I deprive thee of the rapt'rous sight?
No! be thou happy; happy be thy friends;
Whatever fate attends thy Lydia's love;
Thy hapless Lydia!—Hapless did I say?
Ah! wherefore? wherefore wrong I thus thy worth?
Why doubt thy well-known truth, and constant mind?
No, happiest she of all the happy train,
In mutual vows and plighted faith secure!"
So saying, she the silken bandage loos'd,
Nor added further speech, prepar'd to watch
The new surprise, and guide the doubtful scene,
By silence more than tenfold night conceal'd.
When thus the youth. "And is this then the world,
In which I am to live? Am I awake?
Or do I dream? Or hath some pow'r unknown,
Far from my friends, far from my native home,
Convey'd me to these radiant seats? O thou!
Inhabitant of this enlighten'd world!
Whose heav'nly softness far transcends his shape,
By whom this miracle was first achiev'd,
O! deign thou to instruct me where I am;
And how to name thee by true character,
Angel or mortal! Once I had a friend,
Who, but till now, ne'er left me in distress.
Her speech was harmony, at which my heart
With transport flutter'd; and her gracious hand
Supplied me with whate'er my wish could form;
Supply and transport ne'er so wish'd before!
Never, when wanted, yet so long denied!
Why is she silent now, when most I long
To hear her heav'nly voice? why flies she not
With more than usual speed to crown my bliss?
Ah! did I leave her in that darksome world?
Or rather dwells she not in these bright realms,
Companion fit for such fair forms as thine?
O! teach me, if thou canst, how I may find
This gentle counsellor; when found, how know
By this new sense, which, better still to rate
Her worth, I chiefly wish'd." The lovely form
Reply'd, "In me behold that gentle friend,
If still thou own'st me such."—"O! yes, 't is she,"
He cried; "'t is Lydia! 't is her charming voice!
O! speak again; O! let me press thy hand:
On these I can rely. This new-born sense
May cheat me. Yet so much I prize thy form,
I willingly would think it tells me true—
"Ha! what are these? Are they not they, of whom
Thou warn'dst me? Yes—true—they are beautiful.
But have they lov'd like thee, like thee convers'd?
They move not as we move, they bear no part
In my new bliss. And yet methinks, in one,
Her form I can descry, though now so calm!

Who call'd me son."—"*Mistaken* youth!" she cried,
These are not what they seem; are not as we,
Not living substances, but pictur'd shapes,
Resemblances of life! by mixture form'd
Of light and shade, in sweet proportion join'd.
But hark! I hear, without, thy longing friends,
Who wait my summons, and reprove my stay."
"To thy direction," cried th' enraptur'd youth,
"To thy direction I commit my steps.
Lead on, be thou my guide, as late, so now,
In this new world, and teach me how to use
This wondrous faculty; which thus, so soon
Mocks me with phantoms. Yet enough for me!
That all my past experience joins with this
To tell me I am happier than I know.
To tell me thou art Lydia! from whose side
I never more will part! with whom compar'd,
All others of her sex, however fair,
Shall be like painted, unsubstantial forms."
So when the soul, inflam'd with strong desire
Of purer bliss, its earthly mansion leaves,
Perhaps some friendly genius, wont to steer
With ministerial charge his dang'rous steps;
Perhaps some gentle partner of his toil,
More early blest, in radiant lustre clad,
And form celestial, meets his dazzled sight;
And guides his way, through trackless fields of air,
To join, with rapt'rous joy, th' ethereal train.
Now to the midland search the Muse returns.
For more, and still more busy scenes remain;
The promis'd schools of wise artificers
In brass and iron. But another school
Of gentler arts demands the Muse's song,
Where first she learn'd to scan the measur'd verse,
And awkwardly her infant notes essay'd.
Hail Solihul! respectful I salute
Thy walls; more awful once! when, from the sweets
Of festive freedom and domestic ease,
With throbbing heart, to the stern discipline
Of pedagogue morose I sad return'd.
But though no more his brow severe, nor dread
Of birchen sceptre awes my riper age,
A sterner tyrant rises to my view,
With deadlier weapon arm'd. Ah! *Critic!* spare,
O! spare the Muse, who feels her youthful fears
On thee transfer'd, and trembles at thy lash.
Against the venal tribe, that prostitutes
The tuneful art, to soothe the villain's breast,
To blazon fools, or feed the pamper'd lust
Of bloated vanity; against the tribe
Which casts its wanton jests at holy truths,
Or clothes, with virtue's garb, th' accursed train
Of loathsome vices, lift thy vengeful arm,
And all thy just severity exert.
Enough to venial faults, and hapless want
Of animated numbers, such as breathe
The soul of epic song, hath erst been paid
Within these walls, still stain'd with infant blood.
Yet may I not forget the pious care
Of love parental, anxious to improve
My youthful mind. Nor yet the debt disown
Due to severe restraint and rigid laws,
The wholesome curb of passion's headstrong reign.
To them I owe that ere, with painful toil,
Through Priscian's crabbed rules, laborious task!
I held my course, till the dull, tiresome road
Plac'd me on *classic* ground, that well repaid
The labours of the way. To them I owe
The pleasing knowledge of my youthful mates
Matur'd *in* age and honours. These among,
I gratulate whom Augusta's senate hails
Father! and, in each charge and high employ,
Found worthy all her love, with amplest trust
And dignity invests. And well I ween,
Her tribunitial pow'r, and purple pomp
On thee confers, in living manners school'd
To guard her weal, and vindicate her rights,
O Ladbroke! once in the same fortunes class'd
Of early life; with count'nance unestrang'd,
For ev'ry friendly deed still vacant found!
Nor can the Muse, while she these scenes surveys,
Forget her Shenstone, in the youthful toil
Associate; whose bright dawn of genius oft
Smooth'd my incondite verse; whose friendly voice
Call'd me from giddy sports to follow him
Intent on better themes—call'd me to taste
The charms of British song, the pictur'd page
Admire, or mark his imitative skill;
Or with him range in solitary shades,
And scoop rude grottos in the shelving bank.
Such were the joys that cheer'd life's early morn!
Such the strong sympathy of soul, that knit
Our hearts congenial in sweet amity!
On Cherwel's banks, by kindred science nurs'd;
And well-matur'd in life's advancing stage,
When, on Ardenna's plain, we fondly stray'd,
With mutual trust, and amicable thought;
Or in the social circle gaily join'd:
Or round his Leasowe's happy circuit rov'd;
On hill and dale invoking ev'ry Muse,
Nor Tempe's shade, nor Aganippe's fount
Envied; so willingly the Dryads nurs'd
His groves; so lib'rally their crystal urns
The Naiads pour'd, enchanted with his spells;
And pleas'd to see their ever-flowing streams
Led by his hand, in many a mazy line;
Or, in the copious tide, collected large,
Or tumbling from the rock, in sportive falls,
Now, from the lofty bank, precipitate;
And now, in gentler course, with murmurs soft
Soothing the ear; and now, in concert join'd,
Fall above fall, oblique and intricate,
Among the twisted roots. Ah! whilst I write,
In deeper murmur flows the sad'ning stream;
Wither the groves; and from the beauteous scene
Its soft enchantments fly. No more for me
A charm it wears, since he, alas! is gone,
Whose genius plann'd it, and whose spirit grac'd.
Ah! hourly does the fatal doom, pronounc'd
Against rebellious sin, some social band
Dissolve, and leave a thousand friends to weep,
Soon such themselves, as those they now lament!
This mournful tribute to thy mem'ry paid!
The Muse pursues her solitary way;
But heavily pursues, since thou art gone,
Whose counsel brighten'd, and, whose friendship shar'd
The pleasing task. Now, Bremicham! to thee
She steers her flight, and, in thy busy scenes,
Seeks to restrain awhile the starting tear.
Yet ere her song describes the smoky forge,
Or sounding anvil, to the dusky heath
Her gentle train she leads. What? though no grain,
Or herbage sweet, or waving woods adorn
Its dreary surface, yet it bears, within,
A richer treasury. So worthy minds
Oft lurk beneath a rude, unsightly form.
More hapless they! that few observers search,
Studious to find this intellectual ore,

And stamp, with gen'rous deed, its current worth.
Here many a merchant turns adventurer,
Encourag'd, not disgusted. Interest thus,
On sordid minds, with stronger impulse works,
Than virtue's heav'nly flame. Yet Providence
Converts to gen'ral use man's selfish ends.
Hence are the hungry fed, the naked cloth'd,
The wintry damps dispell'd, and social mirth
Exults, and glows before the blazing hearth.

When likely signs th' adventrous search invite,
A cunning artist tries the latent soil:
And if his subtle engine, in return,
A brittle mass contains of sable hue,
Straight he prepares th' obstructing earth to clear,
And raise the crumbling rock. A narrow pass
Once made, wide, and more wide the gloomy cave
Stretches its vaulted isles, by num'rous hands
Hourly extended. Some the pick-axe ply,
Loos'ning the quarry from its native bed.
Some waft it into light. Thus the grim ore,
Here useless, like the miser's brighter hoard,
Is from its prison brought, and sent abroad,
The frozen hours to cheer, to minister
To needful sustenance, and polish'd arts.
Meanwhile the subterraneous city spreads
Its covert streets, and echoes with the noise
Of swarthy slaves, and instruments of toil.
They, such the force of custom's pow'rful laws!
Pursue their sooty labours, destitute
Of the Sun's cheering light, and genial warmth.
And oft a chilling damp, or unctuous mist,
Loos'd from the crumbly caverns, issues forth,
Stopping the springs of life. And oft the flood,
Diverted from its course, in torrents pours,
Drowning the nether world. To cure these ills
Philosophy two curious arts supplies,
To drain th' imprison'd air, and, in its place,
More pure convey, or, with impetuous force,
To raise the gath'ring torrents from the deep.
One from the wind [3] its salutary pow'r
Derives, thy charity to sick'ning crowds,
From cheerful haunts, and Nature's balmy draughts
Confin'd; O friend of man, illustrious Hales [4]!
That, stranger still! its influence owes to air [5],
By cold and heat alternate now condens'd,
Now rarefied [6]. Agent! to vulgar thought
How seeming weak, in act how pow'rful seen!
So Providence, by instruments despis'd,
All human force and policy confounds.

But who that fiercer element can rule?
When, in the nitrous cave, the kindling flame,
By pitchy vapours fed, from cell to cell,
With fury spreads, and the wide fewell'd earth,
Around, with greedy joy, receives the blaze.
By its own entrails nourish'd, like those mounts
Vesuvian, or Ætnean, still it wastes,
And still new fewel for its rapine finds
Exhaustless. Wretched he! who journeying late,
O'er the parch'd heath, bewilder'd, seeks his way.
Oft will his snorting steed, with terrour struck,
His wonted speed refuse, or start aside,
With rising smoke, and ruddy flame annoy'd.
While, at each step, his trembling rider quakes,
Appall'd with thoughts of bog, or cavern'd pit,

[3] The ventilator.
[4] Dr. Stephen Hales.
[5] The fire-engine.
[6] "Densat erant quæ rara modo, et quæ densa relaxat."

Or treach'rous earth, subsiding where they tread,
Tremendous passage to the realms of death!

Yet want there not ev'n here some lucid spots
The smoky scene to cheer, and, by contrast,
More fair. Such Dartmouth's cultivated lawns [7]!
Himself, distinguish'd more with ornament
Of cultur'd manners, and supernal light!
Such thine, O Bridgman [8]! Such—but envious time
Forbids the Muse to these fair scenes to rove,
Still minding her of her unfinish'd theme,
From russet heaths, and smould'ring furnaces,
To trace the progress of thy steely arts,
Queen of the sounding anvil [9]! Aston [10] thee,
And Edgbaston [11] with hospitable shade,
And rural pomp invest. O! warn thy sons;
When for a time their labours they forget,
Not tō molest these peaceful solitudes.
So may the masters of the beauteous scene
Protect thy commerce, and their toil reward.

Nor does the barren soil conceal alone
The sable rock inflammable. Oft-times
More pond'rous ore beneath its surface lies,
Compact, metallic, but with earthy parts
Incrusted. These the smoky kiln consumes,
And to the furnace's impetuous rage
Consigns the solid ore. In the fierce heat
The pure dissolves, the dross remains behind.
This push'd aside, the trickling metal flows
Through secret valves along the channel'd floor,
Where in the mazy moulds of figur'd sand,
Anon it hardens. Now the busy forge
Reiterates its blows, to form the bar
Large, massy, strong. Another art expands,
Another yet divides the yielding mass
To many a taper length, fit to receive
The artist's will, and take its destin'd form.

Soon o'er thy furrow'd pavement, Bremicham!
Ride the loose bars obstrep'rous; to the sons
Of languid sense, and frame too delicate
Harsh noise perchance, but harmony to thine.
Instant innumerable hands prepare
To shape, and mould the malleable ore.
Their heavy sides th' inflated bellows heave,
Tugged by the pulley'd line, and, with their blast
Continuous, the sleeping embers rouse,
And kindle into life. Straight the rough mass,
Plung'd in the blazing hearth, its heat contracts,
And glows transparent. Now, Cyclopean chief!
Quick on the anvil lay the burning bar,
And with thy lusty fellows, on its sides
Impress the weighty stroke. See, how they strain
The swelling nerve, and lift the sinewy [12] arm
In measur'd time; while with their clatt'ring blows,
From street to street the propagated sound
Increasing echoes, and, on ev'ry side,
The tortur'd metal spreads a radiant show'r.
'T is noise, and hurry all! The thronged street,
The close-pil'd-warehouse, and the busy shop!
With nimble stroke the tinkling hammers move;

[7] Sandwel, the seat of the right hon. the earl of Dartmouth.
[8] Castle Bromwick, the seat of sir Henry Bridgman, bart.
[9] Bremicham, alias Birmingham.
[10] The seat of sir Lister Holt, bart.
[11] The seat of sir Henry Gouch, bart.
[12] Illi inter sese magnâ vi brachia tollunt
In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
Virg.

While slow and weighty the vast sledge descends,
In solemn base responsive, or apart,
Or socially conjoin'd in tuneful peal.
The rough file's grates; yet useful is its touch,
As sharp corrosives to the schirrhous flesh,
Or, to the stubborn temper, keen rebuke.
How the coarse metal brightens into fame
Shap'd by their plastic hands! what ornament!
What various use! See there the glitt'ring knife
Of temper'd edge! The scissars' double shaft,
Useless apart, in social union join'd,
Each aiding each! Emblem how beautiful
Of happy nuptial leagues! The button round,
Plain, or imbost, or bright with steely rays!
Or oblong buckle, on the lacker'd shoe,
With polish'd lustre, bending elegant
In shapely rim. But who can count the forms,
That hourly from the glowing embers rise,
Or shine attractive through the glitt'ring pane,
And emulate their parent fires? what art
Can, in the scanty bounds of measur'd verse [14],
Display the treasure of a thousand mines
To wondrous shapes by stubborn labour wrought?
Nor this alone thy praise. Of various grains
Thy sons a compound form, and to the fire
Commit the precious mixture, if perchance
Some glitt'ring mass may bless their midnight toil,
Or glossy varnish, or enamel fair
To shame the pride of China, or Japan.
Nor wanting is the graver's pointed steel,
Nor pencil, wand'ring o'er the polish'd plate,
With glowing tints, and mimic life endu'd.
Thine too, of graceful form, the letter'd type!
The friend of learning, and the poet's pride!
Without thee what avail his splended aims,
And midnight labours? Painful drudgery!
And pow'rless effort! But that thought of thee
Imprints fresh vigour on his panting breast,
As thou ere long shalt on his work impress;
And, with immortal fame, his praise repay.
Hail, native British ore! of thee possess'd,
We envy not Golconda's sparkling mines,
Nor thine Potosi! nor thy kindred hills,
Teeming with gold. What though in outward form
Less fair, not less thy worth. To thee we owe
More riches than Peruvian mines can yield,
Or Motezuma's crowded magazines,
And palaces could boast, though roof'd with gold.
Splendid barbarity! and rich distress!
Without the social arts, and useful toil;
That polish life, and civilize the mind!
These are thy gifts, which gold can never buy.
Thine is the praise to cultivate the soil;
To bare its inmost strata to the Sun;
To break and meliorate the stiffen'd clay,
And, from its close confinement, set at large
Its vegetative virtue. Thine it is
The with'ring hay, and ripen'd grain to sheer,
And waft the joyous harvest round the land.
Go now, and see if, to the silver's edge,
The reedy stalk will yield its bearded store,
In weighty sheafs. Or if the stubborn marle,
In sidelong rows, with easy force will rise
Before the silver ploughshare's glitt'ring point.
Or would your gen'rous horses tread more safe
On plated gold? Your wheels, with swifter force
On golden axles move? Then grateful own,
Britannia's sons! Heav'n's providential love,
That gave you real wealth, not wealth in show,
Whose price in bare imagination lies,
And artificial compact. Thankful ply
Your iron arts, and rule the vanquish'd world.
Hail, native ore! without thy pow'rful aid,
We still had liv'd in huts, with the green sod
And broken branches roof'd. Thine is the plane,
The chissel thine; which shape the well-arch'd dome,
The graceful portico, and sculptur'd walls.
Would ye your coarse, unsightly mines exchange
For Mexiconian hills? to tread on gold,
As vulgar sand? with naked limbs to brave
The cold, bleak air? to urge the tedious chase,
By painful hunger stung, with artless toil,
Through gloomy forests, where the sounding axe,
To the Sun's beam, ne'er op'd the cheerful glade,
Nor culture's healthful face was ever seen?
In squalid huts to lay your weary limbs,
Bleeding and faint, and strangers to the bliss
Of home-felt ease, which British swains can earn,
With a bare spade; but ill alas! could earn,
With spades of gold? Such the poor Indian's lot!
Who starves midst gold, like misers o'er their bags;
Not with like guilt! Hail, native British ore!
For thine is trade, that with its various stores
Sails round the world, and visits ev'ry clime,
And makes the treasures of each clime her own,
By gainful commerce of her woolly vests,
Wrought by the spiky comb; or steely wares,
From the coarse mass, by stubborn toil, refin'd.
Such are thy peaceful gifts! And war to thee
Its best support, and deadliest horrour owes,
The glitt'ring falchion, and the thund'ring tube!
At whose tremendous gleam, and volley'd fire,
Barbarian kings fly from their useless hoards,
And yield them all to thy superior pow'r.

[13] Tum ferri rigor, et argutæ lamina serræ,
Tum variæ venere artes, &c. Virg.

[14] Sed neque quàm multæ species, nec nomina quæ sint,
Est numerus: neque enim numero comprêndere refert. Virg.

EDGE-HILL.

BOOK IV. EVENING.

ARGUMENT.

Evening walk along the hill to the N. E. point. Scene from thence. Dasset-hills. Farnborough. Wormleighton. Shuckburg. Leame and Ichene. Places near those two rivers. Bennones, or High Cross. Foss Way. Watling Street. Inland Navigation. Places of note. Return. Panegyric on the country. The scene moralized. Though beautiful, yet transient. Change by approach of winter. Of storms and pestilential seasons. Murrain. Rot amongst the sheep. General thoughts on the vanity and disorders of human life. Battle of Edge-Hill. Reflections. Conclusion.

In purple vestments clad, the temper'd sky
Invites us from our hospitable roof,
To taste her influence mild; while to the west
The jocund Sun his radiant chariot drives,

With rapid course, untir'd. Ye nymphs and swains!
Now quit the shade, and, with recruited strength,
Along the yet untrodden terrace urge
Your rig'rous steps. With moderated heat,
And ray oblique, the Sun shall not o'erpow'r,
But kindly aid your yet unfinish'd search.
Not after sable night, in silence hush'd,
More welcome is th' approach of op'ning morn,
"With song of early birds," than the fresh breeze
Of soften'd air succeeding sultry heat,
And the wild tumult of the buzzing day.
Nor think, though much is past, that nought remains,
Or nought of beauty, or attractive worth,
Save what the morning Sun, or noon-tide ray,
Hath, with his rising beam, distinctly mark'd,
Or more confus'dly, with meridian blaze,
Daz'ling display'd imperfect. Downward he
Shall other hills illumine opposite,
And other vales as beauteous as the past;
Suggesting to the Muse new argument,
And fresh instruction for her closing lay.
There Dasset's ridgy mountain courts the song.
Scarce Malvern boasts his adverse boundary
More graceful. Like the tempest-driven wave,
Irregularly great, his bare tops brave
The winds, and, on his sides, the fat'ning ox
Crops the rich verdure. When at Hastings' field,
The Norman conqueror a kingdom won
In this fair isle, and to another race
The Saxon pow'r transferr'd; an alien lord [1],
Companion of his toil! by sov'reign grant,
These airy fields obtain'd. Now the tall mount,
By claim more just, a nobler master owns;
To tyrant force, and slavish laws a foe.
But happier lands, near Ouse's reedy shore,
(What leisure ardent love of public weal
Permits) his care employ; where Nature's charms
With learned art combin'd; the richest domes,
And fairest lawns, adorn'd with ev'ry grace
Of beauty, or magnificent design,
By Cobham's eye approv'd, or Grenville plann'd,
The villas of imperial Rome outvie;
And form a scene of statelier pomp—a Stowe.
Her walls the living boast, *these* boast the dead,
Beneath their roof, in sacred dust entomb'd.
Lie light, O earth! on that illustrious dame [2],
Who, from her own prolific womb deriv'd,
To people thy green orb, successive saw
Sev'n times an hundred births. A goodlier train!
Than that, with which the Patriarch journey'd erst
From Padan-Aram, to the Mamrean plains:
Or that more num'rous, which, with large increase,
At Joseph's call, in wondrous caravans,
Reviving sight! by Heav'n's decree prepar'd,
He led to Goshen, Egypt's fruitful soil.
Where the tall pillar lifts its taper head,
Her spacious terrace, and surrounding lawns,
Deck'd with no sparing cost of planted tufts,
Or ornamented building, Farnborough [3] boasts.
Hear they her master's call? in sturdy troops,
The jocund labourers hie, and, at his nod,
A thousand hands or smooth the slanting hill,
Or scoop new channels for the gath'ring flood,
And, in his pleasures, find substantial bliss.
Nor shall thy verdant pastures be unsung
Wormleighton [4]! erst th' abode of Spenser's race,
Their title now! What? though in height thou yield'st
To Dasset, not in sweet luxuriance
Of fat'ning herbage, or of rising groves;
Beneath whose shade the lusty steers repose
Their cumbrous limbs, mix'd with the woolly tribes;
And leisurely concoct their grassy meal.
Her wood-capt summit Shuckburgh [5] there displays;
Nor fears neglect, in her own worth secure,
And glorying in the name her master bears.
Nor will her scenes, with closer eye survey'd,
Frustrate the searcher's toil, if steepy hills,
By frequent chasms disjoin'd, and glens profound,
And broken precipices, vast and rude,
Delight the sense; or Nature's lesser works,
Though lesser, not less fair! or native stone,
Or fish, the little astroit's [6] doubtful race,
For starry rays, and pencil'd shades admir'd!
Invite him to these fields, their airy bed.
Where Leame and Ichene own a kindred rise,
And haste their neighb'ring currents to unite,
New hills arise, new pastures green, and fields
With other harvests crown'd; with other charms
Villas, and towns with other arts adorn'd.
There Ichington its downward structures views
In Ichene's passing wave, which, like the mole,
Her subterraneous journey long pursues,
Ere to the Sun she gives her lucid stream.
Thy villa, Leamington [7]! her sister nymph
In her fair bosom shows; while, on her banks,
As further she her liquid course pursues,
Amidst surrounding woods his ancient walls
Birb'ry [8] conceals, and triumphs in the shade.
Not such thy lot, O Bourton [9]! nor from sight
Retirest thou, but, with complacent smile,
Thy soc al aspect courts the distant eye,
And views the distant scene reciprocal,
Delighting and delighted. Dusky heaths
Succeed, as oft to mirth, the gloomy hour!
Leading th' unfinish'd search to thy fam'd seat
Bennones [10]! where two military ways
Each other cross, transverse from sea to sea,
The Romans hostile paths! There Newnham's [11] walls
With graceful pride ascend, th' inverted pile
In her clear stream, with flow'ry margin grac'd,
Admiring. Newbold [12] there her modest charms
More bashfully unveils, with solemn woods
And verdant glades enamour'd. Here her lawns,
And rising groves for future shelter form'd,
Fair Coton [13] wide displays. There Addison,
With mind serene, his moral theme revolv'd,
Instruction dress'd in learning's fairest form!

[1] The earl of Mellent.

[2] Dame Hester Temple, of whom this is recorded by Fuller, in his account of Buckinghamshire, and who lies buried, with many of that ancient family, in the parish-church of Burton-Dasset.

[3] The seat of William Holbech, esq.

[4] An estate, an ancient seat, belonging to the right hon. earl Spenser.

[5] The seat of sir Ch. Shuckburgh, bart.

[6] The astroites, or star-stones, found here.

[7] The seat of sir William Wheeler, bart.

[8] The seat of sir Theophilus Biddulph, bart.

[9] The seat of John Shuckburgh, esq.

[10] A Roman station, where the Foss-way and Watling-street cross each other.

[11] The seat of the right hon. the earl of Denbeigh.

[12] The seat of sir Francis Skipwith, bart.

[13] The seat of Dixweil Grimes, esq.

The gravest wisdom with the liveliest wit
Attemper'd! or, beneath thy roof retir'd,
O Bilton [14]! much of peace and liberty
Sublimely mus'd, on Britain's weal intent,
Or in thy shade the coy Pierians woo'd.
Another theme demands the varying song.
Lo! where but late the flocks and heifers graz'd,
Or yellow harvests wav'd, now, through the vale,
Or o'er the plain, or round the slanting hill,
A glitt'ring path attracts the gazer's eye,
Where sooty barks pursue their liquid track
Through lawns, and woods, and villages remote
From public haunt, which wonder as they pass.
The channel'd road still onward moves, and still
With level course the flood a tendant leads.
Hills, dales oppose in vain. A thousand hands
Now through the mountain's side a passage ope,
Now with stupendous arches bridge the vale,
Now over paths and rivers urge their way
Aloft in air. Again the Roman pride
Beneath thy spacious camp embattled hill,
O Brinklow [15]! seems with gentler arts return'd.
But Britain now no bold invader fears,
No foreign aid invokes. Alike in arts
Of peace, or war renown'd. Alike in both
She rivals ancient Rome's immortal fame.
Still villas fair, and populous towns remain—
Polesworth and Atherstone, and Eaton's walls
To charity devote! and, Tamworth, thine
To martial fame! and thine, O Merival [16]!
Boasting thy beauteous woods, and lofty scite!
And Coleshill [17]! long for momentary date
Of human life, though for our wishes short,
Repose of Digby's honourable age!
Nor may the Muse, though on her homeward way
Intent, short space refuse his alleys green,
And decent walls with due respect to greet
On Blythe's [18] fair stream, to whose laborious toil
She many a lesson owes, his painful search
Enjoying without pain, and, at her ease,
With equal love of native soil inspir'd,
Singing in measur'd phrase her country's fame.
Nor, Arbury [19]! may we thy scenes forget,
Haunt of the Naiads, and each woodland nymph!
Rejoicing in his care, to whom adorn'd
With all the graces which her schools expound,
The gowny sons of Isis trust their own
And Britain's weal. Nor shall thy splendid walls,
O Packington [20]! allure the Muse in vain.

[14] The seat of the right hon. Joseph Addison, esq.

[15] The canal designed for a communication between the cities of Oxford and Coventry, passes through Brinklow, where is a magnificent aqueduct, consisting of twelve arches, with a high bank of earth at each end, crossing a valley beneath the vestiges of a Roman camp and tumulus, on the Foss-way.

[16] The seat of the late Edward Stratford, esq. an extensive view to Charley Forest and Bosworth Field.

[17] Seat of the late right hon. lord Digby, commonly called, the good lord Digby.

[18] Blythe Hall, the seat of sir William Dugdale, now belonging to Richard Geast, esq.

[19] The seat of sir Roger Newdigate, bart. member of parliament for the university of Oxford.

[20] The seat of the right hon. the earl of Aylesford.

The Goths no longer here their empire hold,
The shaven terrac'd hill, slope above slope,
And high impris'ning walls to Belgia's coast
Their native clime retire.—In formal bounds
The long canal no more confines the stream
Reluctant.—Trees no more their tortur'd limbs
Lament—no more the long-neglected fields,
Like outlaws banish'd for some vile offence,
Are hid from sight—from its proud reservoir
Of amplest size, and fair indented form,
Along the channel'd lawn the copious stream
With winding grace the stately current leads.
The channel'd lawn its bounteous stream repays,
With ever-verdant banks, and cooling shades,
And wand'ring paths, that emulate its course.
On ev'ry side spreads wide the beauteous scene,
Assemblage fair of plains, and hills, and woods,
And plants of od'rous scent—plains, hills, and woods,
And od'rous plants rejoice, and smiling hail
The reign of Nature, while attendant Art
Submissive waits to cultivate her charms.
Hail happy land! which Nature's partial smile
Hath robed profusely gay! whose champaigns vie
With plenteous harvests wave; whose pastures swarm
With horned tribes, or the sheep's fleecy race;
To the thronged shambles yielding wholesome food,
And various labour to man's active pow'rs,
Not less benign than to the weary rest.
Nor destitute thy woodland scenes of wealth,
Or sylvan beauty! there the lordly swain
His scantier fields improves; o'er his own realms
Supreme, at will to sow his well-fenc'd glebe,
With grain successive; or with juicy herbs,
To swell his milky kine; or feed, at ease,
His flock in pastures warm. His blazing hearth,
With copious fewel heap'd, defies the cold;
And housewife-arts or tease the tangled wool,
Or, from the distaff's hoard, the ductile thread
With sportive hand entice; while to the wheel
The sprightly carol join'd, or plaintive song
Diffuse, and artless sooths th' untutor'd ear
With heartfelt strains, and the slow task beguiles.
Nor hath the Sun, with less propitious ray,
Shone on the masters of the various scene.
Witness the splendid train! illustrious names,
That claim precedence on the lists of fame,
Nor fear oblivious time! enraptur'd bards!
Or learned sages! gracing, with their fame,
Their native soil, and my aspiring verse.
Say, now my dear companions! for enough
Of leisure to descriptive song is giv'n;
Say, shall we, ere we part, with moral eye,
The scene review, and the gay prospect close
With observation grave, as sober eve
Hastes now to wrap in shades the closing day?
Perhaps the moral strain delights you not!
Perhaps you blame the Muse's quick retreat;
Intent to wander still along the plain,
In coverts cool, lull'd by the murm'ring stream,
Or gentle breeze; while playful fancy skims,
With careless wing, the surfaces of things:
For deep research too indolent, too light
For grave reflection. So the syren queen
Tempted Alcides, on a flow'ry plain,
With am'rous blandishment, and urg'd to waste
His prime inglorious: but fair Virtue's form
Rescued the yielding youth, and fir'd his breast
To manly toil, and glory's well-earn'd prize.
O! in that dang'rous season, O! beware
Of vice, envenom'd weed! and plant betimes

The seeds of virtue in th' untainted heart.
So on its fruit th' enraptur'd mind shall feast
When, to the smiling day, and mirthful scene
Night's solemn gloom, cold Winter's chilling blasts,
And pain, and sickness, and old age succeed.
Nor slight your faithful guide, my gentle train!
But, with a curious eye, expatiate free
O'er Nature's moral plan. Though dark the theme,
Though formidable to the sensual mind;
Yet shall the Muse, with no fictitious aid,
Inspir'd, still guide you with her friendly voice,
And to each seeming ill some greater good
Oppose, and calm your lab'ring thoughts to rest.
Nature herself bids us be serious,
Bids us be wise; and all her works rebuke
The ever-thoughtless, ever-titt'ring tribe.
What though her lovely hills and valleys smile
To day, in beauty dress'd? yet, ere three moons
Renew their orb, and to their wane decline,
Ere then the beauteous landscape all will fade;
The genial airs retire; and shiv'ring swains
Shall, from the whiten'd plain and driving storm,
Avert the smarting cheek and humid eye.
So some fair maid to time's devouring rage
Her bloom resigns, and, with a faded look,
Disgusts her paramour; unless thy charms,
O Virtue! with more lasting beauty grace
Her lovelier mind, and, through declining age,
Fair deeds of piety, and modest worth,
Still flourish, and endear her still the more.
Nor always lasts the landscape's gay attire
Till surly Winter, with his ruffian blasts,
Benumbs her tribes, and dissipates her charms.
As sickness oft the virgin's early bloom
Spoils immature, preventing hoary age,
So blasts and mildews oft invade the fields
In all their beauty, and their summer's pride.
And oft the sudden show'r or sweeping storm [21]
O'erflows the meads, and to the miry glebe
Lays close the matted grain; with awful peal,
While the loud thunder shakes a guilty world,
And forked lightnings cleave the sultry skies.
Nor does the verdant mead or bearded field
Alone the rage of angry skies sustain.
Oft-times their influence dire the bleating flock
Or lowing herd assails, and mocks the force
Of costly med'cine, or attendant care.
Such late the wrathful pestilence, that seiz'd
In pastures far retir'd, or guarded stalls,
The dew-lap'd race! with plaintive lowings they,
And heavy eyes, confess'd the pois'nous gale,
And drank infection in each breath they drew.
Quick through their veins the burning fever ran,
And from their nostrils stream'd the putrid rheum
Malignant; o'er their limbs faint languors crept,
And stupefaction all their senses bound.
In vain their master, with officious hand,
From the pil'd mow the sweetest took presents;
Or anxiously prepares the tepid draught
Balsamic; they the proffer'd dainty loath,
And Death exulting claims his destin'd prey [22].

Nor seldom coughs and watry rheums afflict
The woolly tribes [23], and on their vitals seize;
Thinning their folds; and, with their mangled limbs,
And tatter'd fleeces, the averted eye
Disgusting, as the squeamish traveller,
With long-suspended breath, hies o'er the plain.
And is their lord, proud man! more safe than they?
More privileg'd from the destroying breath,
That, through the secret shade, in darkness walks,
Or smites whole pastures at the noon of day?
Ah! no, Death mark'd him from his infant birth;
Mark'd for his own, and, with envenom'd touch,
His vital blood defil'd. Through all his veins
The subtle poison creeps; compounded joins
Its kindred mass to his increasing bulk;
And, to the rage of angry elements,
Betrays his victim, poor, ill-fated man;
Not surer born to live, than born to die!
In what a sad variety of forms
Clothes he his messengers? Deliriums wild!
Inflated dropsy! slow consuming cough!
Jaundice, and gout, and stone; convulsive spasms;
The shaking head, and the contracted limb;
And ling'ring atrophy, and hoary age;
And second childhood, slack'ning ev'ry nerve,
To joy, to reason, and to duty dead!
I know thee, who thou art, offspring of Sin,
And Satan! nurs'd in Hell, and then let loose
To range, with thy accursed train, on Earth,
When man, apostate man! by Satan's wiles,
From life, from bliss, from God, and goodness fell!
Who knows thee not? who feels thee not within,
Plucking his heart-strings? whom hast thou not robb'd
Of parent, wife, or friend, as thou hast me?
Glutting the grave with ever-crowding guests,
And, with their image, sad'ning ev'ry scene,
Less peopled with the living than the dead!
Through populous streets the never-ceasing bell
Proclaims, with solemn sound, the parting breath;
Nor seldom from the village-tow'r is heard
The mournful knell. Alike the grassy ridge,
With osiers bound, and vaulted catacomb,
His spoils enclose. Alike the simple stone,
And mausoleum proud, his pow'r attest,
In wretched doggrel, or elab'rate verse.
Perhaps the peasant's humble obsequies;
The flowing sheet, and pall of rusty hue,
Alarm you not. You slight the simple throng;
And for the nodding plumes, and scutcheon'd hearse,
Your tears reserve. Then mark, o'er yonder plain,
The grand procession suited to your taste.
I mock you not. The sable pursuivants
Proclaim th' approaching state. Lo! now the plumes! [pear!
The nodding plumes and scutcheon'd hearse ap-
And clad in mournful weeds, a long sad train
Of slowly-moving pomp, that waits on death!
Nay—yet another melancholy train!
Another triumph of the ghastly fiend
Succeeds! 'T is so. Perhaps ye have not heard
The mournful tale. Perhaps no messenger
Hath warn'd you to attend the solemn deed!
Then from the Muse the piteous story learn;

[21] Sæpe etiam immensum cœlo venit agmen aquarum,
Et fœdam glomerant tempestatem imbribus atris
Collectæ ex alto nubes; ruit arduus æther,
Et pluviâ ingenti sata læta, boumque labores
Diluit. Virg.

[22] Hinc lætis vituli vulgo moriuntur in herbis,
Et dulces animas plena ad præsepia reddunt.
Virg.

[23] Non tam creber agens hyemem ruit æthere turbo,
Quam multæ pecudum pestes, nec singula morbi
Corpora corripiunt, sed tota æstiva repentè
Spemque, gregemque simul, cunctamque ab origine gentem. Virg.

And, with her, on the grave procession wait,
That to their early tomb, to mould'ring dust
Of ancestors, that crowd the scanty vault,
Near which our song began, Northampton [24] bears,
The gay Northampton, and his beauteous bride [25]!
Far other pageants in his youthful breast
He cherish'd, while, with delegated trust,
On stately ceremonials, to the shore,
Where Adria's waves the sea-girt city lave,
He went; and, with him, join'd in recent love,
His blooming bride, of Beaufort's royal line,
The charming Somerset! But royal blood,
Nor youth, nor beauty, nor employment high,
Could grant protection from the rude assault
Of that barbarian, Death; who, without form,
To courts and cottages unbidden comes;
And his unwelcome embassy fulfils,
Without distinction, to the lofty peer,
The graceful bride, or peasant's homely race.
Ere, from her native soil, she saw the Sun
Run half his annual course, in Latian climes,
She breath'd her last; him, ere that course was done,
Death met returning on the Gallic plains,
And sent to join her yet unburied dust:
Who, but this youthful pair's untimely fate
Must weep, who, but in theirs, may read their own?
Another lesson seek ye, other proof
Of vanity, and lamentable woe
Betiding man? Another scene to grace
With troops of victims the terrific king,
And humble wanton folly's laughing sons?
The Muse shall from her faithful memory
A tale select; a tale big with the fate
Of kings and heroes on this now fair field
Embattled! but her song shall to your view
Their ranks embody, and, to future peace,
Their fierce designs and hostile rage convert.
Not on Pharsalia's plain a *bolder strife*
Was *held*, though twice with Roman blood distain'd,
Than when thy subjects, first imperial Charles!
Dared, in these fields, with arms their cause to plead.
Where once the Romans pitch'd their hostile tents [26],
Other Campanias fair, and milder Alps
Exploring, now a nobler warrior stood,
His country's sov'reign liege! Around his camp
A gallant train of loftiest rank attend,
By loyalty, and love of regal sway,
To mighty deeds impell'd. Meanwhile below
Others no less intrepid courage boast,
From source as fair, the love of liberty!
Dear Liberty! when rightly understood,
Prime social bliss! Oh! may no fraud
Usurp thy name, to veil their dark designs
Of vile ambition, or licentious rage!
Long time had they, with charge of mutual blame,
And fierce debate of speech, discordant minds
Avow'd, yet not to desp'rate chance of war
Till now their cause refer'd: rude arbiter
Of fit and right! Unhappy native land!
Nought then avail'd that Nature form'd thy fields
So fair, and with her wat'ry barrier fene'd!
Nought then avail'd thy forms of guardian laws,
The work of ages, in a moment lost,
And ev'ry social tie at once dissolv'd!
For now no more sweet peace, and order fair,
And kindred love remain'd, but hostile rage
Instead, and mutual jealousy, and hate,
And tumult loud! nor, hadst thou then been there,
O Talbot [27]! could thy voice, so often heard
On heav'nly themes! nor his fraternal [28]! skill'd
In social claims, the limits to define
Of law and right, have calm'd the furious strife,
Or still'd the rattling thunder of the field.
Across the plain, where the slight eminence
And scatter'd hedge-rows mark a midway space
To yonder town [29], once deem'd a royal court;
Now harbouring no friends to royalty!
The popular troops their martial lines extend.
High on the hill, the royal banners wave
Their faithful signals. Rang'd along the steep,
The glitt'ring files, in burnish'd armour clad,
Reflect the downward Sun; and, with its gleam,
The distant crowds affright, who trembling wait
For the dire onset, and the dubious fight.
As pent-up waters, swell'd by sudden rains,
Their former bounds disdain, and foam and rage
Impatient of restraint; till, at some breach,
Outward they burst impetuous, and mock
The peasant's feeble toil, which strives to check
Their headlong torrent; so the royal troops,
With martial rage inflam'd, impatient wait
The trumpet's summons. At its sprightly call,
The airy seat they leave, and down the steep,
Rank following rank, like wave succeeding wave,
Rush on the hostile wings. Dire was the shock,
Dire was the clash of arms! The hostile wings
Give way, and soon in flight their safety seek.
They with augmented force and growing rage
The flying foe pursue. But too secure,
And counting of cheap conquest quickly gain'd
O'er dastard minds, in wordy quarrels bold,
But slack by deeds to vindicate their claim,
In chase and plunder long they waste the day,
And late return, of order negligent.
Meanwhile the battle in the centre rag'd
With diff'rent fortune, by bold Essex led,
Experienc'd chief! and to the monarch's cause,
And youthful race, for martial deeds unripe,
Menac'd destruction. In the royal breast
High passions rose, by native dignity
Made more sublime, and urg'd to pow'rful act
By strong paternal love [30], and proud disdain
Of vulgar minds, arraigning in his race
The rights of sov'reignty, from ancient kings
In order fair deriv'd. Amidst his troops
With haste he flies, their broken ranks reforms,
To bold revenge re-animates their rage,
And from the foe his short-liv'd honour wrests.
Now Death, with hasty stride, stalks o'er the field,

[24] The right hon. the earl of Northampton, who died on his return from an embassy to Venice, while the author was writing this poem.

[25] The right hon. the countess of Northampton, daughter to the duke of Beaufort.

[26] A Roman camp at Warmington, on the top of Edge-Hill.

[27] The rev. Mr. Talbot, of Kineton.

[28] C. Henry Talbot, esq. of Marston, at the bottom of Edge-Hill.

[29] Kineton, *alias* Kington. So called, as some conjecture, from a castle on a neighbouring hill, said to have been a palace belonging to king John.

[30] Prince Charles, afterwards king Charles II. and his brother the duke of York, afterwards king James II. were then in the field, the former being in the 13th, and the latter just entered into the 10th year of his age.

Grimly exulting in the bloody fray.
Now on the crested helm or burnish'd shield,
He stamps new horrours; now the levell'd sword
With weightier force impells, with iron-hoof
Now tramples on th' expiring ranks; or gores
The foaming steed against th' opposing spear.
But chiefly on the cannon's brazen orb
He sits triumphant, and, with fatal aim,
Involves whole squadrons in the sulph'rous storm.
Then Lindsey [31] fell, nor from the shelt'ring straw
Ceas'd he to plead his sov'reign's slighted cause
Amidst surrounding foes; nor but with life
Expir'd his loyalty. His valiant son [32]
Attempts his rescue, but attempts in vain!
Then Verney [33] too, with many a gallant knight
And faithful courtier, anxious for thy weal,
Unhappy prince! but mindless of their own,
Pour'd out his life upon the crimson plain.
Then fell the gallant Stewart [34], Aubigny [35],
And Kingsmill [36]! He whose monumental stone
Protects his neighb'ring ashes and his fame.
The closing day compos'd the furious strife:
But for short time compos'd! anon to wake
With tenfold rage, and spread a wider scene
Of terrour and destruction o'er the land!
Now mark the glories of the great debate!
Yon grass-green mount, where waves the planted pine,
And whispers to the winds the mournful tale,
Contains them in its monumental mould;
A slaughter'd crew, promiscuous lodg'd below!
Still as the ploughman breaks the clotted glebe,
He ever and anon some trophy finds,
The relics of the war [37]—or rusty spear,
Or canker'd ball; but, from sepulchral soil,
Cautious he turns aside the shining steel,
Lest haply, at its touch, uncover'd bones
Should start to view, and blast his rural toil.
Such were the fruits of passion, froward will,
And unsubmitting pride! Worse storms than those
That rend the sky, and waste our cultur'd fields!
Strangers alike to man's primeval state,
Ere evil entrance found to this fair world,
Permitted, not ordain'd, whatever pride
May dream of order in a world of sin,
Or pre-existent soul, and penal doom
For crimes unknown. More wise, more happy he!
Who in his breast oft pond'ring, and perplex'd
With endless doubt and learning's fruitless toil,
His weary mind at length reposes sure
On Heav'n's attested oracles. To them
Submiss he bows, convinc'd, however weak
His reason the mysterious plan to solve,
That all He wills is right, who, ere the worlds
Were form'd, in his all-comprehensive mind,
Saw all that was, or is, or e'er shall be.
Who to whate'er exists, or lives, or moves,
Throughout creation's wide extent, gave life,
Gave being, pow'r, and thought to act, to move
Impelling or impell'd, to all ordain'd
Their ranks, relations, and dependencies,
And can direct, suspend, control their pow'rs,
Else were he not supreme! Who bids the winds
Be still, and they obey; who to the sea
Assigns its bounds, and calms its boisterous waves.
Who, with like ease can moral discord rule,
And all apparent evil turn to good.
Hail then, ye sons of Eve! th' unerring guide,
The sovereign grant receive, sin's antidote!
A cure for all our griefs! So heav'nly Truth
Shall wide display her captivating charms,
And Peace her dwelling fix with human race.
So Love through ev'ry clime his gentle reign
Shall spread, and at his call discordant realms
Shall beat their swords to ploughshares, and their spears
To pruning-hooks, nor more learn murth'rous war.
So when revolving years, by Heav'n's decree,
Their circling course have run, new firmaments,
With blessings fraught, shall fill the bright expanse,
Of tempests void, and thunder's angry voice.
New verdure shall arise to clothe the fields:
New Edens! teeming with immortal fruit!
No more the wing'd inhabitants of air,
Or those that range the fields or skim the flood,
Their fierceness shall retain, but brute with brute,
And all with man in amicable league
Shall join, and enmity for ever cease.
Remains there aught to crown the rapt'rous theme?
'T is this, unfading joy, beyond the reach
Of elemental worlds, and short-liv'd time.
This too is yours—from outward sense conceal'd,
But, by resemblance of external things,
Inward display'd, to elevate the soul
To thoughts sublime, and point her way to Heav'n.
So, from the top of Nebo's lofty mount,
The patriot-leader of Jehovah's sons
The promis'd land survey'd; to Canaan's race
A splendid theatre of frantic joys
And fatal mirth, beyond whose scanty bounds
Darkness and horrour dwell! Emblem to *him*
Of fairer fields, and happier seats above!
Then closed his eyes to mortal scenes, to wake
In the bright regions of eternal day.

[31] Earl of Lindsey, the king's general.

[32] Lord Willoughby, son to the earl of Lindsey.

[33] Sir Edmund Verney, standard-bearer to the king.

[34] Lord Stewart.

[35] Lord Aubigny, son to the duke of Lenox.

[36] Captain Kingsmill, buried at Radway.

[37] Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis,
Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila,
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.
Virg.

LABOUR AND GENIUS:

OR,

THE MILL-STREAM AND THE CASCADE.

A FABLE.

Nature, with lib'ral hand, dispenses
Her apparatus of the senses,
In articles of gen'ral use,
Nerves, sinews, muscles, bones profuse.
Distinguishing her fav'rite race
With form erect, and featur'd face:
The flowing hair, the polish'd skin—
But, for the furniture within,

Whether it be of brains or lead,
What matters it, so there 's a head?
For wisest noddle seldom goes,
But as 't is led by corp'ral nose.
Nor is it thinking much, but doing,
That keeps our tenements from ruin.
And hundreds eat, who spin or knit,
For one that lives by dint of wit.
The sturdy thresher pl es his flail,
And what to this doth wit avail?
Who learns from wit to press the spade?
Or thinks 't would mend the cobler's trade?
The pedlar, with his cumb'rous pack,
Carries his brains upon his back.
Some wear them in full-bottom'd wig,
Or hang them by with *queue* or *pig*.
Reduc'd, till they return again,
In dishabille, to common men.
Then why, my friend, is wit so rare?
That sudden flash, that makes one stare!
A meteor's blaze, a dazzling show!
Say what it is, for well you know.
Or, if you can with patience hear
A witless fable, lend an ear:
Betwixt two sloping verdant hills
A current pour'd its careless rills,
Which unambitious crept along,
With weeds and matted grass o'erhung.
Till *rural Genius*, on a day,
Chancing along its banks to stray,
Remark'd with penetrating look
The latent merits of the brook,
Much griev'd to see such talents hid,
And thus the dull by-standers chid.
" How blind is man's incurious race,
The scope of Nature's plans to trace?
How do ye mangle half her charms,
And fright her hourly with alarms?
Disfigure now her swelling mounds,
And now contract her spacious bounds?
Fritter her fairest lawns to alleys,
Bare her green hills, and hide her valleys?
Confine her streams with rule and line,
And counteract her whole design?
Neglecting, where she points the way,
Her easy dictates to obey?
To bring her hidden worth to sight;
And place her charms in fairest light?
" Alike to *intellectuals* blind,
'T is thus you treat the youthful mind;
Mistaking gravity for sense,
For dawn of wit, impertinence.
" The boy of genuine parts and merit,
For some unlucky prank of spirit,
With frantic rage is scourg'd from school,
And branded with the name of fool,
Because his active blood flow'd faster
Than the dull puddle of his master.
While the slow plodder trots along,
Through thick and thin, through prose and song,
Insensible of all their graces,
But learn'd in words and common phrases:
Till in due time he's mov'd to college,
To ripen these choice seeds of knowledge.
" So some taste-pedant, wondrous wise,
Exerts his genius in *dirt*-pies.
Delights the tonsile yew to raise,
But hates your laurels and your bays,
Because too rambling and luxuriant,
Like forward youths, of brains too prurient.
Makes puns, and anagrams in box,
And turns his trees to bears and cocks.
Excels in quaint jette-d'eau or fountain,
Or leads his stream across a mountain,
To show its shallowness and pride,
In a broad grin, on t' other side.
Perverting all the rules of sense,
Which never offers violence,
But gently leads where Nature tends,
Sure, with applause, to gain its ends.
" But one example may teach more,
Than precepts hackney'd o'er and o'er.
Then mark this *rill*, with weeds o'erhung,
Unnotic'd by the vulgar throng!
Ev'n this, conducted by my laws,
Shall rise to fame, attract applause;
Instruct in fable[1], shine in song,
And be the theme of ev'ry tongue."
He said: and, to his fav'rite son,
Consign'd the task, and will'd it done.
Damon his counsel wisely weigh'd,
And carefully the scene survey'd.
And, though it seems he said but little,
He took his meaning to a tittle.
And first, his purpose to befriend,
A bank he rais'd at th' upper end:
Compact, and close its outward side,
To stay and swell the gath'ring tide:
But, on its inner, rough and tall,
A ragged cliff, a rocky wall.
The channel next he op'd to view,
And, from its course, the rubbish drew.
Enlarg'd it now, and now with line
Oblique pursued his fair design.
Preparing here the mazy way,
And there the fall for sportive play.
The precipice abrupt and steep,
The pebbled road, and cavern deep.
The rooty seat, where best to view
The fairy scene, at distance due.
He last invok'd the Dryads aid,
And fring'd the borders round with shade.
Tap'stry, by Nature's fingers wove,
No mimic, but a real grove:
Part hiding, part admitting day,
The scene to grace the future play.
Damon perceives, with ravish'd eyes,
The beautiful enchantment rise.
Sees sweetly blended shade and light,
Sees ev'ry part with each unite.
Sees each, as he directs, assume
A livelier dye or deeper gloom.
So, fashion'd by the painter's skill,
New forms the glowing canvass fill.
So, to the summer's Sun, the rose
And jessamin their charms disclose.
While, all intent on this retreat,
He saw his fav'rite work complete,
Divine enthusiasm seiz'd his breast,
And thus his transport he express'd.
" Let others toil, for wealth or pow'r,
I court the sweetly-vacant hour:
Down life's smooth current calmly glide,
Nor vex'd with cares, nor rack'd with pride.
Give me, O Nature! to explore
Thy lovely charms, I ask no more.

[1] See Fable XLI. and LI. in Dodsley's new-invented fables, and many little pieces printed in the public papers.

For thee I fly from vulgar eyes,
For thee I vulgar cares despise.
For thee ambition's charms resign;
Accept a vot'ry, wholly thine.
" Yet still let Friendship's joys be near,
Still, on these plains, her train appear.
By Learning's sons my haunts be trod,
And Stamford's feet imprint my sod.
For Stamford oft hath deign'd to stray
Around my Leasow's flow'ry way.
And, where his honour'd steps have rov'd,
Oft have his gifts those scenes improv'd.
To him I 'll dedicate my cell,
To him suspend the votive spell.
His name shall heighten ev'ry charm,
His name protect my groves from harm,
Protect my harmless sport from blame,
And turn obscurity to fame."
He spake. His hand the pencil guides,
And Stamford [2] o'er the scene presides.
The proud device, with borrow'd grace,
Conferr'd new lustre on the place:
As books, by dint of dedication,
Enjoy their patron's reputation.
Now, lanching from its lofty shore,
The loosen'd stream began to roar:
As headlong, from the rocky mound,
It rush'd into the vast profound.
There check'd awhile, again it flow'd
Glitt'ring along the channel'd road:
From steep to steep, a frequent fall,
Each diff'rent, and each natural.
Obstructing roots and rocks between,
Diversify th' enchanted scene;
While winding now, and intricate,
Now more develop'd, and in state,
Th' united stream, with rapid force,
Pursues amain its downward course,
Till at your feet absorb'd, it hides
Beneath the ground its bustling tides.
With prancing steeds, and liv'ried trains,
Soon daily shone the bord'ring plains.
And distant sounds foretold th' approach
Of frequent chaise, and crowded coach.
For sons of Taste, and daughters fair,
Hasted the sweet surprise to share:
While Hagley [3] wonder'd at their stay,
And hardly brook'd the long delay.
Not distant far below, a mill
Was built upon a neighb'ring rill:
Whose pent-up stream, whene'er let loose,
Impell'd a wheel, close at its sluice,
So strongly, that, by friction's pow'r,
'T would grind the firmest grain to flow'r.
Or, by a correspondence new,
With hammers, and their clatt'ring crew,
Would so bestir her active stumps,
On iron-blocks, though arrant lumps,
That, in a trice, she 'd manage matters,
To make them all as smooth as platters.
Or slit a bar to rods quite taper,
With as much ease, as you 'd cut paper.
For, though the lever gave the blow,
Yet it was lifted from below;

[2] The scene here referred to, was inscribed to the right hon. the earl of Stamford; but since to William Shenstone, esq.

[3] The seat of the right hon. lord Lyttelton, distant but a few miles from the Leasows.

And would for ever have lain still,
But for the bustling of the rill;
Who, from her stately pool or ocean,
Put all the wheels and logs in motion;
Things in their nature very quiet,
Though making all this noise and riot.
This stream, that could in toil excel,
Began with foolish pride to swell:
Piqu'd at her neighbour's reputation,
And thus express'd her indignation.
" Madam! methinks you 're vastly proud,
You was 'nt us'd to talk so loud.
Nor cut such capers in your pace,
Marry! what anties, what grimace!
For shame! do n't give yourself such airs,
In flaunting down those hideous stairs.
Nor put yourself in such a flutter,
Whate'er you do, you dirty gutter!
I 'd have you know, you upstart minx!
Ere you were form'd, with all your sinks,
A lake I was, compar'd with which,
Your stream is but a paltry ditch:
And still, on honest labour bent,
I ne'er a single *flash* misspent.
And yet no folks of high degree
Would e'er vouchsafe to visit me,
As, in their coaches, by they rattle,
Forsooth! to hear your idle prattle.
Though half the business of my flooding
Is to provide them cakes and pudding:
Or furnish stuff for many a trinket,
Which, though so fine, you scarce would think it,
When Boulton's [4] skill has fix'd their beauty,
To my rough toil first ow'd their duty.
But I 'm plain *Goody* of the Mill;
And you are—*Madam Cascadille!*"
" Dear coz," reply'd the beauteous torrent,
" Pray do not discompose your current.
That we all from one fountain flow,
Hath been agreed on long ago.
Varying our talents, and our tides,
As chance or education guides.
That I have either note or name,
I owe to him who gives me fame.
Who teaches all our kind to flow,
Or gaily swift, or gravely slow.
Now in the lake, with glassy face,
Now moving light, with dimpled grace.
Now gleaming from the rocky height,
Now, in rough eddies, foaming white.
Nor envy me the gay or great,
That visit my obscure retreat.
None wonders that a clown can dig,
But 't is some art to dance a jig.
Your talents are employ'd for use,
Mine to give pleasure and amuse.
And though, dear coz, no folks of taste
Their idle hours with you will waste,
Yet many a grist comes to your *mill*,
Which helps your master's bags to fill.
While I, with all my notes and trilling,
For Damon never got a shilling.
Then, gentle coz, forbear your clamours,
Enjoy your hoppers and your hammers:
We gain our ends by diff'rent ways,
And you get bread, and I get—praise."

[4] An eminent merchant, and very ingenious mechanic, at the Soho manufactory, near Birmingham.

ARDENNA.

A PASTORAL ECLOGUE.

TO A LADY.

DAMON AND LYCIDAS.

When o'er the western world fair Science spread
Her genial ray, and Gothic darkness fled,
To Britain's isle the Muses took their way,
And taught her list'ning groves the tuneful lay.
'T was then two swains the Doric reed essay'd
To sing the praises of a peerless maid.
On Arden's blissful plain her seat she chose,
And hence her rural name Ardenna rose.
In sportive verse alternately they vied,
Thus Damon sang, and Lycidas replied.

DAMON.

Here, gentle swain, beneath the shade reclin'd,
Remit thy labours, and unbend thy mind.
Well with the shepherd's state our cares agree,
For Nature prompts to pleasing industry.
'T is this to all her gifts fresh beauty yields,
Health to our flocks, and plenty to our fields,
Yet hath she not impos'd unceasing toil,
Not restless ploughshares always vex the soil.
Then, shepherd, take the blessings Heav'n bestows,
Assist the song, and sweeten our repose.

LYCIDAS.

While others, sunk in sleep, or live in vain,
Or, slaves of indolence, but wake to pain,
Me let the call of earliest birds invite
To hail th' approaches of returning light;
To taste the freshness of the cheerful morn,
While glist'ring dew-drops hang on ev'ry thorn.
Hence all the bliss that centres in our kind,
Health to the blood, and vigour to the mind.
Hence ev'ry task its meet attendance gains,
And leisure hence to listen to thy strains.

DAMON.

Thrice happy swain, so fitly form'd to share
The shepherd's labour, and Ardenna's care!
To tell Ardenna's praise the rural train
Inscribe the verse, or chant it o'er the plain.
Plains, hills, and woods return the well-known sound,
And the smooth beech records the sportive wound.
Then, Lycidas, let us the chorus join,
So bright a theme our music shall refine.
Escap'd from all the busy world admires,
Hither the philosophic dame retires;
For in the busy world, or poets feign,
Intemp'rate vice and giddy pleasures reign;
Then, when from crowds the Loves and Graces flew,
To these lone shades the beauteous maid withdrew,
To study Nature in this calm retreat,
And with confed'rate art her charms complete.
How sweet their union is, ye shepherds, say,
And thou who form'dst the reed inspire my lay.
Her praise I sing by whom our flocks are freed
From the rough bramble and envenom'd weed;
Who to green pastures turns the dreary waste,
With scatter'd woods in careless beauty grac'd.
'T is she, Ardenna! guardian of the scene,
Who bids the mount to swell, who smooths the green,
Who drains the marsh, and frees the struggling flood
From its divided rule and strife with mud.
She winds its course the copious stream to show,
And she in swifter currents bids it flow;
Now smoothly gliding with an even pace,
Now dimpling o'er the stones with roughen'd grace:
With glassy surface now serenely bright,
Now foaming from the rock all silver white.
'T is she the rising bank with beeches crowns,
Now spreads the scene, and now contracts its bounds.
Clothes the bleak hill with verdure ever gay,
And bids our feet through myrtle-valleys stray.
She for her shepherds rears the rooty shed,
The checquer'd pavement, and the straw-wove bed.
For them she scoops the grotto's cool retreat,
From storms a shelter, and a shade in heat.
Directs their hands the verdant arch to bend,
And with the leafy roof its gloom extend.
Shells, flint, and ore their mingled graces join,
And rocky fragments aid the chaste design.

LYCIDAS.

Hail, happy lawns! where'er we turn our eyes,
Fresh beauties bloom, and opening wonders rise.
Whilom these charming scenes with grief I view'd
A barren waste, a dreary solitude!
My drooping flocks their russet pastures mourn'd,
And lowing herds the plaintive moan return'd.
With weary feet from field to field they stray'd,
Nor found their hunger's painful sense allay'd.
But now no more a dreary scene appears,
No more its prickly boughs the bramble rears,
No more my flocks lament th' unfruitful soil,
Nor mourn their ragged fleece, or fruitless toil.

DAMON.

As this fair lawn excels the rushy mead,
As firs the thorn, and flow'rs the pois'nous weed,
Far as the warbling sky-larks soar on high,
Above the clumsy bat or buzzing fly;
So matchless moves Ardenna o'er the green,
In mind alike excelling as in mien.

LYCIDAS.

Sweet is the fragrance of the damask rose,
And bright the dye that on its surface glows,
Fair is the poplar rising on the plain,
Of shapely trunk, and lofty branches vain;
But neither sweet the rose, nor bright its dye,
Nor poplar fair, if with her charms they vie.

DAMON.

Grateful is sunshine to the sportive lambs,
The balmy dews delight the nibbling dams;
But kindlier warmth Ardenna's smiles impart,
A balm more rich her lessons to the heart.

LYCIDAS.

No more Pomona's guiding hand we need,
Nor Flora's help to paint th' enamell'd mead,
Nor Ceres' care to guard the rising grain,
And spread the yellow plenty o'er the plain;
Ardenna's precepts ev'ry want supply,
The grateful lay what shepherd can deny?

DAMON.

A theme so pleasing, with the day begun,
Too soon were ended with the setting Sun.
But see o'er yonder hill the parting ray,
And hark! our bleating flocks reprove our stay.

THE SCAVENGERS.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

Dulcis odor lucri ex re quâlibet.

Awake, my Muse, prepare a loftier theme.
The winding valley and the dimpled stream
Delight not all: quit, quit the verdant field,
And try what dusty streets and alleys yield.
Where Avon wider flows, and gathers fame,
Stands a fair town, and Warwick is its name.
For useful arts entitled once to share
The gentle Ethelfleda's guardian care.
Nor less for deeds of chivalry renown'd,
When her own Guy was with her laurels crown'd.
Now Syren sloth holds here her tranquil reign,
And binds in silken bonds the feeble train.
Now frowning knights in uncouth armour lac'd,
Seek now for monsters on the dreary waste:
In these soft scenes they chase a gentler prey,
No monsters! but as dangerous as they.
In diff'rent forms as sure destruction lies,
They have no claws 't is true—but they have eyes.
Last of the toiling race there liv'd a pair,
Bred up in labour, and inur'd to care!
To sweep the streets their task from Sun to Sun,
And seek the nastiness which others shun.
More plodding wight or dame you ne'er shall see,
He Gaffer Pestel hight, and Gammer she.
As at their door they sat one summer's day,
Old Pestel first essay'd the plaintive lay:
His gentle mate the plaintive lay return'd,
And thus alternately their cares they mourn'd.

OLD PESTEL.

Alas! was ever such fine weather seen,
How dusty are the roads, the streets how clean!
How long, ye almanacs! will it be dry?
Empty my cart how long, and idle I!
Ev'n at the best the times are not so good,
But 't is hard work to scrape a livelihood.
The cattle in the stalls resign their life,
And baulk the shambles, and th' unbloody knife.
While farmers sit at home in pensive gloom,
And turnpikes threaten to complete my doom.

WIFE.

Well! for the turnpike, that will do no hurt,
Some say the managers are friends to dirt.
But much I fear this murrain where 't will end,
For sure the cattle did our door befriend.
Oft have I hail'd them, as they stalk'd along,
Their fat the butchers pleas'd, but me their dung.

OLD PESTEL.

See what a little dab of dirt is here!
But yields all Warwick more, O tell me where?
Yet, on this spot, though now so naked seen,
Heaps upon heaps, and loads on loads have been.
Bigger, and bigger, the proud dunghill grew,
Till my diminish'd house was hid from view.

WIFE.

Ah! Gaffer Pestel, what brave days were those,
When higher than our house our muckhill rose!
The growing mount I view'd with joyful eyes,
And mark'd what each load added to its size.
Wrapt in its fragrant steam we often sat,
And to its praises held delightful chat.
Nor did I e'er neglect my mite to pay,
To swell the goodly heap from day to day.
A cabbage once I bought; but small the cost—
Nor do I think the farthing all was lost.
Again you sold its well-digested store,
To dung the garden where it grew before.

OLD PESTEL.

What though the beaux and powder'd coxcombs jeer'd,
And at the scavenger's employment sneer'd,
Yet then at night content I told my gains,
And thought well paid their malice, and my pains.
Why toils the tradesman, but to swell his store?
Why craves the wealthy landlord still for more?
Why will our gentry flatter, fawn, and lie?
Why pack the cards, and what d' ye call 't—the die?
All, all the pleasing paths of gain pursue,
And wade through thick and thin as we folks do.
Sweet is the scent that from advantage springs,
And nothing dirty which good interest brings.

WIFE.

When goody Dobbins call'd me nasty bear,
And talk'd of kennels and the ducking-chair,
With patience I could hear the scolding quean,
For sure 't was dirtiness that kept me clean.
Clean was my gown on Sundays, if not fine,
Nor Mrs. ——'s cap so white as mine.
A slut in silk, or kersey is the same,
Nor sweetest always is the finest dame.

Thus wail'd they pleasure past, and present cares,
While the starv'd hog join'd his complaint with theirs.
To still his grunting diff'rent ways they tend,
To West Street he, and she to Cotton End [1].

ABSENCE.

With leaden foot Time creeps along
While Delia is away,
With her, nor plaintive was the song,
Nor tedious was the day.

Ah! envious pow'r! reverse my doom,
Now double thy career,
Strain ev'ry nerve, stretch ev'ry plume,
And rest them when she 's here.

TO A LADY.

When Nature joins a beauteous face
With shape, and air, and life, and grace,
To ev'ry imperfection blind,
I spy no blemish in the mind.

[1] Names of the most remote and opposite parts of the town.

When wit flows pure from Stella's tongue,
Or animates the sprightly song,
Our hearts confess the pow'r divine,
Nor lightly prize its mortal shrine.

Good-nature will a conquest gain,
Though wit and beauty sigh in vain.
When gen'rous thoughts the breast inspire,
I wish its rank and fortunes higher.

When Sidney's charms again unite
To win the soul, and bless the sight,
Fair, and learn'd, and good, and great!
An earthly goddess is complete.

But when I see a sordid mind
With affluence and ill-nature join'd,
And pride without a grain of sense,
And without beauty insolence,
The creature with contempt I view,
And sure 't is like Miss —— you know who.

TO

A LADY WORKING A PAIR OF RUFFLES.

What means this useless cost, this wanton pride?
To purchase fopp'ry from yon foreign strand!
To spurn our native stores, and arts aside,
And drain the riches of a needy land!

Pleas'd I survey, fair nymph, your happy skill,
Yet view it by no vulgar critic's laws:
With nobler aim I draw my sober quill,
Anxious to list each art in virtue's cause.

Go on, dear maid, your utmost pow'r essay,
And if for fame your little bosom heave,
Know patriot-*hands* your merit shall display,
And amply pay the graces they receive.

Let ev'ry nymph like you the gift prepare,
And banish foreign pomp and costly show;
What lover but would burn the prize to wear,
Or blush by you pronounc'd his country's foe?

Your smiles can win when patriot-speeches fail,
Your frowns control when justice threats in vain,
O'er stubborn minds your softness can prevail,
And placemen drop the bribe if you complain.

Then rise the guardians of your country's fame,
Or wherefore were ye form'd like angels fair?
By beauty's force our venal hearts reclaim,
And save the drooping virtues from despair.

FEMALE EMPIRE.

A TRUE HISTORY.

Like Bruin's was Avaro's breast,
No softness harbour'd there;
While Sylvio some concern express'd,
When beauty shed a tear.

In Hymen's bands they both were tied,
As Cupid's [1] archives show ye;
Proud Celia was Avaro's bride,
And Sylvio's gentle Chloe.

Like other nymphs, at church they swore
To honour and obey,
Which, with each learned nymph before,
They soon explain'd away.

If Chloe now would have her will,
Her streaming eyes prevail'd,
Or if her swain prov'd cruel still,
Hysterics never fail'd.

But Celia scorn'd the plaintive moan,
And heart-dissolving show'r;
With flashing eye, and angry tone,
She best maintain'd her pow'r.

Yet once the mandates of his Turk
Avaro durst refuse;
For why? important was his work,
"To register old shoes!"

"And does," said she, "the wretch dispute
My claim such clowns to rule?
If Celia cannot charm a brute,
She can chastise a fool."

Then straight she to his closet flew,
His private thoughts she tore,
And from its place the poker drew,
That fell'd him on the floor.

"Henceforth," said she, "my calls regard,
Own mine the stronger plea,
Nor let thy vulgar cares retard
The female rites of tea."

Victorious sex! alike your art,
And puissance we dread;
For if you cannot break our heart,
'T is plain you 'll break our head.

Place me, ye gods, beneath the throne
Which gentle smiles environ,
And I 'll submission gladly own,
Without a rod of iron.

ON MR. SAMUEL COOKE'S POEMS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1749.

Indeed, master Cooke!
You have made such a book,
As the learned in pastry admire:
But other wits joke
To see such a smoke
Without any visible fire.

What a nice bill of fare,
Of whatever is rare,
And approv'd by the critics of taste!
Not a classical bit,
Ev'ry fancy to hit,
But here in due order is plac'd.

[1] The parish-register.

Yet, for all this parade,
You are but a dull blade,
And your lines are all scragged and raw;
And though you 've hack'd, and have hew'd,
And have squeez'd, and have stew'd,
Your forc'd-meat is n't all worth a straw.

Though your satire you spit,
'T is n't season'd a bit,
And your puffs are as heavy as lead;
Call each dish what you will,
Boil, roast, hash, or grill,
Yet still it is all a calf's-head.

I do n't mind your huffing,
For you 've put such vile stuff in,
I protest I 'm as sick as a dog;
Were you leaner or fatter,
I 'd not mince the matter,
You 're not fit to dress Æsop a frog.

Then, good master Slice!
Shut up shop, if your wise,
And th' unwary no longer trepan;
Such advice indeed is hard,
And may stick in your gizzard,
But digest it as well as you can.

THE MISTAKE.

ON CAPTAIN BLUFF. 1750.

Says a gosling, almost frighten'd out of her wits,
" Help, mother, or else *I* shall go into fits.
I have had such a fright, I shall never recover,
O! that *hawke*, that you 've told us of over and over.
See, there, where he sits, with his terrible face,
And his coat how it glitters all over with lace.
With his sharp hooked nose, and his sword at his heel,
How my heart it goes pit-a-pat, pray, mother, feel."
Says the goose, very gravely, " Pray do n't talk so wild,
Those looks are as harmless as mine are, my child.
And as for his sword there, so bright and so nice,
I 'll be sworn 't will hurt nothing besides frogs and mice.
Nay, prithee do n't hang so about me, let loose,
I tell thee he dares not say—bo to a goose.
In short there is not a more innocent fowl,
Why, instead of a *hawke*, look ye child, 't is an *owl*."

TO

A LADY WITH A BASKET OF FRUIT.

Once of forbidden fruit the mortal taste
Chang'd beauteous Eden to a dreary waste.
Here you may freely eat, secure the while
From latent poison, or insidious guile.
Yet O! could I but happily infuse
Some secret charm into the sav'ry juice,
Of pow'r to tempt your gentle breast to share
With me the peaceful cot, and rural fare:
A diff'rent fate should crown the blest device,
And change my desert to a paradise.

PEYTOE'S GHOST[1].

To Craven's health, and social joy,
The festive night was kept,
While mirth and patriot spirit flow'd,
And Dullness only slept.

When from the jovial crowd I stole,
And homeward shap'd my way;
And pass'd along by Chesterton,
All at the close of day.

Thy sky with clouds was overcast,
An hollow tempest blow'd,
And rains and foaming cataracts
Had delug'd all the road;

When through the dark and lonesome shade
Shone forth a sudden light;
And soon distinct an human form
Engag'd my wondering sight.

Onward it mov'd with graceful port,
And soon o'ertook my speed;
Then thrice I lifted up my hands,
And thrice I check'd my steed.

" Who art thou, passenger," it cry'd,
" From yonder mirth retir'd?
That here pursu'st thy cheerless way,
Benighted, and be-mir'd."

" I am," said I, " a country clerk,
A clerk of low degree,
And yonder gay and gallant scene
Suits not a curacy.

" But I have seen such sights to day,
As make my heart full glad,
Although it is but dark, 't is true,
And eke—my road is bad.

" For I have seen lords, knights, and 'squires,
Of great and high renown,
To choose a knight for this fair shire,
All met at Warwick town.

" A wight of skill to ken our laws,
Of courage to defend,
Of worth to serve the public cause
Before a private end.

[1] Was lord Willoughby de Broke.—This is a mistake, as that nobleman had neither the name nor the estate of Mr. Peytoe. The late lord, indeed, his godson and heir, had both. This poem refers to Mr. Peytoe, who lived at Chesterton, where the scene lies, and formerly represented the county. C.

"And such they found, if right I guess—
Of gentle blood he came;
Of morals firm, of manners mild,
And Craven[2] is his name."

"Did half the British tribunes share
Experienc'd Mordaunt's[3] truth,
Another half, like Craven boast
A free unbiass'd youth:

"The Sun I trow, in all his race,
No happier realms should find;
Nor Britons hope for aught in vain,
From warmth with prudence join'd.

"Go on, my country, favour'd soil,
Such patriots to produce!"
"Go on, my countrymen," he cry'd,
"Such patriots still to choose."

This said, the placid form retir'd
Behind the veil of night;
Yet bade me, for my country's good,
The solemn tale recite.

TO A LADY,

FURNISHING HER LIBRARY, AT ****, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

When just proportion in each part,
And colours mix'd with nicest art,
Conspire to show the grace and mien
Of Chloe, or the Cyprian queen:
With elegance throughout refin'd,
That speaks the passions of the mind,
The glowing canvass will proclaim
A Raphael's or a Titian's name.
So where through ev'ry learned page
Each distant clime, each distant age
Display a rich variety
Of wisdom in epitome;
Such elegance and taste will tell
The hand, that could select so well.
But when we all their beauties view,
United and improv'd by you,
We needs must own an emblem faint,
T' express those charms no art can paint.
Books must, with such correctness writ,
Refine another's taste and wit;
'T is to your merit only due,
That theirs can be refin'd by you.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ES2.

ON RECEIVING A GILT POCKET-BOOK. 1751.

These spotless leaves, this neat array,
Might *well* invite your charming quill,
In fair assemblage to display
The power of learning, wit, and skill.

But since *you* carelessly refuse,
And to my pen the task assign;
O! let your genius guide my Muse,
And every vulgar thought refine.

Teach me your best, your best lov'd art,
With frugal care to store my mind;
In *this* to play the miser's part,
And give mean lucre to the wind:

To shun the coxcomb's empty noise,
To scorn the villain's artful mask;
Nor trust gay pleasure's fleeting joys,
Nor urge ambition's endless task.

Teach me to stem youth's boisterous tide,
To regulate its giddy rage;
By reason's aid my bark to guide,
Into the friendly port of age:

To share what *classic* culture yields,
Through *rhetoric's* painted meads to roam;
With you to reap historic fields,
And bring the golden harvest *home*.

To taste the genuine sweets of *wit;*
To quaff in *humour's* sprightly bowl;
The philosophic *mean* to hit,
And prize the dignity of soul.

Teach me to read fair *Nature's* book,
Wide opening in each flow'ry plain;
And with judicious eye to look
On all the glories of her reign.

To hail her, seated on her throne,
By awful woods encompass'd round,
Or her *divine* extraction own,
Though with a wreath of rushes crown'd.

Through arched walks, o'er spreading lawns,
Near solemn rocks, with *her* to rove;
Or court her, mid her gentle fawns,
In mossy cell, or maple grove.

Whether the prospect strain the sight,
Or in the nearer landscapes charm,
Where hills, vales, fountains, woods unite,
To grace your sweet Arcadian farm:

There let me sit, and gaze with you,
On Nature's works by art refin'd;
And own, while we their contest view,
Both fair, but fairest, thus combin'd!

AN ELEGY ON MAN.

WRITTEN JANUARY 1752.

Behold Earth's lord, imperial man,
In ripen'd vigour gay;
His outward form attentive scan,
And all within survey.

[2] Hon. William Craven, of Wykin; he was afterwards lord Craven.
[3] The late sir Charles Mordaunt, bart.

Behold his plans of future life,
His care, his hope, his love,
Relations dear of child and wife,
The dome, the lawn, the grove.

Now see within his active mind,
More gen'rous passions share,
Friend, neighbour, country, all his kind,
By turns engage his care.

Behold him range with curious eye,
O'er Earth from pole to pole,
And through th' illimitable sky
Explore with daring soul.

Yet pass some twenty fleeting years,
And all his glory flies,
His languid eye is bath'd in tears,
He sickens, groans, and dies.

And is this all his destin'd lot,
This all his boasted sway?
For ever now to be forgot,
Amid the mould'ring clay!

Ah, gloomy thought! ah, worse than death!
Life sickens at the sound;
Better it were not draw our breath,
Than run this empty round.

Hence, cheating Fancy, then, away;
O let us better try,
By reason's more enlighten'd ray,
What 't is indeed to die.

Observe yon mass of putrid earth,
It holds an embryo-brood,
Ev'n now the reptiles crawl to birth,
And seek their leafy food.

Yet stay till some few suns are past,
Each forms a silken tomb,
And seems, like man, imprison'd fast,
To meet his final doom.

Yet from this silent mansion too
Anon you see him rise,
No more a crawling worm to view,
But tenant of the skies.

And what forbids that man should share
Some more auspicious day,
To range at large in open air,
As light and free as they?

There was a time when life first warm'd
Our flesh in shades of night,
Then was th' imperfect substance form'd,
And sent to view this light.

There was a time, when ev'ry sense
In straiter limits dwelt,
Yet each its task could then dispense,
We saw, we heard, we felt.

And times there are, when through the veins
The blood forgets to flow,
Yet then a living pow'r remains,
Though not in active show.

Times too there be, when friendly sleep's
Soft charms the senses bind,
Yet fancy then her vigils keeps,
And ranges unconfin'd.

And reason holds her sep'rate sway,
Though all the senses wake,
And forms in mem'ry's storehouse play,
Of no material make.

What are these then, this eye, this ear,
But nicer organs found,
A glass to read, a trump to hear,
The modes of shape, or sound?

And blows may maim, or time impair
These instruments of clay,
And Death may ravish what they spare,
Completing their decay.

But are these then that living pow'r
That thinks, compares, and rules?
Then say a scaffold is a tow'r,
A workman is his tools.

For aught appears that Death can do,
That still survives his stroke,
Its workings plac'd beyond our view,
Its present commerce broke.

But what connections it may find,
Boots much to hope[1] and fear,
And if instruction courts the mind,
'T is madness not to hear.

ON RECEIVING A LITTLE IVORY BOX FROM A LADY, CURIOUSLY WROUGHT BY HER OWN HANDS.

Little box of matchless grace!
Fairer than the fairest face,
Smooth as was her parent-hand,
That did thy wondrous form command,
Spotless as her infant mind,
As her riper age refin'd,
Beauty with the graces join'd.
Let me clothe the lovely stranger,
Let me lodge thee safe from danger.
Let me guard thy soft repose,
From giddy fortune's random blows.
From thoughtless mirth, barbaric hate,
From the iron hand of Fate,
And oppression's deadly weight.
Thou art not of a sort, or number,
Fashion'd for a poet's lumber;
Though more capacious than his purse,
Too small to hold his store of verse.
Too delicate for homely toil,
Too neat for vulgar hands to soil.
O! would the Fates permit the Muse
Thy future destiny to choose!
In thy circle's fairy round,
With a golden fillet bound:
Like the snow-drop silver white,
Like the glow-worm's humid light,

[1] Vide Butler's Analogy.

Like the dew at early dawn,
Like the moon-light on the lawn,
Lucid rows of pearls should dwell,
Pleas'd as in their native shell;
Or the brilliant's sparkling rays,
Should emit a starry blaze.
And if the fair, whose magic skill
Wrought thee passive to her will,
Deign to regard thy poet's love,
Nor his aspiring suit reprove,
Her form should crown the fair design,
Goddess fit for such a shrine!

VALENTINE'S DAY.

The tuneful choir in amorous strains
Accost their feather'd loves;
While each fond mate, with equal pains,
The tender suit approves.

With cheerful hop from spray to spray
They sport along the meads;
In social bliss together stray,
Where love or fancy leads.

Through spring's gay scenes each happy pair
Their fluttering joys pursue;
Its various charms and produce share,
For ever kind and true.

Their sprightly notes from ev'ry shade
Their mutual loves proclaim;
Till winter's chilling blasts invade,
And damp th' enlivening flame.

Then all the jocund scene declines,
Nor woods nor meads delight;
The drooping tribe in secret pines,
And mourns th' unwelcome sight.

Go, blissful warblers! timely wise,
Th' instructive moral tell*
Nor thou their meaning lays despise,
My charming Annabelle!

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY,

IMITATED.

To *print*, or not to *print*—that is the question.
Whether 't is better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
Or send a well-wrote copy to the press,
And by disclosing, end them? To print, to doubt
No more; and by one act to say we end
The head-ach, and a thousand natural shocks
Of scribbling frenzy—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To print—to beam
From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound:
To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay, there's the
For to what class a writer may be doom'd, [rub—
When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect that makes
Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
For who would bear th' impatient thirst of fame,
The pride of conscious merit, and 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,
When as himself might his *quietus* make
With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardles bear?
To groan and sweat under a load of wit?
But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill,
That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known and damn'd.
Thus critics do make cowards of us all.
And thus the healthful face of many a poem
Is sickly'd o'er with a pale manuscript;
And enterprises of great fire and spirit,
With this regard from Dodsley turn away,
And lose the name of authors.

ROUNDELAY,

WRITTEN FOR THE JUBILEE AT STRATFORD UPON AVON,

CELEBRATED BY MR. GARRICK IN HONOUR OF SHAKSPEARE, SEPTEMBER, 1769.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. DIBDIN.

Sisters of the tuneful train,
Attend your parent's jocund strain,
'T is Fancy calls you; follow me
To celebrate the jubilee.

On Avon's banks, where Shakspeare's bust
Points out and guards his sleeping dust;
The sons of scenic mirth agree
To celebrate the jubilee.

Come, daughters, come, and bring with you
Th' aerial sprites and fairy crew,
And the sister Graces three,
To celebrate the jubilee.

Hang around the sculptur'd tomb
The 'broider'd vest, the nodding plume,
And the mask of comic glee,
To celebrate the jubilee.

From Birnham wood, and Bosworth field,
Bring the standard, bring the shield,
With drums and martial symphony,
To celebrate the jubilee.

In mournful numbers now relate
Poor Desdemona's hapless fate,
With frantic deeds of jealousy,
To celebrate the jubilee.

Nor be Windsor's wives forgot,
With their harmless merry plot,
The whitening mead, and haunted tree,
To celebrate the jubilee.

Now in jocund strains recite
The humours of the braggard knight,
Fat knight, and ancient Pistol he,
To celebrate the jubilee.

But see in crowds the gay, the fair,
To the splendid scene repair,
A scene as fine as fine can be,
To celebrate the jubilee.

THE BLACKBIRDS.

AN ELEGY.

The Sun had chas'd the mountain snow,
His beams had pierc'd the stubborn soil,
The melting streams began to flow,
And ploughmen urg'd their annual toil.

'T was then, amidst the vocal throng,
Whom Nature wak'd to mirth and love,
A blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,
And thus it echo'd through the grove.

" O fairest of the feather'd train!
For whom I sing, for whom I burn,
Attend with pity to my strain,
And grant my love a kind return.

" For see, the wintry storms are flown,
And zephyrs gently fan the air;
Let us the genial influence own,
Let us the vernal pastime share.

" The raven plumes his jetty wing,
To please his croaking paramour,
The larks responsive carols sing,
And tell their passion as they soar:

" But does the raven's sable wing
Excel the glossy jet of mine?
Or can the lark more sweetly sing,
Than we, who strength with softness join?

" O let me then thy steps attend!
I 'll point new treasures to thy sight:
Whether the grove thy wish befriend,
Or edge-rows green, or meadows bright.

" I 'll guide thee to the clearest rill,
Whose streams among the pebbles stray;
There will we sip, and sip our fill,
Or on the flow'ry margin play.

" I 'll lead thee to the thickest brake,
Impervious to the schoolboy's eye;
For thee the plaster'd nest I 'll make,
And to thy downy bosom fly.

" When, prompted by a mother's care,
Thy warmth shall form th' imprison'd young;
The pleasing task I 'll gladly share,
Or cheer thy labours with a song.

" To bring thee food I 'll range the fields,
And cull the best of ev'ry kind,
Whatever Nature's bounty yields,
And love's assiduous care can find.

" And when my lovely mate would stray,
To taste the summer sweets at large,
I 'll wait at home the live-long day,
And fondly tend our little charge.

" Then prove with me the sweets of love,
With me divide the cares of life,
No bush shall boast in all the grove,
A mate so fond, so bless'd a wife."

He ceas'd his song—the plumy dame
Heard with delight the love-sick strain,
Nór long conceal'd the mutual flame,
Nor long repress'd his am'rous pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
And perch'd with triumph by her side;
What gilded roof could boast that hour
A fonder mate, or happier bride?

Next morn he wak'd her with a song,
" Behold," he said, " the new-born day,
The lark his mattin-peal has rung,
Arise, my love, and come away."

Together through the fields they stray'd,
And to the murm'ring riv'let's side,
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd, and play'd
With artless joy, and decent pride.

When, O! with grief my Muse relates
What dire misfortune clos'd the tale,
Sent by an order from the Fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cried, " My dear,
Haste, haste away, from danger fly;
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here,
O spare my love, and let me die."

At him the gunner took his aim,
Too sure the volley'd thunder flew!
O had he chose some other game,
Or shot—as he was wont to do!

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearse,
I 'll join the widow's plaintive song,
And save the lover in my verse.

THE GOLDFINCHES.

AN ELEGY.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

.....Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

To you, whose groves protect the feather'd choirs,
Who lend their artless notes a willing ear,
To you, whom pity moves, and taste inspires,
The Dorie strain belongs, O Shenstone hear.

'T was gentle spring, when all the plumy race,
By Nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine,
A goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,
And with her mate in love's delights to join.

All in a garden, on a currant bush,
With wondrous art they built their airy seat;
In the next orchard liv'd a friendly thrush,
Nor distant far a woodlark's soft retreat.

Here bless'd with ease, and in each other bless'd,
With early songs they wak'd the neighb'ring groves,
Till time matur'd their joys, and crown'd their nest
With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what transport glow'd in either's eye?
What equal fondness dealt th' allotted food?
What joy each other's likeness to descry,
And future sonnets in the chirping brood!

But ah! what earthly happiness can last?
How does the fairest purpose often fail?
A truant schoolboy's wantonness could blast
Their flatt'ring hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The most ungentle of his tribe was he,
No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart,
With concord false, and hideous prosody,
He scrawl'd his task, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On mischief bent, he mark'd, with rav'nous eyes,
Where wrapp'd in down the callow songsters lay,
Then rushing, rudely seiz'd the glitt'ring prize,
And bore it in his impious hands away!

But how shall I describe, in numbers rude,
The pangs for poor Chrysomitris decreed,
When from her secret stand aghast she view'd
The cruel spoiler perpetrate the deed?

"O grief of griefs!" with shrieking voice she cried,
"What sight is this that I have liv'd to see!
O! that I had in youth's fair season died,
From love's false joys and bitter sorrows free.

"Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,
Was it for this I pois'd th' unwieldy straw?
For this I bore the moss from yonder hill,
Nor shun'd the pond'rous stick along to draw?

"Was it for this I pick'd the wool with care,
Intent with nicer skill our work to crown?
For this, with pain, I bent the stubborn hair,
And lin'd our cradle with the thistle's down?

"Was it for this my freedom I resign'd,
And ceas'd to rove at large from plain to plain?
For this I sat at home whole days confin'd,
To bear the scorching heat, and pealing rain?

"Was it for this my watchful eyes grow dim?
For this the roses on my cheek turn pale?
Pale is my golden plumage, once so trim!
And all my wonted mirth and spirits fail!

"O plund'rer vile! O more than adders fell!
More murth'rous than the cat, with prudish face!
Fiercer than kites in whom the furies dwell,
And thievish as the cuckow's pilf'ring race!

"May juicy plumbs for thee forbear to grow,
For thee no flow'r unveil its charming dies;
May birch-trees thrive to work thee sharper woe,
And list'ning starlings mock thy frantic cries."

Thus sang the mournful bird her piteous tale,
The piteous tale her mournful mate return'd,
Then side by side they sought the distant vale,
And there in secret sadness inly mourn'd.

THE SWALLOWS.

AN ELEGY.

PART I.

Ere yellow autumn from our plains retir'd,
And gave to wintry storms the varied year,
The swallow race with prescient gift inspir'd,
To southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.

On Damon's roof a large assembly sate,
His roof a refuge to the feather'd kind!
With serious look he mark'd the grave debate,
And to his Delia thus address'd his mind.

"Observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid!
Observe, and read the wondrous ways of Heav'n!
With us through summer's genial reign they stay'd,
And food and sunshine to their wants were giv'n.

"But now, by secret instinct taught, they know
The near approach of elemental strife,
Of blust'ring tempests, and of chilling snow,
With ev'ry pang and scourge of tender life.

"Thus warn'd they meditate a speedy flight,
For this ev'n now they prune their vig'rous wing,
For this each other to the toil excite,
And prove their strength in many a sportive ring.

"No sorrow loads their breast, or dims their eye,
To quit their wonted haunts, or native home,
Nor fear they lanching on the boundless sky,
In search of future settlements to roam.

"They feel a pow'r, an impulse all divine,
That warns them hence; they feel it, and obey;
To this direction all their cares resign,
Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way.

"Peace to your flight! ye mild, domestic race!
O! for your wings to travel with the Sun!
Health brace your nerves, and zephyrs aid your pace,
Till your long voyage happily be done.

"See, Delia, on my roof your guests to day,
To morrow on my roof your guests no more,
Ere yet 't is night with haste they wing away,
To morrow lands them on some happier shore."

How just the moral in this scene convey'd!
And what without a moral? would we read!
Then mark what Damon tells his gentle maid,
And with his lesson register the deed.

So youthful joys fly like the summer's gale,
So threats the winter of inclement age,
Life's busy plot a short, fantastic tale!
And Nature's changeful scenes the shifting stage!

And does no friendly pow'r to man dispense
The joyful tidings of some happier clime?
Find we no guide in gracious Providence
Beyond the gloomy grave, and short-liv'd time?

Yes, yes, the sacred oracles we hear,
That point the path to realms of endless joy,
That bid our trembling hearts no danger fear,
Though clouds surround, and angry skies annoy.

Then let us wisely for our flight prepare,
Nor count this stormy world our fix'd abode,
Obey the call, and trust our leader's care,
To smooth the rough, and light the darksome road.

Moses, by grant divine, led Israel's host
Through dreary paths to Jordan's fruitful side;
But we a loftier theme than theirs can boast,
A better promise, and a nobler guide.

PART II.

At length the winter's howling blasts are o'er,
Array'd in smiles the lovely spring returns,
Now fuel'd hearths attractive blaze no more,
And ev'ry breast with inward fervour burns.

Again the daisies peep, the violets blow,
Again the vocal tenants of the grove,
Forgot the patt'ring hail or driving snow,
Renew the lay to melody and love.

" And see, my Delia, see o'er yonder stream,
Where, on the bank, the lambs in gambols play,
Alike attracted by the sunny gleam,
Again the swallows take their wonted way.

" Welcome, ye gentle tribe, your sports pursue,
Welcome again to Delia and to me,
Your peaceful councils on my roof renew,
And plan new settlements from danger free.

" Again I 'll listen to your grave debates,
Again I 'll hear your twitt'ring songs unfold
What policy directs your wand'ring states,
What bounds are settled, and what tribes enroll'd.

" Again I 'll hear you tell of distant lands,
What insect nations rise from Egypt's mud,
What painted swarms subsist on Lybia's sands,
What Ganges yields, and what th' Euphratean flood.

" Thrice happy race! whom Nature's call invites
To travel o'er her realms with active wing,
To taste her various stores, her best delights,
The summer's radiance, and the sweets of spring.

" While we are doom'd to bear the restless change
Of varying seasons, vapours dank and dry,
Forbid like you in milder climes to range,
When wintry storms usurp the low'ring sky.

" Yet know the period to your joys assign'd,
Know ruin hovers o'er this earthly ball,
As lofty tow'rs stoop prostrate to the wind,
Its secret props of adamant shall fall.

" But when you radiant Sun shall shine no more,
The spirit, freed from sin's tyrannic sway,
On lighter pinions borne than yours, shall soar
To fairer realms, beneath a brighter ray.

" To plains ethereal, and celestial bow'rs,
Where wintry storms no rude access obtain,
Where blasts no lightning, and no tempest low'rs,
But ever-smiling spring and pleasure reign."

ADAM:

OR,

THE FATAL DISOBEDIENCE.

AN ORATORIO.

COMPILED FROM THE PARADISE LOST OF MILTON,

AND ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Comus, Allegro, Il Penseroso, Lycidas, and Samson Agonistes of Milton, have each of them had the good fortune to be made choice of as proper subjects for musical composition; but no one appears hitherto to have entertained any thoughts of adapting any part of Paradise Lost to the same use, though confessedly the most capital of all his works, and containing the greatest variety both of sentiment, and language susceptible of the graces of that harmonious art[1]. Indeed the plan for this purpose was not so obvious. The others were in a great measure ready prepared to the composer's hands; here the ease was different. The several beautiful passages contained in this poem lay scattered through a wide compass, and it appeared difficult to assemble, and unite them into any regular and compendious form adapted to public representation. This the compiler has attempted by confining himself to those passages which have a more immediate reference to the principal story, and omitting what was more remote, and digressive. In executing this design he has varied as little as was possible from the order of time and language of Milton, and endeavoured not to offend the judgment, at the same time that he consulted the entertainment of the public.

He will not say that he has omitted no particular beauties of this poem, for not to do this would be to transcribe the whole; but he can truly say that he has taken some pains to include as many as could with any propriety be brought within the compass of his undertaking, and that it will be no small pleasure to him to be the occasion of making them more universally admired, by means of an alliance with that sister-art, whose expressive strains are the only additional ornament of which they were capable.

So far was written after the following piece was entirely finished, and at a time when the compiler thought that no one had engaged in the same design. In this however he finds he was mistaken, and can truly say, that had he been so much conversant in the musical world as to have known more

[1] What Dr. Gregory says of religion in general as a subject for musical composition, may be applied with the strictest propriety to this work in particular, viz. that it affords almost all the variety of subjects which music can express; the sublime, the joyous, the cheerful, the serene, the devout, the plaintive, the melancholy.

Comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man, p. 73, 74.

early that a person of Mr. Stillingfleet's merit and abilities had undertaken this work, he would certainly have declined it: but having spent some time in it, and finding that this gentleman's plan does not entirely coincide with his, he hopes he may be excused for presenting it to the world after him.

He will no further detain the reader than to say, that his aim was to furnish the composer with Milton's own beauties, so adapted as that the capital lines and most striking sentiments might naturally offer themselves to musical distinction, rather than form words for that purpose, as he thought had been done in other compositions of a like nature, in a manner very forced and unnatural; and where, though the ear is gratified, the understanding is generally disgusted.

ADAM:

AN ORATORIO.

The persons here represented are.

ADAM, and
EVE; with the
Guardian Angels of Paradise, and others.

The scene is Paradise.

ACT I. SCENE I.

RECITATIVE.

UNDER a tuft of shade, that, on a green,
Stood whisp'ring soft, on Eden's blissful plain,
Sat the first human pair. (Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine, gath'ring flow'rs,
Herself, a fairer flow'r, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd; nor that sweet Elysian grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive: nor that Nysean isle,
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Lybian Jove,
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,
Young Bacchus from his step-dame Rhea's eye—
Nor where Abassine kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara! enclos'd with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high.) Around them grew
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste,
And all amid them grew the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to Life,
Our death! the tree of knowledge grew fast by.
Here waving boughs wept od'rous gums and balm:
On others fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable: betwixt them lawns, and downs,
Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flow'rs of all hues, and without thorn the rose.
Another side umbrageous grots, and caves
Of cool recess! o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant. Meanwhile murm'ring waters fall
Down the slope hills dispers'd, or, in a lake,
That to the fringed bank, with myrtle crown'd,
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply—airs, vernal airs
Breathing the smell of field, or grove attune
The trembling leaves, and whisper whence they stole
Their balmy spoils. About them frisking play'd
All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood, or wilderness, forest, or den.
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and, in his paw,
Dandled the kid. Bears, tigers, ounces, pards
Gambol'd before them. Th' unwieldly elephant,
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboscis. Close the serpent sly,
Insinuating wove, with Gordian twine,
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded. They superior sat
As lords of all, of godlike shape erect!
For valour he, and contemplation form'd,
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace!

AIR.

.....They superior sat,
As lords of all, of godlike shape erect!
For va our he, and contemplation form'd,
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace!

SCENE II.

RECITATIVE.

On the soft downy bank, damask'd with flow'rs,
Reclin'd they sat, when Adam first of men
To first of women Eve thus smiling spake.

ADAM.

Sole partner, and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all! needs must the Pow'r,
That made us, and, for us, this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and, of his good
As liberal, and free as infinite;
Who rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here,
In all this happiness; who yet requires
From us no other service, than to keep
This one, this easy charge—Of all the trees
In Paradise, that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life.

SONG.

Then let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow'rs,
Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

RECITATIVE.

EVE.

.....O thou! for whom
And from whom I was form'd! Flesh of thy flesh
And without whom am to no end! My guide,
And head! what thou hast said is just and right:
For we indeed to him all praises owe,
And daily thanks: I chiefly, who enjoy
So much the happier lot, enjoying thee.

AFFETUOSO.

That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade of flow'rs, much wond'ring where,

And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Nor distant far from thence, a murm'ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n. I thither went,
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank to look into the clear,
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me. I started back,
It started back. But, pleas'd, I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon, with answ'ring looks
Of sympathy and love. There I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me. "What thou see'st,
What there thou see'st, fair creature! is thyself.
With thee it came, and goes. But follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces—He!
Whose image thou art—him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race." What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair, indeed, and tall,
Under a platan. Yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watry image. Back I turn'd.
Thou following cry'dst aloud;

AIR.

....' Return, fair Eve!
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone! To give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side,
Henceforth an individual solace dear.
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half.' With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine; I yielded—and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

RECITATIVE.

So spake our gen'ral mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal affection, unreprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father. Half her swelling breast
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid. He, in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smil'd with superior love, and press'd her lip
With kisses pure. Thus they in am'rous sport,
As well beseems fair couple, link'd as they,
In happy nuptial league, their minutes pass'd,
Crown'd with sublime delight. The loveliest pair
That ever yet in love's embraces met:
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve!

CHORUS.

"Hail! Hymen's first, accomplish'd pair!
Goodliest he of all his sons!
Of her daughters she most fair!
Goodliest he!
She most fair!
Goodliest he of all his sons!
Of her daughters she most fair."

SCENE III.

RECITATIVE.

Now came still ev'ning on, and twilight grey
Had, in her sober liv'ry all things clad.
Silence accompanied: for beast, and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk: all but the wakeful nightingale!
She all night long her am'rous descant sung.
Silence was pleas'd. Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires. Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen! unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve.

ADAM.

..... Fair consort! th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
Mind us of like repose: since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids. Ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
And at our pleasant labour to reform
Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown.
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.

EVE.

My author and disposer, what thou bid'st
Unargu'd I obey, so God ordains.
God is thy law, thou mine. To know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.

AIR.

"With thee conversing, I forget all time.
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds! Pleasant the Sun!
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
Glist'ring with dew: fragrant the fertile Earth,
After soft show'rs! and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; the silent Night,
With this her solemn bird; and this fair Moon,
And those the gems of Heav'n, her starry train!
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends,
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising Sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after show'rs,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glitt'ring star-light without thee is sweet."

RECITATIVE.

Thus talking, hand in hand, alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bow'r. It was a place,
Chos'n by the Sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful use; the roof,
Of thickest covert, was in woven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side,
Acanthus, and each od'rous bushy shrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant wall, each beauteous flow'r,
Iris, all hues, roses, and jessamine [wrought
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and

Mosaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay,
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem. Other creature here
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
Such was their awe of man. In shady bow'r,
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph,
Or Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
With flow'rs, and garlands, and sweet smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
And heav'nly quires the Hymenæan sung.
Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and, under open sky, ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, Earth, and Heav'n,
Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole.

EVENING HYMN.

..... "Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent! and thou the day,
Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help,
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss,
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place,
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncrop'd falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race,
To fill the Earth, who shall, with us, extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

ACT II. SCENE I.

RECITATIVE.

O! for that warning voice, which he, who saw
Th' Apocalypse, heard cry in Heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down, to be reveng'd on men,
Woe to the inhabitants of th' Earth! that now
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scap'd,
Haply so 'scap'd his mortal snare; for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter, ere th' accuser of mankind.

CHORUS.

He, who sits enthron'd on high,
Above the circle of the sky,
Sees his rage, and mocks his toil,
Which on himself shall soon recoil:
In the snare, with malice, wrought
For others, shall his feet be caught.

SCENE II.

RECITATIVE.

Now Morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was airy light, from pure digestion bred,
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves, and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on ev'ry bough. Unwaken'd Eve
Close at his side, in naked beauty lay,
Beauty! which, whether waking, or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar charms. He, on his side,
Leaning, half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd: then, with voice,
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft-touching, whisper'd thus.

SONG.

....." Awake!
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last, best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake! the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed;
How Nature paints her colours; how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweets."

RECITATIVE.

EVE.

Adam! well may we labour still to dress
This garden, still to tend herb, plant, and flow'r,
Our pleasant task enjoin'd; but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows
Luxurious by restraint. Let us divide
Our labours then, for while together thus
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
Looks intervene, and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of supper comes unearn'd.

ADAM.

These paths and bow'rs doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderness with ease as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist us. But if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield,
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe,
Envying our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe, and shame,
By sly assault; and somewhere, nigh at hand,
Watches no doubt, with greedy hope, to find
His wish, and best advantage! us asunder;
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need.
Then leave not, I advise, the faithful side
Which gave thee being, shades thee, and protects.

AIR.

"The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest, and seemliest near her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures."

RECITATIVE.

EVE.

Offspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earth's lord!
That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, oft inform'd by thee, I learn.
But that thou should'st my firmness therefore doubt,
To God, or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.

ADAM.

Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve!
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:
Nor diffident of thee, do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
Th' attempt, which thou thyself with virtuous scorn
And anger would'st resent. Misdeem not then,
If such affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light.
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn.
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels; nor think superfluous others' aid.
"I, from the influence of thy looks, receive
Access in ev'ry virtue; in thy sight,
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were,
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome, or over-reach'd!
Would utmost vigour raise, and rais'd unite."
Why should'st not thou like sense within thee feel,
When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?

EVE.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,
Subtle, or violent, we not endued,
Single, with like defence, wherever met,
How are we happy, still in fear of arm?

AIR.

"Frail is our happiness, if this be so,
And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd."

RECITATIVE.

ADAM.

O, woman! best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them. His creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created, much less man,
Or aught that might his happy state secure:
Secure from outward force. Within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r.
Against his will he can receive no harm;
But God left free the will, for what obeys
Reason is free, and reason he made right,
And bid her still beware, and still erect,
Lest by some fair, appearing good surpris'd,
She dictate false, and misinform the will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me,
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve.

AIR.

"But if thou think'st trial unsought may find
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go! for thy stay, not free, absents thee more.
Go in thy native innocence. Rely
On what thou hast of virtue: summon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine."

SCENE III.

RECITATIVE.

So haste they to the field, their pleasing task!
But first, from under shady, arb'rous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce upris'n,
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy ray,
Discov'ring, in wide circuit, all the bounds
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid,
In various style: for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker in fit strains, pronounc'd, or sung,
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose, or num'rous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute, or harp
To add more sweetness: and they thus began.

MORNING HYMN.

"These are thy glorious works, parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame!
Thus wondrous fair! thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sit'st above these Heav'ns,
To us invisible; or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works: yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
"Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light!
Angels, for ye behold him, and, with songs,
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heav'n,
On Earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
"Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day! that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
"Thou Sun, both eye and soul of this great world!
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when hast fall'n.
"Moon! that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
"Air! and ye elements, th' eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that, in quaternion, run
Perpetual circle multiform, and mix,
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to your great Maker still new praise.
"Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill, or steaming lake, dusky, or grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Maker rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
Rising, or falling, still advance his praise.
"His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft, or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With ev'ry plant, in sign of honour wave.
"Fountains! and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
"Join voices, all ye living souls! ye birds!
That singing up to Heav'n's bright gates ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise.
"Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth; and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent morn, or ev'n,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.

"*Hail, universal Lord!* be bounteous still
To give us only good; and, if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

RECITATIVE.

So pray'd they innocent; then to their task
They diff'rent ways repair—he, where his choice
Leads him, or where most needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round his arbour, or direct
The clasping ivy where to twine; while she
In yonder spring of roses, intermix'd
With myrtle, seeks what to redress till noon.
Her long, with ardent look, his eye pursu'd
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
She, like a wood-nymph light of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self
In gait surpass'd, and goddess-like deport.
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye;
In ev'ry gesture dignity and love.

AIR.

"Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye;
In ev'ry gesture dignity and love."

ACT III. SCENE I.

THE GUARDIAN ANGELS.

RECITATIVE.

Our charge, though unsuccessful, is fulfill'd.
The tempter hath prevail'd, and man is fall'n.
Earth felt the wound, and Nature, from her seat
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. The fatal omens reach'd
Our glitt'ring files, and through th' angelic guard
Spread sadness, mix'd with pity, not with guilt,
Or conscious negligence. After short pause,
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;
Sky lower'd, and, mutt'ring thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin.
Now up to Heav'n we haste, before the throne
Supreme, t' approve our faithful vigilance.

CHORUS.

"Righteous art thou, O Lord! and just are thy judgments.
Hallelujah!"

RECITATIVE.

But see! with visage discompos'd, and dim'd
With passions foul, like this late azure clime
With clouds and storms o'ercast, the human pair
Bend hitherward their steps disconsolate.

SCENE II.

ADAM AND EVE.

RECITATIVE.

ADAM.

O Eve! in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit man's voice, true in our fall,
False in our promis'd rising, since our eyes
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil, good lost, and evil got,
Bad fruit of knowledge!

AIR.

....."How shall I behold
Henceforth or God, or angel, erst with joy,
And rapture oft beheld? O! might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscur'd, where highest woods, impenetrable
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad,
And brown as evening. Cover me, ye pines,
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more."

RECITATIVE.

Would thou had'st hearken'd to my words, and stay'd
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wand'ring, this unhappy morn,
I know not whence possess'd thee! we had then
Remain'd still happy; not as now despoil'd
Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable!

AIR.

"Let none henceforth, seek needless cause t' approve
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude they then begin to fail."

EVE.

Imput'st thou that to my desire, or will
Of wand'ring, as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps, had'st thou been there?
"Was I t' have never parted from thy side,
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
Being as I am, why did'st not thou, the head,
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger as thou said'st."
Too facil then, thou did'st not much gainsay,
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Had'st thou been firm, and fix'd in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.

ADAM.

AIR.

....."Thus it shall befall
Him, who to worth in woman overtrusting,
Lets her will rule; restraint she will not brook,
And left t' herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse."

SCENE III.

RECITATIVE.

ADAM.

O mis'rable of happy! Is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory? who now become
Accurs'd of blessed! Hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness. Yet well, if here would end
The mis'ry; I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not serve.
All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, "Increase, and multiply."
Now death to hear! For what can I increase,
Or multiply, but curses on my head,

Heavy! though in their place? O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woe!
"Did I request thee, Maker! from my clay,
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or to place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, 't were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign, and render back
All I receiv'd."

EVE.

O Adam! can I thus behold thee wretched,
Thus mis'rable through my default, nor strive
To soothe thy grief, and soften thy distress?

ADAM.

Out of my sight, thou serpent! that name best
Befits thee, with him leagu'd, thyself as false,
And hateful.....
.....But for thee,
I had continued happy, had not thy pride,
And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted; longing to be seen,
Though by the Devil himself.

AIR.

....."O! why did God,
Creator wise! that peopled highest Heav'n
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature! and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels without feminine?"

EVE.

Forsake me not thus, Adam! Witness Heav'n!
What love sincere, and rev'rence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy supplicant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; "bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks—thy aid—
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress:
My only strength, and stay! Forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?"
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity
Against a foe, by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel serpent. On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befallen,
On me already lost, me than thyself
More miserable: both have sinn'd, but thou
Against God only, I against God and thee:
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all
The sentence, from thy head remov'd, may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
Me! me! just object only of his ire.

ADAM.

Alas! ill able art thou to sustain
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If pray'rs
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited,
Thy frailty, and infirmer sex forgiv'n,
To me committed, and by me expos'd.
But rise—let us no more contend, and blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burthen in our share of woe.
Then to the place repairing, where our judge
Pronounc'd our doom, there let us both confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Wat'ring the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

So spake our father penitent, nor Eve
Felt less remorse. They forthwith to the place
Repairing, where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears
Wat'ring the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

SCENE IV.

RECITATIVE.

EVE.

What tidings bring'st thou, Adam! from this new
Angelical, so late arriv'd? Alas! [guest
My trembling heart forebodes some further ill;
For far less mild me thought his aspect seem'd
Than Raphael's, social spirit! who wont so oft
To sit indulgent with us, and partake
Rural repast, permitting us the while
Venial discourse unblam'd. What tidings?—say.

ADAM.

Our pray'rs are heard in Heav'n, and death our due
By sentence then, when first we did transgress,
Is of his prey defeated many days
Giv'n us of grace, wherein we may repent.
So God appeas'd, from his rapacious claim
Will quite redeem us, and to life restore.
But longer in this Paradise to dwell,
As not befitting creatures stain'd with sin,
He suffers not, but sends us forth to till
The ground from whence he took us, fitter soil!

EVE.

AIR. AFFETUOSO.

"O! unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
Must I then leave thee, Paradise, thus leave
Thee, native soil! these happy walks, and shades,
Fit haunt of gods! where I had hope to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day,
That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs!
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand,
From the first op'ning bud, and gave you names,
Who now shall rear you to the Sun, and rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r! by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure,
And wild; how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?"

ADAM.

Lament not, Eve! but patiently resign
What justly we have lost, nor set thine heart

Thus overfond on that which is not ours.
Thy going is not lonely—I will guard
Thy steps from harm, and all thy wants supply.

EVE.

Adam! I feel within new life, new hopes
By Heav'n and thee inspir'd. Then now lead on,
In me is no delay. "With thee to go,
Is to stay here. Without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling. Thou to me
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou!
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence."
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence,—though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
By me the promis'd seed shall all restore.
So spake our mother Eve. And Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not. For now too nigh
The cherubim advanc'd; and in their front
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd,
Fierce as a comet, which, with torrid heat,
Smote on that clime so late their bless'd abode!
Some nat'ral tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon:
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

CHORUS. ALLEGRO.

"The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

TO THE COMPOSER.

The form of this piece is an historical drama, for this reason amongst others, viz. the better to preserve the very words and manner of Milton, which must have been frequently altered, and in many instances greatly injured, by any other method. The recitative consequently is of two kinds, *narrative* and *interlocutory*. Again, the *narrative* is either *descriptive*, as in Act I. Scene I. and other places, or else *introductory* to the dialogue, as Scene II. and elsewhere. The composer will do well to have an eye to these distinctions, as mere *description*, or the *introductory narrative*, will admit of a different kind of recitative from the *conversation part*; the one being like *painting* in *still life*, the other resembling the *portraits of living manners*.

Perhaps he will wish that the dialogue contained less of the recitative, and more of the air and chorus. The compiler, however, is of opinion that there is a due proportion of each. And if there is less opportunity for flourishes and repetitions, there is more room for spirited and sensible expression, to assist the effect of the dialogue upon the passions of the hearers, by means of an animated and pathetic recitative, as well as by a full exertion of the force of musical language in the airs, where the length of the performance will but seldom admit of dwelling for a long time together in a display of the minute excellencies of this art.

If the composer should think that in some places the recitative is continued too long without the intervention of *airs*, in this case he *will find* fit places for airs, besides what his own judgment will suggest to him, marked in this manner, page 325, &c.

"I, from the influence of thy looks, receive."

Again, if he should think the parts assigned for musical airs too prolix, in some places they may be shortened, as in the Morning Hymn, from

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,

to

Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.

The compiler is sensible that he ought to make an apology to a composer, for presuming to interfere so much in his province, and he hopes the true reason will be accepted as such, viz. that having bestowed more attention upon this work than it was likely any other person would, he thought himself capable of pointing out the division of it into its several parts of act, scene, recitative, air, song, chorus, and the like; and of suggesting some few hints concerning the musical expression in general, though he confesses himself incapable, at the same time, of executing the most minute article of it.

THE

POEMS

OF

HENRY BROOKE.

THE

LIFE OF HENRY BROOKE, ESQ.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS amiable and ingenious writer was a native of Ireland, where he was born in the year 1706. His father, the rev. W. Brooke of Rantavan, rector of the parishes of Kilinkare, Mullough, Mybullough, and Licowie, is said to have been a man of great talents and worth: his mother's name was Digby. Our poet's education appears to have been precipitated in a manner not very usual; after being for some time the pupil of Dr. Sheridan, he was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, and from thence removed, when only seventeen years old, to study law in the Temple. Dr. Sheridan was probably the means of his being introduced in London to Swift and Pope, who regarded him as a young man of very promising talents. How long he remained in London we are not told; but on his return to Ireland he practised for some time as a chamber counsel, when an incident occurred which interrupted his more regular pursuits, and prematurely involved him in the cares of a family.

An aunt, who died at Westmeath about the time of his arrival in Ireland, committed to him the guardianship of her daughter, a lively and beautiful girl between eleven and twelve years old. Brooke, pleased with the trust, conducted her to Dublin, and placed her at a boarding-school, where during his frequent visits he gradually changed the guardian for the lover, and at length prevailed on her to consent to a private marriage. In the life prefixed to his works, this is said to have taken place before she had reached her fourteenth year; another account, which it is neither easy nor pleasant to believe, informs us that she was a mother before she had completed that year. When the marriage was discovered, the ceremony was again performed in the presence of his family.

For some time this happy pair had no cares but to please each other, and it was not until after the birth of their third child, that Brooke could be induced to think seriously how such a family was to be provided for. The law had long been given up, and he had little inclination to resume a profession which excluded so many of the pleasures of imagination, and appeared inconsistent with the feelings of a mind tender, benevolent, and somewhat romantic. Another journey to London, however, promised the advantages of literary society, and the execution of literary schemes by which he might indulge his genius, and be rewarded by fame and wealth. Accordingly, soon after his

arrival, he renewed his acquaintance with his former friends, and published his philosophical poem, entitled Universal Beauty. This had been submitted to Pope, who probably contributed his assistance, and whose manner at least is certainly followed. At what time this occurred is uncertain. The second part was published in 1735, and the remainder about a year after. What fame or advantage he derived from it we know not, as no mention is made of him in the extensive correspondence of Pope or Swift. He was, however, obliged to return to Ireland, where for a short time he resumed his legal profession.

In 1737, he went a third time to London, where he was introduced to Lyttelton and others, the political and literary adherents of the prince of Wales, "who," it is said, "caressed him with uncommon familiarity, and presented him with many elegant and valuable tokens of his friendship." Amidst such society, he had every thing to point his ambition to fame and independence, and readily caught that fervour of patriotic enthusiasm which was the bond of union and the ground of hope in the prince's court.

In 1738, he published a Translation of the First Three Books of Tasso, of which it is sufficient praise that Hoole says, "It is at once so harmonious and so spirited, that I think an entire translation of Tasso by him would not only have rendered my task unnecessary, but have discouraged those from the attempt whose poetical abilities are much superior to mine."

He was, however, diverted from completing his translation by his political friends, who, among other plans of hostility against the minister of the day, endeavoured to turn all the weapons of literature against him. Their prose writers were numerous, but principally essayists and pamphleteers; from their poets they had greater expectations; Paul Whitehead wrote satires; Fielding comedies and farces; Glover, an epic poem; and now Brooke was encouraged to introduce Walpole in a tragedy. This was entitled Gustavus Vasa, the Deliverer of his Country, and was accepted by Drury Lane theatre and almost quite ready for performance, when an order came from the lord chamberlain to prohibit it. That it contains a considerable portion of party-spirit cannot be denied, and the character of Trollio, the Swedish minister, however unjustly, was certainly intended for sir Robert Walpole; but it may be doubted whether this minister gained much by prohibiting the acting of a play which he had not the courage to suppress when published, and when the sentiments, considered deliberately in the closet, might be nearly as injurious as when delivered by a mouthing actor. The press, however, remained open, and the prohibition having excited an uncommon degree of curiosity, the author was more richly rewarded than he could have been by the profits of the stage. Above a thousand copies were subscribed for at five shillings each, and by the sale of the subsequent editions the author is said to have cleared nearly a thousand pounds. The editor of the Biographia Dramatica says that it was acted, in 1742, with some alterations, on the Irish stage, by the title of The Patriot. Dr. Johnson, who at this time ranked among the discontented, wrote a very ingenious satirical pamphlet, in favour of the author, entitled A complete Vindication of the Licensers of the Stage from the malicious and scandalous Aspersion of Mr. Brooke, Author of Gustavus Vasa; 4to. 1739.

The fame Brooke acquired by this play, which has certainly many beauties, seemed the earnest of a prosperous career, and as he thought he could now afford to wait the slow progress of events, he hired a house at Twickenham, near to Pope's, furnished it genteelly, and sent for Mrs. Brooke and his family. But these flattering prospects were soon clouded. He was seized with an ague so violent and obstinate that his physicians,

after having almost despaired of his life, advised him, as a last resource, to try his native air; with this he complied, and obtained a complete recovery. It was then expected that he should return to London; and such was certainly his intention; but to the surprise of his friends he determined to remain in Ireland. For a conduct so apparently inconsistent, not only with his interest but his inclination, he was long unwilling to account. It appeared afterwards, that Mrs. Brooke was alarmed at the zeal with which he espoused the cause of the opposition, and dreaded the consequences with which his next intemperate publication might be followed. She persuaded him therefore to remain in Ireland; and for so singular a measure, at this favourable crisis in his history, he could assign no adequate reason, without exposing her to the imputation of caprice, and himself to that of a too yielding temper.

During his residence in Ireland, he kept up a literary correspondence with his London friends; but all their letters were consumed by an accidental fire. Two from Pope, we are told, are particularly to be lamented, as, in one of these, he professed himself in heart a protestant, but apologized for not publicly conforming, by alleging that it would render the eve of his mother's life unhappy. Pope's filial affection is the most amiable feature in his character; but this story of his declining to conform because it would give uneasiness to his mother, falls to the ground when the reader is told that his mother had been dead six or seven years before Brooke went to Ireland. In another letter he is said, with more appearance of truth, to have advised Brooke to take orders, "as being a profession better suited to his principles, his disposition, and his genius, than that of the law, and also less injurious to his health." Why he did not comply with this advice cannot now be known; but before this time he appears to have been of a religious turn, although it is not easy to reconcile his principles, which were those of the strictest kind, with his continual ambition to shine as a dramatic writer.

For some years after his arrival in Ireland little is known of his life, except that lord Chesterfield, when viceroy, conferred upon him the office of barrack-master. His pen, however, was not idle. In 1741, he contributed to Ogle's version of Chaucer, Constantia, or the Man of Law's Tale; and in 1745, according to one account, his tragedy of The Earl of Westmoreland was performed, on the Dublin stage; but the editor of the Biographia Dramatica informs us that it was first acted at Dublin in 1741, under the title of The Betrayer of his Country; and again in 1754, under that of Injured Honour. Its fame, however, was confined to Ireland; nor was it known in England until the publication of his poetical works in 1778. A more important publication was his Farmer's Letters, written in 1745, on the plan of Swift's Drapier's Letters, and with a view to rouse the spirit of freedom among the Irish, threatened as they were, in common with their fellow-subjects, by rebellion and invasion. On this occasion Garrick addressed the following lines to him:

Oh, thou, whose artless free-born genius charms;
Whose rustic zeal each patriot bosom warms;
Pursue the glorious task, the pleasing toil,
Forsake the fields, and *till* a nobler soil;
Extend the *farmer's* care to human kind,
Manure the heart and *cultivate* the mind;
There *plant* religion, reason, freedom, truth,
And *sow the seeds* of virtue in our youth.

Let not *rank weeds* corrupt, or *brambles* choke,
And shake the *vermin* from the British oak;
From *northern blasts* protect the vernal bloom,
And guard our pastures from the *wolves of Rome*;
On Britain's liberty *engraft* thy name,
And *reap the harvest* of immortal fame!

In 1746, he wrote an Epilogue on the birth-day of the duke of Cumberland, spoken by Mr. Garrick in Dublin, and a Prologue to Othello, which are now added to his works. In 1747, he contributed to Moore's volume of Fables four of great poetical merit, viz. The Temple of Hymen, The Sparrow and Dove, The Female Seducer, and Love and Vanity. In 1748, he wrote a Prologue to The Foundling, which is now added to this edition, and a dramatic opera, entitled Little John and the Giants. This was acted only one night in Dublin, being then prohibited on account of certain political allusions. On this occasion, he wrote The Last Speech of John Good, alias, Jack the Giant Queller, a satirical effusion, not very pointed, and mixed with political allegory, and a profusion of quotations from scripture against tyrants and tyranny. In 1749, his Earl of Essex, a tragedy, was performed at Dublin, and afterwards, in 1760, at Drury Lane theatre, with so much success as to be preferred to the rival plays on the same subject, by Banks and Jones. At what time his other dramatic pieces were written, or acted, if acted at all, is uncertain[1].

His biographer informs us, that "wearied, at length, with fruitless efforts to rouse the slumbering genius of his country—disgusted with her ingratitude—and sick of her venality, he withdrew to his paternal seat, and there, in the society of the Muses, and the peaceful bosom of domestic love, consoled himself for lost advantages and disappointed hopes. An only brother, whom he tenderly loved, accompanied his retirement, with a family almost as numerous as his own; and there, for many years, they lived together with uninterrupted harmony and affection: the nephew was as dear as the son—the uncle as revered as the father—and the sister-in-law almost as beloved as the wife."

In 1762, he published a pamphlet entitled The Trial of the Roman Catholics; the object of which was to remove the political restraints on that class, and to prove that this may be done with safety. In this attempt, however, his zeal led him so far as to question incontrovertible facts, and even to assert that the history of the Irish massacre in 1641 is nothing but an old wife's fable; and upon the whole, he leans more to the principles of the Roman Catholic religion than an argument professedly political, or a mere question of extended toleration, seemed to require.

His next work excited more attention in England. In 1766, appeared the first volume of The Fool of Quality, or the History of the Earl of Moreland, a novel replete with knowledge of human life and manners, and in which there are many admirable traits of moral feeling and propriety, but mixed, as the author advances towards the close, with so much of religious discussion, and mysterious stories and opinions, as to leave it doubt-

[1] These were, The Contending Brothers, The Female Officer, and The Marriage Contract, comedies; The Impostor, a tragedy, and Cymbeline, an injudicious alteration from Shakspeare. Montezuma, a tragedy, is printed among his works, but is said to have been the production of another hand. Of these, The Female Officer only is said to have been once acted, when Mrs. Woffington personated the officer; probably at her benefit. *C.*

ful whether he inclined most to Behmenism or Popery. It became, however, when completed in five volumes, 1770, a very popular novel, and has often been reprinted since.

In 1772, he published Redemption, a poem, in which that great mystery of our religion is explained and amplified by bolder figures than are usually hazarded. His taste was, indeed, evidently on the decline; and in this, as well as all his later performances, he seems to have yielded to the enthusiasm of the moment, without any reserve in favour of his better judgment. In this poem too he appears to have left his pronunciation of the English so far as to introduce rhymes which must be read according to the vulgar Irish. His last work was Juliet Grenville, a novel in three volumes, which appeared in 1774. This is very justly entitled The History of the Human Heart, the secret movements of which few novelists have better understood; but there is such a mixture of the most sacred doctrines of religion with the common incidents and chit-chat of the modern romance, that his best friends could with difficulty discover among these ruins some fragments which indicated what his genius had once been.

In this year (1774) we are told that Garrick pressed him earnestly to write for the stage, and offered to enter into articles with him, at the rate of a shilling *per* line for all he should write during life, provided that he wrote for him alone. "This Garrick," says his biographer, "looked upon as an extraordinary compliment to Mr. Brooke's abilities; but he could not, however, bring him over to his opinion, nor prevail with him to accept of his offer; on the contrary, he rejected it with some degree of haughtiness—for which Garrick never forgave him. He was then in the full and flattering career to fortune and to fame, and would have thought it a disgrace to hire out his talents, and tie himself down to necessity."

In this story there is enough to induce us to reject it. Brooke was so far from being, at this time, in the full and flattering career to fortune and to fame, that he had outlived both. And, supposing that there may be some mistake in the date of Garrick's proposal, and that for 1774 we should read 1764, or even 1754, the proposal itself is too ridiculous to bear examination.

Our author's tenderness of heart, and unsuspecting temper, involved him in pecuniary difficulties. He was ever prone to give relief to the distressed, although the immediate consequence of his liberality was that he wanted relief himself; and at length was compelled to dispose of his property, and remove to Kildare. After living some time here, he took a farm near his former residence. Where this residence was, his biographers have not mentioned; but soon after his return, they inform us that he lost his wife, to whom he had been happily united for nearly fifty years. The shock which this calamity gave to a mind never, I suspect, very firm, and the wreck of a family of seventeen children now reduced to two, was followed by a state of mental imbecility from which he never recovered. The confusion of his ideas, indeed, had been visible in most of his latter writings; and the infirmities of age completed what his family losses and personal disappointments had begun. His last days, however, were cheered by the hopes of religion, which became brighter as he approached the hour in which they were to be fulfilled. He died, October 10, 1783[2], leaving a son, since dead, and a daughter, the child of his old age.

[2] He was in possession of the place of barrack-master of Mullingar at his death C.

His poetical works were collected in 1778, in four volumes octavo, printed very incorrectly, and with the addition of some pieces which were not his. In 1792 another edition was published at Dublin, by his daughter, who procured some memoirs of her father prefixed to the first volume. In this she informs us she found many difficulties. He had lived to so advanced an age that most of his contemporaries departed before him, and this young lady remembered nothing of him previous to his retirement from the world. Such an apology cannot be refused, while we must yet regret that Miss Brooke was not able to collect information more to be depended on, and arranged with more attention to dates. The narrative, as we find it, is confused and contradictory.

From all, however, that can now be learned, Brooke was a man of a most amiable character and ingenuous temper, and perhaps few men have produced writings of the same variety, the tendency of all which is so uniformly in favour of religious and moral principle. Yet even in this there are inconsistencies which we know not how to explain, unless we attribute them to an extraordinary defect in judgment. During a great part of his life, his religious opinions approached to what are now termed *methodistical*, and one difficulty, in contemplating his character, is to reconcile this with his support of the stage, and his writing those trifling farces we find among his works. Perhaps it may be said that the necessities of his family made him listen to the importunity of those friends who considered the stage as a profitable resource, but by taking such advice he was certainly no great gainer. Except in the case of his Gustavus and Earl of Essex, there is no reason to think that he was successful, and the greater part of his dramas were never performed at all, or printed, until 1778, when he could derive very little advantage from them. Nor can we impute it to any cause, except a total want of judgment and an ignorance of the public taste, that he intermixed the most awful doctrines of religion and the lighter incidents and humorous sketches of vulgar or fashionable life, in his novels.

He lived, however, we are told, more consistently than he wrote. No day passed in which he did not collect his family to prayer, and read and expounded the scriptures to them[3]. Among his tenants and humble friends he was the benevolent and generous character which he had been accustomed to depict in his works, and while he had the means, he literally went about doing good.

As a poet, he delights his readers principally by occasional flights of a vivid imagination, but has in no instance given us a poem to which criticism may not suggest many reasonable objections. The greater part of his life, he lived remote from the friends of whose judgment he might have availed himself, and by whose taste his own might have

3 The following anecdote is given by his biographer, with some regret that he had not been educated for the church. "One Sunday, while the congregation were assembled in the rural church of the parish in which he lived, they waited a long time the arrival of their clergyman. At last, finding he was not likely to come that day, they judged that some accident had detained him; and being loth to depart entirely without their errand, they with one accord requested that Mr. Brooke would perform the service for them, and expound a part of the scriptures.—He consented, and the previous prayers being over, he opened the Bible, and preached extempore on the first text that struck his eye. In the middle of his discourse, the clergyman entered, and found the whole congregation in tears. He entreated Mr. Brooke to proceed; but this he modestly refused; and the other as modestly declared, that after the testimony of superior abilities, which he perceived in the moist eyes of all present, he would think it presumption and folly to hazard any thing of his own. Accordingly, the concluding prayers alone were said, and the congregation dismissed for the day." *C.*

been regulated. His first production, Universal Beauty, has a noble display of fancy in many parts. It is not improbable that Pope, to whom he submitted it, gave him some assistance, and he certainly repaid his instructor by adopting his manner, yet he has avoided Pope's monotony, and would have done this with more effect, if we did not perceive a mechanical lengthening of certain lines, rather than a natural variety of movement. On the other hand, the sublimity of the subject, by which he was inspired, and which he hoped to communicate, sometimes betrays him into a species of turgid declamation. Harmony appears to be consulted, and epithets multiplied, to please the ear at the expense of meaning.

The three books of Tasso have already been noticed, and the reader of the present collection may have an opportunity of comparing them with Hoole's translation. The Man of Law's Tale, from Chaucer, will incline every reader to wish that he had contributed more to Ogle's translation. Of all his original poems, the most correct are the four fables, first published in Moore's collection. They are perhaps too long for fables, but as moral *tales* we have few that exceed them in poetical spirit, and sprightly turns of thought. The Fox Chase and his lesser pieces, if we except some of the songs composed for his dramas, will add but inconsiderably to his fame.

POEMS

OF

HENRY BROOKE.

UNIVERSAL BEAUTY:

A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM,

IN SIX BOOKS.

Πάντα δι' αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο· καὶ χωρὶς αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο οὐδὲ ἕν, ὃ γέγονεν.
Ἐν αὐτῷ ζωὴ ἦν, καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων.
Καὶ τὸ φῶς ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ φαίνει, καὶ ἡ σκοτία αὐτὸ οὐ κατέλαβεν.

BOOK I.

The author introduces his work with a general survey of the whole, in nature of the plan or argument; and then commences a-new with a demonstration, a priori, of the being and attributes of God. Thence proceeds to creation, in which he endeavours at an opinion of the manner, as near as possible he may; as also of the nature and difference of the substances of spirit and matter; the economy of the universe; the astronomic system, physics, anatomy, and most branches of natural philosophy; in which the technical terms are as few, and the whole explained and made as easy and obvious as possible. The connection, dependence, use, and beauty, of the whole. Man considered; the nature of his being; the manner of his attaining knowledge; the analysis of the mind, faculties, affections, and passions; how they consist in each individual, and in the species. The nature of freedom; that it is not in the will; what it is, and wherein it consists, demonstrated. Of vice, misery, virtue, and happiness; their nature and final tendency. The whole being wrought into one natural and connected scheme, the author rises whence he began, and ends with a poetical rhapsody in the contemplation of the beauty of the whole.

UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

TRITONIA! goddess of the new-born skies,
Birth-day of Heav'n, wise daughter of th' All-wise;
When from Jove's head in perfect sapience born,
Of Heaven you rose the first empyreal morn,
As erst descend———
To mortals thy immortal charms display,
And in our lake thy heavenly form survey!
Or rather thou, whom ancient prophet styles
Venus Urania! born the babe of smiles,
When from the deep thy bright emergence sprung,
And Nature on thy form divinely hung;
Whose steps, by Loves and Graces kiss'd, advance,
And laughing Hours lead on the sprightly dance;
While Time, within eternal durance bound,
Harmonious moves on golden hinges round—
Such, goddess! as when Silence wondering gaz'd,
And even thyself beheld thyself amaz'd;
Such haply by that Côon artist known,
Seated apparent queen on Fancy's throne;

Ver. 1. *Tritonia.*] Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, is fabled to have sprung from the head of Jupiter; and, coming down on Earth, to have viewed her own perfections in the lake Triton in Africa, from whence she was called Tritonia. She is here addressed as the *idea* of the self-existent author of all things, as first containing in itself the beauty of all created things; and, after, surveying that beauty by reflection from the things so created.

Ver. 9. *Venus Urania.*] This Venus, whom the ancients styled Urania, or heavenly, is addressed as representing nature, or the creation, rising out of chaos in the perfection of beauty.

Ver. 18. *Côon artist.*] Apelles, born in the island Cos or Côos.

From thence thy shape his happy canvass bless'd,
And colours dipt in Heaven thy heavenly form
confess'd——
Such, goddess! through this virgin foliage shine;
Let kindling beauties glow through every line,
And every eye confess the work divine.
O say, while yet, nor time, nor place was found,
And space immense in its own depth was drown'd;
If nothing was, or something yet was not,
Or though *to be*, e'erwhile was *unbegot*;
If caus'd, then how?—if causeless, why effect?
(No hand to form, nor model to direct)
Why ever made?—so soon?—or why so late?
What chance, what will, what freedom, or what
fate?——
Matter, and spirit, fire, air, ocean, earth;
All Nature born, nor conscious of its birth!——
Alike unconscious did the womb disclose,
And nothing wonder'd whence this something rose—
Then, by what power?—or what such power could
move?
Wisdom, or chance?—necessity, or love?
O, from what root could such high plenty grow?
From what deep fount such boundless oceans flow?
What fund could such unwearied wealth afford?
Subjects unnumber'd! where, O where's your lord?
Whence are your attributes of time and place
Won from eternity and boundless space?
Motion from rest? just order from misrule?
A world from nought?—all empty, now all full!
From silence harmony? from darkness light?
And beamy day from everlasting night?
Light, matter, motion, music, order, laws!
And silent dark nonentity the cause?
But chance, you 'll say—I ask you, chance of what,
If nothing was?—'t is answer'd, chance of nought.
Alike from matter mov'd, could Beauty rise,
The florid planets, and gay ambient skies;
Or painted skies, and rolling orbs, dispense
Perception, life, thought, reason, judgment, sense.
Mysterious Thought! swift angel of the mind!
By space unbounded, though to space confin'd,
How dost thou glow with just disdain, how scorn,
That thought could ever think thee earthly born?
Thou who canst distance motion in thy flight,
Wing with aspiring plume the wondrous height,
Swifter than light outspeed the flame of day,
Pierce through the dark profound, and shame the
darting ray;
Throughout the universal system range,
New form old systems, and new systems change;
Through nature traffic on, from pole to pole,
And stamp new worlds on thy dilated soul;
(By time unlimited, unbound by space)
Sure demonstration of thy heavenly race,
Deriv'd from that, which is deriv'd from none,
Which ever *is*—but of Himself alone! [in vain,
O could'st thou search—nor may'st thou search
Haply some glimpse, some dawning to obtain,
Some taste divine of thy eternal spring,
Above those Heliconian bards to sing—
How He who inaccessible remains,
Yet omnipresent through all nature reigns;
Whose age blooms ever in eternal youth,
His substance, beauty, and essential truth,
Essential truth! and beauty's charm! in course,
Of boundless love the ever boundless source!
Of boundless love, which would not, could not miss
To be the boundless source of boundless bliss!—
Beatitude, rejecting all access!
Repletion, never to be more, nor less!
Why this ineffable, this inexpress'd,
This fulness in himself, past utterance bless'd,
Spontaneous pour'd these wondrous worlds around
And fill'd with blessings this immense profound?
Swift roll'd the spheres to their appointed place,
Jocund through Heaven to run the various race;
Orb within orb in living circlets turn,
And central suns through every system burn;
Revolving planets on their gods attend,
And tow'rds each sun with awful reverence bend;
Still tow'rds the lov'd enliv'ning beam they wheel,
And pant, and tremble, like the amorous steel.
They spring, they revel in the *blaze of day*, [ray;
Bathe in the golden stream, and drink the orient
Their blithe satellites with lively glance,
Celestial equipage, around them dance;
All, distance due, and beauteous order keep,
And spinning soft, upon their centres sleep:
The eternal clue the mazy labyrinth guides,
While each in his appointed movement glides;
Transverse, elliptic, oblique, round they run;
Like atoms wanton in the morning Sun;
The seeming vagrants joy to cheat the view,
These turn, these change, these fly, and these pur-
Th' implicit discipline to order tends, [sue;
And still in regular confusion ends—
Each to his native vortex is assign'd,
And magic circles every system bind;
A deeper charm each individual holds,
And firm within its atmosphere enfolds;
The secret spell, through every part, and whole,
Distinct, entire, invades it like a soul;
Its atoms at the amorous touch cohere,
And knit, in universal wedlock share.
All-teeming wedlock! on the genial hour,
Space furnish'd out one boundless nuptial bow'r;
Ten thousand thousand worlds, profusely gay,
The pomp of bridal ornament display—
How modified, here needless to be told;
Whether terrene, or of ethereous mould;
Gross, porous, firm, opaque, condense, or rare;
Or argent, with celestial tempering clear;
Pellucid, to imbibe the streaming light;
Or dun, but with reflected radiance bright;
Or dazzling shrine, or of corporeal leaven,
Terrestrial, that unfold an earthly Heaven
Unspeakable! their landscape hill, and dale,
The lowly sweetness of the flowery vale,
The mount elate that rises in delight,
The flying lawns that wanton from the sight,
The florid theatres, romantic scenes,
The steepy mountains, and luxuriant plains,
Delicious regions! plants, woods, waters, glades
Grots, arbours, flowrets, downs, and rural shades
The brooks that sportive wind the echoing hills,
The pearly founts, smooth lakes, and murmuring rills
Myriads of Edens! blissful, blissful seats!
Arcadian groves, sweet Tempe's blest retreats,

Ver. 48. ..... *from everlasting night.*] Such supposed as originally so, and being eternal.

Ver. 53. ..... *from matter mov'd.*] One of the atheistical unaccountable evasions, is to account for the order of nature by matter and motion.

Ver. 115. *A deeper charm.*] Attraction or gravitation.

Delightful Ennas, and Hesperian isles,
And round, and round throughout, Elysium smiles—
Consummate joy, peace, pleasure without end,
Through mansions numberless their guests attend,
Nor long inanimate—As when some cloud
Throws on the beamy noon her sable shroud,
Wide o'er the green a dusk and stillness creep,
And glittering swarms beneath the verdure sleep;
Quick, and at once, the drowsy shade gives way;
At once breaks forth the bright enlivening ray;
At once, the gay, the quickening insects rise,
And gilded squadrons strike our wond'ring eyes;
Music flies wanton from ten thousand wings,
And life and joy through every region rings—
Or when glad news some sudden transport start,
The flood swells instant in the labouring heart;
The limbs its lively energy attest,
And catch contagion from th' exulting breast;
Tumultuous, through our little world it flies,
Smiles in the dimpling cheek, and lightens from the eyes—
Or so—or yet beyond compare—as wide
As spaces endless from some point divide,
Sudden the universal world conceives;
As sudden, Nature with her burden heaves;
Quick pulses through each throbbing art'ry beat,
And all the matron glows with genial heat;
At once reveals her offspring to the sight;
Up spring the numbers numberless, to light!
The one, the various, blessed, glorious birth,
Of every world, Heaven, ocean, air, and earth—
Diverse, throughout their infinite abodes;
Their essence, nature, virtues, forms, and modes
Ineffable! that mock where fancy soars,
Or what the deep of deepest thought explores,
By visionary semblance, quaint device,
By gloss, trope, type abstruse, or emblem nice—
Ideal, how untoward to convey,
Or reach conception by the dark assay.
All perfect, yet alike not perfect found,
With differing virtues, differing glories crown'd;
The prime pre-eminent, and heavenly born,
Whom splendours next to deity adorn,
Lightnings divine, endued with native right
Of regal sceptre and transcending might,
Such, whom eternal Prescience might invest
Far blazing, with monarchal titles grac'd;
Of bright, the brightest; pure, the most refin'd;
All intellect, quintessence of the mind;
Cherubic harmonies, seraphic flames,
Empyreal natures with empyreal names;
Natives of Heaven!—Nor want the lucid spheres,
Of bless'd inheritance the blissful heirs;
Angelic shapes that wing th' ethereal space,
And scarce inferior to the heavenly race;
An incompounded radiant form they claim,
Nor spirit all—nor yet corporeal frame;
Than one, more dense—than t'other, more refin'd;
If spirit, organiz'd—if matter, mind:
Their essence one, imperishable, bright,
Vital throughout, all heart, ear, sense, and sight.
Through various worlds still varying species range,
While order knits, and beautifies by change;
While from th' Unchangeable, the One, the Wise
Still changing endless emanations rise,
Of substance duplicate, or triple, mix'd,
Single, ambiguous, or free, or fix'd;
From those array'd in Heaven's resplendent robes,
To the brute essence on terrestrial globes;
Nor such inelegant, nor less demand
The curious texture of th' Almighty hand:
Thrice happy all, and lords of wide domains,
Celestial vales and elemental plains!
One is the flood which universal flows;
And hence the reptile, hence the seraph glows:
Still equal, though inequal, that and this;
Since fulness bounds, and all are fill'd with bliss.
Now had the Eternal Architect supreme,
In amplitude stretch'd out this wondrous frame,
Equip'd magnificent the house of God,
Through height, and depth, his boundless, blest abode!
One house, one world, one universe divine,
Where countless orbs through countless systems shine;
Systems, which, view'd throughout the circuit wide,
Or lost, or scarce the pointed sight abide,
(Through space immense with diminution seen)
Yet boundless to those worlds that roll within;
Each world as boundless to its native race,
That range and wanton through its ample space,
Frequent, through fields, through clouds of fragrance stray,
Or skim the wat'ry or ethereal way:
For now, with vivid action, nature swarms,
And life's dear stream the purpling conduit warms;
The continent, blithe air, and floating seas,
The smiling lakes, swift floods, and winding bays,
The nooks, the crannies, nurse a numerous brood,
And aptly yield their alimental food,
Adjusted to the trunk's unwieldy size,
As nice proboscis of luxurious flies,
Or azure tribes that o'er the damson bloom,
And paint the regions of the ripening plum.
From every root, the lavish plenty grows;
In every stream, perpetual pleasure flows;
Each ravish'd sense with endless bounty feast,
The soul, and ear, and eye, and smell, and touch, and taste.
Their sweets, the blossoms plants and flowers bequeath;
Elixirs from the steaming vapours breathe;
In balm imbosom'd every region lies,
Of ambient ether and infolding skies;
As the great Mover wrap'd each wheeling sphere
In the soft down of elemental air
Transparent, to imbibe the golden beam,
And wide around spun out th' ethereal stream;
Where worlds in endless revolutions move,
And swim on the abyss of endless Love.
Urania! Nature! from thy heights descend,
And low to Earth thy bright irradiance bend;
Dispell the clouds that round our fancy stray,
The mist that damps our intellectual ray;
And show what power all height of power transcends,
And in one act performs ten thousand ends.
Say, why this globe has its appointed place,
And why not vagrant through the boundless space?
Why here preferr'd, sagacious to refuse
What thwarts propriety, convenience, use?
Why not more neighbour to the burning ray,
Or more remote from the declining day?
Or here, not sedentary fix'd and still,
Admonish'd by no voice, obsequious to no will?
Or moving, why in circling eddies round,
And not progressive through th' immense profound?

Ver. 265. *Say, why this globe.*] The advantage of the Earth's situation——

Ver. 271. *Or here.*] of its motions——

Or endless while the dizzy drunkard reels,
And round the Sun its annual motion wheels,
Whence that innate and delegated pow'r,
Central to spin the swift diurnal tour?
Not self-revolv'd, throughout its airy race,
It might expose one constant sultry face,
Damn its antipodes with endless night,
And curse with fire the restless sons of light;
These ne'er to slumber on the dewy lawn,
Nor those to rise and bless the golden dawn.
Or though rotation duplicate endears
Sweet change of days and nights and rolling years;
What new vicissitudes of motion bring
The seasons, circling, to the vernal spring?
Whether through Heav'n the winding compass steers,
Or pendulous by mutual balance veers?
What Secret Hand the trepidation weighs,
Or through the zodiac guides the spiral pace?
What magic wand the floating orb confines
With polar circles and the tropic lines?
Or does some Voice the potent charm command?
Too potent for unwieldy worlds to stand!—
"Here, nor elsewhere, thou Earth, thy station keep;
Here, roll thy progress through the boundless deep!
My word 's the bias, and my will 's the way,
That wheels thy circlet round the lord of day;
That round thy axis spins thy cumbrous frame;
That cheers thee with the still-returning beam;
That whirls thy wondrous motions, one in three,
Where time and place, still varying, still agree."
Omniscience here no lower mean admits;
One slip had maim'd ten thousand thousand hits,
Where to one point unnumber'd causes tend,
Concurring to effect one destin'd end,
Which once attain'd pours forth ten thousand more;
A blessed sea, that never knows a shore!
"Ye learn'd! who wisely can deny your God,
And banish Omnipresence with a nod;
In shrewd contempt, at final causes sneer;
In wilful deafness shut the tortuous ear,
Nor think it suited to the sounds ye hear;
Who, in your wisdoms, negatively spy
How vain 's the texture of the useless eye;
While fondly thus prime reasoners you 'd commence,
By literally exploding common sense,
And plead for one concession (only due)
That Nature must have err'd—in forming you—
Approach, ye sages, to your parent Earth,
Much wiser than the clods on whom she lavish'd birth!"
With deepest art, her skilful plan she lays;
With equal scale, the least advantage weighs;
How apt for time, place, circumstance, and use,
She culls all means, that to all ends conduce!
Nice to a point, each benefit selects;
As prudent, every mischief she rejects;
In due proportions, time and motion, metes,
Advances to a hair, and to a hair retreats:
Constant to good, for that alone she veers,
And with the varying beam her offspring cheers;
Cools all beneath her equinoctial line,
And gives the day throughout the world to shine;
The nitre from the frozen pole unseals,
And to the tropic speeds the pregnant gales;
Here, leaves th' exhausted fallow to recruit;
Here, plumps and burnishes the ripening fruit;
Superfluous hence withdraws the sultry beam,
Here drinks anew the vivifying flame;
Returns, still faithful to the labouring steer—
Wide waves the harvest of the golden year;
Trades universal on from pole to pole,
Inspires, revives, and cultivates the whole;
Frugal, where lack, supplies with what redounds,
And here bestows what noxious there abounds;
This with the gift, and that with giving, bless'd,
Alike throughout, of every wish possess'd.
Wrap'd in her airy car the matron glides,
And o'er the firmament ascending rides;
The subtile mass its copious mantle spreads,
Its mantle wove of elemental threads;
Th' elastic flue of fluctuating air,
Transfus'd invisible, enfolds the sphere;
With poinance delicate pervades the whole,
Its ear, eye, breath, and animating soul;
Active, serene, compress'd, rare, cool'd, or warm'd,
For life, health, comfort, pleasure, business, form'd;
Useful around, throughout, above, beneath!
By this, the quadrupeds, the reptiles breath;
This gives the bloom of vegetative life;
Corrects the seeds of elemental strife;

Ver. 277. *Whence that innate.*] Diurnal, giving to its inhabitants the grateful vicissitude of day and night, adjusted to the times of labour and rest.

Ver. 287. *What new vicissitudes.*] The manner of its annual motion, calculated for the useful and delightful variety of the seasons; the mutual allay of immoderate heat and cold; as also for the successive growth and recruit of vegetative nature.

Ver. 311. *Ye learn'd.*] The stupidity of those who will not perceive.

Ver. 324. *With deepest art.*] How, even to the extent of infinite wisdom, as nothing less could be the author, (vide supra, l. 305) all is formed and contrived, and in that contrivance adapted, and in that adaption directed, and in that direction extended distinctly, and in that distinction entirely, for the life, light, and comfort of the whole, and through that whole of every part of this our globe! of infinitely possible inconveniences, no one avoidable inconvenience being admitted; as of infinite advantages attainable, there is not one, consistent with the nature of this Earth, left out.

Ver. 350. *Wrap'd in her airy car.*] The wonderful texture of the air or atmosphere.

Ver. 356. *With poinance delicate.*] its surprising subtlety, penetrating even deep below the surface of the Earth——

Ver. 357. *Its ear.*] by which it is as it were one universal sense to this our globe——

Ver. 358. *Active, serene.*] its modification, admitting various, contrary, and even seemingly inconsistent qualities, suited as well to the single and separate interests of every individual, as to the entire and uniform weal of the whole——

Ver. 361. *By this, the quadrupeds.*] communicating and continuing respiration to the animal creation——

Ver. 362. *This gives the bloom.*] as also an inferior or analagous respiration to all plants and vegetables——

Ver. 363. *Corrects the seeds.*] raising harmony from disorder, and friendship from enmity, by fermenting and reconciling heat and cold, the fiery and watery particles, for the better conception and genial production of the beauties of nature.

Broods o'er the eggs, in airy caverns laid,
Warm'd in the down of their ethereal bed;
Gives motion to the swimmers of the flood;
Gives music to the warblers of the wood;
Rebounds in echo from the doubling vale,
And wafts to Heaven th' undulating gale:
Here hush'd, translucid smiles the gentle calm;
And here impearl'd, sheds meek the show'ry balm;
Salubrious here, a lively rapture claims,
And winnows pure the pestilential steams;
Here buoys the bird high on the crystal wave,
Whose level plumes the azure concave shave;
Here sits voluptuous in the swelling sail,
The vessel dancing to the sprightly gale!
Its varied power to various uses tends,
And qualities occult achieve contrarious ends;
With generative warmth fomenting breed,
Or alimental with nutrition feed;
In opposition reconcil'd to good,
Alike the menstruum, as sustaining food:
Or here restorative, destructive here;
Here Nature's cradle, here her fun'ral bier;
With keen dispatch on all corruption preys,
And grateful from our aching sense conveys;
Returns the bane into its native earth,
And there revives it to a second birth,
Renew'd and brighten'd like the minted ore,
To shoot again to life, more gorgeous than before!

UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

BOOK II.

This, and the two ensuing books, contain and finish the general survey or epitome of the whole, being a piece in itself distinct and complete. The author then commences de novo, and proposes to answer every doubt, and illustrate at full every part of the foregoing abridgment.

Thus does the maz'd inexplicable round,
The aspiring bard and all his flights confound;
Ambitious through his airy tour to sing,
High born above the soar of Pegasean wing;
Or rais'd sublime in prospect, while he turns,
Views nature round, and still with rapture burns:
Now in this light the charmer he surveys,
This light he hopes her ev'ry charm displays;
But here unthought-of charms discover'd lie,
And flash new wonders on th' admiring eye;
While Beauty, changing with alternate grace,
Varies the Heaven of her all-lovely face.
Bewilder'd thus, from scheme to scheme he's toss'd,
And in inextricable windings lost;
Where to begin, proceed, or how conclude,
This part omit, or hopeless that elude,
Doubtful. Again elated in his theme,
A daring unexampl'd task he 'd claim,
And wide unfold the universal frame;
In mortal draught immortal Beauty snare,
And stamp this leaf as Nature's volume fair.
High argument! nor hopeless to prevail,
Though for the flight Dedalian plumage fail;
Though erst of *that* ambitious youth we read,
Dismounted from the Muse's fabled steed,
And story with alluding caution tell,
How from the Sun's bright car the headlong driver fell;
Nature, unerring tutoress, *shall* preside,
And through her endless revolutions guide;
Her various maze its windings shall unbraid,
Her doublings trace themselves, while self betray'd
Her complications to connection lead.
For while the circumambient air we sing,
Its springy tension and elastic spring;
The quick vibration of the yielding mass;
How objects through its lucid medium pass;
For Nature how the smiling glass expands;
Narcissus-like, how beauteous Nature stands,
Self-lov'd within the splendid mirror shines,
But self-enjoy'd, nor like Narcissus pines;
How, as a talisman of magic frame,
This atmosphere conveys th' enlight'ning beam,

Ver. 364. *Broods o'er the eggs.*] affording a commodious receptacles or nursery for the eggs of numberless animalcules——

Ver. 366. *Gives motion.*] conveying the watery inhabitants in their element by the assistance of the swimming bladder——

Ver. 367. *Gives music.*] modulating and composing as it were one universal organ for sound and music, so as the atmosphere becomes an entire harmony——

Ver. 370. *Here hush'd.*] affording the pleasure and sweetness of serenity——

Ver. 371. *And here impearl'd.*] the nourishment of dews——

Ver. 372. *Salubrious here.*] and the health of winds, or ventilations, that purge the noxious vapours and preserve nature fresh and vigorous——

Ver. 374. *Here buoys the bird.*] wafting the winged tribes in their airy voyages——

Ver. 376. *Here sits voluptuous.*] and, by a speedy navigation, spreading commerce and society throughout the globe.

Ver. 378. *Its varied power.*] The various influence of the air on all bodies, animate or inanimate: first, in the generation of particular beings; then, in their nutrition; thirdly, affording a healing balsam to the hurts or wounds of all creatures, when recoverable; but if past remedy, fourthly, hastening their dissolution, to rid the world of the nuisance, by restoring the matter to its original principle of nativity; fifthly, to send again the new-modelled being blooming afresh in animal life, or vegetation.

For the use of the atmosphere as a medium and mirror, vide book ii. line 35, &c.

Ver. 23. .....*Dedalian plumage fail.*] Icarus.

Ver. 24. .....*youth we read.*] Bellerophon.

Ver. 27. .....*driver fell.*] Phaeton.

Ver. 33. *For while the circumambient air.*] The advantage of the atmosphere's elastic texture; by which it yields to, and closes imperceptibly upon, all moving bodies——

Ver. 36. *How objects.*] the surprising transparency, continuity, and coherence of its parts, forming an uninterrupted medium for the conveyance of all objects to the eye——

Ver. 37. *For Nature.*] by which it is, as it were, an universal looking-glass, wherein all Nature beholds, admires, and enjoys her own complete perfections——

Ver. 41. *How, as a talisman.*] Its curious disposition for the conveyance of light; which would be of no use in vacuo, as it is only perceptible itself, by rendering other objects visible.

Reflects, inflects, refracts the orient ray;
Anticipating sheds the rising day—
High from his seat the solar glory heaves,
(Whose image fires the horizontal waves)
Abridging, shears the sable robe of night,
And through the globe protracts the cheerful light;
With sweet preambling twilight blends the shade,
And gently lets our evening beam recede.

Thus, borne on airy wings, the radiance flies,
Quickening the vision of poetic eyes;
Whence we may pierce into the deep profound,
And, searching, view the wondrous system round:
For wide as universal Nature spreads,
Light's sacred fount its streaming lustre sheds;
Still orient, to the parting beam succeeds;
Through azure climes a sunless journey speeds;
Its restless longitude the glory darts,
Nor less a boundless latitude imparts;
Where matter borders on retiring space,
Impulsive urges the perpetual race;
Stupendous length, illimited by aught
Of numbers summ'd or multiply'd by thought!
But whence the light's invigorating force,
Its active energy, or secret source,
Must be ascrib'd to that Eternal Spring,
Whom first, and last, and ever bless'd, we sing—
Who only could his effluent angel send;
Athwart the gulf the radiant blaze extend;

Ver. 43. *Reflects, inflects.*] Its still more wonderful quality, in not only reflecting, but refracting, and inflecting the morning and evening beam; in appearance, lifting the Sun about four degrees above his station, and refracting the light to us when the Sun is about eighteen degrees below the horizon; by which means our day is prolonged about two hours, and the tedious night in the frigid zones shortened annually about thirty-two days——

Ver. 49. *With sweet preambling.*] by refraction of the rays creating the dawn and gradual twilight; without which we should be suddenly immersed in an intolerable flood of day, and without a moment's warning shut up in immediate darkness.

Ver. 51. *Thus, borne on airy wings.*] The use of light must be apparent to as many as have eyes to enjoy its benefit; but much more to those who, the further they pry into Nature, by the assistance of this element, will still more and more discover an inexhaustible fund for delight and admiration——

Ver. 55. *For wide as universal Nature.*] What can be more amazing than the expansion and extension of light, which, though a body, propagated from body, and ponderous in its nature, is so thin and subtile, as to reach and dilate through an inconceivable compass of space, before the whole content would amount to one drachm of weight——

Ver. 61. *Where matter borders.*] The swiftness and length of its progress is no less admirable, extending possibly ad infinitum, and moving in one second of time near two hundred thousand of our miles; without which miraculous velocity, its useful and glorious effect and influence could never be preserved——

Ver. 65. *But whence the light's.*] and as this perpetuated motion and vigour has not the least relation to any property inherent in matter, it can only be accounted for as flowing from the original Fountain of light and truth——

Ver. 69. *Who only could.*] who alone could speed

Kindle the mass to incorporeal speed;
The flame with never-dying splendours feed;
With heat the universal page unseal;
With light the universal charm reveal;
In prospect wide th' illustrious work display,
And gem the pavement of the milky way;
Make grace from use, and use from beauty flow;
With florid pencil shade the jasper bow;
The warring elements in wedlock bind,
Water and fire, dull earth and active wind;
Knit by Almighty order they cohere,
And in their ever-varying offsprings share.

First to the deep he speeds his eldest born,
Whose rosy progress paints the purpling morn;
The mingling glories o'er the surface play,
And ocean dances to the trembling ray.

Wide to the beam his ample sea he spreads,
And deep beneath subside the briny beds;
The spacious beds the liquid realms contain;
The seasoning tinctures purge the foamy main;
But, pois'd by balance of eternal weight,
The salts perpetual hold their wat'ry seat,
Nor in the tepid exhalations mount,
To fire the crystal of the cooling fount.
Th' Almighty Fiat bade the deep conceive,
And finn'd with clustring tribes the vital wave,
From huge leviathan's enormous frame,
To those who tincturing paint the crimson stream;
With wat'ry wings they skim the yielding seas;
Their central poise its gravitation weighs,
Adjusted, steady to their varying seas,
By geometric rule, and calculation nice:
These have their palaces and coral groves,
Their latent grots, and pearly bright alcoves;
Wide is the copious hand of Bounty spread,
And myriads at the plenteous feast are fed.

and support this his winged messenger, on his universal errand to Nature——

Ver. 73. *With heat.*] giving power to him only of unsealing her treasures, and unfolding her beauties; whereby the world's glorious and harmonious system becomes obvious, and the whole evidently as elegant as it is useful.

Ver. 79. *The warring elements.*] Is it not wonderful, that even Almighty power, out of one principle of matter, should constitute four; and by an endless compounding, modifying, and changing those four, should produce that infinite variety which is visible in the universe?

Ver. 83. ..... *eldest born.*] Light. Beside the two elements of air and light, already treated of, what a spacious field do the waters, and first the ocean, yield for contemplation and praise!

Ver. 87. *Wide to the beam.*] In the expansion of its superficies, without which it would never afford a sufficient quantity of vapours, to supply the thirsty land——

Ver. 88. *And deep beneath.*] the methods by which its waters are preserved pure from corruption, by the mixture of salts, whose weight is calculated to prevent their exhaling——

Ver. 95. *Th' Almighty Fiat.*] the number, size, and qualities of its inhabitants, all adapted to its gross and tempestuous medium——

Ver. 103. *These have their palaces.*] being provided, without their own labour, with all the delights and conveniences of life——

Ver. 105. *Wide is the copious hand.*] as well as nourishment for the support of it——

Nor less the grateful light salutes their eye,
And solar glories gild the nether sky;
Their ocean blushes with the lord of day,
And nightly glitters at the twinkling ray.
The Moon, attended by her starry train,
Reflects reflection to the floating plain,
Its murm'ring flux with pale dominion guides,
And swells the pride of its returning tides;
The deep those wholesome agitations purge,
And drive stagnation from the rolling surge;
Their rage the Sovereign Moderator cools,
And riding, as a steed the bounding billow rules;
Whence rising floods their stated empire know,
Nor wasteful o'er the neighbouring regions flow.

Low as the sea's capacious basin sinks,
The thirsty soil th' incumbent ocean drinks;
Whence through the globe diluting liquors pass,
And circulate, as in our smaller mass;
The salts with curious percolation strain,
And kindly through the porous strata drain,
Attracted, in a maze of tubes exhale;
(A stiffening clay cements the spacious vale)
From whence oppos'd, the mountain's height they claim,
And thence perpetual pour the winding stream;
Or lower, in perennial fountains rise,
Nor dread the star that fires autumnal skies.

While ocean thus the latent store bequeaths,
Above its humid exhalation breathes;
Its bosom pants beneath the vigorous heat,
And eager beams th' expanding surface beat;
Insinuating, form the lucid cell;
To bladders the circumfluous moisture swell;
Th' inflated vapours spurn the nether tide,
And mounted on the weightier ether ride:
As though in scorn of gravitating power,
Sublime the cloudy congregations tower;
O'er torrid climes collect their sable train,
And form umbrellas for the panting swain;
Or figur'd wanton in romantic mould,
Careering knights and airy ramparts hold,
(Emblazoning beams the flitting champions gild,
And various paint the visionary field);
Sudden the loose enchanted squadrons fly,
And sweep delusion from the wond'ring eye;
Thence on the floating atmosphere they sail,
And steer precarious with the varying gale;
Or hovering, with suspended wing delay,
And in disdain the kindred flood survey:
When lo! the afflicting ether checks their pride,
Compressing chills the vain dilated tide;
Their shivering essence to its centre shrinks,
And a cold nuptual their coherence links;
With artful touch the curious meteor forms,
Parent prolific of salubrious storms;
When from on high the rapid tempest 's hurl'd,
Enlivening as a sneeze to man's inferior world:
The frigid chymist culls the mineral store,
The glossy spherules of metallic ore;
Sublimes with nitre the sulphureous foam,
And hoards contagion in Heaven's ample dome,
Where Nature's magazine fermenting lies,
Till the bright ray athwart the welkin flies;
High rage the small incendiary inspires,
Whose kindling touch the dread artillery fires;
Quick, with effusion wide, the lightnings glare;
Disploding bolts the cloudy entrails tear; [room,
The cleansing flames sweep through th' ethereal
And swift the gross infectious steam consume:
Our vital element the blaze refines,
While man, ingrateful, at his health repines.

Ver. 107. *Nor less.*] their ocean being a medium and atmosphere to them, as our atmosphere is to us; and equally suited to their natures, for respiration, as the conveyance of light from the heavenly luminaries——

Ver. 113. *Its murm'ring flux.*] How admirably is the Moon's influence on tides (which preserves the great body of waters from stagnation) regulated, to the very point that can alone conduce to order and advantage: were she nearer, or larger; further off, or less; or were there more moons, so as on any hand the influence should be in the least altered; the whole Earth would be rendered uninhabitable, by being poisoned with stagnated vapours, or perpetually overflowed with deluges.——

Ver. 123. *Whence through the globe.*] as there is no point from whence the riches of Nature do not flow in upon us; so there are two (though seemingly most opposite) methods of supplying us with sweet and refreshing waters; one perennial, and from beneath, being thence attracted through our globe, as any liquid when touched by a piece of sugar; which cannot be ascribed to the pressure of our atmosphere, as it is readier performed in vacuo; the salts being separated by filtration through the strata, and the rising waters being opposed by a clayey substance that generally lies near the surface of the lower lands, they proceed to the mountains, from whence, by the advantage of a descent, they spread wealth and pleasure round all the Earth——

Ver. 133. *While ocean thus.*] The other method being by exhalation, the manner as above described; for heat being the most subtile, light, and agile of all bodies (if it may be called more than a quality of body) by its subtilty penetrates, and by its levity rarifies the humid parts of matter; and then, by its agility, breaking loose, carries off the parts so rarified; which being by that means rendered lighter than the air, mount till they rest or float in that part of the atmosphere that bears a specific or proportionable gravity; and hence arises——

Ver. 144. *And form umbrellas.*] the use, beauty, and variety of our meteors; for as the chief operator in raising the vapours is heat, so on the other hand——

Ver. 155. *When lo!*] the chief artist in forming the several meteors out of those vapours, is cold; as——

Ver. 157. *Their shivering essence.*] first rain, by expulsion of the rarifying heat; upon which the little bladders or vesicles, knocking against each other, conglobe in the contact, and growing heavier than the atmosphere, fall down in larger or smaller drops, according as the constituent parts of the cloud were more or less contiguous——

Ver. 161. *When from on high.*] frequently causing storms of wind, by condensing, and thereby destroying the equilibrium of the atmosphere; the parts so condensed, pressing upon the parts more rare, and dilated, by warmth; which pressure produces the wind, which is no other than a current of air——

Ver. 163. *The frigid chymist.*] thunder and lightning.

With various skill the chilling artist works,
And operator chief in every meteor lurks:
Oft, where the zenith's lofty realms extend,
Ere mists, conglobing, by their weight descend,
With sudden nitre captivates the cloud,
And o'er the vapour throws a whitening shroud;
Soft from the concave hovering fleeces fall,
Whose flaky texture clothes our silver ball.
Or when the shower forsakes the sable skies,
Haply the cold in secret ambush lies,
Couching awaits in some inferior space,
And chills the tempest with a quick embrace;
The crystal pellets at the touch congeal,
And from the ground rebounds the rattling hail.
Or constant where this artificer dwells,
And alg'd from his heights the mist repels,
The Almighty Alchymist his limbeck rears,
His lordly Taurus, or his Alpine peers;
Suspending fogs around the summit spread,
And gloomy columns crown each haughty head,
Obstructed drench the constipating hill,
And soaking through the porous grit distill:
Collected from a thousand thousand cells,
The subterraneous flood impatient swells;
Whence issuing torrents burst the mountain's side,
And hence impetuous pour their headlong tide.
Still central from the wide circumfluous waves,
(Whose briny dash each bounded region laves)
The soil still rising from the deep retires,
And mediate to the neighb'ring Heaven aspires.
Hence, where the spring its surging effluence boils,
The stream ne'er refluent on the fount recoils,
But trips progressive, with descending pace,
And tunes, through many a league, its warbling maze;
Here blended swells with interfering rills;
And here the lake's capacious cistern fills;
Or, wanton, here a snaky labyrinth roams;
Impervious here with indignation foams;
Or here with rapture shoots the nether glade,
And whit'ning silvers in the steep cascade;
Or slack'ning here, its length of labour sooths;
And slumb'ring soft its sleepy surface smooths;
Wide, deep, and slow the doubtful current glides,
And o'er the flux the tilting vessel rides.
The embroider'd banks their gaudy fringes dip,
And pendent flowers the smiling liquors sip;
Or gently where the humid mirrors pass,
The forest rises to the wat'ry glass;
Self-worshipping the stately shade admires,
And to a double Heaven its height aspires.
The social stream a winding motion steers,
And mindful of the neighb'ring region veers;
With traverse or inverted circuit bends,
Nor leaves unvisited remotest friends;
With genial bounty spreads the verdant wealth,
And pours large draughts of ever-blooming health:
Delight diffusive down the current flows,
And pleasure on the flow'ry margin grows.
Through many a realm, where mighty monarchs reign,
The stately flood protracts its floating train;
Revolving suns the wondrous length pursue,
Nor in one day the liquid wanderer view;
Its facil maze the varying seasons wind,
And crystal flakes the struggling fountain bind,
Which distant glows beneath the fervid beam,
And into ocean pours the copious stream.
Thus beauty flows in one perpetual ring,
And uses circling from our oceans spring;
Beneath, attracted, through the strata rise;
Above, exhal'd, usurp the ambient skies;
Meet in the limpid source, or purling rill,
And bathe the vale, or sweep the shelving hill:
From hence their tributary floods repay,
And grateful nourish the recruited sea;
The sea replenish'd traffics as before,
And back to earth returns the fruitful store.
To earth! for here, concentring, air, and fire,
And flood, in mutual triple league conspire:
Since he, on whom the mighty fabric leans,
The Eternal, from eternity ordains
Variety, which union must produce;
And order knit consummate, into use;

Ver. 181. *With sudden nitre.*] Snow.

Ver. 188. *And chills the tempest.*] Hail.

Ver. 191. *Or constant.*] Or where the cold is a constant inhabitant in the upper regions, which, by reason of their distance from the Earth, are but little affected by the reflection of the sun-beams, which reflection chiefly promotes the intenseness of heat; there the rising vapours are repelled, because, meeting with the cold, they, in a great measure, lose that active principle of heat, which was the chief motive of their ascension; and floating as the gale veers, are obstructed in their march by the mountains, or higher lands; and more vapours still gathering as they are obstructed, their parts, or little spherules, become more neighbourly, or contiguous, than when they had a freedom of ranging wide from each other; and so jostling, run into, or incorporate one with the other; and descending by the laws of gravity——

Ver. 198. *And soaking.*] soak into the hills, that are generally of a gravelly, mineral, or lax substance, through which the moisture distills; till finding, or making a vent to issue at, by the advantage of a descent, they pour their fertile and delicious streams over all the Earth——

Ver. 203. *Still central from the wide.*] and this advantage of a descent is the more wonderful and happy, inasmuch as without it we should have no rivers, and consequently be poisoned and overflowed with the standing and stagnating waters: for who, but the Almighty Director, could lead the currents from their first source, by a gradual winding, and nice declivity, frequently through a miraculous length of about three thousand English miles? while flowing perpetually through various climates, and nations of different manners and languages, they bear and spread around society, trade, commerce, riches, plenty, refreshment, luxuriant health, blooming verdure, and endless delight——

Ver. 242. *And into ocean pours.*] and disemboguing their floods into the sea, there finish——

Ver. 243. *Thus beauty flows.*] only still to repeat and continue the eternal circle and order in all things——

Ver. 255. *Since he.*] that order, which the Supreme Self-Existence, to manifest his own power and goodness, has caused to flow through an infinite variety of creatures; and yet has founded that infinite variety on the union of a few principles; which few principles are further and ultimately resolvable, and united in him, the only Original, and Self Eternal Principle.

That Deity throughout the world may shine,
And Nature's birth confess her Sire Divine.
Nature, bright effluence of the One Supreme!
O how connected is thy wondrous frame!
(Thy grand machine, through many a wanton maze,
Steer'd where it winds, and strait'ning where it strays,
There most direct where seeming most inflex'd,
Most regular when seemingly most perplex'd,
As though perfection on disorder hung,
And perfect order from incaution sprung)
Still, endless as thy beauteous scenes arise,
Still, endless multiplies our deep surprise.
Say, does each mote know its peculiar place,
All conscious, through the gulf of boundless space?
Can atoms be omniscient, to discern
(What human wisdom strives, but strives in vain to learn)
What mode mysterious paints the purpling rose,
What melts the current when Mæander flows?

Ver. 271. *Say, does each mote.*] The reason why I represent, as above, the various opinions of atheists, in one ridiculous light (when they may be supposed to differ much in their notions, and the learned treatises they have written for our instruction to carry a great appearance of ingenious and metaphysical argumentation) is, that the truth, and matter of fact, upon inquiry and reflection, will be found exactly and literally as I have represented it; and that all their ambages and circumlocutions centre and turn upon one point, which is this, that whoever attempts to rob the world of a Superintendant Providence, or Designing Wisdom, does thereby necessarily ascribe all that is of connection, order, or beauty in the world, to blind and insensible matter; and is, therefore, guilty of the ridiculous absurdities and contradictions above set forth. For, as the wit or invention of men has never yet laid down any atheistical hypothesis, however subtile or various, but what is evidently resolvable into, first, a fortuitous concourse of atoms; secondly, an eternal operating necessity; or, thirdly, an endless round or succession of causes and effects; if those gentlemen, who would thus point out our God, mean, as they often pretend, that he is any thing more than bare matter, we shall soon find their intention, by separating the terms they have annexed as operators for the assistance of stupid matter: and on our part it will be but common gratitude to inquire to which of these three pretended causes we are obliged for the particular benefits we receive, or (as members of the great whole) for the formation and order of the universe, or nature itself.

First then, as chance is the operator assigned in a fortuitous concourse of atoms, we would know what this chance, this wise and ingenious artist, is—is it a substance? No, that is not pretended. Matter? nor that.—Quality of matter? nor that neither. What, neither subject nor attribute?—No.—It is then, what is not; or is not any thing that is: it is, in truth, what, by way of apology, we assign as a cause of any effect produced, when our ignorance, or idleness, will not permit us to inquire or find any other; a meaning without an idea; or even less—a word without a meaning. And thus, when chance is introduced for the solution, chance unluckily happens to leave all the operating burden upon that poor matter it was called to assist. As, in the second place, I also fear there will be immediate occasion for calling upon chance to help out their necessity, and that it will prove equally treacherous as before. For as necessity is the supposed operator here, if it be asked, is this necessity distinct from the things it necessitates? the answer is, yes, by all means; since, to assert otherwise, is allowing it to be the thing operated, and not the operator; and so the original superior cause be as far to seek as ever. If then it be asked, is this necessity conscious, intelligent, free, or designing? that doubtless is denied, else we have there the very God we desire. But then, if it should be unluckily started, that if this necessity is neither designing, conscious, nor intelligent, it is altogether as blind as matter; and if not free, is as much in need of, and equally subjected to a higher cause as matter can possibly be; being consequently a necessity necessitated, and not acting, but acted upon; if this, I say, should be objected, there must either be recourse to the old wise solution, that so it happens, or a higher necessity or unintelligent cause be alleged, and so another to support the second, and another the third, ad infinitum; like the elephant bearing the Earth, the crab the elephant, and so on; which procedure, ad infinitum, to assign a cause, shows that, ad infinitum, they will be as far as ever from assigning a true cause, and so, ad infinitum, no cause at all will be assigned.

The third and last shift, is an endless succession of causes and effects, where all the subtilty consists in the word endless; for whatever is incapable of being a cause in any time, ever was, and ever will, through eternity, continue equally incapable. And here, if the question be asked, whether any of these effects be original, independent, or superintendent? the answer is negative, if it were only to avoid a direct absurdity and contradiction: if then it be asked, what these effects are? the answer is, that the effects are no other than matter variously modified and actuated; for that is the utmost degree of perfection they will allow them, for fear of bordering too near upon spirit. Again, if it be asked on the other hand, whether, among the causes, there is any one original or independent? the answer doubtless is, no; for to allow there were, would be contrary to the hypothesis laid down. But then observe the necessary consequence of all this; for first, if none of these effects are original, independent, or superintendent; and they all consist of matter variously modified and actuated, they are no other than matter still, whatever action or modification be produced. And secondly, if on the other hand, among the endless causes, there is not any one cause original or independent, there is not any one cause but what is effected; and every one being effected, the whole, which consists of them, is effected, and therefore is all effect; and all the effects being matter actuated and modified, the whole is consequently no other than matter actuated and modified; and so finally recurs, and in every light, view, shift, and evasion, resolves in this, that matter alone operates upon itself; and, though destitute of design, wisdom, foresight, order, or direction, yet wisely foresees, designs, directs, and orders all things.

What modes our adamantine marble bind?
What ruffle active in the blust'ring wind?
From inky jet exclude the piercing day;
Or through the brilliant drink the trembling ray;
Nip in the frost, or in the furnace glow;
With gay enamel arch the showery bow;
With various influence our senses greet,
Point in the sour, grow luscious in the sweet,
Scent in the civet, stifle in the draught,
Light from the doe the tainting odour waft,
Excite the nostril of the opening hound;
More subtile still the organic sense compound;
Through elements, plant, reptile, man, and brute,
This thing to that, and all to other suit?
Can clay, such virtues, forms, and modes assign?
Debating, methodise, conspire, combine?
Studious deliberate on the public weal,
And ne'er like human politicians fail?
Each particle its separate province choose,
Nor that prefer, nor froward this refuse;
Each for itself, and for the whole advise;
All good, all right, all perfect, and all wise?
Prophetic, through eternity foreknow,
From past, what future revolutions flow?
Can each be omnipresent, to perceive
What endless links the blended fabric weave,
On every various consequence reflect,
Prepare each cause to yield the just effect,
Sum up the whole, and thence the whole connect?
O dotage! dreamers! who could once suppose
The passive mass its Maker should enclose,
And the form'd clay its forming Lord compose.
"Ye atheists! if ye will be atheists still,
And will, no cause but this, because ye will;
If stubborn, in your little reason's spite,
Ye will judge wrong, because ye wo' nt judge right;
Thus argue—Since the clue of boundless space
Winds worlds on worlds, and wonders wonders trace;
'T is order above rule that guides the plan,
And wisdom, far beyond what wisdom can;
The bounty boundless, beauty without end:
And would believe a God, he cannot comprehend?"
For deep, indeed, the Eternal Founder lies,
And high above his work the Maker flies:
Yet infinite that work, beyond our soar;
Beyond what Clarkes can prove, or Newtons can explore!
Its union, as of numbers to the sound
Of minstrelsy, to heavenly rapture wound,
On harmony suspended, tunes the whole,
Thrills in our touch, and lives upon our soul;
Each note inclusive melody reveals,
Soft'ning within th' Eternal Finger dwells,
Now sweetly melts, and now sublimely swells;
Yet relative each social note extends,
Throughout is blended, while throughout it blends.
Symphonious, echoing the Supreme's design,
Beauty of Love, and Symmetry Divine!

The One grows sundry by creative power;
The Eternal 's found in each revolving hour;
The Immense appears in every point of space;
The Unchangeable in Nature's varying face;
The Invisible conspicuous to our mind;
And Deity in every atom shrin'd;
From whence exults the animated clod,
And smiling features speak the Parent God;
Who here, and there, and every where abounds:
Air uttering, tells his harmony in sounds;
The light reveals the Fountain of its rays,
And like the seraph kindles in his praise;
The floods ambitious to his glory rise,
And seek their source throughout his ambient skies;
Thence, in united congregations fall,
And tune their anthems o'er the warbled ball;
The ball enliv'ning at his order springs,
And rounding to its central Maker clings:
The Maker! ample in his bounty, spread
The various strata of Earth's genial bed;
Temper'd the subject mass with pregnant juice,
And subtile stores of deep and sacred use;
Salts, oils, and bitumen, and unctuous pitch,
With precious, though mysterious, influence rich;
Mercurial, nitrous, and sulphureous spume,
Fermenting virtual the terrestrial womb.
Hence, where the solar heat and searching air,
Transgressive, pierce our actuated sphere,
The arch-chymists work as in a secret mine,
And Nature's crude originals refine;
Here blending mix, here separate, here select,
And purging here th' incongruous parts reject;
Perennial bind the flint's impervious rock,
And strict its adamantine texture lock;
The future monumental marble stain,
And wanton through its variegated vein;
Salubrious here the mineral medicine mix,
Here the once potable utensil fix;
Here modify with ever varying change;
And here the similar effluvia range;
Compact the lustre of metallic ore,
The steely, argent, or Corinthian store;
Or severing, cast in Nature's purest mould
The dense elixir of refulgent gold.
Through sparkling gems the plastic artists play,
And petrify the light's embody'd ray;
Now kindle the carbuncle's ruddy flame;
Now gild the chrysolite's transparent beam;
Infuse the sapphire's subterraneous sky,
And tinge the topaz with a saffron dye;
With virgin blush within the ruby glow,
And o'er the jasper paint the show'ry bow.
Endless the task, and arduous, to unfold
What secrets Earth's prolific entrails hold;
In Nature's womb what embryon treasures sleep,
The wondrous natives of the hoary deep:
Whence happy oft, oft hapless they aspire;
Supply what want can wish, or pride require—
Bless'd are the blameless means, the curse is the desire.

UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

BOOK III.

Thus Beauty mimick'd in our bumbler strains,
Illustrious through the world's great poem reigns!

Ver. 22. .....*strata of Earth's genial bed.*] For the use of the strata or layers of earth in the conveyance of fountains and sweet waters, see book ii.

Ver. 23. .....*subject mass.*] The mere matter, or caput mortuum, supposed in all terrestial bodies——

Ver. 31. *The arch-chymists.*] which so impregnated, and modified by air and heat as above recited, supplies——

Hence comfort kindles in the cheerful blaze,
Though fire upon th' expiring martyr preys;
The peasant hence manures th' exhausted soil,
Though lordlings share the product of his toil;
Hence artists in the princely dome survive,
Though drones may occupy its ample hive;
Hence medicines yield the salutiferous pill,
But gently qualified can learn to kill:
Hence medals may reveal the patriot's face,
Although a tyrant gild the nether space;
Once more return great Socrates to light,
Or with an Alexander blast the sight—
(Who here approves the infamy of fame,
Shares Alexander's guilt, and Alexander's shame)
Nor less the plough-share needs the Lydian blade,
Though steel and pride the neighbouring realm invade;
The tools to life subservient we allege,
Though deadly cruelty can whet their edge:
Such we approve the trade supporting ore,
Though avarice purloin the shining store;
In Maro's hand the precious treasure view,
It spreads all bounteous as the heavenly dew.
Shall Nature check the purple colouring globe,
Lest magistrates should trail the splendid robe?
Nor beauteous her adorning brilliants wear,
Lest gems should deck the follies of the fair?
" Ah, Nature! thou hadst scap'd thy only blot,
Could man but cease to be—or hitherto were not:
Ay, there's the task, the labour of our song—
To prove that all is right, though man be wrong."
Emergent from the deep view Nature's face,
And o'er the surface deepest wisdom trace;
The verdurous beauties charm our cherish'd eyes—
But who 'll unfold the Root from whence they rise?
Infinity within the sprouting bower!
Next to enigma in Almighty Power;
Who only could infinitude confine,
And dwell *immense* within the minim shrine;
The eternal species in an instant mould,
And endless worlds in seeming atoms hold.

Plant within plant, and seed enfolding seed,
For ever—to end never—still proceed;
In forms complete, essentially retain
The future semen, alimental grain;
And these again, the tree, the trunk, the root,
The plant, the leaf, the blossom, and the fruit;
Again the fruit and flower the seed enclose,
Again the seed perpetuated grows,
And Beauty to perennial ages flows.
Such the Supreme his wondrous sata made,
Ere yet their foliage cloth'd the novel glade;
Gave each a texture of peculiar frame,
And nature correspondent to its name;
Gave different pow'rs to propagate their kind,
And varying means to various ends assign'd;
Then o'er the globe the missive treasure strow'd,
And first th' Eternal Hand Earth's spacious bosom sow'd.
Here elemental principles unite,
To give the new consummate birth to light:
The glebe, now pregnant, yields nutritious food;
Lymphatic dews, their mild diluting flood;
The Sun affords his rarifying sphere,
And ether breathes its actuating air;
Quatruple, round the temper'd embryon meet,
And its fine tegument fermenting greet;
Whence subtle juices pierce the filmy skin,
Repeating vigorous their attacks within;
Thence through the lobes with percolation strain,
And thence infusing through their radix drain;
Thence limpid to the plantal root distil,
And each impregnated aperture fill,
With swoln repletion through the portals float,
And now unclasp the nice cutaneous coat;
The radicle now obvious they unfold,
And to its infant lips their liquors hold;
The instinctive lips imbibe the gentle tide,
And through the veins the milky liquids glide,
Ascending visit the inclusive plume,
(Where Nature wantons in minutest room,
Where folded close, her implicated size
Of trunk, branch, leaf, and future semen lies)
Conspicuous its dilated form display,
And give its texture to apparent day.

Ver. 62. *Hence comfort.*] the comfort of firing, in coals and other combustibles——

Ver. 64. *The peasant hence.*] the manure of lime, marle, and other mooring——

Ver. 66. *Hence artists.*] variety of curious and beautiful stone, for the benefit of habitation, and exercise of art——

Ver. 68. *Hence medicines.*] many medicinal and healing drugs——

Ver. 70. *Hence medals.*] metals for the conveyance of useful history to future ages in sculpture, statuary, embossment, &c.——

Ver. 76. *Nor less the plough-share.*] those metals affording also many engines, utensils, &c. for procuring and accelerating nourishment, and other conveniences and delights in life——

Ver. 80. *Such we approve.*] as also coin, for ascertaining the value, and speeding the transmigration of property in trade and commerce; as may best suit each person's convenience and advantage——

Ver. 84. *Shall Nature check.*] the beauty of colours——

Ver. 86. *Nor beauteous.*] and lustre of jewels.

Ver. 96. ..... *sprouting bower.*] The seed, which, as here described in its vegetative state, may be said to contain or be divided into——

Ver. 126. *And its fine tegument.*] its teguments or coats; the main body included in the coats, and the root and plume or plant included in the main body——

Ver. 129. ..... *lobes with percolation strain.*] the main body (though single in some, and in some more numerous) is generally and distinctly divisible into two equal parts, which are called lobes; and these lobes contain——

Ver. 130. ..... *radix drain.*] the seminal root, whose branches being spread through each lobe in equal moieties, unite at the extremity of the seed in——

Ver. 131. ..... *plantal root distil.*] the plantal root, or——

Ver. 135. ..... *radicle now obvious.*] radicle; which being supplied with juices in the two methods as above described, (i. e. first from the seminal root, and after from the earth to which it becomes obvious) communicates the nourishment to its plume or young plant, which is closely included, and shut up in a narrow cavity within the lobes——

Around the plume the guardian lobes arise,
And fence their minor from inclement skies;
With pious dews his early verdure bathe,
Perform their trust with never failing faith;
Till, self-sufficient, they retire to earth,
And leave the stripling to his right of birth.
Now fervid beams the rising sap exhale,
And air ingredient wings the vital gale;
The solids in diluting moisture pass,
And colds condense the vegetating mass.
The labial pores of every various root
Their orifice to varying natures suit,
Admit effluvia of peculiar mode,
And delicate the incongruous parts explode.
Salts, oils, and sulphurs, through the entrance tend,
And similar, with proper members blend;
To sight, smell, taste, their several powers dispense,
And aptly ravish each luxuriant sense;
Still graceful, vary in some new delight;
Still obvious, please th' involuntary sight.
Our transient optic o'er the surface plays,
And Nature's superficial mien surveys;
But rare with deeper inquisition pries,
Where Beauty's wrapt, recluse from vulgar eyes,
Essential, sits on Truth's eternal throne,
And universal, reigns o'er worlds unknown;
Displays her sway through unimagin'd scenes,
Elysian tracts, and philosophic plains:
These, these are climes of ever-living joy;
Truth ne'er can satiate, reason ne'er can cloy.
O worthy! far more worthy to explore,
Than treasur'd lustre of Peruvian ore;
Or supererogated store, acquir'd
By pilgrimage, to saintship long expir'd.
In Nature's realms no wretched levees wait,
No monarchs hold their arbitrary seat;
Far different law her beauteous empire sways,
And Order dictates her unerring ways.
Here may we spy, from the Supreme of things,
How first the originate material springs;
How substituted Nature moulds her forms,
What tender love her infant embryo warms,
What tempering skill the boon conception frames;
And trace her maze of complicated schemes,
Where differing parts identity compose,
Yet endless how, from One! each varying essence flows;
Each vegetable set in beds of bliss,
Their sap exhaling from the Prime Abyss.

See, bashful why the downward roots retire,
(While up to Heaven their kindred trunks aspire)
Obliquely some, and some with steep descent;
Some level, with direct or tortuous bent;
Some to a root their tether'd trunks condemn,
Attracting prone the yet reluctant stem;
While some peep up, to view the gladsome skies;
And some rotund, with bold projected size,
And intersected horizon, arise.
See, wondrous thus how each sagacious root,
As marksmen, to their several signals shoot;
What Cause revers'd the sep'rate bias guides,
And whence the still dissenting movement glides.
Their figures, pliant to some plastic skill,
Alike obsequious to *its* secret will,
With pointed cone the yielding strata pass;
Or here, accumulate their bulbous mass;
Here bulky, taper, parted or entire;
Here writhing, twist their complicated wire;
Here ramified, their forky branches spread;
Or tassell'd here, their fibrous fringes shed;
Adjusted through each multifarious sect,
And efficacious to some point elect—
Elect, within while Wisdom dwells replete,
Incomprehensive through his sacred seat.
Hence, hence alone, the final causes tend,
And reach unerring each appointed end;
The maze of endless implication wind,
Directed by the clue of All-perceiving Mind.
Hence from the seraph's intellectual ray,
To reason's spark, that gilds our sensual clay;
To life (scarce conscious) in th' instinctive brute;
To reptile, plant, and vegetating root;
The features in conspicuous semblance shine,
And speak, through all, One Parent all Divine.
Thus answering lively to organic sense,
The plants half animate their powers dispense:
The mouth's analogy their root displays,
And for th' intestine viscera purveys;
Their liquors through respondent vessels flow,
And organ-like their fibrous membranes grow:
Nor yet inadequate their congruous use
Of mucilages, lymph, and lacteal juice;
The flood consimilary ducts receive,
And glands refine the separated wave;
Redounding vapours through the pores transpire,
And for the fresh ingredient guests retire.
Revers'd, their trachæ op'rate from beneath,
And through the trunk aerial conduits breathe;
Their lignous fibres with continuous length,
Equivalent, compact a bony strength;
But form'd elastic, with inclining shade,
Their yielding stems each stormy gust evade:
So forest pines th' aspiring mountain clothe,
And self-erected towers the stately growth.
But where the strength of mighty fabric fails,
There art with ample recompense avails,
By interposing skill to poise th' eternal scales;

Ver. 145. ..... *lobes arise.*] which lobes, upon a further growth, are effoliated, and rise about the young plant in two dissimilar leaves, (being now nourished in their turn by the radicle which they had formerly fostered) and thus protect and embrace it round, and nourish its infancy with refreshing dews, which they hold to it as in a basin, embalming it round, while yet the scanty moisture of the radicle is insufficient for its support; till having acted their part on the vegetable stage, nature gives them their discharge, and they rot off or fall away.

Ver. 152. *And air ingredient wings.*] This very principle in our air or atmosphere, which chiefly conduces to, or is the very essence of animal and vegetable life, is also the very principle of corruption, or the dissolution of the parts of matter, as shall hereafter be made evident.

Ver. 193. *See, bashful.*] The various motions of roots.

Ver. 206. *Their figures.*] The various figures of roots.

Ver. 228. *Thus answering lively.*] Analogy or similitude of animal and vegetable life.

Ver. 248. *But where the strength.*] The various provision of Nature for the security and preservation of every species——

While these, more valid through dependence gain,
And strong in indigence on Nature lean.
Thus from the couch of Earth's embroider'd bed,
In elegance of vernal foliage spread;
From pulse leguminous, of verdurous hue;
From herbal tribes, bedropp'd with morning dew;
The gourd, inhabiting the pastur'd glade;
The tufted bush and umbelliferous shade;
The feeble stems that luscious viands bear,
Nor less sublime their pamper'd tension rear:
Through botany, through every sylvan scene,
That various deck the vegetating plain,
Even to the proud primeval sons of Earth,
That rise superior in their right of birth,
Whose heights the blasting volley'd thunder stand,
In ruin still magnificently grand;
Distinct, each species of peculiar frame,
Distinct, peculiar love and fondness claim;
Indulg'd by Nature's kind parental care,
As each alone were her appointed heir.

Thus mantling snug beneath a verdant veil,
The creepers draw their horizontal trail;
Wide o'er the bank the plantal reptile bends,
Adown its stem the rooty fringe depends,
The feeble boughs with anchoring safety binds,
Nor leaves precarious to insulting winds.
The tendrils next, of slender helpless size,
Ascendant through luxuriant pampering rise;
Kind Nature sooths their innocence of pride,
While buoy'd aloft the flow'ring wantons ride;
With fond adhesion round the cedar cling,
And wreathing circulate their amorous ring;
Sublime with winding maturation grow,
And clench'd retentive gripe the topmost bough;
Here climb direct the ministerial rock,
And clasping firm its steepy fragments lock;
Or various, with agglutinating guile,
Cement tenacious to some neighbouring pile;
Investing green, some fabric here ascend,
And clustering o'er its pinnacles depend.

Defective, where contiguous props evade,
Collateral they spring with mutual aid;
Officious brace their amicable band,
And by reciprocal communion stand:
Bless'd model! (by humanity expell'd) [held.
The whole upholding each, the whole by each up-
Their social branch the wedded plexures rear,
(Proximity of combination dear)
High arching, cipher love's enamour'd knot,
And wave the fragrance of inviting grot,
Or cool recess of odoriferous shade,
And fan the peasant in the panting glade;
Or lace the coverture of painted bower, [shower.
While from the enamell'd roof the sweet profusions
Here duplicate, the tange divides beneath,
Above united in a mantling wreath;

With continuity protracts delight,
Imbrown'd in umbrage of ambiguous night;
Perspicuous the vista charms our eye,
And opens, Janus like, to either sky;
Or stills attention to the feather'd song,
While echo doubles from the warbling throng.

Here, winding to the Sun's magnetic ray,
The solar plants adore the lord of day,
With Persian rites idolatrous incline,
And worship towards his consecrated shrine;
By south from east to west obsequious turn,
And mov'd with sympathetic ardours burn.
To these adverse, the lunar sects dissent,
With convolution of opposed bent;
From west to east by equal influence tend,
And towards the Moon's attractive crescence bend;
There, nightly worship with Sidonian zeal,
And queen of Heaven Astarte's idol hail.

"O Nature, whom the song aspires to scan!
O Beauty, trod by proud insulting man,
This boasted tyrant of thy wondrous ball,
This mighty, haughty, little lord of all;
This king o'er reason, but this slave to sense,
Of wisdom careless, but of whim immense;
Towards Thee, incurious, ignorant, profane!
But of his own, dear, strange, productions vain!
Then, with this champion let the field be fought,
And Nature's simplest arts 'gainst human wisdom brought:
Let elegance and bounty here unite—
There kings beneficent and courts polite;
Here Nature's wealth—there chymist's golden dreams;
Her texture here—and there the statesman's schemes;
Conspicuous here let sacred truth appear—
The courtier's word and lordling's honour there;
Here native sweets in boon profusion flow—
There smells that scented nothing of a beau;
Let justice here unequal combat wage—
Nor poise the judgment of the law-learn'd sage;
Though all-proportion'd with exactest skill,
Yet gay as woman's wish, and various as her will."

O say, ye pitied, envied, wretched great,
Who veil pernicion with the mask of state!
Whence are those domes that reach the mocking skies,
And vainly emulous of Nature rise?
Behold the swain projected o'er the vale!
See slumbering peace his rural eyelids seal;
Earth's flowery lap supports his vacant head;
Beneath his limbs her broider'd garment's spread;
Aloft her elegant pavilion bends,
And living shade of vegetation lends,
With ever propagated bounty bless'd,
And hospitably spread for every guest:
No tinsel here adorns a tawdry woof,
Nor lying wash besmears a varnish'd roof;
With native mode the vivid colours shine,
And Heaven's own loom has wrought the weft divine,
Where art veils art and beauties beauties close,
While central grace diffus'd throughout the system flows.

Ver. 271. *Thus mantling snug.*] protecting and supplying the indigent, as the strawberry, cinquefoil, &c.——

Ver. 277. *The tendrils next.*] and supporting the feeble, as the vine, bryony, ivy, &c. and thus equally propagating a perpetuity, as spreading a universality of delights, pleasures, and enjoyments, in——

Ver. 291. *Defective, where.*] the harmony of connection, fragrance of thickets, refreshment of shades, and beauty of colours——

Ver. 305. *Here duplicate.*] charming the eye of proportion with the regularity of vistas, and other various dispositions; and forming tuneful mansions and choirs for the feathered musicians.

The fibres, matchless by expressive line,
Arachne's cable or ethereal twine,
Continuous, with direct ascension rise,
And lift the trunk, to prop the neighbouring skies.
Collateral tubes with respiration play,
And winding in aerial mazes stray.
These as the woof, while warping, and athwart
The exterior cortical insertions dart
Transverse, with cone of equidistant rays,
Whose geometric form the Forming Hand displays.
Recluse, the interior sap and vapour dwells
In nice transparence of minutest cells;
From whence, through pores or transmigrating veins
Sublim'd the liquid correspondence drains,
Their pithy mansions quit, the neighbouring choose,
And subtle through the adjacent pouches ooze;
Refin'd, expansive or regressive pass,
Transmitted through the horizontal mass;
Compress'd the lignous fibres now assail,
And entering thence the essential sap exhale;
Or lively with effusive vigour spring,
And form the circle of the annual ring,
The branch implicit of embow'ring trees,
And foliage whispering to the vernal breeze;
While Zephyr tun'd, with gentle cadence blows,
And lull'd to rest consenting eyelids close.
Ah! how unlike those sad imperial beds,
Which care within the gorgeous prison spreads;
Where tedious nights are sunk in sleepless down,
And pillows vainly soft, to ease the thorny crown!
Nor blush, thou rose, though bashful thy array,
Transplanted chaste within the raptur'd lay;
Through every bush and warbled spray we sing,
And with the linnet gratulate the spring;
Sweep o'er the lawn or revel on the plain,
Or gaze the florid or the fragrant scene;
The flowers' forensic beauties now admire,
The impalement, foliation, down, attire,
Couch'd in the panicle or mantling veil,
That intercepts the keen or drenching gale;
Its infant bud here swath'd with fostering care,
Or fledg'd and opening to the ambient air;
Or bloom dilated in the silken rose,
That flush'd mature, with kindling radiance glows;
Or shrunk in covert of its mantling bower,
(Now ushers evening cool or chilling shower)
And skill'd prophetic, with eluding form,
Anticipates approach of ruffling storm.
Or now we pore with microscopic eye,
And Nature's intimate contextures spy;
Her economics, her implicit laws,
The effects how wondrous deep!—how wondrous high the Cause!
Now view the floret's miniature of state,
And scorn the scepter'd mansions of the great;
Not architrave embellish'd so adorn,
Whose fretted gold reflects the beamy morn;
Within, the guests of animalcule race
Luxuriant range at large its ample space;
Or now in elegance the banquet spread,
While millions at the sumptuous feast are fed.
Now see whence various propagations breed,
The sucker, scion, sprout, and embryon seed,
In wall concrete of peachy stone secur'd,
Or in the bower of wainscot core immur'd;
Or fœtus in the secondine contain'd,
Its juices through the umbilic fibres drain'd;
With birth of prosperous generation spring,
And round and round, hold on the eternal ring.
While pleasure whispers in the balmy gale,
Or wantons venial in the revell'd dale,
Delight reclin'd attends the purling rill;
Health bounds luxuriant o'er the topmost hill;
The mount aspiring contemplation climbs,
And outward forms to inward truth sublimes;
Surveys the worlds that deck the azure skies,
Reflects how beauteous Earth's productions rise;
The system one, One Maker stands confess'd,
The Prime, the One, the Wondrous and the Bless'd;
The One in various forms of Unity express'd!

Ver. 365. *The fibres.*] The interior texture of vegetables.

Ver. 366. *Arachne's cable.*] The cobweb, or——

Ver. 366. ..... *ethereal twine.*] viscous threads that float in the air.

Ver. 375. *Recluse, the interior sap.*] The motion of the fluids——

Ver. 379. *Their pithy mansions.*] the pith, bark, and insertions being of one texture and coherence.

Ver. 401. *The flower's forensic beauties.*] Of flowers.

Ver. 426. ..... *and embryon seed.*] The seed in its generative state.

UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

BOOK IV.

The author having, in the third book, taken a short survey of vegetable nature, proceeds to consider the animal system: and first life in general. That life, perception, &c. are terms applicable to some being of whose essence we can form no adequate idea, verse 7th, &c. Yet that such perception and consciousness are an evident demonstration both of the existence and simplicity of such essence; and in this simplicity consists what we call personal identity or sameness, 13: that, nevertheless, we are not to conclude that every organized being is informed with such an essence, so as to have an actual principle of motion and perception; since many such may possibly be no other than pieces of Almighty mechanism, and matter so curiously acted upon, may deceive us with the appearance of internal action, 23. That if ever matter is wrought to such an appearance of life, it is the utmost perfection its nature is capable of; and that it is impossible it should be endued with any real act or perception; demonstrated, 51. That therefore what we call the soul or such essence so distinct from matter, must exist the same for ever, as it is simple, indissoluble, and unchangeable, 65. The wonderful and inconceivable obligation incumbent on all who have received such a benefit, 75. That as no other return can be made to the Author of beneficence, gratitude and benediction should be universal in their praises from all animate creatures, 97. As all, the most minute and even invisible animalcules, partake his regard and providence, 110. As also the wonders of almighty artifice, in the tex-

ture of their frame; which is here given as an instance of general organization and bodily economy, 120. The circulation of the blood continued contrary to all the known laws of motion, by the operation of two oppositely acting causes, 142. This illustrated by a comparison, 163. Which comparison, though seemingly disproportioned, is not really so, the terms great and little being barely relative, and One alone being absolutely great, in respect of whom all things else are as nothing, 205. All motion and sensation conveyed by the mediation of the nerves to and from the brain, 243, where the soul is seated; and there receiving her intelligencies from the senses (which are here described) informs the whole bodily system, and through the organ of vision, surveys the beauties of nature, 263, to the end.

Fresh from his task, the rising bard aspires,
And all his bosom glows with recent fires:
Life, life, new forms and constitutes the theme!
The song too kindles in the vital flame,
Whose vivid principle diffusive spreads,
And through our strain contagious rapture sheds.
Whate'er the spark, the light, the lamp, the ray,
Essence or effluence of Essential Day,
Substance or transubstantiate, and enshrin'd,
Soul, spirit, reason, intellect or mind; 10
Or these but terms, that dignify the use
Of some unknown, some entity abstruse—
Perception specifies the sacred guest,
Appropriate to the individual breast;
Whence, independence through dependence flows,
And each unknowing his existence, knows;
Existence, varied by Almighty plan,
From lowly reptiles, to the pride of man;
While incorporeal in corporeal dwells,
Distinct in union, of associate cells; 20
Whence powers their prime informing acts dispense
And sovereign guide the ministry of sense.
Though what! if oft, while Nature works unseen,
And locomotive forms the nice machine,
Sublim'd and quick through elemental strife,
The insensate boasts its vegetative life;
A steaming vapour through the mass exhales,
And warming breathes its imitative gales;
Fomenting in the heart's vibration plays,
And circling winds the tubulary maze; 30
With conscious act the vivid semblance vies,
And subtle now the sprightly nerve supplies;
Unconscious lifts the lucid ball to light,
And glares around with unperceiving sight;
Or studious seems to muse with thought profound,
Or lists as 'wak'd to catch the flying sound—
So temper'd wondrous by mechanic scheme,
The Sovereign Geometrician knits the frame;
In mode of organizing texture wrought,
And quick with spirited quintessence fraught: 40
When objects on the exterior membrane press,
The alarm runs inmost through each dark recess,
Impulsive strikes the corresponding springs,
And moves th' accord of sympathetic strings;
Effects like acts inevitable rise,
(Preordinate in the Design Allwise)
Yet still their earthly origin retain,
Reductive to the principle terrene,
Though curious to deceive with mimic skill,
And feint the dictate of interior will. 50

Ver. 13. *Perception specifies.*] Though (upon the reasons and authority of an eminent author) it has long been admitted, that personal identity or sameness, consists in consciousness; yet as consciousness, whether by direct or reflex perception, may, at most, be no other than the inseparable operation or active principle of some simple, unchangeable, or individual substance; it is obvious to dispute, that such identity, or sameness, may more truly exist in the simplicity or unchangeableness of such substance, than in any operation, whether separable or inseparable: and yet, on the other hand, it is most evident, that a consciousness agreeing through differently distant points of duration, or (if I may be allowed the expression) a consentaneous perception, is the highest demonstration of the identity of such substance, as no one substance, or being, can perceive for another; which again is a further demonstration of the simplicity or unchangeableness of such substance, as it now perceives for that very self, which it also perceives was the same or identical self, from the first instant of its perception, notwithstanding all the various changes and revolutions it has observed through all nature beside——

Ver. 16. ... *each unknowing his existence.*] whence we know, that we who now are, were in times past; though what we are, or were, we know not.——

Ver. 19. *While incorporeal.*] neither the manner in which the union between such substance and matter is made, so as to inform the stupid mass with an action utterly alien to its nature.

Ver. 23. *Though what.*] In the account to which this note is annexed, I have doubtless assigned a capacity of higher perfections to matter than it will easily be admitted susceptible of; and therefore I was obliged to call in no less than——

Ver. 38. *Sovereign Geometrician.*] Omnipotence to support the scheme, who actuating and informing all nature by his wisdom, as he created it by his will, the creature so subjected cannot possibly withstand the creating power, and nothing to him is impossible, but impossibility, that is impotence, or what in the very supposition destroys that very power it would assert; nor are such impotential hypotheses unfrequently started and defended by a misguided zeal, which in the behalf of Omnipotence would destroy the very nature of power, indistinctly confounding truth and falsehood, and thereby ascribing and subjecting all things rather to an unaccountable arbitrary will, than to an infinite power ever guided equally by that infinite wisdom which equally and infinitely contemplates and actuates nature, agreeable to that order and those laws originally by that wisdom impressed on all things.—I should be unwilling to lay an errour of this kind to the charge of a worthy prelate of a neighbouring nation, author of a late most learned treatise, wherein he denies that brutes or the inferior animal system is endued with any being distinct from matter, and yet does not seem to me to account for the existence of actions of such animals as mere machines; but if I do not grossly misapprehend him, he ascribes to them, and consequently to mere matter under the term of animal life, an inferior kind of perception and ideas, and thus has

Here, matter's fix'd eternal barriers stand;
Though wrought beneath th' Almighty's forming hand,
Though subtiliz'd beyond the kindling ray,
Or sacred flame of Heaven's empyreal day,
No plexur'd mode, no aptitude refin'd,
Can yield one glimpse of all-informing mind;

carried the perfections of matter to a higher pitch than I can pretend to with any appearance of reason or even possibility. I shall hereafter have a more ample and proper opportunity to show the absurdity of this hypothesis, and shall at present only hint a few reasons that are applicable to the occasion, which are these——

Ver. 51. *Here, matter's fix'd.*] Whether matter be divisible ad infinitum or not, if it is capable of any degree of perception, such perception must either be naturally inherent, or arise from some peculiar modification:—now as no two parts of matter can exist in the same place, (for then neither part would exist in any place, as each would occupy the place of the other) the parts however harmoniously modified, or closely united, are absolutely distinct from each other, since their coherence can only consist in neighbourhood or contiguity, and not in corporation:—if therefore the parts so distinct have any inherent perception, they must have a perception as distinct from each other as their parts; and if divisible ad infinitum, there is such a confusion of indistinct distinct perceptions, as is too absurd for any thing but a jest.—But if matter is reducible to atoms, and every atom supposed to perceive, I would ask how atoms can be organized so as to see, hear, smell, &c. and if organization is necessary to the perception of matter, either such perception arises entirely new from the organization, or the organization only gives a liberty of action to the perception that was prior and distinctly latent in every part:—but if in the former supposition such perception is solely produced by the organization or modification, organization or modification, however nice or mechanic, being no other than a mode of form or figure, the most extraneous and incidental of any property of matter, and perception being the most absolute and simple of any thing we know, and by which alone we know all that we do know; such hypothesis I say carries in itself such a palpable contradiction and confutation, as to make what is simple, absolute, and invariable, to be produced by what is most compound, precarious, and changeable, nay, by a mere relative term, figure being no other than the circumscription of space surrounding a finite body.—But if in the last case and refuge, organization or modification is supposed only to give a power of action to what was before latent in the parts of matter, if the perceptions continue still as distinct as the parts, here must arise such a multiplicity of perceptions, as must destroy and confound the very operation of the organs by which the parts perceive. And lastly, if it be alleged that by the modification, the parts become so loving and neighbourly, as by sharing the perception of each other to make one amicable union of the whole, each part must still retain its proper right to its portion of perception; and if upon any accident a member of the system should be lopped off, why then truly a piece of such united perception

The parts distinct in firm cohesion lie,
Distinct as those that range the distant sky;
Time's fleeting points the unreal self devour,
Varied and lost through every changeling hour;
Whence the precarious system, though compact,
Can ne'er arrive to individual act;
Since impotence absurdly should ensue,
Distinction be the same, and one be ten or two.
Not so, in intellectual splendours bright,
The soul's irradiance burns with native light,
With vision of internal powers profound,
A pure essential unit, incompound;
Celestial queen, with conscious sceptre grac'd,
And rights in prime of vital action plac'd!
Hence by identity all thought subsists,
And one, in the existing one, exists;
The one indissoluble must exist,
And deathless through eternity subsist.
Thou Sole Prerogative, Supreme of Right,
Deep Source of Principle, and Light of Light,
Whose *is* will *be*, whose *will be* ever was,
Of Self Essential Coessential Cause!
If not unhallow'd, nor the song profane,
Nor voice of matin elevation vain;
Prime, as the lark with earliest rapture springs,
And warbling soars to Goodness, warbling sings,
To thee permissive sings with venial lays,
And wings his pittance of ascending praise—
O! whence to us? or whence to aught? but thee!
The word, the bliss, the privilege,—to be—
Or if to be, for thee alone to be,
Derivative Great Author Sole! from thee
Thou Voluntary Goodness! thus immense
To pour the largess of perceptive sense,
Sense to perceive, to feel, to find, to know,
That we enjoy, and you alone bestow.

being gone, we have only a piece of perception remaining; and thus also perception the most simple of all units must be daily and hourly divided by the perpetual flux of matter——

Ver. 65. *Not so, in intellectual.*] whence I must necessarily and inevitably conclude, that whatever being is endued with the least degree of perception, must be a being, substance, or essence, as widely and oppositely distinct from matter, as any two things can be imagined: and though I do not see but such essences may be of infinitely different natures, and consequently differ in their manners and degrees of powers and perfections; yet as no being can perish but by annihilation, which though no contradiction to Almighty power, can yet never be admitted consistent with that creating wisdom which does nothing in vain; since even matter is otherwise imperishable, however its variation may deceive us, which only arises from its accidental properties of divisibility and cohesion: I must from the whole as necessarily and inevitably conclude, that whatever being is endued with any degree of real perception, as it cannot be affected with those accidental properties of matter, neither can it be affected with the variation that arises thereon, and must consequently exist in a higher enjoyment of powers and perfections, and that for ever.

Ver. 76. *Deep Source.*] The meaning of the expression is, that the reason or necessity of the Deity's existence is included in himself.

Could increation crave thy vital skill,
The virtual Fiat of creative will?
Less can thy flow of plentitude receive
Reversion from the goods its bounty gave.
Come then, O Gratitude, endearing guest,
In all thy feeling soft suggestions dress'd,
And heave the swell of each exulting breast!
Thou sentiment of friendship's cordial tie!
Thou thanks expressive from the moist'ning eye!
Thou pledge assur'd of firm dependence dear,
Repos'd on Omnipresence, ever near——
Through all that breathe, waft, waft thy hallow'd gale,
And let the universal wish exhale;
In symphony of vocal transport raise,
And mount to Heaven the tributary praise!
Whence, happy creatures! all your blessings flow,
Your voice to praise him, and your skill to know;
Whence, as the drops that deck the morning's robe,
And gem the bosom of the twinkling globe,
Profusive gifts the Smiling Goodness sheds,
And boon around his boundless plenty spreads;
Nought, nought exempt; the myriad minim race
Inscrutable amid the ethereal space,
That mock unseen, while human optic pries
Or aids the search with microscopic eyes,
The sweets of Deified Complacence claim;
To him display the wonders of their frame,
His own contexture, where Eternal Art,
Emotive, pants within the alternate heart:

Here from the lungs the purple currents glide,
And hence impulsive bounds the sanguine tide,
With blithe pulsation beats the arterial maze,
And through the branching complication plays;
Its wanton floods the tubal system lave,
And to the veins resign their vital wave;
Through glands refining, shed specific juice,
Secreted nice to each appropriate use;
Or here expansile, in meanders bend,
While through the pores nutritive portions tend,
Their equal aliment dividual share,
And similar to kindred parts adhere.
From thousand rills the flux continuous drains,
Now swells the porta, now the cava veins;
Here rallies last the recollected blood,
And on the right pours in the cordial flood:
While gales ingredient to the thorax pass,
And breathing lungs imbibe th' ethereal mass;
Whence, their licentious ducts dilation claim,
And open obvious to the welcome stream,
Which salient, through the heart's contractile force,
Expulsive springs its recontinual course.
The captive air, impatient of retreat,
Refines expansive with internal heat,
Its levity too rare to poise the exterior weight;
Compressive round the incumbent ether lies,
And strict its elemental fold applies,
Whence either pulmonary lobe expires,
And all the interior subtle breath retires;
Subsiding lungs their labouring vessels press,
Affected mutual with severe distress,
While towards the left their confluent torrents gush,
And on the heart's sinister cavern rush;
Collected there complete their circling rout,
And vigorous from their venal engine shoot.
Again the heart's constrictive powers revive,
And the fresh fountain through the aorta drive;
Arterial valves oppose the refluent blood,
And swift injections push the lingering flood;
Sped by the last, the foremost currents bound,
And thus perennial run the purpling round.
So where beneath the culminating beam
From India south the expanded oceans steam,

Ver. 115. *Inscrutable amid.*] As I claim no advantage from a poetical licence, to assert any thing contrary to what I apprehend as truth; it may reasonably be demanded here, how it comes to be known that there are animalcules so minute, as cannot come under the cognizance of our senses, by which alone we can perceive them. But I think it may more reasonably be answered; that since for many ages past the continual and successive improvements that have been made in natural philosophy, by perpetually displaying new and unimagined scenes of knowledge, do at the same time demonstrate there are many yet unopened; and since the use of glasses shows us how much our eyes were defective, and the further invention and improvements of such glasses still show the defect of all the former, and yet can never arrive to the perception of any part of matter or inanimate body more minute than many systems and species of beings endued with animal life; I say, upon such consideration, it would be extremely absurd to stop here, and assert there is nothing further left for an Infinite and All Operating Wisdom.

Ver. 121. *Emotive, pants.*] And further—As equivocal generation, upon the soundest reasons, search, and experiments, is most justly exploded—however difficult it may appear to our apprehension, it is most certain, that such animal life in any material being, however minute, cannot exist without organization; since upon its supposition of being a mere machine, it must still have within, and throughout, those secret wheels and springs of motion, to which the machines of human artists may bear an inferior analogy or resemblance. And on the supposition of its being immaterial, but in union with a material vehicle; if the being in such union is perceptive, there then must consequently be a proper medium or organization for the conveyance to such perception—And again, this organization in the present flux and incertain state of matter, must be supported, continued, and supplied by as proper and equivalent means, as——

Ver. 128. *Through glands refining.*] secretion——

Ver. 130. *Or here expansile.*] nutrition——

Ver. 138. *While gales ingredient.*] respiration, and——

Ver. 151. *Subsiding lungs.*] sanguification; the manner of which (so long and often debated) is as clearly and intelligibly represented, as the conciseness of this plan will admit; and is in some measure illustrated by the following——

Ver. 163. *So where beneath.*] allusion; where the earth may be considered as representing the solids of the animal system—the exhalations and streams as representing the circulating fluids—the wind or gales conveying those exhalations, the interior breath—and the influence of the Moon on tides, the external influence of the atmosphere, which, by compressing the thorax and lungs, acts as antagonist to the natural contraction of the heart's muscular texture; and by embracing the outward members of the body, thereby, in some measure, activates and assists the blood to mount in its return and ascent, contrary to all the known laws of motion.

Intense their fervid exhalations rise,
And scale the steep of equinoctial skies;
Collected now progressive proudly sail,
And ride high borne upon the trading gale;
Now 'thwart the trope, or zone antarctic steer,
And now aloof the Cape's emergence veer;
Now wheeling dext'rous wind the Æthiop main,
And shading now the Atlantic ocean stain;
Now westward hang o'er Montezuma's throne,
And view the worlds to ancient worlds unknown:
Around the antipodes th' adventurers roam,
And exil'd never hope their native home;
Some pious drops the restless vagrants shed,
And now afresh their wing'd effusion spread;
Askance, or cross the broad Pacific deep,
Obliquely north the floating squadrons sweep;
Still arctic ply to reach the frozen pole,
Now hurry'd on Sarmatian tempests roll;
Sinister round extreme Imaus bend,
And glooming o'er the Scythian realms depend;
Now driven before the keen Septentrion fly,
And intercept the clear Nerossian sky;
Now view where swath'd the mighty Tartar lay;
Now sidelong hover on the Caspian sea;
Now gather black'ning from the further shore,
And o'er Armenia sluice th' impetuous store;
Euphrates here and rapid Tigris swell,
And weep their streams where great Darius fell.
Primeval there, the blissful garden stood,
Here, youthful Ammon stemm'd the torrent flood.
Circumfluous rolls the long disparted tide,
And mighty realms the wand'ring flux divide:
Here, Nineveh, and fair Seleucia rise;
There, Babel vain, attempts the laughing skies,
While proudly round the female structures gleam,
And break and tremble in the blazing stream;
Proficient whence, the liquid confluence meet,
And through the gulf their kindred ocean greet;
Urg'd by the Moon, abjure the pearly shore,
And travel whence they sprung—to travel as before.
How the song smiles, should deeming censure chide
As disproportion'd, through allusion wide!
What though we join this globe's encumber'd frame,
The deep unfathom'd, and the copious stream,
With all the appendage of incumbent skies,
To match the frame of animalcule size—
Our theme no great (of One exclusive) knows;
No little, when from One, that One, it flows;
This globe an atom to the native space,
Where vortical it wheels its annual race;
Its vortex (by adjacent whirlpools bound)
A point to worlds that circling blaze around;
Lost in the whole, these vanish in their turn,
And but with relative effulgence burn:
But where finite to Infinite aspires,
Shrunk from its Lord, the universe retires;
A shade its substance, and a blank its state,
Where One, and only One, is only Great!
All equidistant, or alike all near,
The reptile minim, or the rolling sphere;
Alike minutely great, or greatly less,
In form finite Infinitude express;
Express the seal of Character Divine,
And bright, through his informing radiance shine.
Just so as when sublime the fancy soars,
And worlds on worlds illimited explores;

Ver. 205. *How the song smiles.*] That the former comparison is by no means inadequate; great and little, being but relative terms, in respect of finite essences; and magnitude, or minuteness, as they appear or disappear reciprocally by comparison, depending barely on the relations, and not the essences or nature of things; as the term little is greater than what is less, and is only little by being compared with something greater; so that, properly speaking, whatever is finite, in respect of what is finite, is not really little; whereas, on the other hand, in respect of infinity, all things finite are equally diminutive; being equally remote from——

Ver. 211 .... *One exclusive.*] What is Infinite, who alone is absolute, great, and independent.——

Ver. 213. *This globe an atom.*] thus to any person, who should compare this stupendous globe of earth and ocean, to its vortex, or the vast extent of space that includes our planetary system, in which Saturn takes thirty years to finish his circle round the Sun; upon the supposition that such person were transported to the Sun in the centre of our vortex, and the Earth transported beyond the planet Saturn, to the uttermost verge of the vortex; this Earth, though shining with reflected light, would not then appear even as a point, and would only be visible by the assistance of a telescope.

Ver. 215. *Its vortex.*] Again, should such person contemplate the surrounding vortexes within his ken, where all the planets or inhabited worlds disappear, and nothing is perceived but a glimmering ray shed from the several suns that shine each in the centre of their proper vortex; upon comparing our vortical system to those other worlds or systems that appear numberless in his view; it is evident, that in the comparison, our system would barely hold the proportion of a unit in number, or a point in magnitude——

Ver. 217. *Lost in the whole.*] and yet further, should our thoughts extend to take in those other vortexes, systems, and suns, that are only visible by the help of glasses; and extending yet further, comprehend the whole imaginable and grand material system or universe; in this comparison, all the visible worlds in their turn would shrink to a proportionate point——

Ver. 219. *But where finite.*] But should we attempt yet higher, and compare the universe of matter, to immensity, the attribute of Deity; here the whole universal system, with which our thoughts were so greatly expanded, quite vanishes; since whatever is finite, as finite, will admit of no comparative relation with infinity; for whatever is less than infinite, is still infinitely distant from infinity, and lower than infinite distance the lowest or least cannot sink——

Ver. 223. *All equidistant.*] in respect therefore of the Creator, all creatures are upon a level——

Ver. 226. *In form finite.*] and yet by being creatures, even the most seemingly despicable, bear such relation to their Creator, as expresses his stamp and character sufficient to make it most highly valuable to all its fellow-creatures; who are themselves only valuable, by sharing and partaking the same Divine Influence——

Ver. 229. *Just so as when sublime.*] which Divine Influence or character not only declares the immediate operation and art of omnipotence, but even so far is expressive of the very attribute of Deity, that

No end of thought, or time, or space is found,
And each immense, are each, in either drown'd:
So when the mind to central beauty tends,
And strict to fix some certain period bends,
In vain its ultimate contraction's sought,
And still delusive, shuns the labouring thought;
While that Immense! whence ev'ry essence came,
Still endless reigns in each minutest frame.
Attentive then inspect the wondrous scene,
Nor deem our animalcule's texture vain;
Where tun'd through ev'ry corresponding part,
Its system closes in consummate art,
Quick, from the mind's imperial mansion shed,
With lively tension spins the nervous thread,
With flux of animate effluvia stor'd,
And tubes of nicest perforation bor'd,
Whose branching maze through every organ tends,
And unity of conscious action lends;
While spirits through the wand'ring channels wind,
And wing the messsage of informing mind;
Or objects to the ideal seat convey;
Or dictate motion with internal sway.
As when, beneath the sultry Lybian ray,
Coop'd in his camp the Julian hero lay,

Full on the ditch the dusk Nomidians bound,
And Rome's last hopes recruited rage around;
Serenely still, amid the dread alarms,
See, Cæsar sits, the mighty soul of arms!
See, at his nod, the various combat burns,
And the wing'd scout still turns, and still returns!
While he, the war sedately weigh'd informs,
Himself unmov'd amid surrounding storms.
Just so supreme, unmated, and alone,
The soul assumes her intellectual throne;
Around their queen attendant spirits watch,
Each rising thought with prompt observance catch,
The tidings of internal passion spread,
And through each part the swift contagion shed.
With motive throes the quick'ning limbs conceive;
The blood tempestuous pours a flushing wave;
With raging swell alternate pantings rise;
And terrours roll within the kindling eyes.
The mind thus speeds her ministry abroad,
And rules obedient matter with a nod;
Th' obsequious mass beneath her influence yields,
And e'en her will th' unwieldy fabric wields.
Through winding paths her sprightly envoys fly,
Or watchful in the frontier senses lie;
Brisk on the tongue the grateful gusto greet,
And through the nerves return the ideal sweet;
Or incense from the nostrils' gate exhale,
And to their goddess waft the odorous gale;
Or musical to charm the list'ning soul,
Attentive round the tortuous ear patrole,
There each sonorous undulation wait,
And thrill in rapture to the mental seat;
Or wondrous to the organic vision pass,
And to the mind inflect the magic glass;
Here borne elate upon ethereal tides,
The blithe illuminated glory glides,
And on the beam the painted image rides;
Those images that still continuous flow,
Effluviated around, above, below,

whereas outwardly we can assign no certain bounds to the works of an infinite energy——

Ver. 233. *So when the mind.*] so, on the other hand, within we are as much lost and bewildered, in attempting to find or assign any point or period in the texture of the most minute animalcule——

Ver. 237. *While that Immense.*] while the harmony and infinity of the Eternal Artist are, in some degree, impressed on his works; and as outwardly we can find *no* bounds, so inwardly we can find no end of art and beauty——

Ver. 239. *Attentive then inspect.*] Shall we then slight, or deem that little, in which immensity is so conspicuous? or trivial, which could employ no less than infinite wisdom and power?

Ver. 243. *Quick, from the mind's.*] It has already been proved in this book, where the circulation of the blood was treated of (vide supra) that the least animalcule must distinctly and perfectly have all the proportion, symmetry, and adjustment of that organized texture, which is indispensably necessary for the several functions of animal life: and as I there chose the smallest of imaginable animal creatures for the general instance of the economy of an animal body; so here I continue it as an instance of general motion and sensation, both of which are performed by the mediation of the nerves, that all tend to and arise from the brain and spinal marrow. And though formerly I showed that matter when so curiously organized, might possibly be susceptible of motion, and even the appearance of sensation, by the correspondence of its inward texture with the outward impulse or impressions made on it, like the answering harmony of a musical instrument (vide supra); yet I further demonstrated, that bare matter cannot possibly be susceptible of the least real sensation, or perception (vide supra.) I am therefore obliged, upon this occasion, and on the supposition of actual sensation, to introduce——

Ver. 250 ..... *informing mind.*] a being of a nature distinct from matter, which being situate in the original point of motion and sensation——

Ver. 254. *Coop'd in his camp.*] (like Julius Cæsar in his camp at Ruspina in Afric, when attacked by Scipio and the confederate forces of Juba) without moving from that situation, receives all the concurrent intelligences from abroad, by which means it is instructed to send forth its orders and emissaries as occasions require, and thus directs and informs the whole bodily system.

Ver. 263. *Just so supreme.*] It is an observation of an author learned in the law, that non omne simile quatuor pedibus currit; yet as our passions (the operation of which is above described) may be called a state of warfare, the simile even in that respect is not unjust.

Ver. 277. *Through winding paths.*] I did not think it necessary to insert here the sense of feeling, not only because there is no special or peculiar organ to which it bears relation, but because I take it for a sort of universal sense, all sensation being performed by contact; and so——

Ver. 279. *Brisk on the tongue.*] tasting——

Ver. 281. *Or incense.*] smelling——

Ver. 283. *Or musical to charm.*] hearing, and——

Ver. 287. *Or wondrous.*] seeing, being but a different kind of touch, or feeling, agreeable and accommodated to the difference of objects that are thereby perceived.

Ver. 289. *Here born elate.*] The manner in which the——

Ver. 291. ..... *image rides.*] object is conveyed to the eye——

True to the colour, distance, shape, and size,
That from essential things perpetual rise,
And obvious gratulate our wond'ring eyes;
Convey the bloom of Nature's smiling scene,
The vernal landscape, and the wat'ry main;
The flocks that nibble on the flow'ry lawn,
The frisking lambkin, and the wanton fawn;
The sight how grateful to the social soul,
That thus imbibes the blessings of the whole,
Joys in their joy, while each inspires his breast
With blessings multiply'd from all that 's bless'd!
Nor less yon heights th' unfolding Heaven display
Its nightly twinkle, and its streaming day;
The page impress'd conspicuous on the skies,
A preface to the book of glory lies;
We mount the steep, high borne upon delight,
While hope aspires beyond—and distances the sight.
Thus Heav'n and Earth, whom varying graces deck,
In full proportions paint the visual speck;
So awful did th' Almighty's forming will,
Amazing texture, and stupendous skill,
The visionary net and tunics weave,
And the bright gem with lucid humours lave;
So gave the ball's collected ray to glow,
And round the pupil arch'd his radiant bow;
Full in a point unmeasur'd spaces lie,
And worlds inclusive dwell within our eye.
Yet useless was this textur'd wonder made,
Were Nature, beauteous object! undisplay'd;
Those, both as vain, the object, and the sight,
Wrapt from the radiance of revealing light;
As vain the bright illuminating beam,
Unwafted by the medium's airy stream:
Yet vain the textur'd eye, and object fair,
The sunny lustre, and continuous air;
Annull'd and blank this grand illustrious scene,
All, all its grace, and lifeless glories, vain;
Till from th' Eternal sprung this effluent soul,
Bless'd to inspect, and comprehend the whole!
O whence, say whence this endless beauty springs,
This awful, dear, delightful depth of things?
Whence but from thee! thou Great One! thou Divine!
Placid! and Mild! All Gracious! All Benign!
Thou Nature's Parent! and Supreme Desire!
How lov'd the offspring! and how bless'd the Sire!
How ever bless'd! as blessings from thee flow,
And spread all bounteous on thy works below:
The reptile, wreath'd in many a wanton play;
And insect, basking in the shine of day;
The grazing quadruped, and plumy choir
That earthly born to heavenly heights aspire;
All species, form'd beneath the solar beam,
That numberless adorn our future theme,—
Fed in thy bounty, fashion'd in thy skill,
Cloth'd in thy love, instructed in thy will,
Safe in thy conduct, their unerring guide,
All save the child of ignorance and pride—
The paths of Beauty and of Truth pursue,
And teach proud man those lectures which ensue!

UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

BOOK V.

Thus Nature's frame, and Nature's God we sing,
And trace even life to its Eternal Spring—
The Eternal Spring! whence streaming bounty flows;
The Eternal Light! whence ev'ry radiance glows;
The Eternal Height of indetermin'd space!
The Eternal Depth of condescending grace!
Supreme! and Midst! and Principle! and End!
The Eternal Father! and the Eternal Friend!
The Eternal Love! who bounds in ev'ry breast;
The Eternal Bliss! whence ev'ry creature's bless'd—
While man, e'en man, the lavish goodness shares,
The wretch offends, and yet his Goodness spares;
Still to the wayward wight indulgent turns,
And kindly counts him to the peace he spurns;
Emits the beam of intellectual light—
Bright is the beam, and wilful is the night—
While Nature amply spreads th' illustrious scene,
And renders all pretext of errour vain:
Unfolded wide her obvious pages lie,
To win attention from the wand'ring eye;
Full to convince us, to instruct us sage,
Strict to reform, and beauteous to engage.

Ver. 296. *And obvious gratulate.*] by whose second mediation the perceiving soul rejoices——

Ver. 297. ..... *bloom of Nature's smiling scene.*] beholding the elegance and beauty of nature——

Ver. 299. *The flocks that nibble.*] but chiefly those animated beings who through life are susceptible of happiness——

Ver. 301. *The sight.*] as every generous person increases his happiness by rejoicing in the happiness of others——

Ver. 305. *Nor less yon heights.*] and as by means of this miraculous organ of sight, the beauties of Earth are conspicuous, so in the first page of Heaven expanded before us, to raise our hope to an assurance of further bliss.

Ver. 313. *So awful did.*] The wonderful texture of the eye——

Ver. 315. *The visionary net.*] its retina (continued from the optic nerve) which is the proper organ of vision——

Ver. 315. ..... *tunics weave*] its coats——

Ver. 316. ..... *humours lave.*] humours——

Ver. 318. ..... *radiant bow.*] and iris, or circle surrounding the pupil, within which——

Ver. 319. *Full in a point.*] the images of things are distinctly painted.

Ver. 321. *Yet useless was.*] The infinitely wise adjustment of nature demonstrated; inasmuch as the eye had been useless without the object, both eye and object useless without light, the eye, the object, and the light, still useless without the medium of air for conveyance, and altogether as useless without——

Ver. 331. *Till from the Eternal.*] the mind, which only can perceive.

Ver. 341. *The reptile.*] This paragraph was added as a hint of the following part, which chiefly treats of the arts and instincts of the inferior animal system: which subject, as it is less abstruse, so, it is probable, it will be more agreeable than any hitherto treated of.

Like Nature's law no eloquence persuades,
The mute harangue our ev'ry sense invades;
Th' apparent precepts of the Eternal Will,
His ev'ry work, and ev'ry object fill;
Round with our eyes his revelation wheels,
Our ev'ry touch his demonstration feels.
And, O Supreme! whene'er we cease to know
Thee, the sole Source, whence sense and science flow!
Then must all faculty, all knowledge fail,
And more than monster o'er the man prevail.
Not thus he gave our optic's vital glance,
Amid omniscient art, to search for chance,
Blind to the charms of Nature's beauteous frame;
Nor made our organ vocal, to blaspheme:
Not thus he will'd the creatures of his nod,
And made the mortal, to unmake his God;
Breath'd on the globe, and brooded o'er the wave,
And bid the wide obsequious world conceive:
Spoke into being myriads, myriads rise,
And with young transport gaze the novel skies;
Glance from the surge, beneath the surface scud,
Or cleave enormous the reluctant flood;
Or roll vermicular their wanton maze,
And the bright path with wild meanders glaze;
Frisk in the vale, or o'er the mountains bound,
Or in huge gambols shake the trembling ground;
Swarm in the beam; or spread the plumy sail—
The plume creates, and then directs the gale:
While active gaiety, and aspect bright,
In each expressive, sums up all delight.
But whose unmeasur'd prose, memorial long!
Or volubility of num'rous song,
Can Nature's infinite productions range,
Or with her ever-varying species change?
Not the fam'd bard, in whose surviving page
Troy still shall stand, and fierce Pelides rage;
Not this the Mantuan's rival Muse could hope;
Nor thou, sole object of my envy,—Pope!
Then let the shoals of latent nations sleep,
Safe in the medium of their native deep;
Haply, when future beauteous scenes invite,
Haply our line may draw those scenes to light.
Meanwhile, Earth's minim populace inspect,
With just propriety of beauties deck'd;
Consummate each, adapted to its state,
And highly in the lowest sphere complete.

Sublime the theme, and claims th' attentive ear,
Well worth the song, since worth the Almighty's care;
Since e'en the smallest from the Great One springs,
Great and conspicuous in minutest things!
The reptile first, how exquisitely form'd,
With vital streams through ev'ry organ warm'd!
External round the spiral muscle winds,
And folding close th' interior texture binds;
Secure of limbs or needless wing he steers,
And all one locomotive act appears:
His rings with one elastic membrane bound,
The prior circlet moves th' obsequious round;
The next, and next, its due obedience owes,
And with successive undulation flows.
The mediate glands, with unctuous juice replete,
Their stores of lubricating guile secrete;
Still opportune, with prompt emission flow,
And slipping frustrate the deluded foe;
When the stiff clod their little augers bore,
And all the worm insinuates through the pore.
Slow moving next, with grave majestic pace,
Tenacious snails their silent progress trace;
Through foreign fields secure from exile roam,
And sojourn safe beneath their native home.
Their domes self-wreath'd, each architect attend,
With mansions lodge them, and with mail defend:
But chief, when each his wint'ry portal forms,
And mocks secluded from incumbent storms;
Till gates, unbarring with the vernal ray,
Give all the secret hermitage to day;
Then peeps the sage from his unfolding doors,
And cautious Heaven's ambiguous brow explores:

Ver. 27. *Round with our eyes.*] The Deity necessarily inferred from the contemplation of every object——

Ver. 41. *Spoke into being,*] But more especially visible in the animate creation, so infinitely diversified in the several species and kinds of——

Ver. 43. *Glance from the surge.*] fish——

Ver. 45. *Or roll vermicular.*] reptiles——

Ver. 47. *Frisk in the vale.*] quadrupeds——

Ver. 49. *Swarm in the beam.*] insects——

Ver. 49. ..... *or spread the plumy sail.*] and birds; as this diversity unites in one universal evidence of One Sole Operator——

Ver. 67. *Consummate each.*] whose characteristic of infinite power and wisdom is equally conspicuous in all, since even the lowest can be derived from no less than the Highest; and, in that respect, the lowest, though apparently despicable, is most highly valuable, since the same Extensive Benignity condescends even to the——

Ver. 73. *The reptile first.*] earth-worm, and has had a peculiar regard towards it——

Ver. 74. *With vital streams.*] in the organization of its frame——

Ver. 75. *External round.*] its wonderful apparatus for motion, by a most especial and accurate provision——

Ver. 83. *The mediate glands.*] With every other mean and method accommodated to its sphere of action; and conducting to the safety and perfection of its state.

Ver. 89. *Slow moving next.*] The same infinite Wisdom operating ever equally, though variously, is no less admirable in the different apparatus for the snail's motion, as differently adapted to its different state and occasions——

Ver. 90. *Tenacious snails.*] by a broad and strong skin on either side the belly, and the emission of a glutinous slime; by the assistance of which they adhere to any surface more firmly than they could do with claws or talons.

Ver. 93. *Their domes self-wreathed.*] The advantage of their shells, which they form by a froth or petrifying juice, which they secreted from their body; and at any time repair a fracture or breach in their building, which serves them both for house and armour.

Ver. 95. *But chief.*] And which they close up during the winter, to shut out the inclemency of the weather, and also to prevent any consumption of the fluids; by which means they want no nourishment at a time that they cannot be readily provided.

Towards the four winds four telescopes he bends,
And on his own astrology depends;
Assur'd he glides beneath the smiling calm,
Bathes in the dew, and sips the morning balm;
The peach this pamp'ring epicure devours,
And climbing on the topmost fruitage towers.
Such have we cull'd from nature's reptile scene,
Least accurate of all the wondrous train,
Who plung'd recluse in silent caverns sleep;
Or multipede, Earth's leafy verdure creep;
Or on the pool's new mantling surface play,
And range a drop, as whales may range the sea:
Or ply the rivulet with supple oars,
And oft, amphibious, course the neighb'ring shores;
Or shelt'ring, quit the dank inclement sky,
And condescend to lodge where princes lie;
There tread the ceiling, an inverted floor,
And from its precipice depend secure:
Or who nor creep, nor fly, nor walk, nor swim,
But claim new motion with peculiar limb,
Successive spring with quick elastic bound,
And thus transported pass the refluent ground.
Or who all native vehicles despise,
And buoy'd upon their own inventions rise;
Shoot forth the twine, their light aerial guide,
And mounting o'er the distant zenith ride.
Or who a twofold apparatus share,
Natives of Earth, and habitants of air;
Like warriors stride, oppress'd with shining mail,
But furl'd, beneath, their silken pennons veil:
Deceiv'd, our fellow reptile we admire,
His bright endorsement, and compact attire,
When lo! the latent springs of motion play,
And rising lids disclose the rich inlay;
The tissu'd wing its folded membrane frees,
And with blithe quavers fans the gath'ring breeze;
Elate tow'rds Heav'n the beaut'ous wonder flies,
And leaves the mortal wrapp'd in deep surprise.
So when the guide led Tobit's youthful heir,
Elect, to win the seven times widow'd fair,
Th' angelic form, conceal'd in human guise,
Deceiv'd the search of his associate's eyes;
Till swift each charm bursts forth like issuing flame,
And circling rays confess his heavenly frame;
The zodiac round his waste divinely turns,
And waving radiance o'er his plumage burns:
In awful transports rapt, the youth admires,
While light from earth the dazzling shape aspires.
O think, if superficial scenes amaze,
And e'en the still familiar wonders please,
These but the sketch, the garb, the veil of things,
Whence all our depth of shallow science springs;
Think, should this curtain of Omniscience rise,
Think of the sight! and think of the surprise!
Scenes inconceivable, essential, new,
Whelm'd on our soul, and lightning on our view!—

Ver. 101. *Towards the four winds.*] I have inserted this opinion of snails having eyes at the ends of their horns, rather in submission to authority, than that I am really persuaded it is so. However, they may, in a great measure, be said to see with their touch, which in this part is extremely sensible, and equally serves their purpose——

Ver. 107. *Such have we cull'd.*] and since the common earth-worm and snail (which seem the most despicable of all reptiles) are so curiously adorned, and provided in all respects, how amazing must the same conduct, care, and artifice be, through the several scenes of minute animalcules! who leave no place empty of suitable inhabitants, and are doubtless of greater consequence in nature, than our partial and narrow way of thinking may imagine.

Ver. 119. *Or who nor creep.*] Such as grasshoppers, crickets, and frogs.

Ver. 123. *Or who all native.*] Spiders, &c. whose flights are owing to a thread of inconceivable fineness and levity, which they dart, on occasion, from their bodies, and which being buoyed up by the least breeze, bears off the animalcule to which it is annexed.

Ver. 127. *Or who a twofold.*] Of this kind are beetles and lady-cows; and nothing can be more entertaining than to see them, by a surprising machinery of little springs and hinges, erect the smooth covering of their backs, and unfolding their wings that were most neatly disposed within their cases, prepare for flight——

Ver. 149. *O think*] But what is there in nature that is not equally surprising? We are ashamed not to account for objects that are daily obvious to our senses; and yet every work of the Deity——

Ver. 151. *These but the sketch.*] in many respects, is to us as really incomprehensible as the Divine Operator; for who can give rule or measure to the works of an Infinite Artist? and if we only superficially behold, and reason from the qualities of things——

Ver. 153. *Think, should this curtain.*] were this veil at once laid aside, how insupportably conspicuous would the fullness of Infinite Wisdom and Essential Beauty appear; pouring on our weak and unequal senses! We should then be convinced of the equal folly and impiety of presumption on one side; or scepticism on the other: of pretending to know all things; or (because we know not all things) of inferring that nothing is to be known.

Our reason indeed is not infallible; but neither is it useless: reason, throughout its sphere of knowledge, perceives a wisdom and art that is obvious and inimitable; and hence cannot avoid to infer, that the same wisdom and art is universal; and that there must be One Sole Omnipresent and Adorable Artist. But when reason attempts a higher pitch, and forms to itself independent schemes of the courses of nature, or fitnesses of things; nothing can be more vain than such a dictating arrogance.

That there is, and ever will be, a fitness and propriety in things, is evident even to reason; because reason perceives sufficient wisdom and goodness, to demonstrate that wisdom and goodness now are, and ever will be, the sole directing principles. But to say to what infinitely wise and good purposes such direction tends; to say how far, and in what particulars, the nature of such tendency may alter the appearance of fitness in things; so as to determine what now is, or hereafter may be fit, possible, or impossible; is generally as absurd as to attempt to grasp the universe in our hand, or circumscribe immensity with a carpenter's compass.

Hence this one great truth is evident, that though our reason apprehends a propriety and fitness in the relations of many things and actions both natural and moral, yet as we cannot comprehend the whole of Infinite Wisdom——

How would the vain disputing wretches shrink,
And shiv'ring wish they could no longer think;
Reject each model, each reforming scheme,
No longer dictate to the Grand Supreme,
But, waking, wonder whence they dar'd to dream!
All is phenomenon, and type on Earth,
Replete with sacred and mysterious birth,
Deep from our search, exalted from our soar;
And reason's task is, only to adore.
Who that beholds the summer's glist'ring swarms,
Ten thousand thousand gaily gilded forms,
In volant dance of mix'd rotation play,
Bask in the beam, and beautify the day;
Would think these airy wantons so adorn,
Were late his vile antipathy and scorn,
Prone to the dust, or reptile through the mire,
And ever thence unlikely to aspire?

Or who with transient view, beholding, loathes
Those crawling sects, whom vilest semblance clothes;
Who, with corruption, hold their kindred state,
As by contempt, or negligence of fate;
Could think, that such, revers'd by wondrous doom,
Sublimer powers and brighter forms assume;
From death, their future happier life derive,
And though apparently entomb'd, revive;
Chang'd, through amazing transmigration rise,
And wing the regions of unwonted skies;
So late depress'd, contemptible on Earth,
Now elevate to Heav'n by second birth?
No fictions here to willing fraud invite,
Led by the marvellous, absurd delight;
No golden ass, no tale Arabians feign;
Nor flitting forms of Naso's magic strain,
Deucalion's progeny of native stone,
Or armies from Cadmean harvests grown;
With many a wanton and fantastic dream,
The laurel, mulberry, and bashful stream;
Arachne shrunk beneath Tritonia's rage;
Tithonus chang'd and garrulous with age.
Not such mutations deck the chaster song,
Adorn'd with nature, and with truth made strong;
No debt to fable, or to fancy due,
And only wondrous facts reveal'd to view.
Though numberless these insect tribes of air,
Though numberless each tribe and species fair,
Who wing the noon, and brighten in the blaze,
Innumerous as the sands which bend the seas;

Ver. 162. *All is phenomenon.*] there is doubtless a further design, and more latent fitness and beauty in things and their relations, than we can apprehend or are aware of: and as this fitness may be relative in respect of duration, and in respect of the difference between the present and future state of things; many things may now appear unfit and improper in our way of thinking, which in reality are most perfective of future infinitely wise and directing purposes, to which our notions are by no means adequate.

What has been here offered in the way of hypothesis, is evidently rational; but when more nearly attended to, will admit of the highest demonstration: for either there is a present absolute fitness in things; or a fitness in futuro, that is, in prospect or tendency, and only relative here to what must be absolute hereafter. But if there were an absolute fitness in the present state of things, there could then be no change in any thing; since what is best can never change to better: but things do change, and must therefore have a present relative fitness, tending to, and productive of some future, absolute, and unchangeable fitness or perfection; to which this present relative fitness is by a moral, wise, and orderly necessity, precedent.

The sum of all (which has so long and copiously employed the pens of the learned) is this,—First, that there is a present fitness or beauty sufficiently obvious in things, to demonstrate an Over-ruling Wisdom.—Secondly, that this Over-ruling Wisdom, or God, now does, and ever will conduct all things for the best.—But, thirdly, since things change, they cannot be now in their state of perfection.—Therefore, fourthly, there must be some other or future state, to which all things tend and are directed, for the final and unchangeable perfection of all things.

Ver. 166. *Who that beholds.*] If any thing in the preceding lines seems too much tinctured with mystery; I must beg leave to ask the enemies of mystery, were it not for repeated experience, whether every thing in nature would not appear a mystery? or, whether, when they contemplate a gnat or butterfly, &c. they can perceive, by the bare light of nature or reason, the relation its present state and form bears to the several changes, states, and forms, through which it has passed, all in appearance as distinct as difference could make them?——

Ver. 174. *Or who with transient view.*] or, whether, by contemplating an animalcule's egg, they can foresee that this will produce a maggot or caterpillar, &c. that the maggot or caterpillar will build its own sepulchre; and having continued therein for a certain term, in an apparent state of mortality, and laid aside its former limbs and organized members) will at length break through the gates of death, and put on a state and form of higher beauty and perfection, than could enter into any heart to conceive, or could have employed the dreams of the deepest philosopher?——

Ver. 186. *No fictions here.*] How would the refined reasoners of the present age argue against the absurdity and impossibility of such unaccountable contradictions, were not the facts too obvious to sense and perpetual experience to be disputed? facts altogether as wonderful, though not so fabulous, as the——

Ver. 188. *No golden ass.*] marvellous metamorphoses in romance; or——

Ver. 189. *Nor flitting forms.*] those of Ovid, in his tales of——

Ver. 190. *Deucalion's progeny.*] Deucalion and Pyrrha re-peopling the world after the flood——

Ver. 191. *Or armies from.*] of Cadmus sowing the serpent's teeth, from whence sprung armed men——

Ver. 193. *The laurel.*] Of Daphne——

Ver. 193. .... *mulberry.*] Pyramus and Thisbe——

Ver. 193. ..... *and bashful stream.*] Arethusa——

Ver. 194. *Arachne shrunk.*] Arachne turned into a spider——

Ver. 195. *Tithonus chang'd.*] and Tithonus to a grasshopper.

These have their organs, arts, and arms, and tools,
And functions exercised by various rules;
The saw, axe, auger, trowel, piercer, drill;
The neat alembic, and nectareous still:
Their peaceful hours the loom and distaff know;
But war, the force and fury of the foe,
The spear, the falchion, and the martial mail,
And artful stratagem where strength may fail.
Each tribe peculiar occupations claim,
Peculiar beauties deck each varying frame;
Attire and food peculiar are assign'd,
And means to propagate their varying kind.
Each, as reflecting on their primal state,
Or fraught with scientific craft innate,
With conscious skill their oval embryon shed,
Where native first their infancy was fed:
Or on some vegetating foliage glu'd;
Or o'er the flood they spread their future brood;
A slender cord the floating jelly binds,
Eludes the wave, and mocks the warring winds;
O'er this their sperm in spiral order lies,
And pearls in living ranges greet our eyes.
In firmest oak they scoop a spacious tomb,
And lay their embryo in the spurious womb:
Some flow'rs, some fruit, some gems, or blossoms choose,
And confident their darling hopes infuse;
While some their eggs in ranker carnage lay,
And to their young adapt the future prey.

Meantime the Sun his fost'ring warmth bequeaths,
Each tepid air its motive influence breathes,
Mysterious springs the wav'ring life supply,
And quick'ning births unconscious motion try;
Mature their slender fences they disown,
And break at once into a world unknown.
All by their dam's prophetic care receive
Whate'er peculiar indigence can crave:
Profuse at hand the plenteous table's spread,
And various appetites are aptly fed.
Nor less each organ suits each place of birth,
Finn'd in the flood, or reptile o'er the earth;
Each organ, apt to each precarious state,
As for eternity design'd complete.
Thus nurs'd, these inconsiderate wretches grow,
Take all as due, still thoughtless that they owe.
When lo! strange tidings prompt each secret breast,
And whisper wonders not to be express'd;

Ver. 204. *These have their organs.*] However merry or hyperbolical these assertions may appear, in respect of creatures, whom our ignorance, or want of inspection, have rendered despicable to us; there is nothing more certain, than that they have more trades and utensils than are here specified. The inimitable fineness, and mathematical proportion of their works, is a double demonstration of their skill, and the accuracy of their instruments; to which the most exquisite manufacture of man may bear just such relation, as a cumbrous windmill to the neatest tool or machine in a watchmaker's shop——

Ver. 216. *Each as reflecting.*] No less admirable is their reason, precaution, instinct, or what you please to call their care and skill, in the disposition of their eggs or embryo; not scattered at random, but situated agreeable to the nature of every species, in such places, and among such supplies of nutriment, as will alone contribute to the perfection, and be acceptable to the several appetites of their young ones——

Ver. 220. *Or on some vegetating foliage.*] if on the leaves of vegetables, then situated and glued in such a manner, as not to be subject to the influence of winds or rain——

Ver. 222. *A slender cord.*] For the mathematical order in which gnats dispose their eggs or sperm on the water, vide Derham's Phys. Theology, fig. IX. and X.——

Ver. 226. *In firmest oak.*] And so, in like manner, the various receptacles which are suitable to the sperm of each species, are almost infinite; and yet the art and prophetic precaution, which, by a several and distinct method, is peculiar to each, carries the air of as much wisdom and importance, as if the harmony and connection of nature had depended on the regular and uniform propagation of every several sect or species——

Ver. 232. *Meantime the Sun.*] The generality of these wonderful animals having thus performed all the requisites, take no further care for their young; but (like the ostrich, who covers her eggs with the sands) they are sensible their duty is over, and leave the rest to the clemency of the seasons, and the sufficiency of nature, who, in these instances, renders all further caution needless——

Ver. 240. *Profuse at hand.*] and alone furnishes and provides for all, with a more than parental care and tenderness——

Ver. 242. *Nor less each organ.*] But among all the instances of a universal and benign Providence, nothing can be more signal or expressive of the extensive Goodness than the occasional and temporary parts and organs of many animals in their changeable state, still accommodated, suited, and adapted with the most circumstantial and minute exactness to the immediate manner and convenience of their existence; and yet as immediately shifted and thrown aside upon the animal's commencing a new state and scene of action, and a set of limbs and garniture furnished de novo, as it were a new suit of clothes fitted and contrived agreeable to every season. This observation may have escaped many, who thought it beneath them to inquire into the economy of these minute animals; but it is obvious to all persons in the tadpole estate of frogs, who, in their minority, are provided with a fin-like tail, which seems to constitute the chief part of their bulk, but drops off as the growing limbs extend, and gives notice that its continuance is superfluous and unnecessary.

Though the state and conduct of these animals, as here described, may be looked on as allegorical, and representative of the present state of man and his future hopes; yet the case with them is already real, and their change and resurrection most evident to sense. The moment they are hatched——

Ver. 246. *Thus nurs'd.*] they set about pampering their little carcases, without any other apparent thought or concern——

Ver. 248. *When lo!*] within a certain period of time, they conceive a disrelish to all past enjoyment, and by a profound revery seem, as it were, studious of some great event. During this interval, new judgments are acquired, and resolutions taken; they foresee and rejoice at their approaching mortality——

Each owns his errour in his later cares,
And for the new unthought of world prepares:
New views, new tastes, new judgments are acquir'd,
And all now loathe delights so late admir'd.
In confidence the solemn shroud they weave,
Or build the tomb, or dig the deadly grave;
Intrepid there resign their parting breath,
And give their former shape the spoils of death;
But reconceiv'd as in a second womb,
Through metamorphoses, new forms assume:
On death their true exalted life depends,
Commencing there, where seemingly it ends.
The fullness now of circling time arrives;
Each from the long, the mortal sleep revives;
The tombs pour forth their renovated dead,
And, like a dream, all former scenes are fled.
But O! what terms expressive may relate
The change, the splendour of their new-form'd state?
Their texture nor compos'd of filmy skin,
Of cumbrous flesh without, or bone within,
But something than corporeal more refin'd,
And agile as their blithe informing mind.
In ev'ry eye ten thousand brilliants blaze,
And living pearls the vast horizon gaze;
Gemm'd o'er their heads the mines of India gleam,
And Heav'n's own wardrobe has array'd their frame;
Each spangled back bright sprinkling specks adorn,
Each plume imbibes the rosy tinctur'd morn;
Spread on each wing the florid seasons glow,
Shaded and verg'd with the celestial bow,
Where colours blend an ever varying dye,
And wanton in their gay exchanges vie.
Not all the glitter fops and fair ones prize,
The pride of fools, and pity of the wise;
Not all the show and mockery of state,
The little, low, fine follies of the great;

Not all the wealth which eastern pageants wore,
What still our idolizing worlds adore;
Can boast the least inimitable grace,
Which decks profusive this illustrious race.
Hence might the song luxuriant range around,
Or plunge the nether ocean's dread profound;
There mete leviathan's enormous length,
Adorn'd with terrours, and unmatch'd in strength,
The sea his pool of pastime when he bathes,
And tempests issue while his nostril breathes,
See where behemoth's pillar'd fabric stands!
His shade extensive cools the distant lands;
Encamp'd, an army on his shoulder lies,
And o'er his back proud citadels arise.
But vain those gifts, those graces to relate,
Which all perceive, and envy deems complete.
"O Nature!" cries the wretch of human birth,
"O, why a step-dame to this lord of Earth?
To brutes indulgent bends thy partial care,
While just complainings fill our natal air.
Helpless, uncloth'd, the pride of Nature lies,
And Heaven relentless hears his viceroy's cries.
O, wherefore not with native bounties bless'd,
Nor thus in humble poor dependance dress'd?
Give me the self-born garb, the bark of trees,
The downy feather, and the wintry fleece;
The crocodile's invulnerable scale,
Or the firm tortoise's impervious mail;
The strength of elephants, the rein deer's speed,
Fleet and elastic as the bounding steed;
The peacock's state of gorgeous plumage add,
Gay as the dove in golden verdure clad;
Give me the scent of each sagacious hound;
The lynx's eye, and linnet's warbling sound;
The soaring wing and steerage of the crane,
And spare the toil and dangers of the main:
O, why of these thy bounteous goods bereft,
And only to interior reason left?
There, there alone, I bless thy kind decree;
Nor cause of grief, or emulation see."
Thus needless prayers for needless gifts are sent,
And man is, only in his wants, content;
Indocile where he needs instruction most,
His only errour is his only boast.
Ye self-sufficient sons of reasoning pride,
Too wise to take Omniscience for your guide,
Those rules from insects, birds, and brutes discern,
Which from the Maker you disdain to learn!—
The social friendship, and the firm ally,
The filial sanctitude, and nuptial tie,
Patience in want, and faith to persever[illegible]
The endearing sentiment, and ter[illegible]are,

Ver. 254. *In confidence.*] they frame and prepare the mansions of death with the same cheerful alacrity and eleganee, as a bridal chamber, or wedding garment——

Ver. 257. *And give their former shape.*] here the texture of their former organs suffers an actual dissolution; and whatever the principle of regeneration be, a new, and, in appearance, a quite different creature, is conceived from the remains of the old one——

Ver. 262. *The fullness now.*] their consummation is at hand——

Ver. 264. *The tombs pour forth:*] their sepulchres give way; they spring forth, and wing the air in inexpressible beauty and magnificence.

Ver. 268. *Their texture.*] Insecta non videntur nervos habere, nec ossa, nec spinas, nec cartilaginem, nec pinguia, nec carnes, nec crustam quidem fragilem, ut quædam marina, nec quæ jure dicatur cutis: sed mediæ cujusdam inter omnia hæc naturæ corpus. Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xi. cap. 4.

Ver. 272. *In ev'ry eye.*] These creatures, though, in appearance, they have but two eyes, are really multocular. Every lens (of which there are an innumerable number) is a distinct eye, which has a branch of the optic nerve ministring to it: by which provision no object escapes them; they at once view almost all round them; and as their eyes are immovable, this multiplicity amply supplies the absence of the motory nerves.

Ver. 300. *But vain those gifts.*] Cujus causa videtur cuncta alia genuisse natura, magna et sæva mercede contra tanta sua munera; ut non sit satis æstimare, parens melior homini, an tristior noverca fuerit——

Ver. 304. *To brutes indulgent.*] Ante omnia unum animantium cunctorum, alienis velat opibus: cæteris varie tegumenta tribuit; testas, cortices, coria, spinas, villos, setas, pilos, plumam, pennas, squamas, vellera. Truncos etiam arboresque cortice, interdum gemino, a frigoribus et calore tutata est. Hominem tantum nudum, et in nuda humo, natali die abjicit ad vagitus statim et ploratum, nullumque tot animalium aliud ad lacrymas, et has protinus vitæ principio. Plin. Nat. Hist. L. VII. Prœm.

Courage o'er private int'rest to prevail,
And die all Decii for the public weal.
Nor less for geometric schemes renown'd,
And skill'd in arts and sciences profound,
Their textur'd webs with matchless craft surprise,
Their buildings in amazing structures rise:
To them each clime and longitude is known,
Each finds a chart and compass of his own;
They judge the influence of ev'ry star,
And calculate the seasons from afar;
Through devious air pursue the certain way,
Nor ever from the conscious dictate stray.

UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

BOOK VI.

"Ye human offsprings of distinguish'd birth,
So justly substituted lords of Earth;
Who boast the seal of highest Heav'n impress'd,
Thence with supremacy of reason bless'd,
Attend the song, and vindicate your claim!
Recall your ancestry of antique fame,
Prime artizans of each sagacious craft,
The curious model, or designing draft,
All talents technical for each device,
The skilful fabric; and the texture nice!
"Or, if ye pride in science more refin'd,
Judicial product of the studious mind,
The scheme politic, or the moral plan,
To form the conduct, or the heart of man;
Attend the depth of maxims which ensue,
More than e'er Solon, or great Cecil knew;
The moral, with diviner precepts fraught,
Than stories, or than eastern magi taught."
First let the botanist his art forego,
And o'er the mountain trace the Cretan doe:
Behold the critic stand with curious mien,
And cull the virtues of the various green,
Secrete her foliage from the noxious weed,
And conscious of her skill securely feed!
Where did this sylvan leech her lore acquire,
From Æsculapius, or his radiant sire?
When to her panting flank the weapon flies,
And deep within the feather'd mischief lies,
She seeks the well-known med'cine of the plain,
Nor yet despairs where human art were vain;
Mild through her frame the sov'reign balsams glide,
And the keen shaft falls guiltless from her side.
Ye wanderers of the faithless main! relate,
Whose science then averts impending fate,
When haply on the distant climate thrown,
Ye view strange objects, and a world unknown;
Each tree uncouth, with foreign fruitage crown'd,
And unacquainted plenty blooming round:
But who shall dare, with rash advent'rous hand,
To pluck the bane of a suspected land?
Half famish'd, they devour with wistful eyes;
But fear dissuades to tempt the dangerous prize:
Yet should they spy, amid the fruitful brake,
The skilful trace of some luxurious beak,
With birds their elegant repast they share,
And bless the learn'd inhabitants of air.
Bear, bear my song, ye raptures of the mind!
Convey your bard through Nature unconfin'd,
Licentious in the search of wisdom range,
Plunge in the depth, and wanton in the change;
Waft me to Tempe, and her flow'ry dale,
Borne on the wings of ev'ry tuneful gale;
Amid the wild profusions let me stray,
And share with bees the virtues of the day.
Soon as the matin glory gilds the skies,
Behold the little virtuosi rise!
Blithe for the task, they preen their early wing,
And forth to each appointed labour spring.
Now Nature boon exhales the morning steam,
And glows and opens to the welcome beam;
The vivid tribes amid the fragrance fly,
And ev'ry art and ev'ry business ply.
Each chymist now his subtle trunk unsheaths,
Where, from the flow'r, the treasur'd odour breathes;
Here sip the liquid, here select the gum,
And o'er the bloom with quiv'ring membrane hum.
Still with judicious scrutiny they pry,
Where lodg'd the prime essential juices lie;
Each luscious vegetation wide explore,
Plunder the spring of ev'ry vital store:
The dainty suckle, and the fragrant thyme,
By chymical reduction, they sublime;
Their sweets with bland attemp'ring suction strain,
And, curious, through their neat alembies drain;
Imbib'd recluse, the pure secretions glide,
And vital warmth concocts th' ambrosial tide.
Inimitable art! do thou atone
The long lost labours of the latent stone;
Though the five principles so oft transpire,
Fin'd, and refin'd, amid the tort'ring fire.
Like issue should the daring chymist see,
Vain imitator of the curious bee,
Nor arts improv'd through ages once produce
A single drachm of this delicious juice.
Your's then, industrious traders! is the toil,
And man's proud science is alone to spoil.
"Sweet 's the repast where pains have spread the board,
And deep the fund incessant labours hoard;
A friendly arm makes ev'ry burden light;
And weakness, knit by union, turns to *might*."
Hail, happy tribes! illustrious people hail!
Whose forms minute such sacred maxims veil;
In whose just conduct, fram'd by wondrous plan,
We read revers'd each polity of man.
Who first in council form'd your embryon state?
Who rose a patriot in the deep debate?
Greatly propos'd to reconcile extremes,
And weave in unity opposing schemes?
From fears infer'd just reason of defence,
And from self-int'rest rais'd a public sense;
Then pois'd his project with transposing scale,
And from the public, show'd the private weal?
Whence aptly summ'd, these politicians draw
The trust of power, and sanctitude of law;
Power in dispensing benefits employ'd,
And healing laws, not suffer'd, but enjoy'd.
The members, hence unanimous, combine
To prop that throne on which the laws recline;
The law 's protected e'en for private ends,
Whereon each individual's right depends;
Each individual's right by union grows,
And one full tide for ev'ry member flows:
Each member, as the whole communion great,
Back'd by the pow'rs of a defending state;
The state by mutual benefits secure,
And in the might of ev'ry member sure!
The public thus each private end pursues;
Each in the public drowns all private views:

By social commerce and exchange they live,
Assist supported, and receiving give.
High on her throne, the bright imperial queen
Gives the prime movement to the state machine:
She, in the subject, sees the duteous child;
She, the true parent, as the regent mild,
With princely grace invested sits elate,
Informs their conduct, and directs the state.
Around, the drones, who form her courtly train,
Bask in the rays of her auspicious reign;
Beneath, the sage consulting peers repair,
And breathe the virtues of their prince's care;
Debating, cultivate the public cause,
And wide dispense the benefit of laws.
So have I seen, when breathing organs blow,
One board sonorous fill the various row;
The pipes divide the unity of sound,
And spread the charms of symphony around.
The clust'ring populace obsequious wait,
Or speed the different orders of the state;
Here greet the labourer on the toilsome way,
And to the load their friendly shoulder lay;
Or frequent at the busy gate arrive,
And fill with amber sweets their fragrant hive;
Or seek repairs to close the fractur'd cell;
Or shut the waxen wombs where embryos dwell;
The caterers prompt, a frugal portion deal;
And give to diligence a hasty meal;
In each appointed province all proceed,
And neatest order weds the swiftest speed;
Dispatch flies various on ten thousand wings,
And joy throughout the gladsome region rings.
Distinctly canton'd is their spacious dome:
Here infants throb within the quickening comb;
Here vacant seats invite to sweet repose,
And here the tide of balmy nectar flows;
While here their frugal reservoirs remain,
And not one act of this republic 's vain.
As oft the North, or Gallia's fruitful coast,
Pour'd forth their sons, a wide superfluous host!
To distant climes the banded legions stray'd,
And many a plan of future empire laid;
Like powers these wise prolific people send,
And o'er the globe their colonies extend.
When swarms tumult'ous claim an ampler space,
And through the straitening citadel increase,
An edict issu'd in this grand extreme,
Proclaims the mandate of the power supreme.
Then exil'd crowds abjure their native home,
And sad, in search of foreign mansions roam;
A youthful empress guides their airy clan,
And wheels and shoots illustrious from the van.
Fatigu'd at length, they wish some calm retreat,
The rural settlement, and peaceful state;
When man presents his hospitable snare,
And wins their confidence with traitorous care.
Suspicion ever flies a gen'rous breast—
Betray'd, each enters an unwary guest;
Here every form of ancient maxim trace,
And emulate the glories of their race.
As when from Tyre imperial Dido fled,
And o'er the main her future nation led;
Then staid her host on Afric's meted land;
And in strait bounds a mighty empire plann'd:
So works this rival of the Tyrian queen;
So founds and models with assiduous mien;
Instructs with little to be truly great,
And in small limits forms a mighty state.
Intent, she wills her artists to attend,
And from the zenith bids her towers descend:
Nor like to man's, the aerial structures rise;
But point to earth, their base amid the skies.
Swift for the task the ready builders part,
Each band assign'd to each peculiar art;
A troop of chymists scour the neighb'ring field,
While servile tribes the cull'd materials wield,
With tempering feet the labour'd cement tread,
And ductile now its waxen foliage spread.
The geometricians judge the deep design,
Direct the compass, and extend the line;
They sum their numbers, provident of space,
And suit each edifice with answering grace.
Now first appears the rough proportion'd frame,
Rough in the draught, but perfect in the scheme;
When lo! each little Archimedes nigh,
Meets ev'ry angle with judicious eye;
Adjusts the centring cones with skill profound,
And forms the curious hexagon around.
The cells indors'd with doubled range adhere,
Knit on the sides, and guarded on the rear;
Nought of itself, with circling chambers bound,
Each cell is form'd, to form the cells around;
While each still gives what each alike demands,
And but supported by supporting stands;
Jointly tran ferring and transferr'd exists;
And, as by magic union, all subsists.
Amazing elegance! transcendent art!
Contriv'd at once to borrow and impart;
In action notable, as council great,
Their fabrics rise, just emblems of their state.
Nor be the wasp exclusive of our lays;
Though in a foe, still merit claims its praise,
Claims the revealing song, and claims the light,
Though long conceal'd in all-obscuring night.
For deep these subterranean tribes retire,
Nor work like man, that mortals may admire;
In Earth's dark womb their pompous structures rise,
Worthy the sight of Heaven's all-seeing eyes;
While they recluse, o'er nether kingdoms reign,
And wrapt as in a little world remain.
Around this world a waxen vault extends,
And wide like yon enfolding concave bends;
Magnific cupola! on either hand,
Unfolded, two mysterious portals stand,
Emblems of human life, precarious state,
At entrance born, and dying in retreat.
Thousands within retiring taste repose;
Or through the streets the busy concourse flows:
Yet not as ours their costly pavements spread,
But high on terrasses and towers they tread,
With which not Roman aqueducts may vie,
Not the fam'd gardens pendent from the sky:
Here cities pil'd o'er cities may be seen,
And sumptuous intervals display'd between,
Where columns each proud architrave support,
And form the pomp of many an ample court;
The weight through ten successive stories bear,
And to the top th' incumbent fabrics rear.
So have I seen in all the pride of show,
Some splendid theatre divide below,
With charms of gay machinery surprise,
Scenes over scenes, and stage on stage arise,
Lost in the glory of descending skies.
Not so the multipede aurelias dwell,
But form, sole architects, the pensive cell;
Like seers of old, they seek some lonely seat,
And from the vain the busy world retreat;
Here fondly form a structure of their own,
And bind the vault of solitary stone;

Or clay, or timber, oft attemp'ring, mould,
And round their form the ductile mansion fold;
Or in peculiar occupations skill'd,
A wondrous dome of silken fabric build:
No debt to foreign implements they owe,
But from themselves the mantling tissues flow;
Themselves the gorgeous canopy they spread,
Themselves the loom, the distaff, and the thread—
The thread as fam'd Arachne's texture fine,
When thwart the morn she darts her floating line,
Or spins the scheme of implicated wiles,
And o'er her great Newtonian rival smiles;
Reveals the deep enigma of his trade,
And squares the circle in the vernal glade;
The sportive plans of matchless art displays,
While round, and round, the dext'rous wanton plays.
How might the song with endless rapture pry,
Secluded deep where latent nations lie,
And scar'd from man, a mighty hunter, fly?
He follows panting with a savage joy,
Rapt in his favourite transport to destroy:
To man, even man becomes a mutual prey;
No gain can satiate, and no limits stay;
Down the dread depths his boundless lucre dives;
Warr'd on himself, with passion passion strives.
Fly him, ye rangers of the rolling flood!
Fly him, ye songsters of the warbling wood!
Ye dwellers subterrene, the tyrant fly!
And safe in your remote asylums lie;
Where mice, innoxious cottagers, remain,
Meek in the covert of the flow'ry plain;
Recluse their cautious hermitage explore,
And treasure provident the wintry store.
With kindred crafts, deep mining burrows work,
And sunk amid Dedalean lab'rinths lurk;
Their various habitation nightly change,
And through a length of maz'd apartments range.
The beaver too, great architect! immur'd,
With his associate train, retires secur'd;
Their wary mansion elegantly stands,
Where the smooth stream or smiling lake expands,
Whose gentle wave in friendly visit glides,
And swells the tenement with grateful tides.
Two posterns gape with deep deceit below,
And o'er the pass fair mantling waters flow;
Evasive whence, they scape the dang'rous train,
Or wide expatiate on the yielding plain;
Through trading currents sail to distant shores,
Or homeward laden with returning stores.
Laborious here, they hew the sounding wood,
And lift the prize triumphant o'er the flood;
Here, lightly some vimineous burdens bear,
Or jointly here the pond'rous rafter share:
Spread o'er their tails, they waft the temper'd clay,
And deep, and broad, their firm foundations lay;
Assign each chamber its commodious size,
Till rooms o'er rooms and trodden ceilings rise;
Their tail the trowel, as adorning train,
Their teeth the saw, the chissel, and the plane.
While ardent Sirius shoots a thirsty ray,
And autumn yet withholds retreating day,
They range at large, and gambol through the stream,
Frisk on the beach, or batten in the beam;
Or Nature's bounteous vegetation taste,
And opportune indulge the transient feast.
But when pale Phosphor points the morning gale,
Curls on the wave and chills along the vale,
Domestic cares their conscious breast employ;
The frolic hours and luscious banquets cloy;
Intent they furnish the prophetic hoard,
And pile the treasures of their homely board,
With friendship's charm beguile the sullen year,
And barter luxury for social cheer.
For them Astrea holds th' impartial scale,
Her frugal hands unenvy'd portions deal;
Health quaffs satiety from Nature's bowl;
Peace gives the constant banquet of the soul;
High in the midst chaste Temperance is crown'd,
And Time leads on the smiling Hours around.
Thou awful Depth of Wisdom unexplor'd!
Thou Height, where never human fancy soar'd!
Supreme Irradiance! speed the distant ray,
Far speed the dawn of thy internal day;
And O! if such, inform the fav'rite line,
And be the praise as inspiration thine!
Say! when the nest thy little halcyons form,
Brood on the wave, and mock the threat'ning storm;
Who quells the rage of thy reluctant main,
Or o'er thy winter throws a lordly rein?
Lulls the rock'd mansion on the slumb'ring tide,
And bids the care of guardian depths subside?
Till, volatile, the new-fledg'd infants rise;
The surge mounts free, and breaks upon the skies.
Eternal! thine is ev'ry round of time,
The circling season, and the varying clime;
Thine! ev'ry dictate of the conscious breast;
Thine! ev'ry texture of the genial nest,
The oval embryon, and the fost'ring ray;
And thine the life that struggles into day!
To thee thy callow importuners cry,
Gracious thy ear, and bounteous thy supply;
Till the flown choirs the revel consort raise,
And hymn to Heav'n the rhapsody of praise!
Dispers'd through ev'ry copse, or marshy plain,
Where haunts the woodcock, or the annual crane,
Where else encamp'd the feather'd legions spread,
Or bathe incumbent on their oozy bed,
The brimming lake thy smiling presence fills,
And waves the banners of a thousand hills.
Thou speed'st the summons of thy warning voice;
Wing'd at thy word, the distant troops rejoice,
From ev'ry quarter scour the fields of air,
And to the general rendezvous repair:
Each from the mingled rout disparting turns,
And with the love of kindred plumage burns:
Thy potent will instinctive bosoms feel,
And here arranging, semilunar, wheel;
Or marshal'd here the painted rhomb display,
Or point the wedge that cleaves the aerial way:
Uplifted on thy wafting breath they rise;
Thou pavest the regions of the pathless skies, [host,
Through boundless tracts support'st the journey'd
And point'st the voyage to the certain coast;
Thou the sure compass, and the sea they sail,
The chart, the port, the steerage, and the gale!
Thus through the maze of thy eternal round,
Through you steep Heav'n, and nether gulfs pro-
The dusky planet, and the lucid sphere, [found,
Earth's pond'rous ball, and soft enfolding air,
The fish who glance or tempest through the main,
The beasts who trip or thunder o'er the plain,
The reptile wreathing in the wanton ring,
The bird high wafted on the tow'ring wing,
All, all from thee, Sole Cause Essential! send,
Thence flow effusive, thither cent'ring end;
The bliss of providential vision share,
And the least atom claims peculiar care!
Yet ere material entity begun,
Or from the vast this universe was won;

While finitude erewhile was unconfin'd,
Nor space grew relative, to form assign'd;
Thou didst thy own eternal now sustain,
And space was swallow'd in thy boundless main;
Thyself the filler of thy own abyss,
Thyself the great eternity of bliss!
All when, and where, in thee imbosom'd lay,
The blaze of majesty, and self-born day;
No void was found, where Endless Beauty beam'd;
No darkness, where Essential Glory flam'd;
No want, no solitude, where thou wer't bless'd,
And in thyself th' unbounded whole possess'd.
Of reason thou the co-eternal cause,
Thyself all reason, and thy will all laws;
All-reasoning will with pow'rful wisdom fraught!
Thy wisdom, one unchanging endless thought,
Where all potential natures were survey'd,
And even in pre-existence lay display'd—
All, all—things past—now present—yet to be,
Great Intellect! were present all to thee;
While thou sole infinite essential reign'd,
And of finites the infinite contain'd,
Ideal entities in One Supreme,
Distinguish'd endless, yet with thee the same,
Thy pow'r their essence, and thy will their claim.
Whence—at thy word, worlds caught the potent sound,
And into being leap'd this wondrous round.
Pois'd on thy will the universal hung;
Attraction to its central magnet clung;
Thy spacious grasp the mighty convex clos'd;
Soft on thy care incumbent worlds repos'd:
Within, throughout, no second cause presides,
And One Sole Hand the maz'd volution guides!
Hence endless good, hence endless order springs;
Hence that importance in minutest things;
And endless hence dependence must endure,
Bless'd in his will, and in his pow'r secure!

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

AN EPIC POEM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF TORQUATO TASSO.

BOOK I.

Of arms, devote to Heav'n's Eternal King,
Of sainted hosts the sacred Chief I sing,
Who freed that tomb, to infidels a prey,
Where once the Lord for all the living lay:
Alike his might and conduct claim applause;
And much he suffer'd in the glorious cause:
In vain infernal fury rais'd alarms,
And half the world oppos'd contending arms;
Sedition, rul'd, beneath his sceptre lay,
Foes learn'd to fear, and rebels to obey:
So Heaven would crown its hero with success,
And virtue triumph'd in the power to bless.
O Muse! whom mortal trophy would profane,
And thy chaste brow with fading laurel stain;
While circling glories round thy temples play,
And circling angels hymn th' eternal lay,
O! breathe celestial ardours to my breast,
Inspire the song to Albion's prince address'd;
And pardon fiction mix'd with truths divine,
Or arts to please which, goddess, are not thine!
Well dost thou know the purport of my song,
Though dress'd to charm, with secret virtue strong;
While veil'd, beneath the verse the moral lies,
And captivates the soul with kind disguise.
His bitter thus the friendly leech conceals,
And with the fraud of latent med'cine heals;
To the sick taste he promises delight,
And obvious sweets the infant lip invite;
Health, ambush'd, in the potion is imbib'd,
For man must e'en to happiness be brib'd.
Six suns had now their annual journey run,
And seen the war that with the first begun;
Still in his cause Messiah's hosts engage,
And eastward bid the kindling combat rage.
Antioch, and Nice, were now the victor's prize,
Or won by storm, or captive by surprise:
In vain all Asia rises to repel,
Beneath their force unnumber'd Persians fell;
And last Tortosa vanquish'd, they retire,
Till war shall with returning spring respire.
Scarce winter, warm'd before the golden ray,
Restor'd the battle with the length'ning day,
When God, self rais'd from his eternal throne,
Sublime o'er Heav'n's high empyrean shone.
Aw'd from his seat, though patent to his view,
The rolling universe holds distance due;
He looks; unnumber'd worlds before him lie,
And Nature lives collected in his eye.
To Syria, on the Christian peers intent,
All-piercing the Divine Perception bent;
Where Godfrey stood, conspicuous in his sight,
Above the princes eminently bright:
Nor wealth allures him, nor ambition charms,
But faith refines, and heavenly ardour arms;
While zeal alone his placid bosom fires,
And with the warrior all the saint conspires.
Not such the thoughts that Heav'n in Baldwin spy'd,
From virtue alien, though by blood ally'd;
Ambitious phantasms haunt his idle brain,
And pride still prompts him to be greatly vain.
With silent anguish Tancred stood oppress'd,
While love, fond passion, languish'd in his breast.
But Boemond's cares on Antioch's glory wait,
And model in his mind her new-form'd state;
While the great chief, late terrible in arms,
With arts of peace and social conduct charms,
At once of Earth and Heaven asserts the cause,
Instructs with piety, and forms with laws.
Rinaldo then, to war and nature new,
Gave all his brave, his open soul to view;
Untam'd that restless bosom wish'd the fight,
And circling perils gave his eyes delight:
Wisdom and fame, but fame the most refin'd,
By turns prevail'd, and fir'd or form'd his mind;
While he on Guelpho, sage instructor, hung,
And caught the maxims falling from his tongue.
This saw the Deity—through ev'ry breast,
Each latent inclination lay confess'd;
Then call'd, and from the bright angelic round,
Forth issu'd Gabriel to the sacred sound;
He, of the prime celestial splendours came,
Obsequious to the will of Heaven's Supreme:
Gracious to man the social spirit stands,
To saints the messenger of bless'd commands;
Thence, breathes the cordial incense to his King,
And wafts their vows on his returning wing.
(Expressive then th' inutterable Name)
"To Godfrey his Creator's will proclaim—
Ask, wherefore are my Sion's bonds unty'd?
The hero's sword why dormant at his side?
To council bid him cite each Christian peer,
Reprove the tardy, and the valiant cheer:
Him I elect, superior in his sway;
And let his rivals and the world obey."

Nor now Heaven's flaming minister delays;
He heard with transport, and with speed obeys:
Air organiz'd his casual limbs compos'd,
Attemp'ring radiance round his essence clos'd;
A human form the dazzling shape display'd,
But in the majesty of Heav'n array'd;
While youth smil'd o'er him with celestial grace,
And beamy ringlets wanton'd round his face.
He spread for flight his many-tinctur'd wings,
And light from Heaven's high firmament he springs:
All feather'd as the darting shaft he flies,
Cuts the bright steep, and cleaves the yielding skies,
Divides the sphere of many a shining star;
And sends the coming glory from afar;
Then stands on Lebanon reveal'd to view,
And shakes his plumes bedropp'd with morning dew.
Now half appear'd the horizontal Sun,
And west, and east, with equal glory shone;
There shed his evening, here his morning ray,
And gave to diff'rent worlds dividual day—
When wing'd from Lebanon's aspiring head,
The angelic message to Tortosa sped,
What time the duke his orizons address'd,
And breath'd to Heav'n the rapture of his breast:
In usher'd graceful with the morning beam,
A brighter morn the dazzling angel came;
And placid, to the much admiring man,
The bright, the social intellect began.
"Attend, thou favour'd of Supreme Decree!
Thus sends the Deity, and sends to thee—
In Bullogn's breast what kindling zeal should glow,
What fires impel him forceful on the foe?
When Sion calls, when list'ning Heav'n commands,
And consecrates her cause in Godfrey's hands,
'T is thine to vindicate her just complaints,
To strike the shackles from her captive saints;
'T is thine to summon ev'ry christian peer,
Reprove the tardy, and the valiant cheer;
Their gen'ral thou, superior in thy sway—
God so appoints, and mortals must obey."
He ceas'd; and less'ning from the hero's view,
Back to his native Heav'n the brightness flew;
Nor Godfrey yet supports excess of light,
New to the shape, and dizzy'd at the sight;
Not the wide blaze his darkling eye sustains,
And chillness thrill'd unwonted through his veins.
But soon he calls the vision to his mind,
And ponders on the glorious charge assign'd;
Fresh to his soul the high behest returns,
And with redoubled zeal his bosom burns:
Nor yet, that Heav'n preferr'd its warrior saint,
Did pride dilate him, or ambition taint;
But through Almighty will, his will aspires,
As the spark mounts amid the kindling fires.
Straight where they lay, each chieftain he invites;
Now mild requires, and now by mandate cites:
Dispatch'd around his posting envoys fly,
And prayers are mix'd with counsels to comply.
Persuasive here, the gallant soul he charms;
But here provokes, and here impels to arms;
Here blows the slumb'ring virtue to a flame,
And breathes throughout the noble thirst of fame.
Such Godfrey's conduct, nor his conduct vain;
Each comes, attended by his warlike train:
Tortosa but a scant reception yields,
And tented armies throng the neighb'ring fields.
All awful, to consult the peers repair;
Save Boemond, each majestic fills his chair;
When graceful, to the senate Godfrey rose,
And deep the stream of elocution flows.

"Ye warriors! Heaven elected, to restore
The sacred faith of him those Heavens adore;
Preserv'd for this through many a fearful day,
The foreign climate, and the deadly fray,
Well may ye rush, thus arm'd, upon the foe,
And fight secure where Heaven averts the blow.
Nor vain I deem the purchase of your toil,
The vanquish'd province, and the glorious spoil;
Since trophies through reforming nations rise,
And bear Christ's name triumphant to the skies.
"But not for this we left our native place,
The known endearment, and the chaste embrace;
Each social sweet for distant battle chang'd,
And wand'ring, through the faithless ocean rang'd:
For this, an end unequal to your arms,
Nor bleeds the combat, nor the conquest charms;
Nor such the prize your matchless labours claim,
Barbarian kingdoms, and ignoble fame.
"Was not the scope of our united powers
To scale the steep of Sion's hallow'd towers?
High o'er her walls to force resistless way?
Deep on her dungeons pour the long-lost day?
To lift oppression from her house of pain,
Snap the vile yoke, and burst the pagan chain?
Restore to piety her sacred seat,
And build for virtue a secure retreat;
Where each devoted pilgrim might repair,
And Christ receive the tributary prayer?
"Where triumph stands, defeated of its aim,
How vain the victory! how fruitless fame!
While still the wish'd achievement turns aside,
And conquest flows, but with a diff'rent tide.
For wherefore is the might of Europe arm'd,
Asia invaded, and the world alarm'd,
If ruin be alone the victor's praise,
And states subverted, while we meant to raise?
"Frail is the strength of sublunary things,
The pomp of titles, and the pride of kings;
Nor such the hope a faithful few may boast,
Hemm'd in by nations, and a barb'rous coast;
Our country distant, fickle Greece untry'd,
Nor aught but Heav'n to combat on our side.
"True, we have fought, nor have we fought in vain—
Proud Antioch won, and hostile armies slain!
But these, achiev'd by many a wondrous way,
Show God still guides the fortune of the day;
Then if we seek or conquest, or applause,
Through means averse to his victorious cause,
The pride of triumph, and the thirst of fame,
In death shall vanish, or be quench'd in shame.
"Ah! never may our arms such issue find,
Nor we rebel ingrate, while Heav'n is kind;
But still conform'd to the divine behest,
Be the great period, as commencement, bless'd!
Then, then, while time, while ev'ry pass is ours,
And prompt occasion chides our ling'ring powers,
Quick let us rise, toss high the spacious mound,
And circling gird Jerusalem around.
"For me, ye princes! hear what I presage—
Be witness Heav'n! and ev'ry future age!
Now is the conquering crisis mark'd by fate;
Now is the time to give the world a date;
The time to consecrate your deeds to fame,
To bless your arms, or ever blast your name:
But once elaps'd, though panting to regain,
Vain are our hopes, our labours wake in vain;
Each Sun shall set, a witness to our woe,
And Egypt succour the recruiting foe."

He ceas'd; a solemn whisp'ring fill'd the pause,
And the whole senate murmur'd deep applause:
When Peter, sage and ven'rable man,
Slow rising, to the circling chiefs began.
(Though distant from the war and world retir'd,
Prime author, he the distant war inspir'd;
Which once in act, he issu'd from his cell,
And thus promotes what he commenc'd so well.)
"With transport I survey the truth express'd
Warm in each eye, and big in ev'ry breast;
When Bulloign speaks it with prevailing charms,
No task remains but to enforce with arms:
Yet pardon one reflection still behind,
A weight long since incumbent o'er my mind.
"Where friendships are by light suspicions cool'd,
And rulers are themselves by passions rul'd,
Incongruous orders issu'd by the great,
Sedition pregnant in the lower state;
Occasions opportune are ever lost,
And ev'ry good and glorious end is cross'd:
Ill does it seem, when discord thus attaints
The cause of christians, and a host of saints;
A host, whom breach eternal must divide,
While various minds in various powers preside.
"The mutual weal divided pow'r withstands,
Nor Justice holds her scale with various hands;
Corruption ev'ry partial view attends,
And the torn state each selfish member rends.
Not so has Nature, in the frame of man,
Drawn the true scheme of each politic plan;
Gave various parts to form one beauteous whole,
And gave a head in prudence to control;
Like ruler should ye choose, could I advise,
And form your own, as Nature's conduct, wise."
He said, when, mantling from each hero's breast,
Ambition mounts in ev'ry eye express'd:
But soon a beam, emissive from above,
Shed mental day, and touch'd the heart with love;
Gave jealous rage to know divine control,
And rul'd the tempest rising in the soul.
Calm reason the recoiling tumult sways;
The sage's speech attentive judgment weighs;
To merit ev'ry partial view expands,
And Godfrey! Godfrey! ev'ry voice demands.
His will, they vote, their future test of right,
His leading arm their ensign to the fight,
Their Atlas fit to bear th' incumbent weight,
The trust of empire, and the task of state;
Submiss, to him they yield unrival'd sway,
And willing princes, late his peers, obey.
The consult ended, and the royal name
Was borne wide wafted on the wings of fame;
The news a thousand busy tongues impart,
Cheer ev'ry brow, and gladden ev'ry heart.
For not unconscious was the warlike crowd,
Of worth to ev'ry vulgar eye avow'd;
Approving throngs their Godfrey's presence greet,
Charm'd to his sight, or prostrate at his feet,
Proclaim their monarch with united voice,
And loudly consecrate the public choice.
He mild returns, while corresponding grace
Speaks from his mien, and answers in his face;
Then bids his host prepare their bright array,
And light with early arms th' ensuing day.
The ruddy Sun, now orient, chas'd the dawn,
Shot o'er the sea, and reach'd the dewy lawn;
Up with the morn arose the ready train,
Each seiz'd his arms, and issu'd on the plain.
The driving squadrons fill the spacious coast;
Wide wave the banners of the various host,
Whose burnish'd mail, with flitting lustre gay,
Reflect thick lightnings, and return the day.
Superior the observant Godfrey stands,
Orders the field, and marshals all the bands;
Directs the moving legions from on high,
And rules a host with his experienc'd eye.
Say thou, my soul, with gifts divinely bless'd,
And all thy treasures of a conscious breast!
What chiefs conspicuous then adorn'd the plain,
Their ancient glory, and attending train?
So may'st thou recollect the spoils of age,
And from oblivion snatch the future page:
To thee old Time shall ev'ry trophy yield,
And all the pristine honours of the field,
Transplanted fair on each immortal line,
And ev'ry ear, in ev'ry age, be thine.
First came the Gauls, Clothario at their head,
Whom Hugo late, unhappy warrior, led:
Where four fair streams an ample nation fold,
And Gallia's isle with soft embraces hold,
He in the front of levy'd numbers shone,
Prime of their host, and brother of the throne;
But early death suppress'd the vital flame,
Secure of Heav'n, and still surviving fame.
Nor now the troops an equal leader scorn,
Great as the first, though not of princes born:
A thousand arm'd, sedate they move along,
In weighty mail indissolubly strong;
Attend their chief with boasted ensigns gay,
And the proud arms of ancient France display.
To these, each clasp'd within his steely case,
Alike in stature, and in martial grace,
From celtic Gaul a kindred band succeeds,
A thousand warriors on a thousand steeds;
Normania's Robert in the van presides,
And the clos'd files with native sceptre guides.
Two prelates next their dreaded arms unite,
Renown'd for piety, as fam'd in fight;
Great Ademare with standards richly spread,
And William reverend at his people's head;
Great William, chief amid four hundred known,
From Orange and the deep meander'd Rhone;
Like dangers Ademare from Poget sought,
And in the front of equal numbers fought.
Awful in arms, in ministry divine,
Rever'd alike, in lawn or mail they shine;
Their docile troops with bold example teach,
And fearless combat for the faith they preach.
Then Baldwin o'er his powers appear'd supreme,
From Bouillon seated on the silver Seine,
Chief of the bands whom late duke Godfrey led,
Now chief of chiefs, and of their host the head.
Carinto o'er four hundred next presides,
With valour fires them, and with wisdom guides;
But thrice that number mightier Baldwin leads,
And arm'd and haughty in the van precedes.
To these ensue, amid the beaten fields,
Whom Guelpho governs, and whom Suabia yields;
Guelpho, with merit, as with fortune crown'd,
And greatly e'en among the great renown'd:
The princely house of Est, and Roman sire,
Their offspring's emulating acts inspire;
But distant, he his native country sway'd,
And where the chief was born the soil obey'd.
Two neighb'ring floods his bounded realms contain,
The rising Danaw, and the circling Rhene,
Maternal heritage, with plenty bless'd,
By Rhetians erst, and northern Sweves possess'd:
With nations added by his conq'ring sword,
Carinthian too confess'd the Guelphian lord;

A race addicted much to free delights,
To social joys, and hospitable rites,
While o'er their huts the wintry tempests pass,
Warm'd by the genial fire and sparkling glass:
Five thousand hence the sage commander drew,
A cheerful, faithful, and intrepid crew;
Sad chance of war, the greater number slain,
To mirth no longer wakeful, press the plain.
The Belgi next, in helms and polish'd mail,
Their snowy limbs and flaxen ringlets veil;
Whose narrow realms unbounded wealth contain,
Hemm'd in by France, Almania, and the main.
Where the Moselle and blended Rhine extend,
Wide o'er the banks their weighty harvests bend:
A people valiant, and inur'd to toil,
Domestic industry, and foreign spoil.
With these appear, dispos'd in armed files,
The subject powers of their associate isles;
Who with steep mounds repair those dang'rous shores,
Where the breach threatens, and the tempest roars;
Where the proud flood disdains inferior prey,
And o'er a nation pours the headlong sea.
Beneath another Robert all unite,
A thousand arm'd, and eager for the fight,
They pass, and to the British squadrons yield
The next succession of the moving field.
But these, superior to the Belgi shone,
Array'd by William, Albion's younger son;
From their broad backs their graceful weapons flow,
The swift wing'd quiver, and the twanging bow:
With them, Hibernia sends her sons to war,
Hibernia, neighbour of the northern star,
Where her bleak hills and hoary woods aspire,
And less'ning from the distant world retire.
Then Tancred caught the eye with heedless grace,
Strength in his arm, and beauty in his face:
Of all that valiant, that unnumber'd host,
Rinaldo might superior prowess boast;
Of worth untainted, fearless in the fight,
And else, unmatch'd, in glory, as in might.
One sole default his nobler ardour chain'd,
While love amid his strength of virtues reign'd,
Caught from a glance of momentary charms,
And nurs'd with anguish in the din of arms.
So fame relates, on that triumphant day,
When Persians fell an undistinguish'd prey,
Far from his host the slaughter Tancred led,
And singly follow'd where the foremost fled;
Till feverish, and fatigu'd, he sought repose,
And to his wish a rural arbour rose,
Where a cool stream, beneath the whisp'ring shade,
With pendent flow'rs, and quiv'ring willows play'd;
Thither he turn'd, but, with unwary thought,
Soon lost the sweets of that repose he sought.
By the clear stream unlook'd for perils lay,
In all the charms of virgin beauty gay;
Her body arm'd with Amazonian grace,
But obvious all the dangers of her face:
His captive step the warrior stopp'd amaz'd,
Sigh'd as he look'd, and trembled while he gaz'd;
His eyes ran o'er the maid, with hasty art
Thence drew her form, and fix'd it in his heart.
But soon alarm'd the beauteous Pagan rose;
With lovely threats her kindling visage glows;
She brac'd her helm, and fierce the hero view'd,
In act to combat whom her charms subdu'd.
His troops approach'd; the virgin fled like wind,
But hop'd in vain to leave the chief behind:
The place, the person, present to his view,
The nymph still flies, and still his thoughts pursue;
Within his eyes the loved ideas roll,
Heave in his heart, and sicken in his soul.
Hence o'er his cheek distemper'd anguish spread,
Prey'd on his strength, and on his beauty fed;
Despair lay sad, but silent in his breast,
And sighs alone the length'ning woe express'd.
Proud to attend Campania's valiant bands,
Eight hundred horse await the chief's commands;
Campania, bless'd with all the bloom of health,
A seat of pleasures, and a fund of wealth,
Where the rich odours breathe along her vales,
And feed old ocean with the fragrant gales.
Behind, two hundred hardy warriors came,
The only warriors of the Grecian name: [field,
Light arm'd, and swift, they range th' embattl'd
Nor poise the lance, nor bear the pond'rous shield;
But in close fight, or distant skirmish, know
The dextrous falchion, and the bending bow.
Spare were their steeds, and slender their repast,
But blithe and agile as an eastern blast;
Untir'd, and practis'd to the nimble rein,
They stop, and turn, and dart along the plain:
Thus borne, the riders confidently go,
Deface the battle, and fatigue the foe;
Expert to charge, to traverse, and to fly,
Pursu'd they combat, and the conquerors die.
Tatino points their progress o'er the fields,
He the sole chief the Grecian empire yields;
Inglorious Greece! in indolence profound
Repos'd, while arm'd contention rang'd around:
"But now the sad equivalent is paid;
Left by the cause you once refus'd to aid,
The haughty Pagan lords it o'er your plains,
And wakes the shameful lethargy with chains."
To close the rear the bold adventurers came,
The last in order, though the first in fame;
A troop of heroes, Europe's proudest boast,
And the dire terrour of the Asian host!
Whate'er through times of high memorial rung,
By prose recorded, or by poet's sung,
Achievements valorous, and knights renown'd,
In chivalry, or antique fable found—
Transferr'd to these, may real credence find,
And sum th' excellence of human kind.
Though each might claim, as of peculiar right,
To lead a host, and rule the ranks of fight,
Dudon that high pre-eminence demands,
By joint assent of the advent'rous bands.
Where Aufidus first rolls an infant wave,
This chief of chiefs Hesperian Conza gave:
Sage were his words, and hoary was his head,
To constant toil, and early battle bred;
Yet ever was his boiling courage young,
And his try'd nerve to vivid action strung;
His bosom nobly trench'd with many a scar,
Old to the field, the father of the war.
Amid the prime of those illustrious peers
Eustatio, Bulloign's youngest son appears;
Great was his challenge of peculiar fame,
But more through his imperial brother's name.
With him, Gernando, heir of Norway, rides,
And in his pomp of vaunted title prides:
Nor less distinguish'd, in the peerless train,
Rode the fam'd Roger, and bold Enger'jane;
Gentonio and Rambaldo, far renown'd;
And the twin Gerrards with like honours crown'd.
Nor here Obizo, or Ubaldo there,
With Rosmond Lancaster's redoubted heir,
Consign'd to latest annals shall accuse,
The mute neglect of our injurious Muse;

Nor brave Achilles, Sforza, Palameed,
Well worthy praise for many a worthy deed;
From Lombardy the valiant brethren came,
To form the great triumvirate of fame.
With these rode Otton, who, in single fight,
Won the dire trophy of the Paynim knight,
High on whose helm a naked infant lay,
Curl'd by a snake voracious o'er the prey.
The like memorial Guaschar, Raphe, demand,
Who boldly join the voluntary band;
To Eberard and Guernier too belong,
The force and fame of an immortal song;
And the two Guidos equal honours claim,
Alike in glory and alike in name.
But you, bright pair! shall ever foremost shine;
Shall still survive, to deck the mournful line—
Gildippe, in thy dearer Edward blest;
And Edward, only in thy cares distress'd!
Too fond the knot which wedded faith supplies,
When mutual merit holds what beauty ties!
One life inspir'd them, nor could death divide;
They fought together, and together died.
Ah Love, all subtle tutor, thou can'st teach
What, uninstructive else, the world might preach;
Give the soft sex to loathe inglorious rest,
String the weak arm, and steel the snowy breast!
You brac'd the fair-one's helm, her corselet tied,
And gave the guardian to her Edward's side!
Thus on they pass'd, inseparably pair'd;
For him she battled, and for her he fear'd:
By each, for each alone, was life desir'd;
And, wounded in the other, each expir'd.
Last in the rear of that embattled train,
Shone the young comet of the glitt'ring plain,
Rinaldo—in whose fair, majestic face,
Soft beauty sweeten'd ev'ry martial grace:
The youth impatient of his manly prime,
Fled from his years, and stripp'd the speed of time;
Proud on his arm the force of battle lay,
And round his snowy limbs the Graces play.
This chief, by Adige on the winding shore,
Sophia, spouse to great Bertoldo, bore:
But soon Matilda takes their infant heir,
Caresses fondly, and conducts with care;
To early honour fires his growing youth,
The thirst of glory, and the love of truth;
When to his ears the warlike tidings came,
And sent the stripling to the fields of fame.
Five summers thrice had bloom'd around his head,
When to the wond'ring camp the warrior fled:
Alone he past, all eager on his way,
And reach'd the shore, and cross'd the Egean sea;
Then sped along by many an unknown coast,
And mix'd exulting with the Christian host.
And now three years were spent amid alarms,
Since first the princely fugitive took arms,
When manhood early dawning from within,
Shed the smooth down to deck his ivory chin.
The horsemen past, the num'rous foot succeed,
And trace the marches of the bounding steed;
But these, Tolosa's monarch, Raimond heads,
And in the front majestically treads:
From the proud cliffs of Pyrenean hills,
From lucid Garonne, and the neighbouring rills,
Wide o'er a placid climate stretch'd his reign,
And eastward overlook'd the midland-main.
Four thousand vet'rans hence the hero drew,
Who all the arts of various battle knew:
Conn'd they march, to ev'ry toil address'd;
But he, their bulwark, tow'rs before the rest.

Five thousand Stephen from Ambasia brings,
And Tours, and shelving Blesæ, seat of kings,
Where Loire the too delicious region laves,
And cities float reflected o'er the waves;
Impatient, hence, of discipline or toil,
They caught the native softness of the soil:
Yet the fair troops, in martial semblance arm'd,
With show of lively preparation charm'd;
Their valour as the lightly flaming fire,
Furious they charge, and fainting soon retire.
Alcasto then stepp'd forth with haughty pace;
Fierce was his mien, and menacing his face:
Where o'er the clouds the steepy Alps extend,
Six thousand from Helvetia's tow'rs attend;
In shining mail their temper'd ploughshares glance,
Spread in the shield, and pointed in the lance;
While the right arm, that rul'd the flocks so late,
Now threats the mighty, and insults the great.
Last, in the papal standard, they display
The triple crown, and apostolic key;
Sev'n thousand valiant Romans march behind,
And great Camillo had the charge assign'd
The moving cuishes, and their corselets bright,
Exchange quick lightnings, and fatigue the sight:
Elate in hope, and cheer'd amid alarms,
They bless the cause that calls the world to arms;
So to revive, and vindicate the fame,
That once, unrival'd, mark'd the Roman name.
Now, summ'd to view, the invincible array
Stands on the plain, and brightens in the day:
The general calls—obsequious to the sound,
His peers approach, and range attentive round;
When Bulloign his imperial will express'd,
And thus reveal'd the counsels of his breast.
"Soon as the next succeeding morn shall rise,
And dawning purple streak the eastern skies,
Prepar'd, and arm'd with best appointed speed,
Be ev'ry warrior, and be ev'ry steed;
For then we mean to visit Salem's tow'rs,
By secret march, and swift invading pow'rs:
The mighty crisis to the combat calls,
And the foe trembles in her sacred walls."
Bold was the hope his ardent words inspire;
As the plied fan provokes the slumb'ring fire,
Impatient they regret the ling'ring night,
Fierce for the day, and for the promis'd fight.
But other cares hold Godfrey from repose,
Nor tastes the chief those transports he bestows:
Yet deep he held the secret of his breast,
From ev'ry ear and ev'ry eye suppress'd.
Small cause of joy his late advices bring—
How Lybia, arm'd beneath the Memphian king,
From Damiata, eastward in the way
To Gaza, on the Syrian frontiers lay.
Innumerous there such warriors he unites,
As force made confident or fame excites;
Nor Godfrey hopes advances can be slow,
From so inveterate, so renown'd a foe:
How best to frustrate or oppose, he seeks;
And to his legate, trusty Henry, speaks.
"Go, speed thee, Henry—spread the flying sail,
Cut the green wave, and catch the favouring gale;
Nor give indulgence to the labouring oar,
Till the crook'd keel divides the Grecian shore.
There should arrive, as private seals impart,
From one who knows not the deceiving art,
The royal Dane, for matchless force renown'd,
As with the grace of every virtue crown'd;
Zeal sends the northern youth its warmest ray,
And glory wings him to the toilsome way,

From the cold circle, and the polar star,
The friend and brave companion of the war.
" But, for I know the Greekish monarch's heart,
Stor'd with old wiles, and well dissembled art,
I fear lest he divert the princely youth,
And wrest his purpose from the paths of truth;
Or other specious enterprise persuade,
And rob our armies of the promis'd aid.
But you, my messenger and faithful friend,
Dispose his journey to its destin'd end;
Alike his honour and our arms shall need
His utmost forces, and his swiftest speed.
" Nor you return, but to the Grecian sue
For aids, by previous obligation due,
Such aids as with his kingly compact stands;
And more than compact—what the cause demands."
The guardian chief thus wakeful shuns repose,
While in his care ten thousand eye-lids close:
The herald, speeding to the breezy shore,
The seals of trust and royal greeting bore;
And late, the duke, from every task reclin'd,
Gave to his couch the labours of his mind.
And now the night embalm'd in early dew,
Slow ebbing, from the paler dawn withdrew;
Aurora on the purpling ocean rose;
The reddening east with warmer lustre glows;
His previous beam the solar brightness shed,
And from the wave uprais'd his peerless head—
While through the camp loud-echoing clarions ring;
Rous'd to the note, the sprightly soldiers spring;
Their ears delighted drink the warlike sounds,
And every heart with answering motion bounds.
So joys the peasant on the sultry plain,
When thunders roll, the messengers of rain.
With quick impatience every bosom glows;
Apt to their limbs the wonted armours close:
Each conscious soldier on his chief attends,
And o'er the plain the ranging host extends:
The banners stream, redundant to the wind;
All move, as rul'd by one informing mind;
While high towards Heaven, the Cross in triumph spread,
Waves from the van, and blazes at their head.
Now up the steep of Heaven the cloudless Sun,
Fresh in his pomp of rising splendour shone—
He strikes the squadrons with a trembling light;
The flash gleams restless, and rejects the sight:
All ether flames, and sparkles round the host,
And the wide glory fires the distant coast;
The coursers neigh, the clanging arms resound,
And deafening hills return the din around.
Meanwhile the chief, great guardian of his train,
Renders all slights of lurking ambush vain:
He sends the light-arm'd horse detach'd before,
To scour the woodland and the winding shore;
The pioneers with previous labours go,
Pull down the lofty, and supply the low,
Unfold the strait, detect the covert way,
And give large travel to the wide array.
Not the rude onsets of encountering foes,
Soon scatter'd, could the impervious march oppose;
Not the proud rampart, and the steepy mound,
The guarded battlement, and trench profound—
In vain by thickets, rocks, and hills, withstood,
The rising forest, and the rushing flood!
So when the Po, imperial torrent, swells,
No power resists him, and no force repels:
Deep from the root the sylvan shade he heaves,
The ruin rolls ingulf'd within his waves;
He foams, he roars, he bounds along the plain,
And bears his prey triumphant to the main.
Meantime, the king of Tripoli, alarm'd,
Mann'd every hold, and every man he arm'd;
But still restrain'd his pow'rs, his wealth suppress'd,
And rul'd the wrath rebellious in his breast;
With specious gifts, and ill dissembled cheer,
Beneath feign'd friendship he disguis'd his fear;
Sign'd ev'ry term that Godfrey would impose,
And gave wide progress to his potent foes.
Where, south from Salem, Seir's hills arise,
And eastward range, incumbent o'er the skies,
Promiscuous pours a numerous troop of friends,
And, joyful, every sex and age descends:
Large gifts, the tribute of their love, they bring
To the great chief, of Christian armies king;
They view the wondrous man with strange delight,
Press to his touch, and dwell upon his sight;
Through ways well known conduct his journey'd host,
And point his passage o'er the hostile coast.
Still toward the deep, the windings they explore,
On sea-beat shallows, and the sanded shore;
Off to the right the ships of burden ride,
And plough the surge that murmurs at their side.
Convenient here, the flying barge from far
Imports the various implements of war;
Replete from Scios, and the Greekish isles,
All autumn in the copious navy smiles;
While luscious Crete her generous juice bestows,
And to the host the purple vintage flows.
From Britain, Belgia, and the Gallic bays,
From Venice, native of the circling seas;
The gulf of Genoa, and Tuscan shores,
And where Sicilia piles her naval stores;
Ships, barks, and gallies, cut the midland-main,
And join in arms, a complicated train.
For here no Pagan to the driving gale,
With daring hand unfurls his timorous sail;
Unrival'd round, the huge armada rides,
And with a forest veils the nether tides;
Beneath the load, indignant, Ocean swells,
The vessel labours, and the surge rebels.
Wing'd from the circling world the fleet unites;
One wish informs them, and one cause invites:
Their murmuring keels divide the side-long coast,
With large provision to the landed host; [shore,
Then lanch'd, they shout, and scour the winding
Hoist every sail, and ply with every oar;
All bound, where Christ the dear ablution shed,
And, for a sinful world, a sinless victim bled.
Fame flies through Sion with preceding sound,
And hastes to spread the fearful news around;
The pow'rs, the names, the numbers, all she sums—
" See, see," she cries, " the dreaded victor comes!
His steps a troop of matchless heroes wait,
Known to the field, the delegates of fate:
Fear ye, whose short enduring power detains
The sacred city, and her saints in chains!
He comes; and on his conquering weapon brings
Death to her foes, and terrour to her kings!"
Those ills, that present we might learn to bear,
In prospect spread, and magnify by fear;
The phantom realiz'd in fancy's eye,
Is greater ill than all those ills we fly.
With busy face, and ever listening ear,
Restless they run to learn, but dread to hear;
Throughout the city and adjacent plains,
Tumultuous haste, distrust, and rumour reigns;
While in her old malicious tyrant's soul,
Black thoughts and hoary machinations roll.

For Aladine in Sion newly thron'd,
Beneath the proud usurper Judah groan'd:
Dire was the native purpose of his mind,
To ev'ry act of early ill inclin'd;
But as his years increase, his fires assuage,
Allay with time, and mitigate with age.
He learns the progress of the Christian pow'rs,
That like a torrent comes to sap his tow'rs;
And a new doubt his anxious bosom tears—
Treason within, and force without, he fears.
For Salem's sacred city, then enclos'd,
Two different sects, of different faith, compos'd;
In Christ, divine instructor, those believ'd;
And these, in Macon, carnally deceiv'd:
In number, and in pow'r, the last excel;
The former, only, in believing well.
But late, when he the imperial seat attain'd,
And scepter'd o'er the pow'rs of Judah reign'd,
The Paynims lighten'd from the tax of state,
He whelms the Christians with the unequal weight.
Suspicious hence, he trembles in his turn,
Lest injury with due resentment burn.
Rous'd at the thought, his native wrath respires,
And wakes the fury of his slumb'ring fires;
The glut of future carnage feasts his soul,
And in his eye new scenes of slaughter roll.
Thus numb and peaceful lies some poisonous snake,
Chill'd in the dropping of a wintry brake;
Till, warm'd beneath the Sun's returning ray,
He stirs and curls, and kindles with the day;
Reviv'd to ill, his burnish'd spires arise,
And venom lightens from his sanguine eyes.
"Behold," he said, "malicious in their joy,
How the smile lurks, when Christians would destroy!
In transport hush'd, they wait the coming foe,
Their hearts exulting in the public woe:
Nor less such secret meditations mean,
Than nightly treasons, and some murd'rous scene;
Or through our gates yon hostile pow'rs to guide,
To us though hostile, yet to them allied.
"But prudence bids to disappoint the blow,
And turn its force, retorted on the foe;
The traitor's scheme shall on himself recoil,
And take him, with his own invented toil.
Stabb'd on the breast let bleeding infants die;
Each sex and age in mingling slaughter lie;
While hoary on the shrine their priests expire,
And ev'ry temple flames a funeral pyre!"
So brew'd the murd'rous mischief in his mind,
Dubious to act, what deadly he design'd;
The threatful storm, superior fears control,
And do the work of mercy in his soul;
While the fell purpose through his bosom boils,
With rancour rises, and with dread recoils,
Lest to himself like fortune might betide,
Compell'd to crave that mercy he denied,
And all the war, with desperate vengeance sped,
Should pour its wrath on his devoted head.
The tyrant hence, irresolute in rage,
Diverts the fury which he can't assuage;
Lays the wide suburbs level with the ground,
And further spreads consuming fires around;
Fell poison with the living fount he blends,
Where death amid the rolling streams descends;
Acts all a cruel prudence can suggest,
And feeds the fiend that ravens in his breast.
Defensive next, the city claims his cares;
The mound he deepens, and the breach repairs:
Three sides, impregnable, disdain'd the fray;
Sole on the north the doubt of battle lay:
But here, with utmost vigilance he plies;
The bars are doubled, and the ramparts rise;
And last, with native and auxiliar pow'rs,
He arms her wards, and fortifies her tow'rs.

BOOK II.

The king in each anticipating thought
Thus foil'd his foes, and future combats fought;
When lo! Ismeno, horrid seer, drew nigh,
A vicious counsellor and dread ally;
Ismeno, deep in all the pow'rs of Hell,
The mystic philter, and infernal spell!—
The monumental corse Ismeno warm'd,
And the pale dead with mimic life inform'd;
Compell'd the fiends to issue to his aid,
And Hell's dread king in his own realms obey'd.
A Christian once, he late transferr'd his vows,
And now to Macon, fitter master, bows;
Nor well the form of either system knew,
False to the first, nor to the latter true:
Still were the terms of sacred phrase retain'd,
Mix'd in his songs, and in his rites profan'd;
With lore divine the abhorrent charm he yokes,
And highest Heav'n with deepest Hell invokes.
Dire from his cave, where, impiously retir'd,
His arts he practis'd and his skill acquir'd,
He issu'd, grateful to a tyrant's will;
And thus advis'd the minister of ill.
"You see, O king, the fury of our foes,
Flush'd with the past, for future conquest glows;
But fury is by answering force controll'd,
And Heav'n is prompt in favour to the bold.
Thrice happy Judah, doubly arm'd in thee!
Expert to act, as cautious to foresee,
Who singly boast the twofold pow'r to save,
Mature for counsel, as for combat brave.
Ah, would your subjects catch the kindred fire,
And bravely emulate as you inspire,
Then Godfrey, soon entomb'd, might here obtain
Unenvied tenure, and a still domain.
For me, whate'er sage science may devise,
Whate'er of trust in deepest magic lies,
I bring, prepar'd, through each advent'rous state,
To ward your danger, or to share your fate;
Bow'd to the lore of necromantic laws,
The host exil'd from Heav'n shall aid your cause:
Then list to what my first instructions move;
And what I counsel, let my king approve.
"Remote and deep withdrawn from vulgar eyes,
A shrine beneath the Christian temple lies,
With show of pompous consecration plac'd,
And the bright image of their goddess grac'd:
A mortal deity this virgin bore,
And her those sects idolatrous adore;
His vows to her the travell'd pilgrim pays,
The lights perpetual round her idol blaze;
While veil'd, and passive, she attends the throng,
Their various offering, and their saintly song.
But thence, by your imperial hand convey'd,
Transport the form of this maternal maid,
And laid within our prophet's sacred fane,
Let ritual song and circling charms retain:
For such the force of our mysterious art,
And such the pow'rs my wondrous spells impart,
That while this new palladium we possess,
Your arms shall ever meet the wish'd success,

These walls impregnable ensure your reign,
And hostile fury storm around in vain."
He spoke; and prompt to ill the tyrant rose:
Impatience through his kindling aspect glows;
Unhallow'd, to the latent shrine he flies,
And grasps, with arms impure, the virgin prize:
In vain the zealous ministry withstands,
Opprobrious, he insults their reverend bands;
Then bears his sacrilege to Macon's fane,
Where Heav'n was ever deaf, and prayer profane:
The sorcerer with dread action stalks around,
And shocks with blasphemy the trembling ground.
And now succeeding morn, array'd in white,
Had silver'd Solyma with new-born light;
His charge in vain the anxious keeper sought,
As quickly vanish'd as profanely brought:
All pale, the tidings to his prince he bears,
Who scarce the messenger in madness spares,
But o'er the Christians all his rage renews,
For malice ne'er wants colour to accuse.
Yet, whether mortal arm may boast the deed,
Or Heav'n's high hand the captive image freed,
Remote the goddess from pollution bore,
And left the tyrant blindly to explore—
The times declare not; but in silence choose
To leave the deep decision to the Muse,
Who would all praise in piety assign
As due to pow'r superior and divine.
Strict was the search the chafing monarch made,
And wide his ministers of wrath invade;
His threats and vows, or menace, or invite,
Whom rack could terrify, or gold requite:
The wizard too his impious art applies,
And to his aid emerging demons rise:
Nor art, nor yet demoniac aid avails,
Nor deepest Hell imparts what Heav'n conceals.
But when, no more with baffled charms amus'd,
The king in wrath conceiv'd his pow'r abus'd,
His limbs all trembled, and his eyes shot flame,
And vengeful fury shook his labouring frame:
Rous'd in the wrath of unforgiving age,
Against the faithful burn'd his endless rage;
"Perish!" he cried, "destruction seize on all!
So, with the race, the curs'd offender fall.
Yes, ere the guilty 'scape the wrath decreed,
Perish the just, and let the guiltless bleed!
What said I, guiltless?—O ill-suited name!
Alike all Christians all our vengeance claim;
Foes to our prophet, traitors to our state,
They justly suffer by the laws they hate.
Up, up, my subjects, with the sword and fire;
Quick be their doom, and let their name expire!"
So spoke the tyrant; Fame receiv'd the sound,
And, cloth'd in terrour, pours the news around:
The blood from ev'ry Christian cheek she drains,
Strikes to their hearts, and shudders in their veins:
No force of prayer, no bold defence they try,
Fear froze their limbs, nor left the pow'r to fly;
While o'er their souls impending horrours wait,
And half anticipate the stroke of fate:
But succour, least foreseen, deceiv'd the grave;
For Heav'n is prompt, as potent still to save.
Then dwelt in Solyma a blooming maid,
With inward truth as outward charms array'd,
Heroic sentiment her bosom warm'd,
And her bright limbs the infant Graces form'd;
Yet with unconscious, or regardless eyes,
She saw no charm, or, seen, refus'd to prize;
Within herself her treasur'd sweetness clos'd,
And private in domestic peace repos'd.
But merit vainly from esteem retires;
The world pursues, discloses, and admires:
In vain from love the bashful charmer flies,
A bashful youth perceives, pursues, and dies;
To him, intruding love the maid reveal'd,
And kill'd with graces from herself conceal'd.
Love through the shade of deepest covert spies,
A blindfold Argus with a thousand eyes;
A various influence his pow'rs impart,
And warm the chaste, and cool the wanton heart.
Sophronia she, whose charms his love inspir'd;
Olindo he, whose love those charms admir'd;
In ev'ry grace, to ev'ry virtue train'd,
One faith instructed, and one town contain'd.
Yet he, nor hopes, nor ventures to complain,
Hush'd as th' eternal calm beneath the main;
With awful glance at distance eyes the fair,
Breathes but to sigh, and loves but to despair;
A prey to silent anguish, mourns alone,
Unseen, unmark'd, unpitied, and unknown.
The dire decree arrests Sophronia's ear,
Nor taught the Christian for herself to fear;
To nobler views her ample soul makes room,
With her own death to ward the public doom;
The generous maid would greatly bleed for all,
And one a sacrifice for thousands fall.
Strong zeal inspir'd, and native courage taught,
But female decency reproves the thought;
Nor so prevail'd, for resolutely sham'd,
The bolder blush through bashfulness inflam'd.
On through the gazing crowd she pass'd alone,
And like a star new risen the virgin shone;
A veil thrown o'er her charms with thin disguise,
But half eclips'd the danger of her eyes;
Adorn'd, with easy negligence she moves,
And ev'ry eye engages, and reproves;
For mildness, bright'ning through majestic grace,
Spoke in her mien, and lighten'd in her face.
Thus gaz'd by all, on pass'd the lovely dame,
And fearless to the royal presence came;
Dire was the form the tyrant's visage wore,
Which she in innocence, regardless, bore.
"O turn," she cried, "the terrours of thy ire,
Nor thou, O king, against thyself conspire;
Taint not the guardian glories of thy reign,
With bleeding innocents and subjects slain:
'Tis mine to give the traitor to thy view,
To point thy wrath, and point the vengeance due."
That decent confidence, and awful grace,
Mix'd with the glories of that loveliest face,
Surpris'd the monarch; half abash'd he stands,
And feels, that beauty, more than kings, commands:
Low sunk before the fair all forms of pride,
And bend for mercy to the suppliant side,
For mutual grace unbend the sov'reign brow,
Wishful to find, and willing to allow;
But the fond hope no answ'ring smiles impart,
And wayward beauty damps the kindling heart.
Not love, but sullen pleasure, seiz'd his sense,
A short amazement, and a still suspense.
"At your request," the monarch mild replies,
"Fate is no more, and scarce the guilty dies."
Then she—"Behold the criminal attends!
This hand perform'd, what still my heart commends:
From strange pollution bore our sacred dame,
And I alone your dreaded vengeance claim."
Thus, arm'd for pain, unterrified by death,
Thus the sweet innocence resigns her breath;
Her life a ransom for her country yields,
And a whole state with wide protection shields.

Surpris'd he paus'd, yet seeming to require
A form less fair, and apter to his ire:
"Say, who conspir'd, who prompted to the deed?
Nor give a breast so soft as thine to bleed."
"All rivals," she return'd, "my works disclaim,
Nor brook a partner in the deeds of fame:
My courage prompted what my thoughts conspir'd;
Alone I counsell'd, and alone acquir'd."
"On thee alone," the tyrant then replied,
"Be the full weight of my resentment tried!"
"'T is just, 't is just," she cried, "nor I repine;
Mine be the penalty, the glory mine!"
New choler now his gathering visage swells,
And all the tyrant in his heart rebels:
"How, where, hast thou presum'd thy theft to hide?
Say, quick, nor further urge thy fate!" he cried.
"Not rescu'd," bold she said, "to be betray'd,
Is the bless'd shape of that celestial maid.
Vain you require what, now consum'd with flame,
Nor infidels can touch, nor kings reclaim.
What would you more? your former captive freed,
You hold the criminal who boasts the deed.
But why the criminal to me transferr'd?
Must subjects bleed, when kings alone have err'd?
What you unjustly seiz'd, I justly gain'd;
And, guiltless, purified what you profan'd."
She spoke; and, from within, the labouring storm
Rose in his voice, and spread o'er all his form:
The dire distemper of the tyrant's soul,
No mercy mitigates, no bounds control;
In vain officious love his favourite arms,
And lends an unavailing shield of charms.
By doom severe, he judg'd the fearless dame
With beauty's gifts to feed devouring flame:
Officious villains on his wrath attend;
Her veil and floating robe they rudely rend;
Strict round her arms the livid cordage wind,
And to the stake the lamb-like victim bind;
While meek and silent, she attends her fate,
In pain unalter'd, and in death sedate,
Save that the rose its wonted mansion fled,
And like the lily droop'd her beauteous head.
The busy rumour spread with murmuring sound;
The vulgar ran, and clust'ring pour'd around.
Olindo too in trembling haste drew near,
With love prophetic, and all pale with fear.
But when, by soul distracting woe oppress'd,
The dreaded truth his hapless eyes confess'd,
His love condemn'd, in cruel fetters bound,
And the dire ministers of death around;
The youth all frantic through the tumult broke,
And thus the king in rage and haste bespoke:
"Not so, not so, my lord, this vaunting dame
Shall arrogate, what only I can claim:
She did not, would not, could not singly dare,
A work so weighty, and a deed so rare;
The guard with unexpected craft deceive,
And from her seat the massy substance heave:
This arm achiev'd what she assumes in vain."
(Ah, thus he lov'd, though hopeless to obtain!)
He added,—"Favour'd by the friendly night,
Where your proud fane admits the eastern light,
I scal'd the steep, and gain'd the dang'rous pass,
And through the postern bore the sacred mass:
Nor shall she thus usurp a foreign spoil,
With hazard enterpris'd, and earn'd with toil;
Mine are these welcome tortures, chains, and flame,
The trophied monument, and deathless name."
Her eyes from earth the grateful charmer rais'd,
And gently chiding, on her lover gaz'd:
"Say whence the frenzy that infects thy mind,
And why, ah why, to me severely kind?
Sufficient to my fate, howe'er I seem,
Thy life would but more cruelly redeem:
I want not such society in pain;
Whate'er he dares inflict, I dare sustain."
The maid, in vain, the enamour'd youth address'd,
Nor shook the steady purpose of his breast:
His fate, in vain, the stedfast youth demands;
The maid, as stedfast, and as kind, withstands.
O wond'rous pair!—Unpleasing, pleasing sight!
Where love and virtue amicably fight;
Where death alone is to the victor dear,
And safety's all the vanquish'd wretch can fear.
But now his wrath the king no longer rein'd,
Who vengeful judg'd his regal pow'r disdain'd:
"Cease, cease!" with cruel irony he cries;
"You both have won, and shall obtain the prize."
Quick, at his beck, the guards, who waited round,
With chains, the brave, the blooming stripling bound;
Then back to back the lovely pair they tied,
And whom they join in death, in death divide.
And now, applied to the surrounding pyre,
Contagious breath provokes the lingering fire.
A mournful pause the plaintive lover broke,
And to his lov'd, his patient partner, spoke:
"Are then my vows, my tedious sufferings crown'd,
With thee in such eternal spousals bound?
Far other ties my flatt'ring fancy fram'd,
Far other fire my faithful breast inflam'd!
Nor these the ties that bind connubial hearts;
Nor these the fires the bridal lamp imparts!
"Sad is the scene our nuptial pomp displays,
And long I earn'd what fate severely pays,
While life still sunder'd whom the grave unites,
And death my fond unfailing faith requites.
But yet, with thee, even agony finds ease;
Death knows to charm, and pain can learn to please:
Thy fate alone can teach me to repine,
And all the pangs you feel are doubly mine.
Ah! could I but obtain, that, breast to breast,
Of thee in this my latest hour possess'd,
I might but catch thee with my closing eye,
And my last breath within thy bosom sigh—
That were a bliss, beyond what life could give;
It were indeed too much to feel and live!"
Thus he, with various agitation mov'd;
And thus the maid with gentle speech reprov'd.
"Not these the griefs, the cares, you should attend;
Far other griefs, far other cares, impend—
The dreadful summons of offended pow'r,
The doubtful sentence, and the mortal hour!
The lapse of frailty, and the kindling flame,
Alike thy penitence and transport claim;
The martyr, with peculiar splendours bright,
Selected sits above the sons of light!
View yon fair azure with desiring eye,
Nor fear to tread the glories of the sky:
But O—beyond, beyond—what scenes invite!
O'er Heav'n, another Heav'n, still opening to our sight!"
Soft sorrows seiz'd the pale deploring crowd:
The pagans wept their pitying griefs aloud;
But not the Christians the still tempest show,
They drink their tears, and choke the swelling woe.
The king, who felt unwonted pity rise,
Melt in his soul, and moisten in his eyes,
Retir'd, the soft emotion to control,
And fix the flinty tenour of his soul.

But you, bright maid, transcendent greatness prov'd,
By weeping floods and circling flames unmov'd;
Inspir'd an anguish you refus'd to own,
In grief superior, and in crowds alone!
Thus hope was far from ev'ry weeping eye,
And death amid involving fires drew nigh;
When, mounted like some favourite son of fame,
A stranger to the mourning concourse came:
In foreign semblance, and unwonted mode,
Proud through the parting throng the hero rode;
Clorinda's corselet grac'd the warrior's breast,
And the fam'd tigress raven'd on her crest;
The admiring crowds her awful signal own,
To routed hosts and trembling nations known.
With nobler gifts of native worth adorn'd,
The heroic maid her sex's softness scorn'd;
Scorn'd each important toil of female hearts,
The tricking ornament, and needled arts,
The silken indolence, the soft fatigue,
The chamber'd spleen, and closeted intrigue:
Nor envious breath her virgin honour stain'd,
Through wander'd climes and foughten fields retain'd;
While o'er the beauties of her loveliest face,
Delight sat fierce, and smil'd with dreaded grace.
With early thirst of each adventurous deed,
She steer'd the manage of the bounding steed;
With infant arm would lanch the whistling spear,
Whirl the rough disk, and wield the sword in air;
And foil'd each rival with contending grace,
Strain'd in the grasp, or distanced in the race.
Now from the hills the shaggy spoils she tore,
The brinded lion, and the tusky boar;
And last whole hosts beneath her prowess yield,
She riots like a tigress o'er the field.
From Persia late the fair destroyer came,
And bore deep hatred to the Christian name;
Oft had she bath'd the mountains with their blood,
And with their bodies chok'd the purpling flood:
At Salem just arriv'd, her wand'ring view,
Aspiring flames and murmuring tumults drew.
When curious to inquire she turn'd with speed,
And o'er the pavement urg'd her flying steed.
The crowd gave way; the Amazonian fair
With strict regard beheld the captive pair—
The virgin silent, while the youth repin'd;
The stronger plaintive, and the weak resign'd;
But plaintive he, as in her sufferings pain'd;
No pangs but for the dearer maid sustain'd;
She silent, as her speech were in her eyes,
To hold superior converse with the skies,
As though her soul had took a previous flight,
The mortal sufferings pass'd, and Heav'n in sight.
Clorinda's breast divine compassion fill'd,
Her silver lids the pitying drops distill'd;
But chief she mourn'd, and chief admir'd the maid,
Placid in pain, nor even in death dismay'd;
Then fervent thus a neighbouring sage address'd:
"Ah! whence this lovely pair, and why distress'd?
Such death, where such apparent virtues shine,
What crime can merit, or what heart design?"
She spoke; the man of courtesy explain'd
Whate'er of note the mournful tale contain'd:
Her soul, with kindred dignity inspir'd,
Their guilt acquitted, and their worth admir'd;
And soon her enterprising thoughts presume
By suit or battle, to reverse their doom:
Quick from the stake th' approaching fire she drew,
And thus spoke terrour to the list'ning crew:
"Let none, with cruel or adventurous hand,
Officious dare to act what I withstand,
Till from the court returning orders bring
Freedom or fate, determin'd by your king:
Nor fear in this to rouse the monarch's rage;
My will's your warrant, and my word your gage."
So saying, to their souls she look'd dismay,
As only born for others to obey;
Then swift to court the lovely suitor ran,
But obvious met the king, and brief began.
"Ere this, O king, Clorinda's distant fame
Has haply taught your ear a stranger's name,
Who comes, you'll say presumptuous, thus alone,
To guard our faith, and vindicate your throne.
Whate'er of war the various terms comprise,
Within my sphere of copious battle lies;
Nor aught above me, nor beneath I know,
From the proud bulwark to repel the foe,
To form the phalanx, or to lead the field,
Or hand to hand the deadly weapon wield."
She ceas'd; and thus the king—"O glorious maid!
Arm of the host you condescend to aid,
From pole to pole thy honour'd name is known,
Thy fame unbounded by the distant Lone:
Not all this warlike confidence of tow'rs,
The force of native and auxiliar pow'rs,
Such trust defensive of our throne provide,
As that right hand, that weapon at thy side.
Come, Godfrey, come, with laurels on thy brow,
Thy march too swift, so late, is tedious now;
Nor less than his Clorinda's glories claim,
Thy word as absolute, as great thy fame!
Thine be the sphere of arbitrary sway,
The secret council, and the bold array;
Beneath thy scepter'd hand my pow'rs I yield,
First in the throne, as foremost in the field!
He spoke; with easy grace the virgin bow'd,
And suppliant thus her gen'rous plea avow'd:
"Though Aladine may deem the matter new,
Where gifts precede, and services ensue,
So highly your munificence I hold,
Your bounty bids the diffident be bold.
Then for the aid I bring, the life would spend,
For all I shall perform, or may intend,
To my request those wretched captives give,
And grant the lovely criminals may live.
Their sentence merely on suspicion built,
Much might be urg'd abating of their guilt;
But ev'ry plea of innocence I wave,
And sole, in lieu of future service, crave.
Yet, mighty king, permit me to disclaim
The guilt imputed to the Christian name;
Nor should I from conceiv'd opinion lead,
Were reason not resistless to persuade;
For ill the wizard's pedant arts retain
That sanctitude which Mahan's laws ordain,
Whose tenets, all replete with lore divine,
Prohibit idols from his hallow'd shrine.
To him miraculous ascribe the deed,
His fane from guilt, from profanation freed;
Nor thou repine, when gen'rous pow'rs reject
What rites might innovate, or arts infect.
Let Ismen exercise, remote from arms,
His maze of tricks, and unavailing charms;
But the keen use of more decisive pow'rs,
The magic of the circling blade be ours!"
She said; and though the monarch's stubborn breast
Was proof to aught soft pity could suggest,

Yet high observance of the gallant maid,
Her honour'd presence, and her promis'd aid,
Prevail'd: "All pleading," he return'd, "is vain;
Clorinda ne'er can ask, but to obtain:
Nor I their innocence or guilt debate;
Be you alike sole mistress of their fate!"

Thus were they freed. Olindo, happiest youth!
Great is the recompense that waits thy truth;
Pure was thy constant flame, severe the test,
And Heav'n with equal retribution bless'd.
Now beyond hope exulting, from despair
He pass'd associate with the yielding fair:
To death he lov'd her; and the grateful maid,
With a long life of mutual love repaid.

But, ever to a tyrant's soul ingrate,
He held such virtue dang'rous in the state;
And distant far the bridal exiles sent,
Rich in their love, and each in each content.
With these he banishes the brave and young,
And ev'ry Christian arm with vigour strung;
In hostage then the softer sex retains,
The tender infant binds in needless chains,
Whose helpless cries the wonted names require,
Th' endearing husband, and protecting sire.

Some through the devious wild, or mountain shade,
Where chance or sadness tempted, pensive stray'd;
While some, with glory and resentment fir'd,
To heights of more determin'd worth aspir'd,
Bold to Emmaus bend their warlike course,
And with new arms augment the Christian force;
For to Emmaus now approach'd their pow'rs,
Emmaus, west from Salem's regal tow'rs.
Who treads the fresh of April's early dew,
(A thousand scenes of rural scope in view)
At leisure may the mediate space beguile,
By the third hour, the third of Hebrew style.
While distant yet, the town and neighb'ring coast,
With the first ken, salute the Christian host,
"Emmaus!" loud, triumphing legions cry,
And catch the place with long desiring eye.

And now, down Heav'n, the swift careering Sun
His ev'ning course of steep direction run;
At Godfrey's word the travell'd armies stand,
And canvass cities rise to his command,
Whose tented canopy, and flaxen shed,
O'er many a field with ready structure spread.

Nor yet Heav'n's lamp forsook th' ethereal plain,
But hover'd verging on the western main,
When lo! two peers, attractive of the eye,
In mode of foreign ornament drew nigh:
Peace in their hands and open brow they bear,
Complacence in their gentle mien and air;
While gorgeous equipage attendant wait
Their embassy from Egypt's scepter'd state.

The first Aletes, vers'd in ev'ry vice;
Base was his birth, conspicuous was his rise:
O'er Nile his proud vicegerence widely spread,
And stor'd with wiles was his sagacious head;
Soft on his lips persuasive fiction hung,
Guile fill'd his heart, and eloquence his tongue;
His manners easy, though his genius shrewd,
Fair to engage, and subtle to delude;
Smooth to persuade with false illusive phrase,
To vindicate with blame, or kill with praise.

With him Argantes, huge Circassian, came,
A stranger late, but quickly known to fame;
Through Egypt, prime in arms, the warrior shone,
And now a satrap grac'd the Memphian throne.
Furious the bent of his unconquer'd soul,
Nor knew his heart or pity or control;
Slave to his will, his will by passion sway'd;
Proud, restless, fierce, untir'd, and undismay'd,
Nor Earth he thought his match in arms could yield,
As yet unrival'd through the sanguine field!
His impious arm the only God ador'd,
His reason perch'd upon his conqu'ring sword.

Admittance to the gen'ral's ear they sue,
And introduc'd the royal Godfrey view.
Low on a couch, in unaffected state,
Amid surrounding chiefs the hero sat:
Plain was his vestment, negligence with grace,
And awe with meekness liv'd within his face;
As Godfrey only could his state adorn,
Too great to value, though too meek to scorn.

Argantes ent'ring, scarce his head inclin'd;
Haughty his mien, expressive of his mind:
As from due rite he purposely abstain'd,
For conscious merits in himself retain'd.

Not so Aletes; struck with decent awe,
Ent'ring he seem'd half-wishing to withdraw;
As one surpris'd, his forward step repress'd,
And bore his hand respectful to his breast;
Then easy, bow'd with deference profound,
And fix'd his eyes half-closing on the ground.
Spontaneous through his lips, a wonted road,
The stream of voluntary diction flow'd,
Gentle as dews or summer's ev'ning rain
To slake the fevers of the sultry plain;
While thus the Syriac melted from his tongue,
And list'ning princes on the cadence hung.

"O, mightiest thou! sole worthy of the sway,
Where circling heroes, chiefs like these obey,
Who bear fresh wreaths on each victorious head,
Fir'd by thy deeds, and by thy conduct led.
Beyond the Herculean pillar flies thy fame,
And Egypt e'en to Nubia tells thy name.
But chief our monarch marks thy wondrous ways,
Lists to thy name, and dwells upon thy praise:
No envy his superior bosom fires,
He hears with pleasure, with esteem admires;
To worth like thine perceives his heart ally'd,
And is by love, if not religion ty'd.
Yet well appriz'd of what your arms intend,
Oppos'd where he in honour must defend,
From us his amicable purpose know,
A faithful friend, but a reluctant foe.

"With thee in arms, in council, and in mind,
In equal amity and hate combin'd,
He vows, whate'er encount'ring dangers wait,
To fix the fortunes of thy wav'ring state;
Be Sion only sacred to repose,
He joins with Godfrey, should the world oppose.

"Transcendent chief! whose memorable page
Shall send a tale to ev'ry future age,
Short is the span that gives thy deeds a date,
But long the time that wond'ring shall relate!
Thy rapid progress knows nor rest, nor bound—
What cities fore'd, or level'l'd with the ground!
What battles fought! what victories obtain'd!
What provinces subdu'd! what empires gain'd!
Amazement flies, or trembles at thy name;
Nor is there left a further work for fame;
New added power can add no new applause;
And glory, spread to either pole, must pause.

"Soar'd to the zenith of a cloudless day,
Thy fortune culminates her warmest ray;

Her next advance the western steep invites,
Prone she descends, and suddenly benights.
Ah think, great chief!—the dang'rous venture shun,
Where all thy deeds may be at once undone:
Doubtful thy hope, and thy advantage small;
But great the loss, and wondrous deep the fall.
" Yet, Godfrey may reject our fond address;
He views the future in the past success:
His sword with blood of routed armies stain'd,
Beneath his hand reluctant nations rein'd,
With all the bold the boundless wish can crave,
That bribes the fortunate, or fires the brave—
These, these may win him to the waste of war,
And passions prompt what reason would abhor.
Delusive orators! they still persuade,
Unsheath'd to brandish that redoubted blade;
Still to pursue where fortune would betray,
Where glory smooths the faithless arduous way,
Till Macon be no more; and waste, forlorn,
Sad Asia like some widow'd matron mourn:
Fair hopes, high projects, and allurements sweet,
But covert ruin, and assur'd deceit.
" If zeal exhibits no intemp'rate dream,
Nor clouds of wrath eclipse thy reas'ning beam;
How just, how diff'rent would the scene arise,
Nor hope, but apprehension meet thine eyes!
Will Fortune, false as the alternate sea,
For thee perpetual flow, alone for thee?
High the ascent her hourly favourites know,
But steep the precipice that sinks below;
One step alone 'twixt triumph and defeat,
The gulfy ruin and the tow'ry height.
Say, chief! should Nile with all his dread allies,
Potent of wealth and arms, in vengeance rise;
The Turk, the Persian, and Cassano's heir,
Frown in the van, and deepen in the rear;
What mortal pow'r could such a storm assuage,
Or check the thunder launch'd in all its rage?
" Perhaps, to western aid thy prospects bend;
Aid from the Greek,—that try'd, that trusty friend!
Yes, yes, his faith attesting nations own;
'T is Punic all, and to a proverb known!
His plighted powers we then may learn to fear,
When you grow credulous, or he sincere;
When those who late thy peaceful march withstood,
To buy thy progress will expend their blood;
Who late retail'd the venal air for hire,
Fight in thy cause, and at thy side expire.
" Shrunk to the limits of this warlike round,
All hope is to thy proper squadrons bound;
To these, who, distant from their native soil,
By death diminish, and decline with toil;
And is it hence, thy brave presumption grows,
To foil the fury of united foes?
Not slight the fray thy former conquests boast,
When with full pow'rs you quell'd each sep'rate host;
How then should such combining hosts dismay,
When Egypt lengthens out their dread array?
" Yet, should I yield thee more than man for might,
In terrours dress'd, invincible in fight,
In heavenly panoply thy warriors cas'd,
With heavenly ardour ev'ry sinew brac'd;
Still Godfrey, still thy mightier foe remains,
More fierce than millions on encount'ring plains—
Go, whirl thy sword, go, launch th' impetuous spear,
And let remorseless famine learn to fear!
Alas! too soon thy matchless force must feel,
That hunger 's sharper than the wounding steel.
" No harvests here wave hopeful to thy eye;
Consum'd around, the blasted pastures lie;
The tiller has himself undone his toil,
Nor left for him to reap, or thee to spoil;
While wasting fires have robb'd thy fainting steed,
And wide devour'd, lest fiercer foes should feed:
Deep guarded battlements the grain immure,
From force defend, and from access secure.
But then your fleet shall waft the large supply,
And seas shall yield, what hostile lands deny;
Yes, you shall live as please the tide and wind,
When gales are constant, and when storms are kind.
" Yet could thy pow'r the struggling tempest rein,
Direct the blast, and rule th' indignant main;
How will thy feeble, thy unequal fleet,
Such joint, such formidable forces meet,
When launch'd around our naval powers unite,
And from the boundless ocean snatch the sight?
" Strange is the turn of thy capricious state,
Where double conquest must prevent defeat;
As strange our fav'ring fate, where one success
Shall with a sure, a double conquest bless:
If we, by land or sea, thy pow'rs sustain,
Vain are thy pow'rs, by land and ocean vain;
And if by sea or land thy forces fail,
By land and sea alike our arms prevail.
In vain by land the fruitless field you boast,
When famine triumphs o'er thy conqu'ring host;
In vain thy fleet shall waft the plenty o'er,
Thy conqu'ring fleet, when armies are no more.
" If yet, nor love, nor interest can invite,
And only wars remorseless wars delight,
How has thy soul her former praise disclaim'd,
Through ev'ry clime, for ev'ry virtue fam'd!
But ah, if war thy milder thoughts deform,
May Heav'n with gentle hand appease the storm;
Through Asia may the horrid conflicts cease,
And Godfrey rule the conquer'd realms in peace!
" And you! whose arms, in dubious battle try'd,
The virtues of your matchless chief divide,
Who share, alike, his council and his care,
Who ev'ry toil and ev'ry peril share;
Let heav'nly peace the swelling passion sway,
Nor smiling fortune, faithless fair, betray.
The mariner, though sails and cordage torn,
Through sands, and rocks, and whirling eddies borne,
At length within the friendly haven cast,
With transport sees that ev'ry danger 's pass'd:
Escap'd like him the trusty port retain,
Nor tempt the future tempest on the main."
He ended smooth; but, through the warlike round,
Of deep disgust the murm'ring accents sound;
Impassion'd gestures all their soul avow,
And indignation bends ev'ry brow.
Thrice and again, his quick discerning view
The chief around his circling heroes threw;
And thus sedate the much-experience'd man,
With gentle but determin'd voice began.
" Aletes! deep thy art, and smooth thy phrase;
And well you mix the menace with the praise.
If, in sincerity, as it should seem,
Our acts are honour'd with your kings esteem,
You may assure the monarch, on our part,
Of all due deference, and a grateful heart.
But where your words with threat'ning ardour warm,
Collect all Asia in the coming storm,
I answer in my plain accustom'd style,
Not grac'd with eloquence, yet free from guile.

"Know then, that all our suff'ring pow'rs sustain,
Through hostile climes, and the tempestuous main,
Sole centring to one glorious object tends,
And only leads where all our labour ends—
To free yon sacred, venerable wall!
Let ev'ry threat, let ev'ry ruin fall,
Nor death can terrify, nor toil distress,
Since Heav'n with future recompense will bless.
"'T is not the transient gust of mortal joys,
Gems, crowns, or pageant sceptres, glitt'ring toys!
Nor fame in all her pomp of titles dress'd,
Inspires the fervour of a Christian breast:
Who to the spheres their constant course assign'd,
Alone directs the movements of our mind;
He is the Pole whose fix'd attraction charms,
The Voice that dictates, and the Cause that arms.
His Hand alone the whirling surge restrains,
And o'er his tempest throws the lordly reins.
Alike to us the wintry gusts arise,
Or Syrius fires th' equinoctial skies;
Warm'd by his breath, or shaded by his wing,
His Presence tempers our eternal spring.
Smooth'd, where he leads, the strong ribb'd hills subside,
The dangers vanish, and the floods divide;
Low lie proud heads, and ev'ry hostile pow'r,
And from its basis smokes the tumbling tow'r.
"Not from the cumbrous shield, or brittle spear,
Or strength of mortal arm, we hope—or fear;
Nor list if Grecia or the world be foes;
We trust a Pow'r, who can alone oppose;
Nor shall the world against our host abide,
Against one man, if Heav'n be on his side.
"But if, before yon consecrated wall,
His Will, inscrutable, ordains our fall,
Our bones shall mingle with that hallow'd clay,
Where once the Prince of Life, Messiah lay:
So will we fall, triumphant, though o'erthrown;
So will we die!—but, trust me, not alone—
Sad Asia shall the mournful vigil keep,
And (friendless) we will give the foe to weep.
"Yet think not we in savage wars delight,
That terms of honourable peace we slight;
Or, vain of conquest, equally despise
Such formidable foes, such strong allies.
But why your monarch prop these distant walls,
Where neither interest claims, nor justice calls?
If east or west, his conqu'ring ensigns bend,
Pleas'd with his pow'r, we rise not to defend;
Still with his glory may his sway increase,
Still may he rule his native realms in peace,
Nor toil to find unnecessary foes,
But take and grant reciprocal repose!"
He ceas'd; when, passion madd'ning in his eye,
Argantes in a storm of wrath drew nigh,
Th' impetuous gust disdaining to control;
And thus loos'd all the fury of his soul.
"Yes, chief, henceforward let the sword decide;
War is thy wish, nor be thy wish deny'd.
Ill hast thou answer'd to our terms of peace;
But cause of strife to mortals ne'er can cease."
So saying, quick his flowing garb he seiz'd,
And folding with terrific action rais'd:
"Here, thou contemner of events!" he cries,
"Here, peace and war within my vesture lies.
If war be in thy bold election, say;
Choose as you list, but choose without delay."
Such utt'ring arrogance, and scornful air,
Not likely such a princely round should bear:
Incens'd, no voice attends their chief's reply;
"War, war!" at once, "War, war!" aloud they cry.
With rising wrath the fierce Circassian burn'd,
And "War, eternal, mortal war!" return'd.
His robe with hasty furious hand expos'd,
The gates of Janus seem at once disclos'd:
Peace, scar'd, on trembling pinions urg'd her flight;
And Hate and Discord, issuing, claim'd the light.
All dread and terrible, Argantes stands:
Dire as Typhoüs with his hundred hands,
Or Babel, that in spite of Heav'n arose;
So tow'rs the chief, and menaces his foes.
With awful grace superior, Godfrey smil'd,
And thus rejoin'd more menacingly mild.
"Our answer let your Memphian monarch hear,
Who better knows to threat than we to fear—
If here he means we should attend the fight,
Swift be his march, and well assur'd his might;
Or soon we 'll wait him on Egyptian soil;
For we are, haply, more inur'd to toil."
The hero spoke; and gracefully humane
Dismiss'd the chiefs with their attending train:
Aletes had a helm of richest price,
With plumage proud, the beamy spoil of Nice:
But to Argantes' mightier hand he gave
A massy sword, fit present for the brave;
Though gold the hilt, and gem'd with costliest stone,
Superior to the mass the model shone;
Curious to view, but pond'rous 't was to feel,
And like a meteor gleam'd the length'ning steel.
The bounty quick the proud Circassian took,
Ey'd with delight, and with dread action shook:
"Soon Bulloign! much too soon," he cried, "you 'll find,
Such trust was ne'er to better hands assign'd."
They parted thus; and, to his peer address'd,
Argantes spoke the boldness of his breast:
"Go thou to Egypt with the morning light;
I go to Sion, and I go this night.
My pen or presence to no end conduce,
Where deeds are dead, and only words of use:
Talk is thy province, and may have its charms;
Be mine the war, the nobler clash of arms!"
Brief spoke the Pagan, nor reply attends,
But turn'd with haughty step to Salem bends;
The dictates of his swift impetuous soul
No rites of embassy, no laws control:
Beneath the glimm'ring of the starry ray,
Impatient, he directs his warlike way;
While warm in ev'ry act, and ev'ry thought,
Contention bled, and future combats fought.
And now still night, diffus'd to either pole,
From Heav'n her balmy visitation stole;
With soft constraint the drowsied sense oppress'd,
And weigh'd the weary bustling world to rest.
Through nature, peace and short oblivion reign:
The tempest slumbers on the silent main;
Hush'd through the sylvan shade, and dreary den,
Smooth lake, and peopled flood, and willow'd fen,
Each foot, and fin, and feather, finds repose;
With gentler pace each lazy current flows;
Exil'd from ev'ry heart oppression fled,
And labour sunk upon the grateful bed.
But not the shade with kindly opiate bless'd,
That lull'd the remnant of the world to rest,
Nor toil persuasive of profound repose,
Through Godfrey's camp could give an eye to close:
Impatience hangs upon the lingering night,
Counts the long hour, and claims the promis'd light;

Still through the gloom exploring looks essay
The dawning whiteness of the eastern ray,
That shall o'er long-sought Solyma arise,
And give her spires to their expecting eyes.

BOOK III.

The eastern breeze, fresh harbinger of dawn,
Sprung from the surge, and whisper'd o'er the lawn:
Aurora wak'd, suffus'd with early dew,
And round her form the purpling vesture threw;
Her orient locks increasing glory shed,
And Eden's rose adorn'd her radiant head.
The soldiers arm; ten thousand shouts arise,
Ring through the camp, and burst upon the skies;
Triumphant clarions answer to the sound,
And boundless joy and clamour pours around.
Wild were the transports of the madding host,
Wild as the waves on the Trinacrian coast,
Or winds that o'er the ridgy mountain sweep,
That rend the clouds, and rush upon the deep:
Yet to their chief the ranging troops conform,
He rules the rapture, and directs the storm;
In order'd file arrays th' impetuous train;
Rapid they march, but rapid with the rein.
Wing'd were their hearts, with previous transport fleet,
And wing'd, like feather'd Mercury, their feet;
Nor travel tires, nor obstacles impede,
So warm their ardour and so swift their speed.
But when careering up the ethereal road,
The disk of Heav'n with rising fervour glow'd,
Jerusalem the ravish'd squadrons spy,
"Jerusalem!" triumphing thousands cry;
Jerusalem, their acclamations sweet,
Expanding arms, and reaching raptures, greet.
So when beneath the keen Septentrion pole,
Or where the tides of Austrial oceans roll,
Advent'rous mariners, a desp'rate band,
Roam in the search of yet untrodden land,
Where skies unknown the dreary prospect bound,
With gulfs that gape, and storms that rage around;
If, haply, now some azure hill they spy,
How is the voice responsive to the eye!
Their cheeks with mutual gratulation glow,
And shouts in scorn dismiss all former woe.
To the first hurry of that wild delight
When Salem rose transporting to their sight,
Contrition soon with rev'rent check succeeds;
With dulcet anguish ev'ry bosom bleeds:
Their humble eyes all trembling they withhold
From walls too dear, too awful to behold,
Where Christ his seat of mortal passion chose,
Expiring suffer'd, and renew'd arose:
Griefs, joys, unknown, their mingling soul possess'd,
And thrill'd the nerve in ev'ry martial breast.
Soft is their step along the sacred ground,
And hoarse and deep the murm'ring accents sound—
Hoarse as the rustling of autumnal breeze;
Deep as the break of rough assuaging seas,
Where denser woods the shatt'ring blast oppose,
Or craggy shores the surging spume enclose.
The warriors, by their chief's example led,
With naked feet the sultry causeway tread;
Of boastful trim their arms they all divest,
And all unplum'd is ev'ry bending crest;
Timid their voice, and sweet their whisp'ring woe,
Short breathe their sighs, and fast their eyes o'erflow,
While thus the penitent, the dear distress,
Low fault'ring tongues and speaking hearts express:
"O Lamb! who here for all the living died,
Love's purple fountain issuing from thy side,
Whose currents through the maze of mercy ran,
To wash the ways, the sinful ways of man;
Receive, receive the contrite tears we shed,
Due tribute where our suff'ring Saviour bled;
Nor common tears should thy memorial keep,
But pour'd to thee our bleeding hearts should weep!"
Meanwhile the watch, who, from his tow'ry stand,
In spacious prospect held the neigb'ring land,
To right, to left, slow gath'ring on the skies,
Perceiv'd wide wreaths of curling dust arise.
As fraught with coming storm when clouds ascend
And sable wing'd from north to east extend,
The nimble lightnings pour upon the sight,
And the dark vapour labours with the light;
So through th' eclipse, shields, helms, and corslets gleam,
Thick ported spears project a quiv'ring beam,
With man and steed the wide-womb'd cloud is fill'd,
And glitt'ring arms the skirted region gild.
The hasty centinel the town alarms—
"To arms, ye citizens," he cries, "to arms!
Heavens! what a horrid cloud involves the sky!
What ranks of steely war, what hosts I spy!
Up, up, the foe's at hand; your walls ascend;
Your law, your lives, your native rights defend!"
The female's feeble sex, and silver'd sage,
Too soft by nature, or unnerv'd by age,
With trembling infants to the mosques repair,
And tire their prophet with a length of prayer.
But those of limb assur'd, and courage bold,
Seiz'd their keen weapons with a hasty hold:
Some run to line the portals, some the wall;
The king informs, directs, and governs all.
Then to a tower that brow'd the northern coast,
And front to front o'erlook'd th' approaching host,
His city here, and here his foe in view,
The monarch, to inspect the whole, withdrew.
Erminia, to his royal house ally'd,
Erminia, gentle charmer! grac'd his side,
Whom late (her kingdom seiz'd, and slain her sire)
The victor's chain permitted to retire.
Meantime Clorinda, issuing at their head,
The force of many a gallant warrior led;
While, with his squadron couch'd, Argantes lay,
Prepar'd to sally, and sustain the day.
Clorinda's daring voice each ear inspir'd;
Each eye, her warlike presence fill'd and fir'd:
"This day," she cried, "let grateful Asia bless,
That to our arms assign'd the first success."
She said—when straight appear'd a Christian band,
Whose search with early forage scour'd the land,
And now returning with the lowing prey,
To the main host they held their hasty way.
The virgin, by intemp'rate valour push'd,
Full on the troop, but first on Guiodo, rush'd,
Their mighty leader, fam'd for strength in fight,
But much too weak to match her matchless might:
Him from his seat, in either army's view,
O'erturn'd behind his steed Clorinda threw;
Glad omen hence the Pagan hosts portend,
And shouts, by shouts upborne, to Heav'n ascend:
But she, where join'd the thickest squadrons, press'd,
Cleft the bright helm, and tore the plaited breast;
Her men fast follow'd on the road she made,
And fought secure beneath her conqu'ring shade.

Repell'd, with speed the Christians quit the spoil,
And step by step their shatter'd pow'rs recoil;
Till the kind summit of a hill they gain'd,
And rallying thence the stronger foe sustain'd:
When lo! impetuous as loos'd whirlwinds rise,
Or the red bolt that shoots athwart the skies,
His arms and eager eyes ejecting flame,
Far wing'd before his squadron Tancred came.
As in a tempest stands some stable mast,
Brac'd to the board, yet lab'ring in the blast;
So great, so firm, the spear which Tancred takes,
Sits in his grasp, and in his anger shakes.
The king beheld him dreadful in his charms,
Blooming in strength, and eminent in arms.
His presence fill'd the careful monarch's breast,
Who thus Erminia, trembling maid, address'd:
"Well should thy eye, through long acquaintance, know
The hated shape of each distinguish'd foe;
Say then, what 's he, whose hot and warlike form
Before him sends the terrour of a storm?"
He said; nor answer save the sigh receiv'd,
That in the whiteness of her bosom heav'd,
That half suppress'd in its sweet prison lay,
And through her lips half wing'd its odorous way;
While round her eyes the crimson circlets glow'd,
And bright, within, the liquid anguish flow'd.
At length o'er love she threw aversion's cloke,
And thus, with feign'd yet real passion, spoke:
"Ah me! too well, too well his form I know,
Whose steed so proudly bears my deadliest foe;
Him from my eyes nor mingling hosts can hide,
Him from my thoughts nor time nor place divide.
Great prophet! in what heaps from Antioch's wall,
Beneath that arm I saw my people fall!
The wound he gives no mortal may endure,
No armour ward, and ah!—no med'cine cure.
Tancred his name,—O! cruel,—may he live,
And 'scape the death he knows too well to give,
Till captive once, and to my rage assign'd,
He feels how strait a woman's chains can bind:
A thousand deaths my vengeful thoughts prepare,
And one, which Heav'n avert! would only spare."
She said; involuntary sighs expire,
And just, though great, the monarch deem'd her ire;
But ah! how sweet the vengeance she design'd!
How soft the fetters! and the rage how kind!
Meantime Clorinda ey'd the warrior's speed,
And full to thwart the tempest urg'd her steed.
Couch'd at the head each aim'd a deadly stroke;
Her weapon, shiver'd to the gauntlet, broke:
But the rude welcome of the hero's spear,
Nor silken thongs nor golden buckles bear;
From her fair front the plumed helm he cast,
Her hair dishevelling rev'ell'd in the blast;
Gem'd in the curling radiance shone her face,
The fiercest ardour, and the sweetest grace.
Forth from her glance keen flash'd the living fire;
Ah! what her smiles—since lovely was her ire?
Why, Tancred! wherefore stops thy late career?
Here 's but one foe, and can the mighty fear?
Or can a face like spelful magic charm,
Freeze the bold nerve, and chain the lifted arm?
Yes, Tancred's eye bears witness to his heart,
And owns a charm beyond the mystic art;
Still on that heart, indelibly impress'd,
Still liv'd that form which now his eyes confess'd:
The shade ill shelt'ring to his soul returns,
And gazing now, as at the fount he burns.

Her shield she rais'd, and on the warrior flew;
Fierce she advanc'd, and gentle he withdrew:
On other foes he would his force have try'd;
But "Here! turn here!" the threatful virgin cry'd.
Ah, barb'rous maid! one death would not suffice;
Thy sword would trace the progress of thy eyes.
Furious she strikes, while faintly he defends,
And only to her killing face attends:
"Ah!" thought the chief, "sweet combatant forbear!
'T is not thy sword that Tancred knows to fear;
Far deeper than the wounds thy arms impart,
Thou 'st found the way to reach thy soldier's heart.
Strong though thy arm, the strongest arm may fail;
But fate is in thy eyes, and must prevail."
Yet, ere he died, determin'd yet to tell,
Why thus the unresisting victim fell;
Half timorous, half embolden'd by despair,
With troubl'd accent he address'd the fair:
"If the steel'd ranks of this embattled field,
No apter object of thy prowess yield;
If me alone thy vengeance would pursue,
Thy valour combat, and thy arms subdue;
Hence from the mingling hosts with me retire,
And prove whose arm can best express our ire."
The maid assented, though unhelm'd her head,
And rode intrepid where the challenge led.
And now she aim'd, and now discharg'd a stroke,
When, scarce preventing, thus the warrior spoke:
"Hold! lovely heroine, hold! and let thy rage
First hear the terms that won me to engage."
She stay'd; his fault'ring tongue despair made bold,
And gave the love long latent to unfold:
"Ah my fair foe," th' impassion'd Tancred cried,
"Since peace is in thy endless wrath deny'd,
The terms of war to speedy conquest lead,
Give you to strike and me alone to bleed;
Too bless'd, if so I may thy rage appease,
And learn, so hap'ly, learn in death to please.
Long since, the joys of irksome life are fled,
Nor mine the heart you pierce, or blood you shed:
Mistaken maid! in ev'ry part you reign,
And pour the vital flood through ev'ry vein.
Of me, more nearly than thyself, possess'd,
Thine 's all the int'rest in thy Tancred's breast!
See to thy sword his bosom I impart;
Too well thou know'st thy passage to the heart—
Strike, strike! it leaps to bleed at thy command,
And welcomes death endear'd beneath thy hand."
Yet, Tancred! further had thy lips essay'd,
And haply touch'd the much admiring maid;
But here, by luckless interruption led,
Before their foes some routed Paynims fled.
A Gallic soldier, as he pass'd the fair,
Mark'd the bright flow of her redundant hair;
His coward hand the base advantage seiz'd,
And high in air the cruel steel he rais'd;
But Tancred on his weapon caught the stroke,
And the first force of its encounter broke;
Yet lightly edg'd the glancing sabre hit,
Where the fair head and pillar'd neck were knit.
As when, prepar'd some regal brow to grace,
Or raise the lustre of some fair-one's face,
An artist bids the golden circlets shine,
And calls the ruby from the blushing mine;
So the bright drops of bleeding crimson show'd,
And gem'd amid her mingling tresses glow'd.
Then, then, no limit Tancred's fury knew,
But lanch'd in vengeance on the ruffian flew;

As swiftly loos'd to flight he urg'd his steed,
For instant fear gave feathers to his speed.
Suspens'd awhile, and much at both amaz'd,
On the strange chase the thoughtful virgin gaz'd;
But turn'd, she saw her shatter'd squadrons yield,
And chang'd the fortune of the flying field:
With shame, grief, rage, all kindling at the sight,
She rush'd to turn her routed bands from flight;
Now, singly bold, against a host made head,
And now, o'erpower'd by pressing numbers, fled;
Yet mutual flight to her pursuers taught,
For still she flew, and as she fled she fought.

As on the wilds of Plessa's bord'ring wood,
Or where broad Volga rolls a deep'ning flood,
The savage Ure, by circling mastiffs press'd,
Shakes the dread dewlap of his bellowing chest;
Outnumber'd, now prepares his flanks for flight,
Now wheeling lifts his horny front in fight;
Clorinda so, half chasing, and half chas'd,
Repelling, and repell'd, now fled, now fac'd;
When flying fear'd, and fatal though pursu'd,
She rather seem'd subduing than subdu'd.

The Pagans, push'd before the Christian pow'rs,
Now reach'd the bases of their shelt'ring tow'rs;
Whence rallied, for the field again they burn,
And with a shout upon their hunters turn.

Meantime Argantes with his troop impends,
And plum'd in horrour from the mount descends.
Well might the stoutest tremble at the sight,
For fearful rush'd the giant fam'd in fight:
Pierc'd by his sword, or by his lance o'erthrown,
The prostrate ranks beneath his fury groan;
Deform'd, the battle bleeds at ev'ry vein,
And man and steed lie tumbled on the plain.
With equal death Clorinda heap'd the field,
And made the pride of manly prowess yield.
Ardelio, whose brave spirit, warm though sage,
Felt a fresh spring in his autumnal age,
With rash essay advent'ring to repel,
A victim to the fond presumption fell.
Two sons he had who felt their father's fire,
Two valiant sons to guard a valiant sire;
But wounded lay the brave Alcander's might,
And scarce was Poliphernes sav'd by flight.

But Tancred, who untimely o'er the plain
Pursu'd the ruffian, but pursu'd in vain,
Now turning saw th' unequal combat wag'd,
And his brave troop by circling hosts engag'd:
With double grief his errour pierc'd his sight,
But double valour would restore the fight;
He ran, he shot, confirm'd his fainting bands,
Recall'd their hearts, and fortified their hands.

Nor he alone; for now, by Dudon led,
The Advent'rous troop their dreaded ensigns spread.
Strength of their strength, and in himself a host,
Their flow'r, their nerve, their beauty, and their boast,
Whom by his mien and arms Ermilia knew,
Before the foremost young Rinaldo flew.
"Behold," she cry'd, "behold Rinaldo there,
Than man more valiant, more than woman fair!
Whose fame is full ere promise could presage,
And shames in infancy the toils of age.
His arm more forceful than an engine falls,
And threats more ruin to these tott'ring walls.
Had Europe sent six champions to the field,
Six boys like this could ample Europe yield,
The world were conquer'd to the southern pole;
Beneath their yoke should India's Ganges roll,
In chains all Niger's tawny kings should tread,
And Nile in vain would hide his sacred head.
"But turn where Dudon thy attention claims,
Who there in gold and mingling verdure flames!
He rules yon band whose actions task belief,
Where ev'ry soldier is himself a chief;
Yet justly his experienc'd step precedes,
And hundreds that were born to empire leads.
"Lo there (unprais'd who in his prowess prides)
The brother of imperial Norway rides,
Gernando, whose huge stature loads the plain!
What boots to say he 's valiant, since he 's vain?
"But here, O king, in radiant silver dress'd,
Fair as the faith that whitens in their breast,
Behold, ah sweet associates! side by side,
Two friends espous'd, the lover and the bride;
Gildippe, Edward, paradis'd in bliss,
Her Edward that, and his Gildippe this!
No force can foil them, and no fate can part,
Fam'd in the fight, and wedded in the heart."

While thus she gave due honour to the foe,
Wild was the riot in the vale below:
For now in Tancred and Rinaldo's ire,
The slaughter rages and the ranks expire;
Through the firm depth of hemming foes they broke,
And some arm'd Paynim died on ev'ry stroke;
Not e'en Argantes could the shock sustain,
But, fall'n beneath Rinaldo, spread the plain.
And now, O mighty chief, in arms surpass'd,
This thy first foil had haply prov'd thy last,
But chance depriv'd the victor of his prey,
Who press'd beneath his prostrate courser lay.

Meantime pale fear deform'd the face of fight,
And, mingling, wing'd the Pagan feet for flight;
All, save Argantes and the martial maid,
Who still to stem the conqu'ring army staid;
The bank and bulwark of their host they rose,
And each stood equal to a thousand foes.
Nor so restrain'd, th' impetuous Dudon flew,
Still urg'd the chase, and still the hindmost slew:
Swift, as the victor by Tigranes pass'd,
Lopp'd from the trunk the headed helm he cast:
What, Corban, what, Algazar, could avail,
Your casque well temper'd, and your circling mail?
For his keen sword cleft Corban to the chest,
And through Algazar's back transfix'd the breast:
Beneath his steel Mahammed press'd the plain,
Almanzer's bulk was number'd with the slain;
Before the chief great Amurath expir'd,
And e'en Argantes slow and stern retir'd.
With bridled wrath the indignant warrior burn'd,
He labour'd, rag'd, withdrew, stopp'd, chaf'd, and turn'd;
Till now the wish'd advantage he essay'd,
And in brave Dudon's bosom sheath'd the blade;
Prone o'er the field his sully'd armour rung,
And o'er his eyes th' eternal slumber hung.

Thrice, to the cheer of Heav'n's all-dulcet light,
He lift the pain'd and sickly lids of sight;
And thrice, vain toil, he struggled to arise,
And thrice he fell, and clos'd his umber'd eyes:
From the cold limbs the vital heat retir'd,
And in a parting sigh his soul expir'd.

Back stepp'd the stern Circassian from the dead,
And shook the reeking steel, and scornful said:
"Go, warriors, let the gen'rous Godfrey know,
What quick effusions from his bounty flow!
When to our arm this weapon he assign'd,
Wise was the trust, as sure the gift was kind;

Nor can he learn, without a secret pride,
To what rare use his favours are apply'd;
Freely he gave, nor I his bounty spare,
Which here return'd his foremost champion's share:
Yet, tell him, yet I languish for that day,
When hand to hand I shall in person pay."
He spoke, when hundreds on the boaster press'd,
And launch'd a mingling tempest at his breast;
But prudence timely prompted to evade,
And the tall towers held forth their friendly shade.
Now shower'd tempest'ous from the embattled wall,
Stones, darts, and flints, and engin'd quarries fall;
Wing'd from the nerve of many a bending bow,
Death points a cloud, and rains the storm below;
The Christian pow'rs receding seek the plain,
And their wide gates the cover'd Pagans gain.
When disencumber'd now Rinaldo rose,
To vengeance loos'd he pour'd upon his foes;
For Dudon's fate had reach'd the warrior's ear,
And gave a fury which e'en friends might fear.
"On, on!" he cried, "why, wherefore stop? O, shame!
Your arms, revenge, revenge and Dudon claim.
In vain their ramparts veil yon trembling rout,
Walls rise in vain to keep the valiant out;
Though fenc'd with adamant, or towers of steel,
Argantes should my ent'ring vengeance feel."
He said, and forward on the ramparts sprung;
A storm of darts around his temples sung:
Yet he gave all his dauntless front to view;
E'en danger aw'd before his eyes withdrew;
The towers appear'd to totter at the sight,
And quailing thousands trembled from their height.
But Sigiere now by royal Godfrey sent,
(Sage herald) bade the rage of war relent:
"Retire, retire, nor vainly hope," he cried,
"That one day's arm shall Salem's fate decide:
Steep are her towers, and boldly mann'd her walls;
And dire must be the shock by which she falls."
They staid reluctant—As the fiery steed
Rein'd in his pride and lorded in his speed,
So far'd Rinaldo's fury, scarce repress'd;
And still the battle struggled in his breast. [gore,
Meantime, with dust deform'd and stain'd with
Brave Dudon from the fated field they bore;
The soldiers press to touch his great remains,
And round his corse the copious sorrow rains.
But Bulloign, from a summit's neighb'ring height,
Survey'd fair Solyma's imperial site;
Her pow'rs, her force, and her defects he scann'd,
And the deep schemes of future conquest plann'd.
High eminent amid the circling lands,
Fair Solyma in ancient glory stands:
Rear'd on two hills her regal spires arise;
Between a vale in rich expansion lies:
From three proud sides she overlooks her foe,
And smiles, imperious, on the war below;
But, weak by nature on the northern part,
She stoops to arm her in the strength of art.
The frugal trough and cistern's vase retain
Her wat'ry stores of Heav'n-descending rain;
Around her walls no lively verdures grow;
Few fountains slake the sultry region flow;
No grove extends its hospitable shade
To the tir'd pilgrim, or the fev'rish glade,
Save where, two leagues divided from the town,
A baleful forest rears its umbrage brown,
Whose silent shades in antique horrours rise,
Brood o'er the soil, and intercept the skies.
Clear to the dawning of th' eastern beam,
The hallow'd Jordan pours a plent'ous stream;
A sanded billow bounds the western side,
And rolls alternate on the midland tide;
Samaria stretch'd upon the north expands,
Where Bethel in opprobrious prospect stands;
But Bethlem, Israel's gem and Judah's boast,
Rears to the south, and consecrates the coast.
While Bulloign thus surveys the hostile ground,
And sends his eye in large experience round,
Metes the proud height of Sion's tower'd wall,
Marks her defects, and meditates her fall;
Erminia intermitted silence breaks,
And thus observant of the hero speaks.
"Behold, O king, in regal purple dress'd,
Strength in his arm, and wisdom in his breast,
Behold where Godfrey takes his awful stand,
All form'd for fame, to act as to command!
In him the hero and the sage unite,
The clue of conduct, and the force of fight:
Raimond alone, of yon unnumber'd hosts,
A rival in the nightly council boasts;
Alike young Tancred's and Rinaldo's charms,
Their flame of courage, and their force of arms!"
"I know," the monarch with a sigh replied,
"I know him well, and saw his prowess tried.
When I the seals of Egypt's sultan bore,
And trod a friend upon the Gallic shore,
A stripling in the lists, he struck my eyes,
And matchless bore from ev'ry arm the prize;
Then, ere his spring of bearded down began,
In ev'ry excellence a more than man:
Too sure presages of impending woe
To such, whom fate should mark for Bulloign's foe!
"But say, what's he, whose scarf with Tyrian pride
Flows o'er his arms, and glows at Godfrey's side?
Though Godfrey treads superior to the sight,
In mien and majesty they both unite."
I see, 't is Baldwin," cried the princely dame,
"His brother, less in features than in fame."
"But mark, intently turn'd how Godfrey hears,
While Raimond speaks the judgment of his years,
Whose hostile hairs bring terrours to my sight,
Grown sage in war, and in experience white;
Beyond ten thousand hands that head alarms,
The ward and leading wisdom of their arms.
"There William, England's younger hope, behold,
His figur'd buckler, and his casque of gold!
Guelfo the next, whose thirst of glory springs
From a long race of heroes and of kings;
I know him well, amid a host express'd,
By his square shoulders and his ample chest.
But ah! in vain I send my eyes about,
To find my foe, the cruel Boemond, out;
The dire usurper, whose relentless hand
Slew my great sire, and seiz'd my native land!"
Thus while they spoke observant of the foe,
The duke descends, and joins his host below:
For now resolv'd, and hopeless to prevail
Where Salem's eminence o'erlook'd the vale,
Incumbent on the opener north he lay,
Spread out his camp, and made his engines play,
Where ev'ry rampart shook beneath his power,
From the far portal to the utmost tower—
In compass near a third; for such the space
That circles Sion in a wide embrace;
Not with thin ensigns length'ning tow'rd the mound,
Could Godfrey's army hem the wondrous round:

Yet ev'ry lane and ev'ry pass he barr'd,
And fix'd the frequent terrours of a guard;
Around his camp the spacious lines he drew,
And broad and deep his guardian trenches threw,
To shield his legions from untimely fight,
And ev'ry dark hostility of night.
These orders given, the gen'ral held his way
Where Dudon, much lamented hero, lay:
High on a bier, with warlike honours grac'd,
In woeful pomp the great remains were plac'd;
Snapp'd arms and sable ensigns spread the ground,
And mingling princes pour'd their griefs around.
At Bulloign's sight, the sadly silent crowd,
Renew'd in rising sorrows, wept aloud;
But he, with majesty that bore the show
Of dirge in triumph, or of cheer in woe,
Approaching, touch'd the bier, repress'd his grief;
And thus pathetic spoke the mourning chief.
"Hail, Dudon! hail to thy eternal birth,
Reviv'd in Heav'n from all thy toils on Earth!
Nor yet shall Heav'n the total hero claim,
Still found on Earth, immortal in his fame!
In life, my friend, in death thou didst excel;
Valiant you fought, and valiantly you fell!
Clos'd is thy warfare, finish'd is thy fight,
And stars of living glory crown thy might!
Not, not for thee, this sable cloud of woe;
But for ourselves our juster sorrows flow:
Our arm of war 's unnerv'd upon thy bier,
And broke with thine is ev'ry pointless spear;
Despoil'd of thee, thou chiefest earth'y aid,
Our banners droop, and all our laurels fade!
Yet the great cause that might inform the dead,
The cause survives, for which thy bosom bled;
Survives to warm thee with its wonted charms,
And wing thy soul asisstant to our arms,
When in the powers of heavenly mission bright,
Once more thou shalt descend to rule the fight,
In terrours wrapp'd to thunder on the foe,
To lay the pride of all oppressors low,
To raze the height of yon embattled wall,
And lift thy friends victorious from thy fall!"
He said—and now the slumb'rous dew of night
Mix'd with the shade, and sunk upon the sight;
O'er care-swoln lids effus'd the balm of sleep,
And clos'd those eyes that daily learn'd to weep.
But Bulloign on his pensive pillow lay,
Revolv'd through ev'ry labour of the day,
While forming in his wakeful round of thought
Machines arose, and novel combats fought.
The bright-ey'd morn from early vapour won,
Saw Godfrey arm'd, and orient with the Sun;
At Dudon's hearse, the friendly melting chief
Pour'd the last tribute of attending grief.
Him a long train of fun'ral pomp convey'd,
And low in earth the warrior's corse they laid,
Where a tall palm its branching honours spread,
Wove in the wind, and worship'd o'er the dead;
His dust the priestly consecration bless'd,
And sung the great departed soul to rest.
High o'er his tomb, amid the branches strung,
Ensigns, and arms, and blazon'd trophies hung;
The pride and spoils of many a valiant knight,
Seiz'd by the victor in his days of fight.
Full on the trunk his proper arms were plac'd,
His plumy helm the joining corslet grac'd;
And thus the marble bore his sacred name—
"Here Dudon lies—yet fills the world with fame."
The last sad rites of social woes express'd,
And Dudon left to his eternal rest,
The chief of chiefs, on public cares intent,
A convoy to the secret forest sent,
Where silent grew its unfrequented shade,
Now by a Syrian to the duke betray'd,
Who meditates from hence on Sion's fall,
And plans machines the rivals of her wall.
The woodmen now dispose their ranging bands,
Th' alternate axe high brandish'd in their hands;
Unwonted noise the affrighted forest fills,
And echo sighs from all the circling hills.
Beneath their strokes the victor palms subside;
Down falls the pine from its aerial pride;
Still breathes the cedar o'er a length of ground;
The firs in weeping amber mourn around;
Fell'd with her elm the viny consort lies,
And faithful o'er the folded trunk she dies.
The poplar, beech, and alder's wat'ry shade,
Sink on the marsh, or wither o'er the glade:
Imperial oaks, that, through ten ages past,
Had brav'd Heaven's bolt and rough encount'ring [blast,
The period now of mortal glory feel,
And fall subdu'd beneath the conq'ring steel:
Th' exil'd pard abjures his wonted den,
And ev'ry feather flies the voice of men:
Wide lie the realms of long usurping night,
And scenes unfold that never saw the light!

CONSTANTIA;

OR,

THE MAN OF LAW'S TALE,

MODERNIZED FROM CHAUCER. 1741.

TO WHICH IS NOW ADDED,

THE TALE,

AS WRITTEN BY CHAUCER, TAKEN FROM THE ACCURATE EDITION OF THE CANTERBURY TALES, PRINTED AT LONDON, 1775.

Hence Want, ungrateful visitant, adieu!
Pale empress hence, with all thy meager crew—
Sour Discontent and mortified Chagrin,
Lean hollow Care, and self-corroding Spleen;
Distress and Woe, sad parents of Despair,
With wringing hands, and ever rueful air;
The tread of Dun, and Bum's alarming hand,
Dire as the touch of Circe's circling wand;
Keen Hunger, with his sharp but famish'd eye,
And dusky [illegible], a desp'rate prompter nigh;
While a[illegible] shudder to the whistling gale,
And jointly Law and Infamy assail!
But worse, O worse, than all the hideous train,
Hot-mouth'd Reproach, and saucy writh'd Disdain!
These in the rear of thy assembly wait;
Still point th' anguish, and augment the weight.
The worst oppression [illegible], and who could hear,
If Virtue, hov'ring ang[illegible] not there?

THE MAN OF LAWES TALE.

O Scathful harm, condition of poverte,
With thirst, with cold, with hunger so confounded,
To asken helpe thee shameth in thin herte,
If thou non ask, so sore art thou ywounded,
That veray nede unwrappeth al thy wound hid.

Where Poverty her blasting progress bends,
The goddess with superior wing attends:
Around the fair her bless'd associates play,
Bask in her eye, and whiten in her ray—
Bright Purity, with firm unalter'd cheek,
The mild, the kind, the gentle, and the meek;
Humility's benignly placid grace,
And Innocence with sweet seraphic face;
Calm Piety that smiles amidst the storm,
And Charity with boundless wishes warm.
Bold in the front, to guard the heavenly band,
Behold the masculine adherents stand!
Patience, with Atlantean shoulders spread;
Hail Temperance, on thrifty viands fed;
Firm Fortitude, unknowing how to yield;
And Perseverance with his batter'd shield;
And honest Industry, whose early toil
Wins health and plenty from the labour'd soil.
The genuine arts behind the goddess wait,
Her reign illustrate, and improve her state;
With eye elate here Contemplation soars,
And Learning piles his intellectual stores;
Here mental sciences arranging shine;
Here manual crafts the various task design;
While Diligence the busy finger plies,
And wing'd, from rank to rank, Invention flies.
Such wide extremes on Indigence attend!
There Vice assails, the Virtues here defend:
Below, the gloom of ev'ry passion storms;
Above, calm Virtue mod'rates and reforms;
Here, highly elevate; there, deep depress;
And give, or bliss, or anguish, in excess.
Hail Virtue! chaste eternal beauty, hail!
Still on the foe, O goddess, still prevail!
The world, ere fram'd, lay open to thy view;
You form'd the whole, and shall again renew!
Ere I thy arduous pleasing toils decline,
Be want, ah, still be each disaster mine;
Till e'en oppression be itself subdu'd,
Nor yet a wish for wealth or power intrude!
Nor be the poor alone thy fav'rite care;
Fly, fly to courts, and let the mighty share!
The silken lethargy at once awake;
Debauch from his intemp'rate opiate shake;
Thence ev'ry vice and ev'ry folly drive,
That sting or glitter round the gorgeous hive.
Before thy touch let insolence retire,
And vanity, an empty breath, expire;
Hypocrisy cast off the fair disguise,
And starting in his native gloom arise.

Now, goddess, ent'ring, view the dome of state!
Do thou inform, and give me to relate;
Let demons obvious to my eye appear,
(Which known, could sure find no admittance here.)
Amid the buzzing, busy, idle crowd,
The mix'd assembly of the mean and proud,
See, Treason smiles, a suitor to his king,
See, Promise flutters on a cypress wing;
Her pinion like autumnal foliage falls,
And on the pavement Disappointment crawls.
A friendly aspect Enmity assumes;
Beneath applause, deep lurking Envy glooms;
The tempting mammon Subornation shows;
And in the patriot's zeal Dissention glows.
Oppression there with gently winning grace,
And Ignorance with solemn thinking face,
And Pride with mortify'd and Christian guise,
And Infidelity with saintly eyes,
Four rival candidates, their monarch sue;
Two for the bench, and for the mitre two.
Lo, there Ambition, from his height elate!
And Pleasure lolling on a couch of state!
On these the pageantry of pomp attends;
To these th' idolizing tumult bends;
The poor, the rich, the peasant, and the peer,
And all religions, join in worship here.
Ambition, reaching from his airy stand,
Grasps at a globe that shuns his desp'rate hand:
Around the glitt'ring sphere, confusedly gay,
Crowns, truncheons, gems, and trophy'd radiance lay,
But changing with alternate light and shade,
The lures appear, and vanish, shine, and fade;
Vain as the cloudy meteor of the morn,
Which fancy forms, and transient rays adorn.
The prime rewards four suppliant sons of fame,
Lust, Rapine, Violence, and Slaughter, claim;
And though essential happiness is due,
For toys the wise, for toys the virtuous sue.
Deluded men the ready ambush fly!
Dire lurking deaths behind ambition lie—
The mourning block, keen axe, and racking wheel,
The poison'd goblet, and the bosom'd steel!
Here Pleasure on her velvet couch reclines,
Smiles to undo, and in destruction shines;
With seeming negligence displays her charms;
The strong she withers, and the steel'd disarms.
Imagination, specious handmaid, waits,
And serves a pomp of visionary cates:
The sorceress still essays the fresh repasts;
But mock'd eternally, she feeds, and fasts.
Around her couch unnumber'd votaries meet,
And wish to share th' imaginary treat;

Maugre thin hed thou must for indigence
Or stele, or begge, or borwe thy dispence.

Thou blamest Crist, and sayst ful bitterly,
He misdeparteth richesse temporal;
Thy neighebour thou witest sinfully,
And sayst, thou hast to litel, and he hath all:
Parfay (sayst thou) somtime he reken shall,
Whan that his tayl shall brennen in the glede,
For he nought helpeth needful in hir nede.

Herken what is the sentence of the wise,
Bet is to dien than have indigence.
Thy selve neighebour wol thee despise,
If thou be poure, farewel thy reverence.
Yet of the wise man take this sentence,
Alle the dayes of poure men ben wicke,
Beware therfore or thou come to that pricke.

If thou be poure, thy brother hateth thee,
And all thy frendes fleen fro thee, alas!
O riche marchants, ful of wele ben ye,
O noble, O prudent folk, as in this cas,
Your bagges ben not filled with ambes as,
But with sis cink, that renneth for your chance;
At Christenmasse mery may ye dance.

Ye seken lond and see for your winninges,
As wise folk ye knowen all th' estat
Of regnes, ye ben fathers of tidinges,
And tales, both of pees and of debat:
I were right now of tales desolat,
N'ere that a marchant, gon is many a yere,
Me taught a tale, which that ye shull here.

Devour each morsel with desiring eye,
And for large draughts of fancy'd nectar sigh:
A thousand nymphs of wanton sprightly mien,
Trip round the sofa, and amuse their queen;
With transport she surveys the darling train,
All daughters of her light fermenting brain:
Here laughter, mirth, and dalliance unite,
Illusive joy, and volatile delight,
Conceits, sports, gambols, titillations gay,
Hopes that allure, and projects that betray.
Prime sister of th' inessential bands,
Ereet, persuasive Expectation stands;
On each pursuit she flourishes with grace,
And gives a butterfly to lead the chase;
Or wafts a bubble on the parting gale,
And bids surrounding multitudes assail;
With sweets the fond pursuit alone is fraught,
The game still vanishes, when once it 's caught;
Vain is the joy—but not the anguish vain;
And empty pleasure gives essential pain:
Couch'd as a tiger, watchful to surprise,
Grim death beneath the false enchantress lies;
The fiends around invisibly engage,
Guilt stings, pains rack, and disappointments rage;
Aches, asthmas, cholics, gouts, convulsions, rheums,
Remorse that gnaws, and languor that consumes.
Far other train, apparent queen! you lead;
True bliss attends, though arduous toils precede:
Serene thy bosom, though thy brow severe;
Pain points thy path, but Heav'n is in thy rear.
Wondrous th' influence thy power supplies,
Where triumphs only from oppression rise;
Peace springs from passion, and from weakness might;
Calm ease from travel, and from pain delight;
No sweets that vanish, and no gusts that cloy—
Clear is the rapture, and serene the joy;
Reflection culls from ev'ry labour past,
And gives the same eternal bliss to last.
Thus, by long trial, and severe distress,
You, Virtue! truly, though severely, bless;
Through each tradition, each recorded page,
Through ev'ry nation, and through ev'ry age,
From purpled monarchs to the rural hind,
By pain you purify'd, by toil refin'd:
The mightier weight thy fav'rite heroes bore;
Chief you depress'd, whom chief you meant should soar;
Still with the foe gave forces to prevail,
And with this moral form'd the following tale.
While yet the Turk his early claim avow'd,
And rul'd beneath the sceptre, Judah bow'd;
A set of worthy wealthy merchants chose
The world for trade, and Sion for repose.
Here they select the gems of brightest rays,
Rich stuffs, wrought silks, and golden tissues blaze;
Through ev'ry climate, and to ev'ry gale,
They launch the cargo, and expand the sail:
Wide, with their name, their reputation grew,
And to their mart concurring chapmen drew.
The lure of novelty, and thirst of gain,
Now points their passage o'er the midland main;
The Tiber now their spumy keels divide,
And stem the flow of his descending tide.
To Rome, imperial Rome, the traders came;
Rome heard the voice of their preceding fame:
Free mart and splendid mansion she affords;
Joy crown'd their nights, and elegance their boards,
With mutual chat they gratify desire,
What 's curious now relate, and now inquire;
Alike for knowledge and for wealth they trade,
And are with usury in both repaid.
But Fame surpris'd them with a wonder new,
Beyond what times of brightest record drew,
The poet's fancy, or the lover's tongue;
And thus the darling excellence she sung.
"To crown our monarch's age with fond delight,
His cares alleviate, and his toils requite,
Beyond whate'er paternal wish could crave,
Indulgent Heav'n a peerless infant gave:
The softer sex her beauteous body forms,
But her bright soul each manly virtue warms;
Youth without folly, greatness without pride,
And all that 's firm to all that 's sweet ally'd.
Rich as the land by sacred promise bless'd,
Lies the fair vale of her expanded breast;
Mild on a parian pillar turns her head,
Her front, like Lebanon, divinely spread;
There sit the chaste, the placid, and the meek,
And morn smiles fresh upon her open cheek.
Babes learn distinction at Constantia's sight,
And wither'd age revives to strange delight;
Tumult'ous wishes breathe along her way,
Hands rise, tongues bless, and cent'ring eyes survey;
All run to bend the voluntary knee,
The blind to hear her, and the deaf to see.
Ah! were she born to universal sway,
How gladly would the willing world obey?

In Surrie whilom dwelt a campagnie
Of chapmen rich, and therto sad and trewe,
That wide where senten hir spicerie,
Clothes of gold, and satins riche of hewe.
Hir chaffare was so thrifty and so newe,
That every wight hath deintee to chaffare
With hem, and eke to sellen hem hir ware.

Now fell it, that the maisters of that sort
Han shapen hem to Rome for to wende,
Were it for chapmanhood or for disport,
Non other message wold they thider sende,
But comen hemself to Rome, this is the ende:
And in swiche place as thought hem avantage
For hir entente, they taken hir herbergage.

Sojourn'd han these marchants in that toun
A certain time, as fell to hir plesance:
And so befell, that the excellent renoun
Of the emperoure's doughter dame Custance
Reported was, with every circumstance,
Unto these Surrien marchants, in swiche wise
Fro day to day, as I shal you devise.

This was the commun voice of every man:
"Our emperour of Rome, God him se,
A doughter hath, that sin the world began,
To reken as wel hire goodnesse as beaute,
N'as never swiche another as is she:
I pray to God in honour hire sustene,
And wold she were of all Europe the quene.

"In hire is high beaute withouten pride,
Youthe, withouten grenehed or folie:
To all hire werkes vertue is hire guide;
Humblesse hath slaien in hire tyrannie:
She is mirrour of all curtesie,
Hire herte is veray chambre of holinesse,
Hire hond ministre of fredom for almesse."

And now with wealthy manufacture stow'd,
Lanch'd on the tide their freighted vessels rode;
The pendants vainly point the fav'ring gale,
Court the weigh'd anchor, and th' opening sail,
Till first the fair perfection they beheld,
Who all report, in fatal hour, excell'd:
For Syria then they ply the lab'ring oar,
And the crook'd keels divide their native shore.
Exulting now they touch the fav'rite land,
Unlade, and moor along the yielding strand.
Now duteous, on their youthful sultan wait,
Unfold new treasures, and new tales relate.
With usual grace, and curious ear he hears;
With usual courtesy and bounty cheers;
The strange, the wondrous narrative admires,
And all that 's foreign, all that 's new requires.
Ah, hapless prince, thy further search restrain;
Couch'd in the tale, death lurks to entertain!
Constantia's charms their raptur'd tongues disclose;
In ev'ry word some kindling beauty glows;
Her form, her features, mien, and soul they breathe,
Unpraise all praise, and leave all terms beneath.
Strong eloquence can picture to the blind,
Create new forms, and people all the mind;
Can pain or mitigate, can heal or wound,
Enchant with sentences, and kill with sound.
The fancy'd sweets his ear impatient drinks;
Deep on his soul the imag'd beauty sinks; [reigns,
Through all his thoughts, his powers, she lives, she
Pants in each pulse, and thrills along his veins.
Sure, through the tracts of yon celestial maze,
Where mystic planets dance, and glories blaze;
More wonders typical impress the sky,
Than e'er was trac'd with astrologic eye!
There haply, ere his natal hour express'd,
First burn'd the flame that glow'd within his breast:
There might the nymph with previous beauty bloom,
With previous languishment the youth consume;
Expire the victim of successless care;
Die ere he liv'd, and ere he lov'd despair.
There the dear friendly stream, ere Julius bled,
Great Brutus to his dearer country shed;
With destin'd tyranny there pride enslaves,
With destin'd virtue there the patriot saves;
There Pompey glow'd for freedom and for fame,
There Socrates, of Greece the pride and shame:
Alcides there each horrid monster slew;
There triumph'd Sampson, the heroic Jew;
There all, or doom'd to save, or to destroy,
The chiefs who fought at Thebes, or fought at Troy!
Long mourn'd the youth, with secret woe oppress'd;
The latent vulture prey'd within his breast:
Constrain'd at length, nor able to sustain
The wasting malady, and mental pain;
The sage the bearded pillars of his state
He calls, and privily unfolds his fate:
"No mean," he cries, "my cruel stars assign;
Swift death, or else Constantia must be mine!"
Alternate, each their hopes or fears disclose,
Invent, reject, and now again propose;
While some, with mystic rites of wondrous art,
Engage to gain the sympathetic heart;
By philter'd science, and infernal charms,
To win the bright perfection to his arms:
Th' abhorrent scheme his gen'rous thoughts disdain,
Resolv'd to die, or justly to obtain;
And all their arguments, howe'er renew'd,
In rites of nuptial sanctitude conclude.
But here again new obstacles appear'd,
And much for this their latest hope they fear'd;
Fear'd that diversity of faith might prove
Alike diversity, and breach in love;
Nor the fair Christian e'er consent to wed
A prince in Macon's sacred precepts bred.

And at this vois was soth, as God is trewe,
But now to purpos let us turn agein.
These marchants han don fraught hir shippes newe,
And whan they han this blisful maiden sein,
Home to Surrie ben they went ful fayn,
And don hir nedes, as they han don yore,
And liven in wele, I can say you no more.

Now fell it, that these marchants stood in grace
Of him that was the soudan of Surrie:
For whan they came from any strange place
He wold of his benigne curtesie
Make hem good chere, and besily espie
Tidings of sundry regnes, for to lere
The wonders that they mighte seen or here.

Amonges other thinges especially
These marchants han him told of dame Custance
So gret noblesse, in ernest seriously,
That this Soudan hath caught so gret plesance
To han hire figure in his remembrance,
That all his lust, and all his besy cure
Was for to love hire, while his lif may dure.

Paraventure in thilke large book,
Which that men clepe the Heven, ywriten was
With sterres, whan that he his birthe took,
That he for love shuld han his deth, alas!
For in the sterres, clerer than is glas,
Is writen, God wot, who so coud it rede,
The deth of every man withouten drede.

In sterres many a winter therbeforn
Was writ the deth of Hector, Achilles,
Of Pompey, Julius, or they were born;
The strif of Thebes; and of Hercules,
Of Sampson, Turnus, and of Socrates

The deth; but mennes wittes ben so dull,
That no wight can wel rede it at the full.

This Soudan for his prive councel sent,
And shortly of this matere for to pace,
He hath to hem declared his entent,
And sayd hem certain, but he might have grace
To han Custance, within a litel space,
He n'as but ded, and charged him in hie
To shapen for his lif some remedie.

Diverse men, diverse thinges saiden;
They argumentes casten up and doun;
Many a subtil reson forth they laiden;
They speken of magike, and abusion;
But finally, as in conclusion,
They cannot seen in that non avantage,
Ne in non other way, save mariage.

Than saw they therin swiche difficultee
By way of reson, for to speke all plain,
Because ther was swiche diversitee
Betwene hir bothe lawes, that they sayn,
They trowen that no Cristen prince wold fayn

The monarch then, "Ah! wherefore doubt my friends;
Why yet dispute where love and life depends?
That faith must sure have most prevailing charms,
That gives Constantia to my circling arms:
No obstacles shall bar, no doubts deter;
Nor will I think that she was form'd to err."
The voice determin'd, and imperial eye,
Leave no pretence for courtiers to reply:
With the fond speed of love's impatience warm'd,
Now embassies are sent, and treaties form'd.
All zealous to promote the cause divine,
The pope, the church, and Christian powers com-
The royal long-reluctant parents yield, [bine;
And contracts are by mutual proxy seal'd.
High was the trust the regal writings bore,
And solemn th' attesting parties swore,
That the young Syrian, and his barons bold,
Each sex and state, the infant and the old,
Should all Messiah's hallow'd faith embrace,
And bright Constantia be the bond of grace.
We list not here of pompous phrase to say,
What order'd equipage prepares the day; [train,
Grooms, prelates, peers, and nymphs, a shining
To wait the beauteous victim o'er the main:
All Rome attend in wish the lovely maid;
And Heav'n their universal vows invade.

Wedden his child under our lawe swete,
That us was yeven by Mahound our prophete.

And he answered: "Rather than I lese
Custance, I wol be cristened douteles:
I mote ben hires, I may non other chese,
I pray you hold your arguments in pees,
Saveth my lif, and beth not reccheles
To geten hire that hath my lif in cure,
For in this wo I may not long endure."

What nedeth greter dilatation?
I say, by tretise and ambassatrie,
And by the popes mediation,
And all the chirche, and all the chevalrie,
That in destruction of Maumetrie,
And in encrese of Cristes lawe dere,
They ben accorded so as ye may here;

How that the Soudan and his baronage,
And all his liege shuld ycristened be,
And he shal han Custance in mariage,
And certain gold, I n'ot what quantitee,
And hereto finden suffisant suretee.
The same accord is sworne on eyther side;
Now, fair Custance, Almighty God thee gide.

Now wolden som men waiten, as I gesse,
That I shuld tellen all the purveiance,
The which that the emperour of his noblesse
Hath shapen for his doughter dame Custance.
Wel may men know that so gret ordinance
May no man tellen in a litel clause,
As was arraied for so high a cause.

Bishopes ben shapen with hire for to wende,
Lordes, ladies, and knightes of renoun,
And other folk ynow, this is the end.
And notified is thurghout al the toun,
That every wight with great devotioun
Should prayen Crist, that he this mariage
Receive in gree, and spede this viage.

At length the day, the woful day arrives,
And ev'ry face of wonted cheer deprives;
The fatal hour admits no fond delay,
That shall the joy from ev'ry heart convey.
Ye men of Rome! your parting glory mourn;
Far from your sight your darling shall be torn;
Ne more the morn with usual smiles arise,
Or with Constantia bless your longing eyes,
Of ev'ry tongue, of ev'ry pen the theme,
The daily subject, and the nightly dream!
But, O Constantia! say, thou fair distress'd,
What woes that hour thy lovely soul possess'd?
Its native cheek the bright carnation fled,
And charg'd with grief, reclin'd thy beauteous head;
To lands unknown those limbs must now repair,
Nurs'd in the down of fond paternal care.
Peace spread thy nightly couch to sweet repose,
Delight around thy smiling form arose;
Each scene familiar to thy eye appear'd,
And custom long thy native soil endear'd;
Eas'd by thy bounty, at thy sight exil'd,
Grief was no more, or in thy presence smil'd;
Each rising wish thy glad attendants seiz'd;
To give thee pleasure, ev'ry heart was pleas'd:
But now to strange, to foreign climes convey'd,
Strange objects must thy loathing sense invade,
Strange features to thy weeping eyes appear,
Strange accents pierce thy undelighted ear;
In distant unacquainted bondage tied,
The gilded slave of insolence and pride,
Perhaps of form uncouth, and temper base,
Thy lord shall clasp thee with abhorr'd embrace.
Thus sad the fair revolv'd; soft sorrows flow,
And all her sighing soul was loos'd to woe:
"Father!" she cried, "your fond, your wretched child!—
And you, my mother! you, my mother mild!—
My parents dear, beneath whose kindly view,
Bless'd by whose looks, your cherish'd infant grew

The day is comen of hire departing,
I say the woful day fatal is come,
That ther may be no longer tarying,
But forward they hem dressen all and some.
Custance, that was with sorwé all overcome,
Ful pale arist, and dresseth hire to wende,
For wel she seth ther n'is non other ende.

Alas! what wonder is it though she wept?
That shal be sent to straunge nation
Fro frendes, that so tenderly hire kept,
And to be bounde under subjection
Of on, she knoweth not his condition.
Housbondes ben all good, and han ben yore,
That knowen wives, I dare say no more.

"Fader," she said, "thy wretched child Custance
Thy yonge doughter, fostered up so soft,
And ye, my moder, my soveraine plesance
Over all thing, (out taken Crist on loft)
Custance your child hire recommendeth oft
Unto your grace; for I shal to Surrie,
Ne shal I never seen you more with eye.

"Alas! unto the Barbare nation
I muste gon, sin that it is your will:
But Crist, that starfe for our redemption,
So yeve me grace his hestes to fulfill,
I wretched woman no force though I spill;

When far, O far from your embraces torn,
Will you then think a wretch like me was born?
Shall then your child some sad remembrance claim?
And some dear drops embalm Constantia's name?
Your face—ah, cruel fortune, can it be?—
These eyes shall never, never, never see!
For ever parted by the rolling main,
I now must feel a lordly husband's chain;
From every friend, from every joy remove,
And the rough yoke of rude barbarians prove:
But so may Heav'n the precious issue bless,
And all find happiness through my distress!
Woman was doom'd, ere yet the world began,
The prey of sorrow, and the slave of man."

She could no more; her voice by sobs suppress'd,
And tears, pour'd forth in anguish, told the rest.
Wide through the crowd the sad contagion flew;
Each hoary beard is drench'd with mournful dew;
In shortening throbs ten thousand bosoms rise,
Grief showers its tempest from ten thousand eyes;
Along the shore the deepening groans extend,
And louder shrieks the cloudy concave rend:
Not through old Rome when desolation reign'd,
And bleeding senators her forum stain'd;
Not in the wreck of that all d smal night,
When Ilion tumbled from her tow'ry height;
Such uttering plaints the deep despair betray'd,
As now attend the dear departing maid.

To the tall ship, with slow desponding tread,
All drown'd in grief the beauteous victim 's led:
She turn'd, and with an aching wistful look,
A long farewel of ev'ry field she took;
"Adieu!" to all the melting crowd she cried—
"Adieu! Adieu!" the melting crowd reply'd;
Her lanching bark the mournful notes pursue,
And echoing hills return, "Adieu! Adieu!"

Here let us leave the virgin on the main,
With all her peerage, and her pompous train;
To Syria let the swifter Muse repair,
And say what cheer prepares her welcome there.

The dame, from whom his birth the prince de-
Imperial dowager, had yet surviv'd: [riv'd,
Ambitious, greedy of supreme control,
And born with all the tyrant in her soul,
At filial government she long repin'd,
Nor yet the reins of secret rule resign'd.
Her savage sentiments her sex belied,
And vers'd in wiles with deepest statesmen vied;
Yet o'er her soft'ning tongue, and soothing face,
The subtle varnish spread with easy grace:
The sage discern'd, but still confess'd her sway;
And whom their hearts detest, their fears obey.
Tenacious zeal her prophet's lore rever'd,
The practice scorn'd, but to the text adher'd;
And far as faith with fury could inflame,
She was indeed a most religious dame.

When she her son's determin d bent perceiv'd,
Her breast with cruel agitation heav'd;
Her call, each hoary, each experienc'd friend,
In haste, and midnight privacy, attend;
When dire, amid the dusky throng she rose,
And from her tongue contagious poison flows.

"Ye peers, ye pillars of our falling state!
Too faithful subjects of a prince ingrate;
A son, whom these detesting breasts have fed,
A serpent grown, to your destruction bred!
Say, shall a single hand such patriots awe?
Insult your prophet, and supplant your law?
First, Heav'n! be all the bonds of Nature broke,
Ere I assume the curs'd, the Christian yoke:
For, what import these innovating rites,
But here a living death of all delights?
Such threats as penitence can ne'er appease,
The body's penance, and the mind's disease?—

Women arn borne to thraldom and penance,
And to ben under mannes governance."

I trow at Troye whan Pirrus brake the wall,
Or Ilion brent, or Thebes the citee,
Ne at Rome for the harm thurgh Hanniball,
That Romans hath venqueshed times three,
Nas herd swiche tendre weping for pitee,
As in the chambre was for hire parting,
But forth she mote, wheder she wepe or sing.

O firste moving cruel firmament,
With thy diurnal swegh that croudest ay,
And hurtlest all from est til occident,
That naturally wold hold another way;
Thy crouding set the heven in swiche array
At the beginning of this fierce viage,
That cruel Mars hath slain this marriage.

Infortunat ascendent tortuous,
Of which the lord is helpeles fall, alas!
Out of his angle into the derkest hous.
O Mars, O Atyzar, as in this cas;
O feble Mone, unhappy ben thy pas,
Thou knittest thee ther thou art not received,
Ther thou were wel fro thennes art thou weived.

Imprudent emperour of Rome, alas!
Was ther no philosophre in al thy toun?
Is no time bet than other in swiche cas?
Of viage is ther non electioun,
Namely to folk of high condition,
Nat whan a rote is of a birth yknowe?
Alas! we ben to lewed, or to slow.

To ship is brought this woful faire maid
Solempnely, with every circumstance:
"Now Jesu Crist be with you all," she said.
Ther n'is no more, but "farewel fair Custance."
She peineth hire to make good countenance,
And forth I let hire sayle in this manere,
And turne I wol againe to my matere.

The mother of the Soudan, well of vices,
Espied hath hire sones pleine entente,
How he wol lete his olde sacrifices:
And r'ght anon she for her conseil sente,
And they ben comen, to know what she mente,
And whan assembled was this folk in fere,
She set hire doun, and sayd as ye shul here.

"Lordes," she sayd, "ye knowen everich on,
How that my sone in point is for to lete
The holy lawes of our Alkaron,
Yeven by Goddes messager Mahomete:
But on avow to grete God I hete,
The lif shal rather out of my body sterte,
Than Mahometes lawe out of myn herte.

"What should us tiden of this newe lawe
But thraldom to our bodies and penance,
And afterward in Helle to ben drawe,
For we reneied Mahoumd our creaunce?
But, lordes, wol ye maken assurance,

Yet, were I of some faithful hearts secure,
Not such the malady, but we can cure."
She spoke, and all with swift compliance swear,
The glorious deed with all their pow'rs to dare;
Her charge, though ne'er so bloody, to fulfill,
Though ne'er so dang'rous, to effect her will.
"Doubt not a birth," she cried, "so well conceiv'd,
Great acts are more by fraud than force achiev'd;
To gain the conquest, we must seem to yield,
And feign to fly, that we may win the field.
Let each in public wear a Christian face,
And counterfeit the saintly signs of grace:
What though our skin the sprinkling priest baptize?
Our skin 's unsully'd, while our hearts despise.
Not such the tricks our bolder hands shall play,
When revels end th' unsuspecting day;
Nor such the stream our purpling points shall shed,
When we shall, in our turn, baptize with red."
Ah, sex! still sweet, or bitter, to extreme;
Gloomy as night, or bright as morning beam!
No fiend's may with a female's wrath compare;
No angel's purity like woman's fair!
To save or damn, for bliss or ruin given,
Who has thee feels a Hell, or finds a Heav'n.
Smooth as the surface of the dimpled main,
While brooding storms the gath'ring ruin rein,
Her son, with dire dissembling leer she seeks,
And in the depth of smiling malice speaks.

As I shal say, assenting to my lore?
And I shal make us sauf for evermore."

They sworen, and assented every man
To live with hire and die, and by hire stond:
And everich on, in the best wise he can,
To strengthen hire shal all his frendes fond.
And she hath this emprise ytaken in hond,
Which ye shull heren that I shall devise,
And to hem all she spake right in this wise.

"We shul first feine us Cristendom to take;
Cold water shal not greve us but a lite:
And I shal swiche a feste and revel make,
That, as I trow, I shal the Soudan quite.
For tho his wife be cristened never so white,
She shal have nede to wash away the rede,
Though she a font of water with hire lede."

O Soudannesse, rote of iniquitee,
Virago thou Semyramee the second,
O serpent under femininitee,
Like to the serpent depe in Helle ybound:
O feined woman, all that may confound
Vertue and innocence, thurgh thy malice
Is bred in thee, as nest of every vice.

O Sathan envious, sin thilke day
That thou were chased from our heritage,
Wel knewest thou to woman the olde way.
Thou madest Eva bring us in servage,
Thou wolt fordon this cristen mariage:
Thin instrument so (wala wa the while!)
Makest thou of women whan thou wolt begile.

This Soudannesse, whom I thus blame and warrie,
Let prively hire conseil gon hir way:
What should I in this tale longer tarie?
She rideth to the Soudan on a day,
And sayd him, that she would reneie hire lay,

"My child! though froward age is over wise,
Let no offence against a parent rise;
Long habits gain a privilege from time,
And frequent custom mellows ev'ry crime:
Repugnant hence I dar'd to thwart your will;
I fear'd the novelty, I fear'd the ill:
But now, convinc'd by Christ's superior grace,
His law I rev'rence, and his faith embrace.
Bless'd be thy bed! thy bridal transports bless'd!
Nor you refuse a mother's fond request—
Mine be the joy to entertain the fair;
To form the festival, be mine the care;
To show the peers who on thy bride attend,
As she in beauty, we in love transcend."
The royal youth in silent wonder stood;
Joy held his voice, and rapture thrill'd his blood:
Around her knees his prostrate arms he threw,
And duteous tears distill'd the grateful dew:
Her son she rais'd, all innocent of ill,
And smiling kiss'd whom soon she meant to kill.
At length the bride, and all her solemn train,
Past o'er the danger of the midland main:
The main is past, but not the danger o'er;
The sea less cruel than the Syrian shore!
Applauding crowds the landed beauty greet,
And Juda's peers in rich procession meet;
Great was the throng, and splendid the array,
And guards arranging lin'd the glitt'ring way.
Such were the triumphs of imperial Rome,
When conquest led some darling victor home;
While meeting millions his approach withstand,
And walls, and trees, and clamber'd roofs are mann'd.
All gem'd in ornaments of curious mode,
Gay in the van, the false sultana rode;

And Cristendom of prestes hondes fong,
Repenting hire she hethen was so long;

Beseching him to don hire that honour,
That she might han the Cristen folk to fest:
To plesen hem I wol do my labour.
The Soudan saith, "I wol don at your hest,"
And kneling, thanked hire of that request;
So glad he was, ne n'iste not what to say,
She kist hire sone, and home she goth hire way.

Arrived ben these Cristen folk to lond
In Surrie, with a gret solempne route,
And hastily this Soudan sent his sond,
First to his mother, and all the regne aboute,
And sayd, his wif was comen out of doute,
And praide hem for to riden again the quene,
The honour of his regne to sustene.

Gret was the presse, and riche was th'array
Of Surriens and Romanes met in fere.
The mother of the Soudan riche and gay
Received hire with all so glad a chere,
As any mother might hire doughter dere:
And to the nexte citee ther beside
A softe pas solempnely they ride.

Nought trow I, the triumph of Julius,
Of which that Lucan maketh swiche a bost,
Was realler, or more curious,
Than was th' assemblee of this blissful host:
But yet this scorpion, this wicked gost,
The Soudannesse, for all hire flattering
Cast under this ful mortally to sting.

Oft to her breast she clasp'd the heav'nly maid,
And wond'ring oft with cruel gaze survey'd.
Last came the sultan, royal, hapless youth,
Grace in his form, and in his bosom truth!
The last he came, for timorous love controll'd,
He fear'd, and long'd, and trembled to behold:
A faint salute his faultering voice supplied;
Scarce, "Welcome! O divinely fair!" he cried.
He blush'd, and sigh'd, and gaz'd with wav'ring view,
Nor dar'd to hope the blissful vision true.
Thus onward to a neighbouring town they far'd,
In purpos'd pomp, and regal state prepar'd;
And here the old maternal fiend invites,
To order'd feasts, and dearly bought delights.
Down sit the guests, triumphing clarions blow,
Drums beat, mirth sings, and brimming goblets flow;
In boundless revel ev'ry care is drown'd,
And clamour shouts, and freedom laughs around.
Ah, hapless state of ev'ry human mind,
Wrap'd in the present, to the future blind!
In the gay vapour of a lucky hour,
Light folly mounts, and looks with scorn on pow'r;
Nor sees how swift the tides of fortune flow,
The swelling happiness and ebbing woe;
That man should ne'er indulge, or bliss, or care,
The prosperous triumph, or the wretch despair;
So close, so sudden, each reverse succeeds,
And mischief treads where'er success precedes.
And now the night, with brooding horrours still,
Gloom'd from the brow of each adjacent hill;
Slow heav'd her bosom with distemper'd breath,
And o'er her forehead hung the weights of death.
Oppress'd with sleep, and drown'd in fumy wine,
The prostrate guards their regal charge resign;
But far within, still wakeful to delight,
The prince and peers protract the festal night—
When from the portal, lo! a sudden gloom
Projects its horrours through the spacious room:
Fearful and dark the ruffian bands appear,
The dire sultana storming in the rear.
The bloody task invading treason plies:
Quick, and at once alarm'd, the nobles rise;
But these, as faith or faction led, divide,
And traitors most with entering traitors side:
Boards, bowls, and seats o'erturn'd, the pavement strow;
Of blood with wine the mingling currents flow;
Vain is the fear that wings their feet for flight,
They fall who basely fly or bravely fight;
With screams and groans the echoing courts resound,
And gasping Romans bite the trait'rous ground.
Say, royal Syrian! in that hour of death,
Say, didst thou tamely then resign thy breath?
Surprise, and shame, and love, and boundless rage,
Flash from his eyes, and in his breast engage.
Threat'ning aloft, his flaming steel he drew,
And swift to save his lov'd Constantia flew;
Before his bride a beauteous bulwark stands,
Now presses on, and backwards bears the bands:
Bold to his aid surviving Romans spring,
Some Syrians too could dare to join their king;
Invaded late, they in their turn invade,
And traitors are with mutual death repaid.
But what may courage, what may strength avail,
Where still o'erpow'ring multitudes assail;
Where number with increasing number grows,
And ev'ry sword must match a thousand foes?
As melting snows with gradual waste subside,
So sink the warriors from their hero's side:
Thin'd are the remnants of his bleeding train,
And scarce, but scarce, th' unequal strife sustain;
Their veins exhausted and o'ertoil'd their might,
And struggling, but to fall the last, they fight.
The monarch thus on ev'ry side distress'd,
And hope extinguish'd in his valiant breast,
Turn'd to his queen, he sent the parting look,
And brief th' eternal last adieu he took:
"Since here," he cried, "our hapless loves must end!
Where this arm fails, may mightier Heav'n defend!
This is my last, my only, fond desire:
Too bless'd am I, who in thy cause expire."
So saying, with recruited pow'rs he glows,
Exalted treads, and overlooks his foes:
Of more than mortal size the warrior seems,
And terrour from his eye imperial streams.
The circling host his single voice defies;
Amid the throng, with fury wing'd, he flies:
Deep bites his sword, in heaps on heaps they fall;
Hands, arms, and heads, bespread the sanguin'd hall;
Untir'd with toil, resistless in his course,
Disdain gave fury, and despair gave force.
As here and there, his conquering steps he bends,
Down his fair form the purpling stream descends;
Exhausted nature would persuade to yield,
But courage, still tenacious, holds the field.
As when the lamp its wavering light essays,
The source consum'd that fed the vital blaze,
Extinguish'd now its kindly flame appears,
And now aloft a livelier radiance rears;
Subsides by fits, by fits again aspires,
And bright, but doubtful, burn its fainting fires;
Till recollected to one force of light,
Sudden she flashes into endless night—
So the brave youth the blaze of life renews,
Reels, stands, defends, attacks, and still subdues;
Till ev'ry vein, and ev'ry channel drain'd,
One last effort his valiant arm sustain'd:
As lightning swift, he sped the latest blow,
And greatly fell, expiring on his foe.
As should an oak within some village stand,
Young, tall, and straight, the favourite of the land,
Beneath the dews of Heav'n sublime he grows,
Beneath his shade the wearied find repose;

The Soudan cometh himself sone after this
So really, that wonder is to tell:
And welcometh hire with all joye and blis.
And thus in mirth and joye I let hem dwell.
The fruit of this matere is that I tell.
Whan time came, men thought it for the best
That revel stint, and men go to hir rest.

The time come is, this olde Soudannesse
Ordeined hath the feste of which I tolde,
And to the feste Cristen folk hem dresse
In general, ya bothe yonge and olde.
Ther may men fest and realtee beholde,
And deintees mo than I can you devise,
But all to dere they bought it or they rise.

O soden wo, that ever art successour
To worldly blis, spreint is with bitternesse
Th' ende of the joye of our worldly labour:
Wo occupieth the fyn of our gladnesse.
Herken this conseil for thy sikernesse:
Upon thy glade day have in thy minde
The unware wo of harm, that cometh behinde.

To deck his boughs each morn the maidens rise,
And youths around his form contest the prize:
Yet haply if a sudden storm descend,
Sway'd by the blast, his beauteous branches bend;
But vig'rous, to their tow'ring height recoil,
Maintain the combat, and outbrave the toil;
Till the red bolt with levell'd ruin shoots,
And cuts the pillar'd fabric from the roots:
Swift falls the beauty o'er a length of ground;
The nymphs and swains incessant mourn around.
So did the youth with living form excel,
So fair, so tall, and so lamented, fell!
Relenting traitors would revive the dead,
And weep the blood their ruthless weapons shed:
One tender pang the dire sultana felt,
And nature, spite of Hell, compels to melt.

While sudden thus each bloody arm suspends,
And round their prince the satiate tumult bends;
Regardless of her fate, Constantia goes
Through pointed javelins, and a host of foes.
Amaze before the daring virgin yields,
And innocence from ev'ry weapon shields;
Till mourning by the great remains she stood,
And o'er her lover pour'd the copious flood:
"Ah, valiant arm! a waste of worth in vain!
Ah, royal youth," she cried, "untimely slain!
O! had I perish'd, ere I reach'd thy shore,
The surge devour'd, or wat'ry monsters tore;
To bless the world your worth had yet surviv'd,
Nor I, too fatally belov'd, arriv'd.
'T is I, who have this dear effusion shed;
For me, for me, a luckless bride, you bled!"
So saying—furious, the sultana cries,
"Strike, strike; the source of all our mischief dies!"
"Yes, strike!" the bright, th' intrepid maid replies.
But vainly this consents, or that commands;
Heav'n check'd their hearts, and pity bound their hands:
At once a thousand javelins rise in air;
A thousand wishes whisper—"Ah, forbear!"
Recoiling arms the bloody task refuse,
And beauty with resistless charm subdues.
Alone relentless, the sultana cries,
"'T is well, the death she wish'd, may still suffice:
Hence with that form, that knows so well to reign;
Hence with the witch, and plunge her in the main!
Her passage thence to Rome she may explore,
And tell her welcome on the Syrian shore."
So saying, quick to a selected band
She gave to execute the dire command;
Reluctant to the charge, they yet obey,
And to the shore the mourning fair convey.
Slow as she mov'd, soft sorrows bathe the ground;
Her guards too melt, and pitying weep around;
Though vers'd in blood, detest the stern commands,
And feel their hearts rebellious to their hands.
When now upon th' appointed beach they stood,
That look'd with horrour o'er the deep'ning flood,
Each ey'd his fellow with relenting look,
And each to each the cruel task forsook;

With distant awe the heav'nly maid survey,
Nor once her harm in act or thought essay.
The still suspense at length their leader broke,
And bow'd before the trembling beauty, spoke:
"O thou, endow'd with more than mortal charms,
Who ev'ry foe of all his force disarms!
Say, how shall we our pow'r or will employ;
Where both are weak, to spare thee, or destroy—
Both impotent alike our pow'r and will,
The means to save thee, or the thoughts to kill?
Yet one extreme may cruelly remain,
To yield thee haply to the pitying main;
And Heav'n, who form'd thee so divinely fair,
If Heav'n has pow'r, will sure have will to spare."
He said; the rest assent and to the bay
With secret step the virgin-bride convey.
Convenient here a Roman bark they find;
They hoist the hasty canvass to the wind:
The bark with Roman wealth and plenty stow'd,
Now lanching with the lonely sailor rode;
The gale from shore with ready rapture blew,
And to her vessel bore the last adieu.

Now, stain'd with blood, the self-convicted night
Fled from the face of all inquiring light;
And morn, unconscious of the murd'rous scene,
O'er Syria, guilty Syria, rose serene
The mountains sink before Constantia's eyes;
Wing'd o'er the surge, her bounding galley flies;
From sight of land, and human face conveys,
The skies alone above, and all around the seas.

Go, lovely mariner! imperial fair!
The warring winds and angry ocean dare;
Strange climes and spheres, a lone advent'rer view,
New to the main, and to misfortune new;
Without the chart, or polar compass steer,
Nor storms, in which the stoutest tremble, fear.
But ill those limbs, for gentle office form'd,
And in the down of nightly softness warm'd,
Shall now, obsequious to the ruder gale,
Command the frozen cord, and pond'rous sail;
Shall now, beneath the wat'ry sky obscure,
The nightly damp and piercing blast endure.

Thus all disconsolate, and sore distress'd,
And sorrow heaving in her beauteous breast,
Down sinks the fair; her hands in anguish rise,
And up to Heav'n she lifts her streaming eyes:
"O thou!" she said, "whence ev'ry being rose,
In whom they safe exist, and soft repose;
Fix'd in whose pow'r, and patient to whose eye,
Immense, those copious worlds of wonders lie;
To me, the meanest of thy works, descend;
To me, the last of ev'ry being, bend!

For shortly for to tellen at a word,
The Soudan and the Cristen everich on
Ben all to-hewe, and stiked at the bord,
But it were only dame Custance alone.
This old Soudannesse, this cursed crone,
Hath with hire frendes don this cursed dede,
For she hireself wold all the contree lede.

Ne ther was Surrien non that was converted,
That of the conseil of the Soudan wot,
That he n'as all to-hewe, er he asterted:
And Custance han they taken anon fote-hot,
And in a ship all stereles (God wot)
They han hire set, and bidden hire lerne sayle
Out of Surrie againward to Itaille.

A certain tresor that she thither ladde,
And soth to sayn, vitaille gret plentee,
They han hire yeven, and clothes eke she hadde,
And forth she sayleth in the salte see:
O my Custance, ful of benignitee,
O emperoures yonge doughter dere,
He that is lord of fortune be thy stere.

Since not exempt, in thy paternal care,
The lowest triumph, and minutest share;
Thy subjects all, and all their sov'reign know,
The seas that eddy, and the winds that blow;
The winds thy ruling inspiration tell;
The seas, exulting in thy presence, swell:
O'er these, o'er those, supreme, do thou preside;
For I desire no other star to guide:
In want and weakness, be thy pow'r display'd,
And thou assist, where else no arm can aid.
But if, as surely ev'ry mortal must,
If now I hasten to my native dust,
From the dread hour, and this devouring deep,
The spark of deathless animation keep;
Then may my soul, as bright instinctive flame,
Aspiring then, thy kindred radiance claim;
Or to some humbler Heav'n the trembler raise,
Though there the last, the first to sing thy praise:
Some lowly, vacant seat, Eternal, deign,
Nor be creation, and redemption vain!"

So pray'd the maid, and peace, a wonted guest,
Sought the known mansion of her spotless breast;
To ev'ry peril arm'd, and pain resign'd,
Cheer in her looks, and patience in her mind.

The wind fresh blowing from the Syrian shore,
Swift through the floods her spooming vessel bore.
Long breath'd the current of the eastern gale,
And swell'd th' expanse of each distended sail:
And now the hills of Candia rise to view,
As ev'ning clouds and settled vapours blue;
And now, still driven before the orient blast,
Morea, and her lengthening capes, are past:
Now land again her wistful prospect flies,
And gives the unvarying ocean to her eyes;
Till Malta's rocks, emerging from the main,
The circling war of earth and sea maintain.
Alike unknown, each varying clime appear'd;
The land and main alike the virgin fear'd;
While ev'ry coast her wand'ring eyes explore,
Reminds her soul of Syria's hostile shore;
And more than ev'ry monster seas can yield,
From man, from man, she begs that Heav'n would shield.

Full many a day, and many a night, forlorn,
Through shelves, and rocks, and eddying tempest borne,
Through drizzling sky, and nightly damp severe,
No fire to warm, no social face to cheer;
On many a meal of tainted viands fed,
The chill blast whistling round her beauteous head;
The pensive innocence attends her fate,
Amidst surrounding deaths and storms, sedate.

Ye silken sons of affluence and pride!
Whose fortunes roll a soft superfluous tide,
Who yet on visionary wants refine,
And rack'd with false fantastic woes repine;
And ye, whom penury and sharp distress,
With better, but salubrious med'cine, bless—
Behold that sex, whose softness men despise;
Behold a maid, who might instruct the wise,
Give patience precedent, fierce frenzy 'suage,
And with philosophy new-form the sage!
For her the tides of regal fullness flow'd;
For her oppression heap'd the cumbrous load;
In affluence humble, in misfortune great,
She stands the worst alternatives of fate!

At length, her galley wing'd before the blast,
Swift lanching, through the straits of Ceuta past;
And winding now before the varying gale,
Tempestuous Auster rends her labouring sail:
Hispania's realm the obsequious vessel coasts;
Now Gallia's surge the beauteous burthen boasts;
Till last, Britannia's wave the charge receives,
And from the Atlantic main, exalting, heaves;
The destin'd freight with pleas'd emotion bore,
And gently wafted to Northumbria's shore.

But haply now 't were obvious to demand,
How borne from Solyma's far-distant land,
Through many a clime and strait that might restrain,
The gust of winter, and the whelming main,
Britannia's coast should fix the wand'ring maid,
Through such a length of devious tracts convey'd?

Say first, when ships in dizzy whirlwinds wheel,
Who points the fervour of the amorous steel?
Wing'd by whose breath the bidden tempests blow?
Heav'd in whose fulness mighty oceans flow?
Yet what are winds that blow, or seas that roll?
The globe stupendous, or the poising pole?
What the seven planets on their axis spun?
What the wide system of our centering Sun?
A point, an atom, to the ambient space,
Where worlds on worlds in circling myriads race?

She blesseth hire, and with ful pitous vois
Unto the crois of Crist thus sayde she.
"O clere, o weleful auter, holy crois,
Red of the Lambes blood ful of pitee,
That wesh the world fro the old iniquitee,
Me fro the fende, and fro his clawes kepe,
That day that I shal drenchen in the depe.

"Victorious tree, protection of trewe,
That only were ordeined for to bere
The King of Heven, with his woundes newe,
The white Lamb, that hurt was with a spere;
Flemer of fendes, out of him and here
On which thy limmes faithfully extenden,
Me kepe, and yeve me might my lif to amenden."

Yeres and dayes fleet this creature
Thurghout the see of Grece, unto the straite
Of Maroc, as it was hire aventure:
Ou many a sory mele now may she baite;
After hire deth ful often may she waite,
Or that the wilde waves wol hire drive
Unto the place ther as she shal arive.

Men mighten asken, why she was not slain?
Eke at the feste who might hire body save?
And I answer to that demand again,
Who saved Daniel in the horrible cave,
Ther every wight, save he, master or knave,
Was with the leon frette, or he asterte?
No wight but God, that he bare in his herte.

God list to show his wonderful miracle
In hire, for we shuld seen his mighty werkes:
Crist, which that is to every harm triacle,
By certain menes oft, as knowen clerkes,
Doth thing for certain ende, that ful derke is
To mannes wit, that for our ignorance
Ne can nat know his prudent purveiance.

Now sith she was not at the feste yslawe,
Who kepte hire fro the drenching in the see?
Who kepte Jonas in the fishes mawe,
Til he was spouted up at Ninivee?
Wel may men know, it was no wight but he
That kept the peple Ebraike fro drenching,
With drye feet thurghout the see passing.

Yet these the inanimate volution keep,
And roll eliptic through the boundless deep;
While One Hand weighs the infinite suspense,
The insensate loads and measures the immense;
Within, without, through height and depth presides;
With equal arm, the bark, or planet, guides.
By thee uplifted, through the pathless skies,
With conscious plume, the birds of passage rise;
Through thee their patent longitude is known,
The stated climate, and the varying zone.
Thy Will informs the universal plan,
The ways of angels, and the ways of man;
The moral and material world connects,
Through each, Supreme, both governs and inspects;
Conducts the blood through each arterial round,
Conducts each system through the vast profound:
One Rule, the joint, the boundless model forms,
And the small ant to love of order warms;
Alike, through high, and low, and great, and small,
Nor aught's mysterious, or mysterious all.
What time the wafting tide, and favouring blast,
The fair on Britain's fated region cast;
Young Alla then Northumbria's sons obey'd,
Whose substituted sceptre Offa sway'd:
Illustrious Offa, who in worth excell'd
Whate'er the rolls of Saxon heroes held!
Alone Rodolphus, to the chief allied,
Excell'd in arms, but much excell'd in pride.
High on the brow of a commanding steep,
And full in prospect of the eastern deep,
His seat, address'd for war, as for repose,
And fix'd with elegance, brave Offa chose.
And now the hero, at his wonted hour,
Where trees o'er-arching form'd the sylvan bow'r,
With Hermigilda sought the evening air,
His bride, the fairest of the Saxon fair—
When from the main, and obvious to the view,
Th' apparent wreck their fix'd attention drew;
And quickly by innate compassion led,
Attended, to the neighbouring shore they sped.
Constantia here sole mariner they found,
Admiring gaze, and silently surround:
Her eyes to Heav'n the grateful charmer rais'd,
And with mute thanks of swift acceptance prais'd;
Then turn'd, with suppliant mien her arms extends,
And lowly at their feet for mercy bends.
Though Pagans, yet with native virtues bless'd,
The sentiment humane inform'd their breast:
They her sad narrative of woes inquire,
Prompt to redress, as courteous to desire.
With moving eloquence the maid began,
And through a length of strange disasters ran:
What truth requir'd, with artless grace reveal'd;
What prudence check'd, with graceful art conceal'd;
Pathetic gave her sufferings to the view,
But o'er her state a specious covering threw.
Sweet flow'd the accents of her gentle tongue;
Attention on the mournful music hung:
Each heart a sympathetic anguish felt—
Who saw that face, and could refuse to melt?
Great Offa's bride with answering woes distress'd,
With streaming eyes and clasping arms caress'd:
Officious now to please, and prompt to aid,
They to the palace lead the peerless maid;
With feast and song, and social aspect cheer,
And, as of more than mortal mould, revere.
Here, pleas'd with privacy, and long content,
Her days the universal charmer spent;
To office apt, and each obliging art,
She kindly stole the voluntary heart;
Ador'd around, a mental empire gain'd,
And still a queen through ev'ry bosom reign'd.

Who bade the foure spirits of tempest,
That power han to anoyen lond and see,
Both north and south, and also west and est,
Anoyen neyther see, ne lond, ne tree?
Sothly the commander of that was he
That fro the tempest ay this woman kepte,
As wel whan she awoke as whan she slepte.

Wher might this woman mete and drinke have?
Three yere and more, how lasteth hire vitaille?
Who fed the Egyptian Mary in the cave
Or in desert? no wight but Crist *sans faille*.
Five thousand folk it was as gret marvaille
With loves five and fishes two to fede:
God sent his foyson at hire grete nede.

She driveth forth into our ocean
Thurghout our wide see, til at the last
Under an hold, that nempnen I ne can,
Fer in Northumberlond, the wave hire cast,
And in the sand hire ship stiked so fast,
That themnes wolde it not in all a tide:
The wille of Crist was that she shulde abide.

The constable of the castle doun is fare
To seen this wrecke, and al the ship he sought,
And fond this wery woman ful of care;
He fond also the tresour that she brought:
In hire langage mercy she besought,
The lif out of hire body for to twinne,
Hire to deliver of wo that she was inne.

A maner Latin corrupt was hire speche,
But algate thereby was she understond.
The constable, whan him list no lenger seche,
This woful woman brought he to the lond.
She kneleth doun, and thanketh Goddes sond;
But what she was, she wolde no man seye
For foule ne faire, though that she shulde deye.

She said, she was so mased in the see,
That she forgate hire minde, by hire trouth.
The constable hath of hire so gret pitee
And eke his wif, that they wepen for routh:
She was so diligent withouten slouth
To serve and plesen everich in that place,
That all hire love, that loken in hire face.

The constable and dame Hermegild his wif
Were Payenes, and that contree every wher;
But Hermegild loved Custance as hire lif;
And Custance hath so long sojourned ther
In orisons, with many a bitter tere,
Til Jesu hath converted thurgh his grace,
Dame Hermegild, constablesse of that place.

In all that lond no Cristen dorste route;
All Cristen folk ben fled fro that contree
Thurgh Payenes, that conquereden all aboute
The plages of the North by lond and see.
To Wales fled the Cristianitee
Of olde Bretons, dwelling in this ile;
Thir was hir refuge for the mene while.

What winning pow'r on beauty's charm attends!
The rude it softens, and the bigot bends.
What precept from Constantia's lips can fail?
What truth so musical, and not prevail?
Persuasive while she pleads, the priest might learn,
The deaf find ears, and even the blind discern.
Soon through the house of gen'rous Offa spread,
Her pleasing tongue its sacred influence shed;
And all the cordial proselytes of grace,
The Christian law, the law of love, embrace.
But ah, sweet maid, how short is thy repose!
Nor hope that here thy scenes of suffering close;
Heav'n speeds the planet that o'er-rul'd thy birth,
And hastes to make one angel, ev'n on Earth.
Rodolphus to the Saxon chief allied,
Whose strength of limb with mightiest giants vied,
Of feature crude, and insolent of soul,
Whose heart nor knew, or mercy, or control—
He saw; and though to deeds of discord bred,
He saw, and on the lovely vision fed:

But yet n'ere Cristen Bretons so exiled,
That ther n'ere som which in hir privitee
Honoured Crist, and hethen folk begiled;
And neigh the castle swiche ther dwelten three:
That on of hem was blind, and might not see,
But it were with thilke eyen of his minde,
With which men mowen see whan they ben blinde.

Bright was the Sonne, as in that sommer's day,
For which the constable and his wif also
And Custance, han ytake the righte way
Toward the see, a furlong way or two,
To plaien, and to romen to and fro;
And in her walk this blinde man they mette,
Croked and olde, with eyen fast yshette.

"In the name of Crist," cried this blinde Breton,
"Dame Hermegild, yeve me my sight again."
This lady wexe afraid of that soun,
Lest that hire husband, shortly for to sain,
Wold hire for Jesu Cristes love have slain,
Til Custance made hire bold, and bade hire werche
The will of Crist, a doughter of holy cherche.

The constable wexe abashed of that sight,
And sayde; "What amounteth all this fare?"
Custance answer'd: "Sire, it is Cristes might,
That helpeth folk out of the fendes snare:"
And so ferforth she gan our lay declare,
That she the constable, er that it were eve,
Converted, and on Crist made him beleve.

This constable was not lord of the place
Of which I speke, ther as he Custance fond,
But kept it strongly many a winter space,
Under Alla, king of Northumberlond,
That was ful wise, and worthy of his hond
Againe the Scottes, as men may wel here;
But tourne I wol againe to my metere.

Sathan, that ever was waiteth to begile,
Saw of Custance all hire perfectioun,
And cast anon how he might quite hire wile,
And made a yonge knight, that dwelt in that town,
Love hire so hote of foule affectioun,
That verally him thought that he shuld spille,
But he of hire might ones han his wille.

Swift through his veins the sulphurous poison run,
But women seem'd all obvious to be won.
Malicious fervour prompts him to enjoy;
Dire is the love that 's eager to destroy!
Vows, prayers, and oaths, and menaces he tried,
And priz'd alike the prostitute and bride.
But when repuls'd with merited disdain,
He found all threats, as all entreaties vain,
The flame, that gloomy in his bosom burn'd,
To deadly hate by swift transition turn'd;
And nightly, in his dark designing soul,
Dire future scenes and schemes infernal roll.
Meantime, the sons of hostile Scotia arm,
And fame through Albion gives the loud alarm.
Young Alla at the warlike call arose,
And speeds with answering boldness to oppose;
While Offa, with glad heart, and honours due,
To welcome his approaching sov'reign flew.
And now Rodolphus, of whose baleful breast
The fiends and ev'ry fury stood possess'd,
On ills of cruellest conception bent,
To perpetrate his deadly purpose meant.
All wrap'd in clouds, from Heaven's nocturnal steep
Mid darkness hung, and weigh'd the world to sleep;
When Offa's consort, and the Roman maid,
By unsuspecting innocence betray'd,
Divinely pious, and divinely fair,
Tir'd with long vigil and the nightly pray'r,
Together lock'd in calm oblivion lay;
Not both to rise and greet returning day.
Rodolphus, unperceiv'd, invades the room,
His bosom darker than the midnight gloom:
Dire o'er the gentle pair the felon stands,
A poniard thirsting in his impious hands.
As should some cottager, with hourly care,
Two lambs, his sole delight and substance, rear,
With fondness at his rural table fed,
Beneath his eye, and in his bosom bred;
Till fierce for blood, and watchful to devour,
Some prowling wolf perceives the absent hour,
His nightly tread through some sly postern bends,
And the meek pair with savage fury rends—
So sweet, so innocent, the fair-ones lay;
So stern, the human savage views his prey!
His steel swift plung'd through Hermigilda's breast,
From the pure form, dismiss'd the purer guest;
Without one sigh her gentle soul expires,
And wak'd in bliss, the wondrous change admires,
Beyond, beyond what utt'rance e'er can name,
Or vision of ecstatic fancy frame.
Not so, bright maid! thy harder fate intends;
A simple death was only meant for friends:

He woeth hire, but it availeth nought,
She wolde do no sinne by no wey:
And for despit, he compassed his thought
To maken hire on shameful deth to dey.
He waiteth whan the constable is away,
And prively upon a night he crepte
In Hermegildes chambre while she slepte.

Wery, forwaked in hire orisons,
Slepeth Custance, and Hermegilde also.
This knight, thurgh Sathanas temptations,
All softely is to the bed ygo,
And cut the throte of Hermegilde atwo,
And layd the blody knif by dame Custance,
And went his way, ther God yeve him mischance.

For thee, he hoards the fund of future ill,
And spares with tenfold cruelty to kill.
Close by Constantia, lovely sleeping maid,
His recking steel the murd'rous ruffian laid:
Revolv'd within his breast new mischiefs brew,
And smiling horridly the fiend withdrew.
Thick darkness yet withstood approaching day,
And camp'd upon the western summits lay;
And scarce the straggling rays of orient light,
Excursive, pierc'd the paler realms of night;
Their passage through Constantia's casement won,
And view'd the brightest form beneath the Sun—
When the first glories of her opening eyes
With prompt, with early elevation rise,
Its wing tow'rds Heav'n her waking soul extends,
And in a rhapsody of praise ascends.
But ah, not long those lively transports burn!
Confus'd, alarm'd, her thoughts to Earth return:
All chill, and in the vital current drown'd,
Pale at her side, her lovely friend she found;
A cloud of horrour quick involv'd the fair,
And uttering shrieks express'd the loud despair.
Wak'd to her griefs, the scar'd domestics rose:
In rush'd the train, shrill echoing to her woes;
O'er the pa'e dame a mourning torrent shed,
And with repeated cries invoke the dead.
Rodolphus too, with well-dissembled fears,
And face of busy feign'd concern, appears:
From Heav'n's high wrath, with swift perdition sped,
He calls down vengeance on the guilty head;
Apparent zeal his earnest visage fires,
And loud the murd'rer for himself inquires.
With bloody marks of dire conjecture stain'd,
Constantia, hapless virgin, stands arraign'd:
The fair with fears her guiltless cause essays;
But ah! each specious circumstance betrays:
Rude cords around her polish'd arms they strain;
Strong pleads the innocent, but pleads in vain.
Far were thy friends, Constantia, lovely maid!
Far distant all, that had the pow'r to aid;
From guilt, from death, from infamy to save,
Or shed a tear upon a stranger's grave.
And now the tale, with deadly tidings fraught,
To Offa's ear a speedy courier brought.
Heart-pierc'd with anguish stood the mourning chief;
No plaints express'd th' inutterable grief;
No sighs exhale, no streaming sorrows flow,
Fix'd and immoveable in speechless woe.
Compassion touch'd the gen'rous Alla's breast,
For his brave subject, for his friend distress'd;
Each circumstance the royal youth inquires,
And the dire act his just resentment fires.
By specious proofs of false suggestion led,
He vows full vengeance on Constantia's head;
To doom the luckless innocent he speeds,
And in his wrath the previous victim bleeds.
Fame flies before with voluntary wing;
A thousand distant shouts proclaim their king:
Pour'd from all parts, the populace unite,
And on his form insatiate feed their sight;
For Alla, bright in each perfection, shone,
That grac'd the cottage, or enrich'd the throne:
The nerve Herculean brac'd his youthful arm,
His cheek imbib'd the virgin's softest charm:
Mild was his soul, all spotless as his form;
His virtues not severe, but chaste and warm;
His manners sweet and sprightly, yet sincere;
His judgment calm and deep, yet quick and clear:
Graceful his speech, above the flow'rs of art;
Open his hand, more bounteous yet his heart;
As mercy soft, kind, social, and humane,
Vice felt alone, that Alla held the rein:
To all the pride of courts, and pomp of show,
The brightest ornament, yet greatest foe!
Within, without, thus rich in ev'ry grace,
And all the angel in his soul and face,
Not form'd to feel love's passion, but impart,
No charms were yet found equal to his heart:
For him each virgin sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain,
By him unpitied, since unknown the pain.
Detesting flattery, yet fond of fame,
Through deadly fields he sought a deathless name;
Still foremost there, he sprung with youthful heat,
And war, not love, gave Alla's breast to beat;
Each foe he conquer'd, and each friend retain'd,
And scepter'd in his subjects' bosoms reign'd.
And now arriv'd—severe in solemn state,
Whence no appeal, the grand tribunal sat.
Great Alla, thron'd conspicuous to the view,
Attention, love, and centering rev'rence drew.
In form, the deadly process straight began;
Wide through the crowd a doubtful murmur ran;
Rodolphus chief the friendless prisoner charg'd,
Enforc'd the pain, and on the guilt enlarg'd.
The fair unknown to her defence they cite:
Guarded she comes, as pure as angels bright;
As though delight and grief at once combin'd,
And fled to her, displeas'd with all mankind;
Or as delight would grief, in grief, excell,
Or grief could find delight with her to dwell.
Pensive she moves, majestically slow,
And with a pomp of beauty decks her woe:
All murmurs, silenc'd by her presence, cease,
And from her eye the yielding crowd gives place;

Sone after cometh this constable home again,
And eke Alla, that king was of that lond,
And saw his wife despitously yslain,
For which ful oft he wept and wrong his hond;
And in the bed the blody knif he fond
By dame Custance, alas! what might she say?
For veray wo hire wit was all away.

To king Alla was told all this mischance,
And eke the time, and wher, and in what wise,
That in a ship was fonden this Custance,
As here before ye han herd me devise:
The kinges herte of pitee gan agrise,
Whan he saw so ben-gne a creature
Falle in disese and in misadventure.

For as the lamb toward his deth is brought,
So stant this innocent beforn the king:
This false knight, that hath this treson wrought,
Bereth hire in hond that she hath don this thing:
But natheles ther was gret murmuring
Among the peple, and sayn they cannot gesse
That she had don so gret a wickednesse.

For they han seen hire ever so vertuous,
And loving Hermegild right as hire lif:
Of this bare witnesse everich in that hous,
Save he that Hermegild slow with his knif:
This gentil king hath caught a gret motif
Of this witness, and thought he wold enquere
Deper in this cas, trouthe for to lere.

E'en Alla's looks his soft'ning soul confess'd,
And all resentment died within his breast.
But ah! while shame with injur'd honour vies,
While yet her tongue its fault'ring task denies,
More than all phrase, or study'd quaint address,
Her down-cast eyes and speaking looks express.
At length pathetic, with a starting tear,
She thus to bow'd attention charm'd the ear.
" Where may the wretched for protection bend?
Or when, ah when, shall my misfortunes end?
Sure, persecution in the grave will cease;
And death bestow, what life denies me, peace.
Driv'n from before the face of humankind,
Earth, air, and sea, with cruel man combin'd;
Each hour, each element, prepar'd a foe,
And nature seem'd exhausted in my woe.
At length, with ev'ry grace and virtue crown'd,
One friend, one pitying faithful friend I found;
With her, retir'd, to pass my days I chose,
And here presum'd to taste a late repose:
But peace to me, alike all climes refuse,
And mischief to the furthest pole pursues;
'T is e'en a crime to be Constantia's friend,
Nor less than death to those who would defend.
Ah, Hermigilda! could my forfeit life,
To the fond husband give the faithful wife;
From death recall thy chastely feather'd charms,
And yield thee to the gen'rous Offa's arms;
Ah! gladly would I then resign my breath,
If life so dear could be reviv'd by death.
But thus to die with foul suspicion stain'd,
For murder, murder of my friend, arraign'd!—
Alas! unskill'd in ev'ry cruel art,
Had I the pow'r to hurt, I want the heart:
No creature e'er Constantia's malice felt;
Ev'n suff'ring foes have taught my heart to melt,
My heart, for birds, for insects oft distress'd;
And pity is its known, its only guest.
O youth! thy happy people's boasted theme,
O Alla! sacred to the breath of fame,
To whom subjected realms their rights submit,
Who thron'd in judgment like an angel sit;
Still more extensive be thy guardian care,
And let the innocent, the stranger share!"
Here rudely on her plea Rodolphus broke,
And all-inflam'd, and interrupting, spoke:
" List not, O king, to that bewitching tongue!
So sweetly false the tempting Syrens sung;
Her words would give the knotted oak an ear,
And charm the Moon from her enchanted sphere.
That by her hand our dear relation bled,
This sword shall witness on her guilty head,
Whatever champion, or bold odds oppose,
And, arm'd by justice, dare a thousand foes:
Then be her purity by combat try'd;
And by the conqu'ring arm let Heav'n decide."
" Alas, O Alla!" cry'd the trembling maid,
" My sex, not arms but innocence must aid.
Helpless I stand, and distant ev'ry friend,
That has the pow'r, or courage to defend.
If justice is ordain'd to crown the strong,
Then the weak arm is ever in the wrong;
The hawk may triumph in his lawless deeds,
While doom'd beneath his gripe the turtle bleeds,
Yet that I 'm guiltless, ev'n my charge admits,
And malice, meaning to arraign, acquits:
What though the sword lay treach'rous at my side?
Sure, guilt could never want the craft to hide!
The spots of bloody circumstance explain,
That inward truth fears no exterior stain;
And last my capture with the slain implies,
That guilt, not innocence, from vengeance flies.
I fear not death, but that surviving shame,
Which must to ages blast my spotless name—
Be that from taint of guilty censure freed,
And all that malice can inflict, decreed!"
Thus while she spake, with secret passion tost,
And in a world of new-found wonders lost,
Scarce Alla could his struggling heart control:
Fix'd were his eyes, but restless was his soul;
His breast with various agitation burn'd;
Now pale, now red, his varying aspect turn'd:
Her accents dwell upon his list'ning ears;
When now she ceas'd, delighted still he hears;
Her form with chang'd, with fev'rish look surveys,
And could for ever hear, for ever gaze.
At length collected, as from bonds he broke,
And with cold speech, and feign'd indifference spoke:
" Thy charge, bright maid! my secret soul acquits;
But public law no private voice admits:
Kings sit not here, with arbitrary sense
To form new laws, or cavil, but dispense;
Though law is fallible, yet law should sway,
And kings, more fallible than law, obey.
Say, gallant warriors! who, unmatch'd in arms,
May yield uncensur'd to resistless charms;

Alas! Custance, thou hast no champion,
Ne fighten canst thou not, so wala wa!
But he that starf for our redemption,
And bond Sathan, and yet lith ther he lay,
So be thy stronge champion this day:
For but if Crist on thee mirácle kithe,
Withouten gilt thou shalt be slaine as swithe.

She set hire doun on knees, and thus she sayde;
" Immortal God, that savedest Susanne
Fro false blame, and thou merciful mayde,
Mary I mene, doughter to seint Anne,
Beforn whos child angels singen Osanne,
If I be gilteless of this felonie,
My socour be, or elles shal I die."

Have ye not seen sometime a pale face
(Among a prees) of him that hath ben lad
Toward his deth, wher as he geteth no grace,
And swiche a colour in his face hath had,
Men mighten know him that was so bestad,
Amonges all the faces in that route,
So stant Custance, and loketh hire aboute.

O quenes living in prosperitee,
Duchesses, and ye ladies everich on,
Haveth som routhe on hire adversitee;
An emperoures doughter stant alone;
She hath no wight to whom to make hire mone;
O blood real, that stondest in this drede,
Fer ben thy frendes in thy grete nede.

This Alla king hath swiche compassioun,
As gentil herte is fulfilled of pitee,
That fro his eyen ran the water doun.
" Now hastily do fecche a book," quod he;
" And if this knight wol sweren, how that she
This woman slow, yet wol we us avise,
Whom that we wol that shal ben our justice."

Say, is there one, who, singularly brave,
At his own peril greatly dares to save;
From pain, from death, from slander, to defend,
And give the stranger, and the fair, a friend?"
The hero said; but mute was ev'ry tongue,
Blank ev'ry face, and ev'ry nerve unstrung;
So much Rodolphus, never match'd in arms,
Each weaker hand and conscious heart alarms;
So was the giant fam'd for brutal pow'r,
Strode like an arch, and menac'd like a tow'r!
Then Alla—"Soon as Phosphor's dewy ray
Shall gild the shade, bright promiser of day,
Prepar'd and meted with the morning light,
Be the rail'd barrier, and the lists of fight;
Then, ere the Sun, swift mounting up the sky,
Views the wide world with his meridian eye,
While issuing from the trumpet's brazen throat
Defiance loudly breathes its martial note,
If haply Heav'n, not impotent to aid,
With interposing arm protect the maid,
Some angel, or unlook'd-for champion send,
And with prevailing ministry defend;
Freed be the fair, and spotless be her fame—
Ere ev'ning else, she feeds the hungry flame!"
So spake the prince, descending from his throne:
Sad through the concourse went the length'ning groan;
The maid, to death inevitably doom'd,
A guiltless victim ev'ry heart presum'd;
To her they consecrate the pitying tear,
Nor e'er, till then, could think their prince severe.
Constantia (when with firm though hopeless eye
She now perceiv'd the fatal hour drew nigh)
In conscious innocence erects her head:
With doubt exil'd, all care and terrour fled;
Death stole from triumph to adorn her state,
And gave a smile beyond the reach of fate.
All night, in pray'r and mental song, the maid,
With angels choir'd, her soul for Heav'n array'd:
Light from her heart, as summer's careless robe,
Drop'd each affection of this sin-worn globe;
O'er honour, late so lov'd, o'er brutal foes,
And ev'ry sense of mortal coil she rose;
Till tow'rd the dawn she gently sunk to rest,
With all Elysium open'd in her breast.

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*A Breton book, written with Evangiles,
Was fet, and on this book he swore anon
She giltif was, and in the mene whiles
An hond him smote upon the nekke bone,
That doun he fell at ones as a stone:
And both his eyen brost out of his face
In sight of every body in that place.

A vois was herd, in general audience,
That sayd; "Thou hast desclandred gilteles
The doughter of holy chirche in high presence;
Thus hast thou don, and yet hold I my pees."
Of this mervaille agast was all the prees,
As mased folk they stonden everich on
For drede of wreche, save Custance alone.

Gret was the drede and eke the repentance
Of hem that hadden wrong suspection
Upon this sely innocent Custance;
And for this miracle, in conclusion;
And by Custances medintion,
The king, and many another in that place,
Converted was, thanked be Cristes grace.

Gray morning now involv'd in rising dew,
O'er the capt hills her streaming mantle threw;
While, far beyond, the horizontal Sun
With beam of intersected brightness shone;
Gold pav'd o'er ocean stretch'd his glitt'ring road,
And to the shore the length'ning radiance glow'd.
Full in his sight, and open to the main,
Concurring squadrons throng'd Northumbria's plain:
To learn what fate attends the foreign fair,
Each sex and age in mingling routs repair,
Whom, pour'd by millions to the listed field,
Dispeopled towns, and empty'd hamlets yield.
Within the lists, conspicuous to the sight,
Rode the proud stature of the Saxon knight:
His mien, with thirst of opposition fir'd,
Appear'd to menace what it most desir'd;
Gave all to wish some champion for the fair,
Gave all to wish the fight, but none to dare.
His bold defiance o'er the measur'd ground,
The brazen blasts of winding clarions sound;
While strong-lung'd heralds challenge to the fight,
And seem, at once, to threaten and invite.
And now, expectant of the murd'rous flame,
In sable pomp the lovely victim came:
On her, all looks and cent'ring hearts were fix'd,
Love, grief, and awe, with soft compassion mix'd;
To Heav'n, the voice of wide affliction cries;
Earth drinks the tribute of ten thousand eyes—
Such sighs, as from the dying breast expire,
And tears, as meant to quench a world on fire.
To the tall pyre, in sad procession led,
The tranquil maid ascends her sylvan bed;
And fearless on the fun'ral summit plac'd,
Her seat of fearful preparation grac'd.
Hence, with wide gaze, she threw her eyes around
Nor Alla, cruel, lovely Alla, found.
"Ah," soft she said, "where 's this heroic youth
So fam'd for clemency, so fam'd for truth;
So sage, so cautious in the casuist's chair,
Too firm to deviate, and too just to spare;
To strangers cruel, though to subjects kind;
In law discerning, yet to mercy blind?
Why comes not he to feast his savage eyes,
And view the pains he can so well devise?
Heav'n fram'd thee, Alla, with exterior art,
Soften'd thy form, but left a flinty heart?
Too perfect else had been the beauteous plan,
And Alla had been something more than man!"
Thus while she spoke, a distant murmur rose,
As when the wind through rustling forest blows;
And gath'ring now still louder and more near,
To mute attention turn'd each list'ning ear.
Distinctly heard along the lifted ground,
To trumpets, now, shrill answ'ring trumpets sound;
A clamorous cheer from rank to rank extends,
And sudden shout the deafen'd welkin rends.
Straight, usher'd to the field with loud acclaim,
A knight unknown, and unattended came:
No trophy'd boast, no outward shine of arms,
Nor love device, with quaint attraction charms;
Unplum'd the motion of his sable crest,
And black the guardian corselet on his breast;
Black was the steed that bore him to the field,
And black the terrour of his ample shield.
As when, to slake Iernc's fev'rish plain,
And check the dog-star's short but sultry reign,
A cloud, full freighted with the coming storm,
Black brow'd o'er ocean lifts its cumb'rous form,
Dread, to the shore its gloomy progress bends,
And charg'd with Heav'n's avenging bolt suspends—

So to the field the gloomy champion show'd;
So charg'd with mercy, as with vengeance rode.
Where the bright victim bless'd the circling view,
Close to the pyre the sable warrior drew;
"Guilty," aloud, "or innocent?" he cry'd—
"Ah, guiltless—so help Heav'n!" the maid reply'd;
"So by this arm," he said, "may Heav'n for thee
decide!"
Surpris'd Rodolphus stood; abash'd the bold,
And like a torrent in mid course control'd;
Abash'd to find that any mortal wight
Could singly dare to match his matchless might.
But soon, of conscious force, and scorn, and pride,
With two-fold fury swell'd th' impetuous tide:
Resistless, dreadful, in his wrath he rose;
For courage still with opposition grows.
Attending heralds straight divide the field,
And the dire interval for combat yield.
To either goal retir'd each threatful knight,
Fierce through restraint, and trembling for the fight,
On each by turns was ev'ry look intent,
Now here, now there, with swift emotion bent:
Perch'd on the summit of the stranger's crest,
Here conquest seem'd to ev'ry eye confess'd;
Not long confess'd, for from his rival, there,
Again the varying judgment learns despair;
For ev'ry wish assum'd the stranger's part,
And quick expectance throbb'd in ev'ry heart.
Fix'd in his seat, each waits the dread career,
And in each rest firm sits the pond'rous spear;
Each conscious steed impatient beats the ground;
Eager and wan was ev'ry face around.
The signal giv'n, they vanish from the goals;
Earth backward spurn'd from either courser rolls;
Space gathers quick beneath their nimble feet,
And horse to horse, tremendous shock! they meet.
Nor yet blind wrath, or head-long valour rul'd;
More forceful was their force, by judgment cool'd;
The deadly aim each hostile eye selects,
Each eye too marks where either arm directs;
With art they ward, and with dread action wield,
Point with the lance, and parry with the shield.
Full at the bosom of his active foe,
Rodolphus level'l'd the resistless blow;
But from his oblique buckler glanc'd the spear,
Which else, nor targe, nor mortal arm could bear.
Not so his lance the sable champion sped,
Feign'd at the breast, then brandish'd at the head;
Through his foe's shield the verging weapon press'd,
And raz'd the plume that wanton'd on his crest.
Together, with impetuous onset push'd,
Thus horse to horse, and man to man, they rush'd;
Then backward, driv'n by mutual shock, they
bound:
Beneath the conflict shakes the suff'ring ground.
So wing'd, in war, or darkness, on the deep,
Two ships adverse the mediate ocean sweep:
With horrid brunt joins each encount'ring prow;
Loud roars the rifled surge, and foams below;
Sails, shrouds, and masts, all shiver in the toil,
And backward to their sterns the found'ring keels
recoil.
But each well skill'd in ev'ry warlike meed,
New to the charge revives his sinking steed;
Swift from his side his steely terrour drew,
And on his foe with answ'ring fury flew.
The sway long time intemp'rate valour bore,
While artless rage unlearn'd the warrior's lore:
On their hack'd arms the restless peal descends,
Targe, plate, and mail, and riven corselet, rends;
Struck from their helms, the steely sparks aspire,
And from their swords forth streams the mingling
fire.
As in the glow of some Vulcanian shed,
Two brawny smiths heave high the pond'rous sled,
Full front to front, a grizzly pair they stand;
Between their arms extends the fiery brand;
Huge strokes from the tormented anvil bound;
Thick flames the air, and groans the lab'ring
ground—
So toil'd these heroes with commutual rage,
And such reciprocated combat wage.
Around them, trembling expectation waits;
With speechless horrour ev'ry bosom beats;
For either seem'd resistless in the fight,
But each too seem'd to match resistless might.
Surpris'd at length the wary warriors own
A rival to their arms till then unknown;
With mutual wile defensive now they fought,
And mutual wounds a mutual caution taught:
All dint of force, and stratagem, they try,
Reach with their arms, and measure with their eye;
They feint, they ward, strike out, and now evade,
Foin with the point, and parry with the blade;
Probe each defect, some purpos'd limb expose,
Now grappling seize, and with dread union close;
Their waists with unenamour'd grasp they wind;
Their arms, like cramps, and forceful engines, bind;
Each strives to lift the other from his seat,
Heav'd thick, and short, their lab'ring bosoms beat;
Struggling they gripe, they pull, they bend, they
strain,
But firm and still unsway'd their seats retain;
Till loos'd as by consent again they turn,
And with reviving force and fury burn.
Thus future ages had this fight beheld,
Where both all might excelling, none excell'd,
Had not Rodolphus with impassion'd pride,
High heav'd a blow that should at once decide,
His utmost pow'rs collected in the stroke—
Like thunder o'er the yielding foe he broke:
The foe elusive of the dire intent,
His force in air th' embarrass'd Pagan spent,
And by his bulk of cumb'rous poise o'ersway'd,
Full on his helm receiv'd th' adverse blade:
Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground;
With ceaseless shouts th' echoing Heav'ns resound.
As from the brow of some impending steep,
The sportive diver views the briny deep,
From his high stand with headlong action flies,
And turns his heels retorted to the skies;
Inverted so the bulky chief o'erturns,
And Heav'n, with heel of quick elation, spurns.
Light from his steed the conqu'ring hero sprung,
And threatful o'er the prostrate monster hung:
He, with feign'd penitence, and humbled breath,
Fond to evade the fear'd, th' impending death,
(The instant weapon glitt'ring at his breast)
The murd'rous scene and nightly guilt confess'd.
Meanwhile, attended by the shouting crew,
The fair, now freed, to greet her champion flew;
For not of mortal arm the chief she thought,
But Heav'n's own delegate with vengeance fraught.
When now, enchanting to the warrior's sight,
The maid drew near, the maid as angels bright,
His beaver from his lovely face he rais'd,
And all on Alla, conqu'ring Alla, gaz'd:
Earth, sea, and air, with endless triumph ring,
And shouting thousands hail their victor king.
Not so Constantia,—struck with strange surprise,
Her great deliverer in her judge she eyes;

Conquest and love upon his regal brow,
A cruel judge, but kind deliverer now:
Soft shame, and trembling awe, her step repress'd,
And wondrous gratitude disturb'd her breast;
Joys, fainting fears, quick thrill'd through ev'ry vein,
And scarce her limbs their beauteous charge sustain.
How widely devious from the ways of man,
Is the great maze of providential plan!
Vain man, short-sighted po'tician! dreams,
That things shall move subservient to his schemes;
But Heav'n the fond projector undermines,
And makes the agent thwart his own designs;
Aga'nst itself the instrument employs,
And with the means the end propos'd destroys.
What shall prevent Omniscience to direct?
And what, what can 't Omnipotence effect?
He to th' event subdues th' opposing cause,
And light from darkness, wondrous influence, draws;
Defeat from conquest, infamy from fame;
And oft to honour paves the path of shame.
Why then this toil, and coil, and anxious care?
Why does man triumph, why does man despair?
Why does he choose by vic'ous steps to scale,
Where virtue may, at least as well, prevail?
Since not in him his proper fortune lies,
And Heav'n alone ordains his fall or rise:
Man may propose, but only Heav'n must speed;
And though the will is free, th' event 's decreed.
Be then the scope of ev'ry act, and thought,
To will, and do, still simply as we ought;
The less shall disappointment's sting annoy,
And each success will bring a double joy:
To boundless Power and Prescience leave the rest;
But thou enjoy the province in thy breast!
Lo! in one hour, by fortune unforeseen,
The lowly criminal becomes the queen;
From shame to glory, anguish to repose,
From death to life, and bonds to freedom rose.
In love, as war, resistless, Alla woo'd,
And whom he won by arms, by suit subdu'd:
Constantia with her secret wish comply'd,
For Alla would not, could not be deny'd.
Nor list we here, with pomp of long array,
To blazon forth that chaste connubial day;
To tell what numbers numberless, what knights
And glitt'ring dames adorn'd the festal rites;
What joys the banquet or the bowl could yield,
Or what the trophies of the tilting field.
Loud were the revels, boundless was the mirth,
That hail'd the sweetest brightest pair on Earth—
Of men, the wisest, bravest, fairest, he;
Of all that 's beautiful most beauteous, she!
Love, nature, harmony, the union claim'd,
And each for each, and both for one were fram'd.
But we of subsequent adventure treat,
And hasten to unfold their future fate.
Some months young Alla and his peerless bride,
In cordial bond of dear accordance ty'd,
Had look'd and smil'd the precious hours away,
And fed on bliss that ne'er could know decay:
He, whose charm'd ear on that enchanting tongue
With thirst of fondest inclination hung,
Won by a preacher with so fair a face,
Becomes the zealous proselyte of grace;
And subjects too their heathenish rites forego,
For still from courts, or vice, or virtues flow.
But ah! too soon, from beauty's softer charms,
War, rig'rous war, and Scotia call to arms;
Constantia must her blooming hero yield,
For honour sends him to th' embattled field.
Meanwhile, the pregnant fruit of chaste delight
With a male infant crown'd the nuptial rite;
All sweet and lovely as the smiling morn,
Mauritius was to bless a nation born:
Their pledge of future bliss, their princely boy,
The Britons hail with universal joy;
Their fancy frames him what their pray'rs require,
Sweet as their queen, and valiant as his sire.
Offa, to whom the king's departing care,
Inestimable charge! consign'd the fair,
Advice of loyal gratulation sent,
To glad his sov'reign with the bless'd event.
But Donnegilda [1], cruel, crafty dame,
Great Alla's mother, over-fond of fame,
She, (as all antique parents, wondrous sage,
For youth project th' inappetence of age,

This false knight was slain for his untrouthe
By jugement of Alla hastily;
And yet Custance had of his deth gret routhe;
And after this Jesus of his mercy
Made Alla wedden ful solempnely
This holy woman, that is so bright and shene,
And thus hath Crist ymade Custance a quene.

But who was woful (if I shal not lie)
Of this wedding but Donegild and no mo,
The kinges mother, ful of tyrannie?
Hire thoughte hire cursed herte brast atwo;
She wolde not that hire sone had do so;
Hire thoughte a despit, that he shulde take
So strange a creature unto his make.

Me list not of the chaf ne of the stre
Maken so long a tale, as of the corn.
What shulde I tellen of the realtee
Of this mariage, or which cours goth beforn,
Who bloweth in a trompe or in an horn?
The fruit of every tale is for to say;
They ete and drinke, and dance, and sing, and play.

They gon to bed, as it was skill and right,
For though that wives ben ful holy thinges,
They mosten take in patience a night
Swiche maner necessaries, as ben plesinges
To folk that han ywedded hem with ringes,
And lay a lite hir holinesse aside
As for the time, it may no bet betide.

On hire he gat a knave childe anon,
And to a bishop, and his constable eke
He toke his wif to kepe, whan he is gon
To Scotland ward, his fomen for to seke.
Now faire Custance, that is so humble and meke,
So long is gon with childe til that still
She halt hire chambre, abiding Cristes will.

The time is come, a knave child she bere;
Mauricius at the fontstone they him calle.
This constable doth forth come a messager,
And wrote unto his king that cleped was Alle,
How that this blissful t ding is befalle,
And other tid'ngs spedeful for to say.
He hath the lettre, and forth he goth his way.

[1] See the second stanza in the preceding column.

Each sense endearing and humane despise,
And on the mammon feast their downcast eyes)
Malevolent beheld a stranger led,
Unknown, unfriended, to the regal bed:
For in the secret closet of her breast,
Constantia her imperial birth suppress'd,
Till Heav'n should perfect the connubial band,
And with her royal offspring bless the land.
Ah! ill-tim'd caution! were this truth declar'd,
What a vast cost of future woe was spar'd!
But where Heav'n's will th' unequal cause supplies,
To set the world on fire a spark may well suffice.
The subtile dame, who now th' occasion spy'd
To tear Constantia from her Alla's side,
Debauch'd the messenger, his mandate stole;
And forg'd in Offa's name the crafty scroll;
Wherein she fram'd a tale with wondrous art,
"How the feign'd fair by witchcraft won his heart,
Seduc'd his senses with infernal lore,
And a dread monster, hideous offspring! bore."
But Alla, of whose fond, whose faithful breast,
His consort was the dear eternal guest,
Unmov'd, return'd—"His bliss was too refin'd,
Without the just allay that Heav'n assign'd;
And what Constantia bore, if Heav'n decreed,
To be unwelcome must be strange indeed!"

This messager, to don his avantage,
Unto the kinges mother rideth swithe,
And saluedth hire ful faire in his langage.
"Madame," quod he, "ye may be glad and blithe,
And thanken God an hundred thousand sithe;
My lady quene hath child, withouten doute,
The joye and blisse of all this regne aboute.

"Lo here the lettre seled of this thing,
That I most bere in all the hast I may:
If ye wol ought unto your sone the king,
I am your servant bothe night and day."
Donegilde answerd, "As now at this time nay;
But here I wol all night thou take thy rest,
To morwe wol I say thee what me lest."

This messager drank sadly ale and wine,
And stolen were his lettres prively
Out of his box, while he slept as a swine;
And contrefeted was ful subtilly
Another lettre, wrought ful sinfully,
Unto the king directe of this matere
Fro his constable, as ye shal after here.

This lettre spake, the quene delivered was
Of so horrible a fendliche creature,
That in the castle non so hardy was
That any while dorste therein endure:
The mother was an elfe by aventure
Yeome, by charmes or by sorcerie,
And everich man hateth hire compagnie.

Wo was this king whan he this lettre had sein,
But to no wight he told his sorwes sore,
But of his owen hand he wrote again;
"Welcome the sonde of Crist for evermore
To me, that am now lerned in his lore:
Lord, welcome be thy lust and thy plesance,
My lust I put all in thyn ordinance.

This letter too the courier as before,
To Britain's dowager unweeting bore;
And in the surfeit of oblivious wine
Left her to perpetrate the black design.
This too she cancell'd, forg'd the regal hand,
And pitydess inscrib'd "the dire command,
With threats, that Offa, to the wonted sea,
Should the false queen and hated imp convey;
And there permit the now detested dame
To seek the shore from whence the sorceress came."
When Offa had the barb'rous mandate read,
To Heav'n his eyes and lifted hands he spread.

"Kepeth this child, al be it foule or faire,
And eke my wif, unto min home coming:
Crist whan him list may senden me an heire,
More agreable than this to my liking."
This lettre he seled, prively weping,
Which to the messager was taken sone,
And forth he goth, ther is no more to done.

O messager fulfilled of drunkenesse,
Strong is thy breth, thy limmes falteren ay,
And thou bewreiest alle secrenesse;
Thy mind is lorne, thou janglest as a jay;
Thy face is tourned in a new array;
Ther dronkenesse regneth in any route,
Ther is no conseil hid withouten doute.

O Donegild, I ne have non English digne
Unto thy malice, and thy tirannie:
And therfore to the fende I thee resigne,
Let him enditen of thy traitorie.
Fy mannish, fy; o nay by God I lie;
Fy fendliche spirit, for I dare wel telle,
Though thou here walke, thy spirit is in Helle.

This messager cometh fro the king again,
And at the kinges modres court he light,
And she was of this messager ful fayn,
And plesed him in all that ever she might.
He dranke, and wel his girdel underpight;
He slepeth, and he snoreth in his gise
All night, until the sonne gan arise.

Eft were his lettres stolen everich on,
And contrefeted lettres in this wise.
"The king commanded his constable anon
Up peine of hanging and of high jewise,
That he ne shulde soffren in no wise
Custance within his regne for to abide
Three daies and a quarter of a tide;

"But in the same ship as he hire fond,
Hire and hire yonge sone, and all hire gere
He shulde put, and croude hire fro the lond,
And charge hire, that she never eft come there."
O my Custance, wel may thy ghost have fere,
And sleping in thy dreme ben in penance,
When Donegild cast all this ordinance.

This messager on morwe whan he awoke,
Unto the castel halt the nexte way;
And to the constable he the lettre toke;
And whan that he this pitous lettre sey,
Ful oft he sayd "Alas, and wala wa;
Lord Crist," quod he, "how may this world endure?
So ful of sinne is many a creature.

Like Niobe to marble turn'd, he stood;
Grief, fear, and horrour, froze the gen'rous blood!
Again he stirr'd, as from some wistful dream;
Again he read—alas! he read the same.
But, though in terms of soothing phrase express'd,
When now Constantia learn'd her lord's behest,
Keen anguish, piercing to the springs of life,
At once arrests the mother and the wife:
For not, to her alone confin'd, as late
When bold she stood the weightiest stroke of fate,
A thousand cares of soft endearing kind,
Now share with Heav'n the motions of her mind;
And with fond thoughts of sweet concern divide,
The melting mother, and the clasping bride:
And these alone her bursting bosom rend,
And o'er the couch her lifeless limbs extend.
Fame pour'd the mourning populace around:
In gushing anguish ev'ry eye is drown'd;
Compassion set her virtues full to view,
And with their queen bade ev'ry joy adieu;
Swift from his throne they wish their Alla hurl'd,
And her crown'd empress of the peopled world:
But ah! in vain their pray'rs and tears delay;
Strict was the charge, and Offa must obey.
With heavy heart and faint reluctant hand,
He led the mourner to the neighb'ring strand:
She to the heaving whiteness of her breast,
With melting looks, her helpless infant press'd;
And thus, while sobs her piteous accent broke,
Her little inattentive child bespoke. [father's will,
"Weep not, sweet wretch! though such thy
Yet hast thou one, one tender parent still.
Peace, peace! to thee thy mother means no harm;
Nor let our lot thy little heart alarm:
O'er thee, till death, o'er thee my cares shall wake,
And love thee for thy cruel father's sake."
Had ev'ry sire as on the banks of Nile,
Lost his first-born throughout Britannia's isle;
Or death with undistinguish'd carnage swept
Wives, sons, and sires, by all the living wept;
Such haply were the woes that now deplore
Their queen attended to the echoing shore:
They tear their locks, their rueful bosoms smite,
And trace her bark with long pursuing sight.
Tedious it were, though wondrous strange to tell,
What new adventures o'er the main befel;
How fondly prattling, while her infant smil'd,
She the long hours and wint'ry nights beguil'd;
Till seiz'd by pirates on th' Atlantic wave,
A prince of Gallia bought th' imperial slave:
How, in calm peace and friendship long retain'd,
High trust and grace her winning sweetness gain'd;
Till she to Rome, predestinate event!
Associate with her lord and mistress went.
But now to Britain let the Muse repair;
For there the valiant Alla claims her care.

"O mighty God, if that it be thy will,
Sin thou art rightful juge, how may it be
That thou wolt soffren innocence to spill,
And wicked folk regne in prosperitee?
A good Custance, alas! so wo is me,
That I mote be thy turmentour, or dey
On shames deth, ther is non other wey."

Wepen both yong and old in all that place,
Whan that the king this cursed lettre sent:
And Custance with a dedly pale face
The fourthe day toward the ship she went:
But natheles she taketh in good entent
The will of Crist, and kneling on the strond
She sayde, "Lord, ay welcome be thy sond.

"He that me kepte fro the false blame,
While I was in the lond amonges you,
He can me kepe fro harme and eke fro shame
In the salt see, although I se not how:
As strong as ever he was, he is yet now,
In him trust I, and in his mother dere,
That is to me my sail and eke my stere."

Hire litel child lay weping in hire arm,
And kneling pitously to him she said,
"Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee no harm:"
With that hire couverchief of hire hed she braid,
And over his litel eyen she it laid,
And in hire arme she lulleth it ful fast,
And into the Heven hire eyen up she cast.

"Mother," quod she, "and mayden bright Marie,
Soth is, that thurgh womannes eggement
Mankind was lorne, and damned ay to die,
For which thy child was on a crois yrent:
This blisful eyen saw all his turment,
Than is ther no comparison betwene
Thy wo, and any wo man may sustene.

"Thou saw thy child yslain before thin eyen,
And yet now liveth my litel child parfay:
Now, lady bright, to whom all woful erien,
Thou glory of womanhed, thou faire may,
Thou haven of refute, bright sterre of day,
Rew on my child, that of thy gentillesse
Rewest on every rewful in distresse.

"O litel child, alas! what is thy gilt,
That never wroughtest sinne as yet parde?
Why wol thin harde fader have the spilt?
O mercy, dere constable," quod she,
"As let my litel child dwell here with thee:
And if thou darst not saven him fro blame,
So kisse him ones in his fadres name."

Therwith she loketh backward to the lond,
And saide; "Farewel, housbond routheles!"
And up she rist, and walketh doun the strond
Toward the ship, hire foloweth all the prees:
And ever she praieth hire child to hold his pees,
And taketh hire leve, and with an holy entent
She blesseth hire, and into the ship she went.

Vitailled was the ship, it is no drede,
Habundantly for hire a ful long space:
And other necessaries that shuld nede
She had ynow, heried be Goddes grace:
For wind and wether, almighty God purchace,
And bring hire home, I can no better say,
But in the see she driveth forth hire way.

Alla the king cometh home sone after this
Unto his castel, of the which I told,
And asketh wher his wif and his child is;
The constable gan about his herte cold,
And plainly all the matere he him told
As ye han herd, I can telt it no better,
And shewed the king his sele and his letter;

Triumphant soon from Scotia he return'd,
And to behold his lov'd Constantia burn'd:
This wings his feet along the toilsome way—
But thoughts are swifter, swifter far than they;
Hope, elevate, the distant journey metes,
And to his march his heart the measure beats.
But when o'er Tweed he led his conqu'ring host,
And trode the verdure of Northumbria's coast,
While laurels round their trophy'd temples twin'd,
And banners wanton'd in the curling wind,
No wonted crowds their once-lov'd Alla meet,
No prostrate knees, or hailing voices greet:
Blank was his passage o'er the pensive ground,
And silence cast a mournful gloom around;
Or if his prince some straggling peasant spy'd,
As from a basilisk he slunk aside.
What this might mean, revolv'd within his breast,
Conjecture dire, and whisp'ring doubts suggest;
More dread than death, some hideous ill impart—
This the first fear e'er seiz'd on Alla's heart.
But worse, O worse than fancy yet could fear,
When now the killing truth arrests his ear!
Athwart his eyes, and mantling round his soul,
Thick clouds of grief and dreary darkness roll;
His sense, nor tears, nor utt'ring groans could tell,
But froze and lock'd in speechless woe he fell.
At length by care, by cruel kindness, brought
To all the anguish of returning thought,
Swift from the sheath he drew the deadly guest,
And would have pierc'd this vulture in his breast;
Such was the sting of agonizing pain,
His frenzy would th' immortal soul have slain!
But this prevented, round th' attending crew,
With baleful glance, his eager eyes he threw:
"Constantia!" he requires with frantic tongue,
"Constantia!" still the restless accents sung:
To her, as present, now his fondness speaks;
As absent, into desp'rate action breaks.
"O never, never more, my queen!" he cries,
"Shall that known form attract these dying eyes!
Never?—O, 't is the worst, the last despair—
Never is long, is wondrous long to bear! [stoop;
Down, down, ye cloud-topt hills, your summits
With me, in sign of endless mourning, droop!
Snapt be the spear, bright armour ground to dust;
Repose, thou corslet, in eternal rust;
Still'd be each tube, the trumpet's warlike swell—
Empire, and fame, all, all, with thee, farewell!
For thee alone, thy conqu'ring soldier arm'd,
The banner wav'd, and sprightly clangour charm'd:
But arms and loath'd desire with thee are dead;
And joy—no, never to return—is fled!'"
Thus rav'd the youth, to wilful woes resign'd;
And offer'd aid was sickness to his mind,
To frenzy by uxorious transports rais'd,
His vengeance on his aged parent seiz'd;
Who, doom'd to lose that too designing head,
A victim to his lov'd Constantia bled.
But violence in nature cannot last:
What region 's known to bear eternal blast?
Time changes all, dissolves the melting rock,
And on fix'd water turns the crystal lock.
Time o'er his anguish shed a silent balm,
A peace unsmiling, and a gloomy calm;
By ill untaught to mourn, by joy to glow,
And still insensible to bliss or woe.

Under an hethen castel at the last,
(Of which the name in my text I not find)
Custance and eke hire child the see up cast.
Almighty God, that saved all mankind,
Have on Custance and on hire child som mind,
That fallen is in hethen hond eftsone
In point to spill, as I shal tell you sone.

Doun fro the castel cometh ther many a wight
To gauren on this ship, and on Custance:
But shortly fro the castel on a night,
The lordes steward (God yeve him meschance)
A theef, that had reneyed our creance,
Came into the ship alone, and said he wolde
Hire lemman be, whether she wolde or n'olde.

Wo was this wretched woman tho begon,
Hire childe cried, and she cried pitously:
But blisful Mary halpe hire right anon,
For with hire strogling wel and mightily
The theef fell over bord al sodenly,
And in the see he drenched for vengeance,
And thus hath Crist unwemmed kept Custance.

O foule lust of luxurie, lo thin ende,
Nat only that thou faintest mannes mind,
But verailly thou wolt his body shende.
Th' ende of thy werk, or if thy lustes blind,
Is complaining: how many may men find,
That not for werk somtime, but for th' entent
To don this sinne, ben other slain or shent.

How may this weke woman han the strength
Hire to defend again this renegate?
O Golias, unmesurable of length,
How mighte David maken thee so mate?
So yonge, and of armure so desolate,
How dorst he loke upon thy dredful face?
Wel may men seen it was but Goddes grace.

Who yaf Judith corage or hardinesse
To sleen him Holofernes in his tent,
And to deliver out of wretchednesse
The peple of God? I say for this entent,
That right as God spirit of vigour sent
To hem, and saved hem out of meschance,
So sent he might and vigour to Custance.

And saide; "Lord, as ye commanded me,
Up peine of deth, so have I don certain."
This messager turmented was, til he
Moste beknowe, and tellen plat and plain,
Fro night to night in what place he had lain:
And thus by wit and subtil enquering
Imagined was by whom this harm gan spring.

The hand was knowen that the lettre wrote,
And all the venime of this cursed dede;
But in what wise, certainly I n'ot.
The effect is this, that Alla out of drede
His moder slew, that moun men plainly rede,
For that she traitour was to hire ligeance;
Thus endeth this old Donegild with meschance.

The sorwe that this Alla night and day
Maketh for his wif and for his child also,
Ther is no tonge that it tellen may.
But now wol I agen to Custance go,
That fleteth in the see in peine and wo
Five yere and more, as liked Cristes sonde,
Or that hire ship approched to the londe.

To him, thus careless of the circling year,
Five annual suns had roll'd their bright career:
To Heav'n alone, his earthly ardours turn'd;
There, late to meet the dear Constantia, burn'd:
Still that fond hope remain'd—his sole desire!
And gave new wings to the celestial fire.
" But yet—hereafter!—what might there betide
The blood-stain'd hand, by whom a parent dy'd?"
This, this gave doubtful thought, unhing'd his rest,
And shook the region of his contrite breast;
At length taught satiate vengeance to relent,
And shipp'd for Rome, the royal pilgrim sent.

Forth goth hire ship thurghout the narwe mouth
Of Jubaltare and Septe, driving alway,
Somtime west, and somtime north and south,
And somtime est, ful many a wery day:
Til Cristes moder (blessed be she ay)
Hath shapen thurgh hire endeles goodnesse
To make an end of all hire bevinesse.

Now let us stint of Custance but a throw,
And speke we of the Romane emperour,
That out of Surrie hath by lettres knowe
The slaughter of Cristen folk, and dishonour
Don to his doughter by a false traitour,
I mene the cursed wicked Soudannesse,
That at the fest let sleen both more and lesse.

For which this emperour hath sent anon
His senatour, with real ordinance,
And other lordes, God wote, many on,
On Surriens to taken high vengeance:
They brennen, sleen, and bring hem to meschance
Ful many a day: but shortly this is th' ende,
Homward to Rome they shapen hem to wende.

This senatour repaireth with victorie
To Rome ward, sayling ful really.
And met the ship driving, as saith the storie,
In which Custance sitteth ful pitously:
Nothing ne knew he what she was, ne why
She was in swiche array, ne she wil sey
Of hire estat, though that she shulde dey.

He bringeth hire to Rome, and to his wif
He yaf hire, and hire yonge sone also:
And with the senatour she lad hire lif,
Thus can our Lady bringen out of wo
Woful Custance, and many another mo:
And longe time dwelled she in that place,
In holy werkes ever, as was hire grace.

The senatoures wif hire aunte was,
But for all that she knew hire never the more:
I wol no longer tarien in this cas,
But to king Alla, which I spake of yore,
That for his wif wepeth and siketh sore,
I wol returne, and let I wol Custance
Under the senatoures governance.

King Alla, which that had his moder slain,
Upon a day fell in swiche repentance,
That if I shortly tellen shal and plain,
To Rome he cometh to receive his penance,
And putte him in the popes ordinance,
In high and low, and Jesu Crist besought,
Foryeve his wicked werks that he had wrought.

O'er Tiber soon the far-fraught tidings sped,
(For far beyond the warrior's fame had spread)
And Gallia's Hugo, to whose gen'rous care
Protecting Heav'n consign'd the wand'ring fair,
With those whom virtuous approbation fir'd,
(As still the brave are by the brave admir'd)
To see, to touch the gallant Alla glow'd,
And rank'd to meet the regal pilgrim rode.
With all due rite and answ'ring grace humane,
The courteous prince receiv'd the shining train:
But Hugo chief, with port of winning view,
The hero's eye and prime affection drew;
And him, with note selected from the rest,
The prince solicits for a frequent guest.
But ah! when now it reach'd Constantia's ear,
That Alla, lovely, barb'rous man, was near,
Her soul a thousand diff'rent thoughts assail;
Expell'd by turns, by turns they all prevail:
With melting joy and burning love she glows,
With cooling grief and icy hate she froze;
Dear to her heart, though horrid to her will,
He was the lov'd, the charming Alla still.
Nor Hugo now, in pompous dress array'd,
To wait Britannia's potent lord delay'd.
With him Mauritius frequent chat supply'd,
A little gay companion at his side—
He beams a Ganymede, in whose sweet face
The sire and mother liv'd with mingling grace:
Here still they met, in beauty reconcil'd;
Here still, in soft delicious union, smil'd;
So join'd, so blended, with divinest art,
As left it not in any power to part!
Upon the prattler's aspect, with surprise,
And charm'd attention, Alla fix'd his eyes:
Somewhat of wonted semblance there he spy'd,
Dear to his sense, and to his heart ally'd;

The fame anon thurghout the toun is born,
How Alla king shal come on pilgrimage,
By herbergeours that wenten him beforn,
For which the senatour, as was usage,
Rode him againe, and many of his linage,
As wel to shewen his high magnificence,
As to don any king a reverence.

Gret chere doth this noble senatour
To king Alla, and he to him also;
Everich of hem doth other gret honour;
And so befell, that in a day or two
This senatour is to king Alla go
To fest, and shortly, if I shal not lie,
Custances sone went in his compagnie.

Som men wold sain at requeste of Custance
This senatour hath lad this child to feste:
I may not tellen every circumstance,
Be as be may, ther was he at the leste:
But soth is this, that at his mothers heste
Beforn Alla, during the metes space,
The child stood, loking in the kinges face.

This Alla king hath of this child gret wonder,
And to the senatour he said anon,
" Whos is that faire child that stondeth yonder?"
" I n'ot," quod he, " by God, and by Seint John;
A moder he hath, but fader hath he non,
That I of wote: but shortly in a stound
He told Alla how that this child was found.

Somewhat that touch'd beyond all mortal view,
And inly with the link of nature drew.
Disturb'd he rose; upon his secret soul,
Unweeting thaw, and cordial earnings stole:
Big with the soft distress, aside he stepp'd,
And much the warriot wonder'd why he wept.
Compos'd, he clasp'd the infant to his breast,
And ask'd, what sire with such a son was bless'd?
"That," Hugo cried, "his dame alone must show;
Sire hath he none, or none of whom we know:
But mother, sure, he hath, that 's such a mate
No man can boast, nor boastful tongue relate:
Though fancy, to give semblance of her face,
From all her sex should cull each sep'rate grace,
To speak her soul should rob from ev'ry saint;
Low yet were phrase, and all description faint!"
Thus, while his tongue with free encomium flow'd,
With strange emotion Alla's aspect glow'd:
Full on his heart the dear idea rush'd;
His cheek with hope and lively ardour flush'd;
When straight despondence sick'ning in his soul,
From its known seat the rosy tincture stole:
"Once, once," he cry'd, (the lab'ring sigh suppress'd)
"Such treasure once these widow'd arms possess'd!
Nature is rich—yet gladly should I know,
If the world's round can such another show."
"Be that," reply'd the Gallic chief, "confess'd,
Whene'er my house boasts Alla for a guest."
They went. But when the long-dissever'd pair,
Her Alla here, and his Constantia there—
By doubts, loves, fears, and rushing joys dismay'd,
Unmov'd, each face with mutual gaze survey'd—
Such was the scene, th' impassion'd gesture such,
As phrase can 't reach, nor liveliest pencil touch!
Three times the fair-one sought the shades of death,
Three times reviv'd by Alla's balmy breath;
And thrice his guiltless plea he would essay,
And thrice she turn'd, Constantia turn'd away.
"Now, by this hand," Britannia's hero cry'd,
"This hand, by whom a cruel parent dy'd,
Long since for thee, for thee thou dear one, bled,
A victim sacred to that injur'd head—
Of all thy wrongs thy Alla is as clear,
As here my son, thy other Alla here!
Ah! could you know the anguish, the distress—
But who can know what words can ne'er express?—
What racks, what deaths, thy tort'ring absence cost;
What restless toil this suff'ring bosom tost—
'T was such a ruin, such a breach of care,
As this and only this could e'er repair!"
So saying, swift resistless to his breast,
The yielding fair repeated transport press'd.
But when all doubt and cold suspicion clear'd,
Her lord still faithful as belov'd appear'd;
By her so oft, so cruelly accus'd,
Still kind and true, and as herself abus'd;
She in his bosom, all with joy o'erpower'd,
Of sobs and tears the copious tempest shower'd—
All eyes around the melting measure kept,
And pleasure through contagious transport wept:
For Heav'n, alone, can emulate the sweet
Of one hour's bliss, when two such lovers meet.
Still had Constantia, lock'd within her breast,
The royal secret of her birth suppress'd,

"But God wot," quod this senatour also,
"So vertuous a liver in all my lif
Ne saw I never, as she, ne herd of mo
Of worldly woman, maiden, widewe, or wif:
I dare wel sayn hire hadde lever a knif
Thurghout hire brest, than ben a woman wikke,
Ther is no man coude bring hire to that prikke."

Now was this child as like unto Custance
As possible is a creature to be;
This Alla hath the face in remembrance
Of dame Custance, and theron mused he,
If that the childes moder were aught she
That is his wif, and privelý he sighte,
And sped him fro the table that he mighte.

"Parfay," thought he, "fantome is in min hed.
I ought to deme of skilful jugement,
That in the salte see my wif is ded."
And afterward he made his argument;
"What wot I, if that Crist have hider sent
My wif by see, as wel as he hire lent
To my contree, fro thennes that she went?"

And after noon home with the senatour
Goth Alla, for to see this wonder chance.
This senatour doth Alla gret honour,
And hastily he sent after Custance:
But trusteth wel, hire luste not to dance.
Whan that she wiste wherfore was that sonde,
Unnethe upon hire feet she mighte stonde.

Whan Alla saw his wif, faire he hire grette,
And wept, that it was routhe for to see,
For at the firste look he on hire sette
He knew wel verailý that it was she:
And she for sorwe, as domb stant as a tree:
So was hire herte shette in hire distresse,
Whan she remembered his unkindnesse.

Twies she swouneth in his owen sight,
He wepeth and him excuseth pitously:
"Now God," quod he, "and all his halwes bright
So wisly on my soule as have mercy,
That of your harme as gilteles am I,
As is Maurice my sone, so like your face,
Elles the fend me fetche out of this place."

Long was the sobbing and the bitter peine,
Or that hir woful hertes mighten cese,
Gret was the pitee for to here hem pleine,
Thurgh whiche pleintes gan hir wo encrese.
I pray you all my labour to relese,
I may not tell hir wo until to morwe,
I am so wery for to speke of sorwe.

But finally, whan that the soth is wist,
That Alla gilteles was of hire wo,
I trow an hundred times han they kist,
And swiche a blisse is ther betwix hem two,
That save the joye that lasteth everme,
Ther is non like, that any creature
Hath seen or shal, while that the world may dure.

Tho praied she hire husbond mekely
In releef of hire longe pitous pine,
That he wold pray hire fader specially,
That of his magestee he wold encline
To vouchesauf som day with him to dine:
She praied him eke, he shulde by no way
Unto hire fader no word of hire say.

When Rome's imperial monarch wide invites
To social cheer and festival delights:
For now triumphant from the Syrian coast,
Though long detain'd, return'd his vengeful host;
And to reward their toils and drown their cares,
The monarch on a solemn day prepares.
With festal robes adorn'd each warrior came;
In glitt'ring vesture many a Roman dame:
And there, amid the peers, a peerless guest,
There Alla came in regal splendours dress'd,
All India beaming at the hero's side;
O'er beaming India shone his brighter bride;
While the young joy of each applauding tongue,
Mauritius on his smiling parents hung,
As though a stripling cherub should attend,
Where two of prime angelic rank descend.
Struck at the pleasing prospect all admire,
But mute with wonder stood th' imperial sire;
For haply, since our primal parents fell,
Ne'er met a pair that could this pair excel.
He at his left Britannia's monarch plac'd,
And his right hand th' unknown Constantia grac'd;
When with a starting tear the rev'rend man,
To Alla turn'd, in placid speech began:
"Young though thou art, with earliest vigour strung,
And the fond theme of fame's applauding tongue,
'T is said thou hast the stings of fortune felt;
And such can learn from others' woes to melt.
I had a daughter—once my only care!
As virtuous as thy consort, and as fair:
But her (sad cause of folly to repent)
To Syria with a num'rous train I sent;
And there the toil, the treach'rous toil was spread,
And there Constantia, there, my child, you bled!
Around the maid her brave attendants fell,
Nor one was left the fatal tale to tell:
Hence age through grief has doubly known decay,
And care untimely turn'd my locks to grey.
This day selected from the circling year,
To her I consecrate the annual tear;
And these the chiefs, who, in her quarrel crown'd,
Have late in vengeance bath'd the hostile ground.
But vain is vengeance where all hope is fled;
Nor hosts of victims can revive the dead!

My child! thou 'st robb'd my life of all delight—
But death shall soon our happier souls unite!"
Nor yet he ended,—when, with troubled mien,
Quick at his knees low bow'd Britannia's queen:
"Not so, not so, my father!" loud she cry'd—
"See here thy child, thy daughter at thy side!
Why look you thus with wild and piercing eye?
Your daughter here, your daughter you descry!
Constantia, who through many a death survives,
And yet to see her king and sire, arrives."
"Yes, yes, you are my child,—these accents tell!"—
He could no more, but on her neck he fell.
Down her soft cheek his mingling tears o'erflow;
Joy, joy too great, assum'd the form of woe!
The roof, surprise and echoing transport tore;
And eyes then wept, that never wept before.
Wing'd as an arrow from some vig'rous arm,
Through Rome's wide city flew the glad alarm—
"Constantia's here,—she lives!—she lives!"—they cry'd;
"Constantia, now the British hero's bride!"
Around the palace pour'd in wild delight,
On thousands gath'ring thousands straight unite:
With ceaseless clamours and extended hands,
Constantia's presence ev'ry voice demands;
Constantia, Alla, and their lovely boy
They claim, the blooming pledge of future joy!
Forth straight they come conspicuous to the view,
And greet with graceful mien th' applauding crew:
In shouts to Heav'n their exultations fly,
And universal joy torments the sky.

Som men wold sayn, how that the child Maurice
Doth this message until this emperour;
But as I gesse, Alla was no so nice,
To him that is so sóveraine of honour,
As he that is of Cristen folk the flour,
Send any child, but it is bet to deme
He went himself, and so it may well seme.

This emperour hath granted gentilly
To come to dinner, as he him besoughte;
And wel rede I, he loked besily
Upon this child, and on his doughter thought.
Alla goth to his inne, and as him ought
Arraied for this feste in every wise,
As ferforth as his conning may suffice.

The morwe came, and Alla gan him dresse,
And eke his wif, this emperour to mete:
And forth they ride in joye and in gladnesse,
And whan she saw hire fader in the strete,
She light adoun and falleth him to fete.
"Father," quod she, "your yonge child Custance
Is now ful clene out of your remembrance.

"I am your doughter, your Custance," quod she,
"That whilom ye han sent into Surrie:
It am I, fader, that in the salte see
Was put alone, and dampned for to die.
Now, goode fader, I you mercy crie,
Send me no more into non hethenesse,
But thanketh my lord here of his kindenesse."

Who can the pitous joye tellen all
Betwix hem thre, sin they ben thus ymette?
But of my tale make an ende I shal,
The day goth fast, I wol no longer lette.
Thise glade folk to dinner ben ysette,
In joy and blisse at mete I let hem dwell,
A thousand fold wel more than I can tell.

This child Maurice was sithen emperour,
Made by the pope, and lived cristenly,
To Cristes chirche did he gret honour:
But I let all his storie passen by,
Of Custance is my tale specially,
In the olde Romane gestes men may find
Maurices lif, I bere it not in mind.

This king Alla, whan he his time sey,
With his Custance, his holy wif so swete,
To Englond ben they come the righte wey,
Ther as they live in joye and in quiete.
But litel while it lasteth I you hete,
Joye of this world for time wold not abide,
Fro day to night it changeth as the tide.

Who lived ever in swiche delite o day,
That him ne meved other conscience,
Or ire, or talent, or som kin affray,
Envie, or pride, or passion, or offence?
I ne say but for this end this sentence,
That litel while in joye or in plesance
Lasteth the bliss of Alla with Custance.

FABLES.

THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN.

As on my couch supine I lay,
Like others, dreaming life away;
Methought, expanded to my sight,
A temple rear'd its stately height.
All ready built, without omitting
One ornament, for temples fitting.
Large look'd the pile, sublime and fair;
But "Who the godhead worship'd there?"
This to inquire, appearing meet,
Imagination lent me feet,
And thither, without further cavil,
I fairly undertook to travel.
At once, in bright procession spied,
The female world was at my side,
Mingled, like many-colour'd patterns,
Nymphs, mesdames, trollops, belles, and slatterns,
From point, and saucy ermine, down
To the plain coif, and russet gown;
All, by inquiry as I found,
On one important errand bound.
Their van, to either tropic spread,
Forerunning Expectation led;
Pleasure the female-standard bore,
And Youth danc'd lightly on before;
While Prudence, Judgment, Sense, and Taste,
The few directing virtues, plac'd
To form and guide a woman's mind,
Discarded, sigh'd and slunk behind.
At length, in jubilee, arriving,
Where dwelt the jolly god of wiveing,
All press'd promiscuously to enter,
Nor once reflected on the venture.
But here, the Muse, affecting state,
Beckon'd her clamorous sex to wait,
Lest such a rendezvous should hinder
To say what pass'd, the while, within door.
Against the portal, full in sight,
His sable vesture starr'd like night,
High thron'd upon an ebon seat,
Beneath a canopy of state,
That o'er his dusky temples nodded,
Was fix'd the matrimonial godhead.
Low at his feet, in pomp display'd,
The world's collected wealth was laid;
Where bags of mammon, pil'd around,
And chests on chests, o'erwhelm'd the ground,
With bills, bonds, parchments, the appointers
Of doweries, settlements, and jointures;
From whence, in just proportion weigh'd,
And down, by special tail, convey'd,
The future progenies inherit
Taste, beauty, virtue, sense, and merit.
Whatever titles here may suit us
For this same god, Hymen, or Plutus,
Who, from his trade of a gold-finder,
Might now become a marriage-binder,
And, haply, use that precious metal
To solder sexes, like a kettle;
No earthly god, in my opinion,
Claim'd such an absolute dominion.
To prove his right to adoration
Through ev'ry age, and ev'ry nation,
Around the spacious dome, display'd
By many a fabled light and shade,
Was emblematically told
The great omnipotence of gold.
And first, in yonder panel seen,
A lad, call'd Paris, stroll'd the green,
Poor, hungry, witless, and dejected,
By country, and by kin, neglected;
Till Fortune, as she cross'd the plain,
Conceiv'd a crotchet in her brain,
And, laughing at the bashful blockhead,
Took a huge pippin from her pocket,
Of the true glittering tempting kind,
And gold throughout from core to rind;
This, in a whim, the dame bestow'd,
Then, smiling, turn'd, and went her road.
The neighbours, now, when Fame had shown them
The youth had got the summum bonum,
From many a hut and hamlet crowd,
And, duly, at his levee bow'd.
His reputation spreads apace—
O, such a shape, and such a face!
His mouth he opens, and they swear
The Delphic oracle is there.
Now, see the king of Troy aspire
To be the wealthy shepherd's sire.
For him, the brightest nymphs contended;
To him, three goddesses descended,
And show'd, in fair and open day,
Where honour, wit, and beauty lay,
O'er which, our poem, to conceal
From vulgar optics, drops a veil.
In the next panel, you discover
Olympic Jove, that thundering lover,
Who, charm'd with old Acrisius' daughter,
In many a shape had vainly sought her,
And run the round of all his tricks,
Yet still was doubtful where to fix;
Till, by some wiser head inclin'd,
To cast his blustring bolt behind,
His duller light'ning to withhold,
And wear the brighter form of gold,
He took the hint, he storm'd the tow'r,
And drop'd in yon omnific show'r.
In the next board, the tale so common is,
'Twixt Atalanta and Hippomenes,

For deth, that taketh of hie and low his rente,
Whan passed was a year, even as I gesse,
Out of this world this king Alla he hente,
For whom Custance hath ful gret hevinesse.
Now let us praien God his soule blesse:
And dame Custance finally to say,
Toward the toun of Rome goth hire way.

To Rome is come this holy creature,
And findeth ther hire frendes hole and sound:
Now is she scaped all hire aventure:
And whan that she hire fader hath yfound,
Doun on hire knees falleth she to ground,
Weping for tendernesse in herte blithe
She herieth God an hundred thousand sithe.

In vertue and in holy almesse dede
They liven alle, and never asonder wende;
Till deth departeth hem, this lif they lede:
And fareth now wel, my tale is at an ende.
Now Jesu Crist, that of his might may sende
Joye after wo, governe us in his grace,
And kepe us all that ben in this place,

I shall but slightly stop a minute,
To drop one observation in it;
Remarking, that howe'er prefer'd to
Their sex, for many a course in virtue,
The bright allurement, well applied,
May tempt good nymphs to turn aside.
  Next, Lybia's golden orchard grew
Blooming temptation to the view,
In which a dragon, call'd the Law,
Kept conscientious fools in awe:
Yet Power, superior to the crime,
And tall Ambition, skill'd to climb,
With traitors of a new invention,
Who sell their country for a pension,
Through many a thicket won their way,
And spoil'd the grove, and shar'd the prey.
  On the same golden system laid,
The world was in the fifth display'd:
The Earth a golden axis turn'd;
The Heavens, with golden planets, burn'd;
And thence, as astrologians know,
Deriv'd their influence below:
A girdle, call'd the zodiac, grac'd
The glittering round of Nature's waste,
Whose mystic charm from gold arises,
For this the Cæstus of the skies is:
And as in Homer's works, we read
(And Homer is the poet's creed)
Of a well twisted golden tether,
That tied the Heavens and Earth together,
Such was the cord, or such the cable,
That tied the spheres within this table;
By which, the artist, underhand,
Would give the wise to understand,
That interest, in ev'ry creature,
Throughout religion, law, and nature,
From east to west, and pole to pole,
Moves, binds, suspends, and turns the whole.
  While thus, in passing slightly o'er, I
Survey'd the scenes of ancient story;
Or ey'd, with more minute attention,
What prudence, here, forbids to mention;
The Muse my shoulder tapp'd, to mind me
Of things that pass'd, the while, behind me.
  I turn'd and view'd, with deep surprise,
The phantom that assail'd my eyes:
His hinder-head disrob'd of hair,
His sapless back and shoulders bare,
Confess'd the wrinkles of a sage
Who past ten Nestors in his age;
But cloth'd before with decent grace,
And infant sweetness in his face,
Not Smintheus with such vigour strung,
Nor blooming Hebe look'd so young.
  On his left hand a palette lay,
With many a teint of colours gay;
While, guided with an easy slight,
The flying pencil grac'd his right.
  Unnumber'd canvasses appear'd,
Before the moving artist rear'd,
On whose inspirited expanse he
Express'd the creatures of his fancy;
So touch'd, with such a swift command,
With such a magic pow'r of hand,
That Nature did, herself, appear
Less real than her semblance here,
And, not a mortal, so betray'd,
Could know the substance from the shade!
  Whate'er the world conceives, in life,
Worth toil, anxiety, and strife;
Whate'er by ignorance is bought,
By madness wish'd or folly sought,
The mitres, coronets, and garters,
To which Ambition leads his martyrs;
With ev'ry joy and toy, that can
Amuse the various child of man,
Was painted here in many a scene,
A trifling, transient, charming train!
  Awhile I stood, in thought suspended,
To guess what these affairs intended;
When, lo, the Muse, in whispers, told,
"'T is father Time whom you behold;
In part discover'd to the wise,
In part conceal'd from human eyes.
A slave to yon gold-giving pow'r,
For him he spends each restless hour;
The product of his toil intends
As gifts to those his god befriends,
And paints what other mortals view
As substances, though shades to you."
  She ceas'd, and, turning to the sentry,
Desir'd he 'd give the ladies entry;
And straight the portal open'd wide,
And in they delug'd like a tide.
So, to some grove, by stress of weather,
Fast flock the fowl of ev'ry feather;
A mighty, pretty, prating rabble,
Like Iris rigg'd, and tongued like Babel;
Then crowding toward the nuptial throne,
By bags of strong attraction known,
Low bending to their god they bow'd,
And vented thus their pray'r aloud:
  "Great power! in whom our sex confides,
Who rul'st the turns of female tides,
Who kenst, while varying fancy ranges
Through all its doubles, twirls, and changes,
To what a woman's heart is prone,
A secret to ourselves unknown—
O, give us, give us, mighty pow'r!
The wedded joy of ev'ry hour:
Assign thy favourites, in marriage,
To coaches of distinguish'd carriage;
To all the frippery of dressing,
A nameless, boundless, endless blessing;
To drums, ridottos, sights, and sounds;
To visits in eternal rounds;
To card and counter, rake and rattle;
To the whole lust of tongue and tattle;
And all the dear delightful trances
Of countless frolics, fits, and fancies.
You have heard, that men, unpolish'd boors!
Lay naughty passions at our doors;
'T is your's to contradict the liar,
Who are, yourself, our chief desire.
O then, as widow, or as wife,
To you we yield each choice in life;
Or would you ev'ry pray'r fulfil,
Wed us! O! wed us, to our will!"
  They ceas'd, and, without more addition,
The god confirm'd their full petition:
To Time he beckon'd, and desir'd
He 'd give the good each nymph requir'd;
And, from his visionary treasure,
Wed ev'ry woman to her pleasure.
  The first, who came, resolv'd to fix
Upon a gilded coach and six;
The suit was granted her on sight,
The nymph with ardour seiz'd her right.
A wonder! by possession banish'd,
The coach and dappled coursers vanish'd;

And a foul waggon held the fair
Full laden with a weight of care:
She sigh'd; her sisters caught the sound,
And one insulting laugh went round.
The second was a dame of Britain,
Who by a coronet was smitten;
With boldness she advanc'd her claim,
Exulting in so just a flame.
But ah, where bliss alone was patent,
What unsuspected mischief latent!
The worst in all Pandora's box,
Her coronet contain'd a ——.
With this example in her eye,
The third, a widow'd dame, drew nigh,
And fix'd her sight and soul together
Upon a raking hat and feather;
Nor sigh'd in vain, but seiz'd her due,
And clasp'd old age in twenty-two.
Thus, through the difference and degrees
Of sword-knots, mitres, and toupees,
Prim bands, pert bobs, and well-hung blades,
Long robes, smart jackets, fierce cockades,
And all the fooleries in fashion,
Whate'er became the darling passion,
The good for which they did importune,
Was straight revers'd into misfortune;
And ev'ry woman, like the first,
Was, at her own entreaty, curst.
At length, was introduc'd a fair,
With such a face, and such an air,
As never was, on Earth, I ween,
Save by poetic organs, seen.
With decent grace and gentle cheer,
The bright adventurer drew near;
Her mild approach the godhead spied,
And, "Fairest," with a smile, he cried,
"If aught you seek in Hymen's pow'r,
You find him in a happy hour."
At this, the virgin, half amaz'd,
As round the spacious dome she gaz'd,
With caution ev'ry symbol ey'd,
And, blushing, gracefully replied.
"If you are he, whose pow'r controls
And knits the sympathy of souls,
Then, whence this pomp of worthless geer,
And why this heap of counters here?
Is this vain show of glittering ore,
The bliss that Hymen has in store?
Love sees the folly with the gloss,
And laughs to scorn thy useless dross.
"Where are the symbols of thy reign?
And where thy robe of Tyrian grain,
Whose teint, in virgin-colours dy'd,
Derives its blushing from the bride?
Where is thy torch, serenely bright,
To lovers yielding warmth and light,
That from the heart derives its fire,
And only can, with life, expire?
"Will this inactive mass impart
The social feelings of the heart?
Or can material fetters bind
The free affections of the mind?
Through ev'ry age, the great and wise,
Behold thee with superior eyes;
Love spurns thy treasures with disdain,
And Virtue flies thy hostile reign.
"By love, congenial souls embrace,
Celestial source of human race!
From whence, the cordial sense within,
The bosom'd amities of kin,
The call of Nature to her kind,
And all the tunings of the mind,
That, winding Heaven's harmonious plan,
Compose the brotherhood of man."
She said, and gracefully withdrew;
Her steps the Muse and I pursue.
Along an unfrequented way
The virgin led, nor led astray;
Till, like the first, in form and size,
A second fabric struck our eyes:
We enter'd, guided by the fair,
And saw a second Hymen there.
A silken robe of saffron hue
About his decent shoulders flew;
While a fair taper's virgin light
Gave Ovid to his soul and sight.
An hundred Cupids wanton'd round,
Whose useless quivers strow'd the ground;
While, careless of their wonted trade,
They with the smiling Graces play'd.
Along the wall's extended side,
With teints of varying nature dy'd,
In needled tapestry, was told
The tale of many a love of old.
In groves, that breath'd a citron air,
Together walk'd the wedded pair;
Or toy'd upon the vernal ground,
Their beauteous offspring sporting round;
Or, lock'd in sweet embracement, lay,
And slept and lov'd the night away.
There sat Penelope in tears,
Besieg'd, like Troy, for ten long years:
Her suitors, in a neighbouring room,
Wait the long promise of the loom,
Which she defers from day to day,
Till death determin'd to delay.
With thoughts of fond remembrance wrung,
Deep sorrowing, o'er her work she hung;
Where, in the fields, at Ilium fought,
The labours of her lord she wrought,
The toil, the dust, the flying foe,
The rallied host, the instant blow;
Then, sighing, trembled at the view,
Scar'd at the dangers which she drew.
There too, suspended o'er the wave,
Alcione was seen to rave,
When, as the foundering wreck she spied,
She on her sinking Ceÿx cried:
Her Ceÿx, though by seas oppress'd,
Still bears her image in his breast;
And, with his fondest latest breath,
Murmurs, "Alcione!" in death.
Panthea there, upon a bier,
Lay'd the sole lord of her desire:
His limbs were scatter'd through the plains;
She join'd, and kiss'd, the dear remains.
Too pond'rous was her weight of woe,
For sighs to rise, or tears to flow;
On the lov'd corse she fix'd her view,
Nor other use of seeing knew;
While high and stedfast as she gaz'd,
Her snowy arm a poniard rais'd,
Nor yet the desperate weapon stay'd,
But, for a longer look, delay'd,
Till, plunged within her beauteous breast,
She on his bosom sunk to rest.
But, O, beyond whate'er was told
In modern tales, or truths of old,
One pair, in form and spirit twin'd,
Out-lov'd the loves of human kind;

She Hero, he Leander, nam'd,
For mutual faith, as beauty, fam'd!
Their story, from its source, begun,
And, to the fatal period, run.
While, bow'd at Cytherea's shrine,
The youth adores her pow'r divine,
He sees her blooming priestess there,
Beyond the sea-born goddess, fair:
She, as some god, the stripling eyes,
Just lighted from his native skies—
The god, whose chariot guides the hour;
Or, haply, love's immortal pow'r.
At once, their conscious glances spoke,
Like fate, the strong and mutual stroke;
Attracted by a secret force,
Like currents meeting in their course,
That, thence, one stream for ever rolls,
Together rush'd their mingling souls,
Too close for fortune to divide,
For each was lost in either tide.
In vain, by ruthless parents torn,
Their bodies are asunder borne,
And tow'ring bulwarks intervene,
And envious ocean rolls between;
Love wings their letters o'er the sea,
And kisses melt the seals away.
And now the sable night impends,
Leander to the shore descends,
Exults at the appointed hour,
And marks the signal on the tow'r—
A torch, to guide the lover's way,
Endear'd beyond the brightest day!
At once, he plunges in the tide;
His arms the Hellespont divide;
The danger and the toil he braves,
And dashes the contending waves.
While near, and nearer to his sight,
The taper darts a ruddier light,
Recruited at the view, he glows;
Aside the whelming billow throws:
The winds and seas oppose in vain;
He spurns, he mounts, he skims the main.
Now, from the tow'r, where Hero stood,
And threw a radiance o'er the flood,
Leander, in the deep, she spied,
And would have sprung to join his side;
Howe'er, her wishes make essay,
And clasp and warm him on his way.
The main is cross'd, the shore is gain'd,
The long wish'd hour, at last, attain'd.
But lovers, if there e'er arose
A pair, so form'd and fond as those,
So lov'd, so beauteous, and so bless'd,
Alone can speak or think the rest;
Nor will the weeping Muse unfold
The close, too tragic to be told!
Long were the loving list to name,
With Portia's faith, that swallow'd flame:
But much the longer list were those
Whose joys were unallay'd by woes;
Whose bliss no cruel parents cross'd,
Whose love not ages could exhaust,
Where not a cloud did intervene,
Or once o'ercast their bright serene,
But, through the summer's day of life,
The husband tender as the wife,
Like Henry and his nut-brown maid,
Their faith nor shaken nor decay'd,
Together ran the blissful race,
Together liv'd, and slept in peace.

Long time the much inquiring maid,
From story on to story stray'd;
Joy'd in the joys that lovers know,
Or wept her tribute to their woe;
Till Hymen, with a placid air,
Approaching, thus address'd the fair.
"Hail to the Nymph, whose sacred train
Of virtues shall restore my reign!
Whate'er the wishes of thy soul,
But speak them, and possess the whole."
"Thanks, gentle pow'r," the maid replied;
"Your bounty shall be amply tried.
I seek not titles, rank, or state,
Superfluous to the truly great;
Nor yet, to sordid wealth inclin'd,
The poorest passion of the mind;
But, simply fix'd to Nature's plan,
I seek the associate in the man.
"Yet, O beware! for much depends
On what that syllable intends.
"Give him a form that may delight
My inward sense, my mental sight;
In ev'ry outward act, design'd
To speak an elegance of mind.
"In him, by science, travel, taste,
Be nature polish'd, not defac'd;
And set, as is the brilliant stone,
To be, with double lustre, shown.
"Sweet be the music of his tongue,
And, as the lyre of David, strung,
To steal, from each delighted day,
Affliction, care, and time, away.
"Within his comprehensive soul
Let Heaven's harmonious system roll;
There let the great, the good, the wise,
Of fam'd antiquity arise,
From ev'ry age and ev'ry clime,
Eluding death, and circling time!
There let the sacred virtues meet,
And range their known and native seat!
There let the charities unite,
And human feelings weep delight!"
"Kind power! if such a youth you know,
He 's all the Heav'n I ask, below."
So wish'd the much-aspiring maid;
Pale turn'd the power, and, sighing, said:
"Alas! like him you fondly claim,
Through ev'ry boasted form and name,
That graces Nature's varying round,
A second is not to be found!
Your suit, fair creature, must miscarry,
Till Charlemont resolves to marry."

THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE.

It was, as learn'd traditions say,
Upon an April's blithsome day,
When Pleasure, ever on the wing,
Return'd companion of the Spring,
And cheer'd the birds with amorous heat,
Instructing little hearts to beat;
A Sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
Of bold address and flippant tongue,
Just left his lady of a night,
Like him, to follow new delight.
The youth, of many a conquest vain,
Flew off to seek the chirping train;
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a saucy ease bow'd round,

For ev'ry she his bosom burns,
And this, and that, he wooes by turns;
And here a sigh, and there a bill,
And here—"those eyes, so form'd to kill!"
And now, with ready tongue, he strings
Unmeaning, soft, resistless things;
With vows and demmes skill'd to woo,
As other pretty fellows do.
Not that he thought this short essay
A prologue needful to his play;
No, trust me, says our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous sex much better:
But these he held as specious arts,
To show his own superior parts;
The form of decency to shield,
And give a just pretence to yield.
Thus finishing his courtly play,
He mark'd the favourite of a day;
With careless impudence drew near,
And whisper'd Hebrew in her ear;
A hint, which, like the mason's sign,
The conscious can alone define.
The fluttering nymph, expert at feigning,
Cried, "Sir—pray, sir, explain your meaning—
Go, prate to those that may endure ye—
To me this rudeness!—I 'll assure ye!"—
Then off she glided, like a swallow,
As saying—you guess where to follow.
To such as know the party set,
'T is needless to declare they met;
The parson's barn, as authors mention,
Confess'd the fair had apprehension.
Her honour there secure from stain,
She held all further trifling vain,
No more affected to be coy,
But rush'd licentious on the joy.
"Hist, love!"—the male companion cried;
"Retire a while, I fear we 're spy'd."
Nor was the caution vain; he saw
A turtle rustling in the straw,
While o'er her callow brood she hung,
And fondly thus address'd her young.
"Ye tender objects of my care!
Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair!
Anon he comes, your gentle sire,
And brings you all your hearts require.
For us, his infants, and his bride,
For us, with only love to guide,
Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
And like a lion dares to bleed.
Nor yet by wintry skies confin'd,
He mounts upon the rudest wind;
From danger tears the vital spoil,
And with affection sweetens toil.
Ah cease, too venturous! cease to dare;
In thine, our dearer safety spare!
From him, ye cruel falcons, stray;
And turn, ye fowlers, far away!
"Should I survive to see the day,
That tears me from myself away,
That cancels all that Heav'n could give,
The life by which alone I live;
Alas, how more than lost were I,
Who, in the thought, already die!"
Ye powers, whom men and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures, say,
Why mourning comes, by bliss convey'd,
And e'en the sweets of love allay'd?
Where grows enjoyment, tall and fair,
Around it twines entangling care;
While fear for what our souls possess,
Enervates ev'ry pow'r to bless:
Yet friendship forms the bliss above;
And, life! what art thou, without love?
Our hero, who had heard apart,
Felt something moving in his heart;
But quickly, with disdain, suppress'd
The virtue rising in his breast:
And first he feign'd to laugh aloud;
And next, approaching, smil'd and bow'd,
"Madam, you must not think me rude;
Good manners never can intrude.
I vow I come through pure good nature—
Upon my soul, a charming creature!—
Are these the comforts of a wife?
This careful, cloister'd, moaping life?
No doubt, that odious thing, call'd duty,
Is a sweet province for a beauty.
Thou pretty ignorance! thy will
Is measur'd to thy want of skill;
That good-old-fashion'd dame, thy mother,
Has taught thy infant years no other—
The greatest ill in the creation,
Is sure the want of education!
"But think ye?—tell me without feigning,
Have all these charms no further meaning?
Dame Nature, if you do n't forget her,
Might teach your ladyship much better.
For shame, reject this mean employment;
Enter the world, and taste enjoyment.
Where time, by circling bliss, we measure;
Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure!
Come, prove the blessing, follow me;
Be wise, be happy, and be free."
"Kind sir," reply'd our matron chaste,
"Your zeal seems pretty much in haste.
I own, the fondness to be bless'd,
Is a deep thirst in ev'ry breast:
Of blessings too I have my store;
Yet quarrel not, should Heav'n give more.
Then prove the change to be expedient,
And think me, sir, your most obedient."
Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superior.
"Methinks, to quit your boasted station,
Requires a world of hesitation!
Where brats and bonds are held a blessing,
The case, I doubt, is past redressing.
Why, child, suppose the joys I mention
Were the mere fruits of my invention,
You 've cause sufficient for your carriage,
In flying from the curse of marriage;
That sly decoy, with vary'd snares,
That takes your widgeons in by pairs;
Alike to husband, and to wife,
The cure of love, and bane of life;
The only method of forecasting,
To make misfortune firm and lasting;
The sin, by Heaven's peculiar sentence,
Unpardon'd, through a life's repentance:
It is the double snake, that weds
A common tail to diff'rent heads,
That lead the carcass still astray,
By dragging each a diff'rent way.
Of all the ills that may attend me,
From marriage, mighty gods, defend me!
"Give me frank Nature's wild demesne,
And boundless tract of air serene,
Where Fancy, ever wing'd for change,
Delights to sport, delights to range.

There, Liberty! to thee is owing
Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing:
Delights, still vary'd, and divine,
Sweet goddess of the hills! are thine.
" What say you now, you pretty pink you?
Have I for once spoke reason, think you?
You take me now for no romancer—
Come, never study for an answer;
Away, cast ev'ry care behind ye,
And fly where joy alone shall find ye."
" Soft yet," return'd our female fencer,
" A question more, or so—and then, sir.
You have rally'd me with sense exceeding,
With much fine wit, and better breeding:
But pray, sir, how do you contrive it?
Do those of your world never wive it?"
" No, no."—" How then?"—" Why dare I tell?—
What does the business full as well."
" Do you ne'er love?"—" An hour at leisure."
" Have you no friendships?"—" Yes, for pleasure."
" No care for little ones?"—" We get them;
The rest the mothers mind, and let them."
" Thou wretch," rejoin'd the kindling Dove,
" Quite lost to life, as lost to love!
Whene'er misfortune come, how just!
And come misfortune surely must;
In the dread season of dismay,
In that your hour of trial, say,
Who then shall prop your sinking heart;
Who bear affliction's weightier part?
" Say, when the black-brow'd welkin bends,
And winter's gloomy form impends,
To mourning turns all transient cheer,
And blasts the melancholy year;
For times, at no persuasion, stay,
Nor vice can find perpetual May;
Then where 's that tongue, by folly fed?
That soul of pertness, whither fled?
All shrunk within thy lonely nest,
Forlorn, abandon'd, and unbless'd!
No friends, by cordial bonds ally'd,
Shall seek thy cold unsocial side;
No chirping prattlers, to delight
Shall turn the long-enduring night;
No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her constant heart.
" Freedom, restrain'd by reason's force,
Is as the Sun's unvarying course,
Benignly active, sweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light;
But torn from virtue's sacred rules,
Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,
Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.
" Thou fool! by union, every creature
Subsists through universal nature;
And this, to beings void of mind,
Is wedlock of a meaner kind.
" While womb'd in space, primeval clay
A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,
The Source of Endless Good above
Shot down his spark of kindling love:
Touch'd by th' all-enlivening flame,
Then motion first exulting came;
Each atom sought its sep'rate class,
Through many a fair enamour'd mass;
Love cast the central charm around,
And with eternal nuptials bound.
Then form and order, o'er the sky,
First train'd their bridal pomp on high;
The Sun display'd his orb to sight,
And burnt with hymeneal light.
" Hence Nature's virgin-womb conceiv'd,
And with the genial burden heav'd:
Forth came the oak, her first-born heir,
And scal'd the breathing steep of air;
Then infant stems, of various use,
Imbib'd her soft maternal juice;
The flowers, in early bloom disclos'd,
Upon her fragrant breast repos'd;
Within her warm embraces grew,
A race of endless form and hue;
Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,
And fondly cloth'd their parent ground.
" Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd;
But thence, subliming, and refin'd,
Aspir'd, and reach'd its kindred mind:
Caught in the fond, celestial fire,
The mind perceiv'd unknown desire;
And now with kind effusion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardours glow'd;
Beheld the sympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own resemblance there;
On all with circling radiance shone,
But, cent'ring, fix'd on one alone;
There clasp'd the heaven-appointed wife,
And doubled ev'ry joy of life.
" Here ever blessing, ever bless'd,
Resides this beauty of the breast;
As from his palace, here the god
Still beams effulgent bliss abroad.
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring by which the world is bound;
Here bids his seat of empire grow,
And builds his little Heav'n below.
" The bridal partners thus ally'd,
And thus in sweet accordance tied,
One body, heart, and spirit live,
Enrich'd by ev'ry joy they give;
Like Echo, from her vocal hold,
Return'd in music twenty fold.
Their union firm, and undecay'd,
Nor time can shake, nor power invade;
But as the stem and scion stand,
Ingrafted by a skilful hand,
They check the tempest's wintry rage,
And bloom and strengthen into age.
A thousand amities unknown,
And powers perceiv'd by love alone,
Endearing looks, and chaste desire,
Fan and support the mutual fire,
Whose flame, perpetual as refin'd,
Is fed by an immortal mind.
" Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends;
Like Nile it opens, and descends,
Which, by apparent windings led,
We trace to its celestial head:
The sire, first springing from above,
Becomes the source of life and love,
And gives his filial heir to flow,
In fondness down on sons below.
Thus roll'd in one continu'd tide,
To time's extremest verge they glide;
While kindred streams, on either hand,
Branch forth in blessings o'er the land.
" Thee, wretch! no lisping babe shall name,
No late-returning brother claim,
No kinsman on thy road rejoice,
No sister greet thy ent'ring voice,

With partial eyes no parents see,
And bless their years restor'd in thee.
" In age rejected, or declin'd,
An alien e'en among thy kind,
The partner of thy scorn'd embrace
Shall play the wanton in thy face;
Each spark unplume thy little pride,
All friendship fly thy faithless side;
Thy name shall like thy carcass rot,
In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.
" All giving Pow'r! great Source of Life!
O hear the parent! hear the wife!
That life thou lendest from above,
Though little, make it large in love;
O bid my feeling heart expand
To ev'ry claim, on ev'ry hand;
To those from whom my days I drew,
To these in whom those days renew;
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth, as blood ally'd;
To friends, with steelly fetters twin'd,
And to the cruel not unkind!
" But chief, the lord of my desire,
My life, myself, my soul, my sire,
Friends, children, all that wish can claim,
Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name;
O spare him, spare him, gracious Power!
O give him to my latest hour!
Let me my length of life employ,
To give my sole enjoyment joy;
His love, let mutual love excite;
Turn all my cares to his delight;
And ev'ry needless blessing spare,
Wherein my darling wants a share.
When he with graceful action wooes,
And sweetly bills, and fondly cooes,
Ah! deck me, to his eyes alone,
With charms attractive as his own;
And in my circling wings caress'd,
Give all the lover to my breast.
Then in our chaste, connubial bed,
My bosom pillow'd for his head,
His eyes with blissful slumbers close,
And watch, with me, my lord's repose;
Your peace around his temples twine,
And love him, with a love like mine.
" And, for I know his gen'rous flame,
Beyond whate'er my sex can claim,
Me too to your protection take,
And spare me for my husband's sake.
Let one unruffled calm delight
The loving, and belov'd unite;
One pure desire our bosoms warm,
One will direct, one wish inform;
Through life, one mutual aid sustain,
In death, one peaceful grave contain!"
While, swelling with the darling theme,
Her accents pour'd an endless stream,
The well-known wings a sound impart,
That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart;
Quick dropp'd the music of her tongue,
And forth, with eager joy, she sprung;
As swift her en'tring consort flew,
And plum'd and kindled at the view;
Their wings their souls embracing meet,
Their hearts with answering measure beat,
Half lost in sacred sweets, and bless'd
With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.
Straight to her humble roof she led
The partner of her spotless bed:
Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise,
Their welcome sparkling in their eyes;
Transported, to their sire they bound,
And hang with speechless action round.
In pleasure wrapt, the parents stand,
And see their little wings expand;
The sire, his life-sustaining prize
To each expecting bill applies,
There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
With transport given, though won with toil;
While, all collected at the sight,
And silent through supreme delight,
The fair high Heaven of bliss beguiles,
And on her lord and infants smiles.
The Sparrow, whose attention hung
Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,
Of all his little slights disarm'd,
And from himself, by virtue charm'd,
When now he saw, what only seem'd
A fact, so late a fable deem'd,
His soul to envy he resign'd,
His hours of folly to the wind;
In secret wish'd a turtle too,
And sighing to himself withdrew.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'T is said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life;
Unhappy sex! who only claim
A being in the breath of fame,
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore,
That breathe along Arabia's shore.
The traveller, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure:
But woman no redemption knows;
The wounds of honour never close!
Though distant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore—
Her swifter folly flies before;
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wanderer from repose;
Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.
" Are there no offerings to atone,
For but a single errour?"—None.
Though woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelic natures claim;
Nay more; for sacred stories tell,
That e'en immortal angels fell.
" Whate'er fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.
" The stars no fix'd duration know;
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow;
The Moon repletes her waining face,
All-beauteous, from her late disgrace;

And suns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise with new-born light.
" In vain may death and time subdue,
While Nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart:
'T is hence, reviving warmth is seen
To clothe a naked world in green;
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;
Again, from ev'ry latent root,
The bladed stem and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish, and to rise.
" And must weak woman then disown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like evening suns decline?
Resolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
What we demand of woman?"—Yes.
" But should the spark of vestal fire,
In some unguarded hour expire;
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoil possess'd,
The dragon, Honour, charm'd to rest;
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin splendour burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom?"—No:
Pity may mourn, but not restore;
And woman falls, to rise no more!
Within this sublunary sphere,
A country lies—no matter where;
The clime may readily be found,
By all who tread poetic ground.
A stream, call'd Life, across it glides,
And equally the land divides:
And here, of Vice the province lies;
And there, the hills of Virtue rise!
Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
As well for prospect as repose;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temperance, and Religion, nam'd.
A numerous progeny divine,
Confess'd the honours of their line:
But in a little daughter fair,
Was center'd more than half their care;
For Heaven, to gratulate her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to Earth:
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chastity the name she bore.
As now the maid in stature grew,
A flower just opening to the view!
Oft through her native lawns she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd:
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd;
The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd;
And Nature yearly took delight,
Like her, to dress the world in white.
But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head,
With anxious step, their darling led;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express'd.
" O joyful cause of many a care!
O daughter, too divinely fair!
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
A painful journey all must go,
Whose doubtful period none can know;
Whose due direction who can find,
Where reason 's mute, and sense is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Through such a wide perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wise,
And learn what love and years advise.
" Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend:
Lo, there th' arduous path 's in view,
Which Virtue and her sons pursue;
With toil o'er less'ning Earth they rise,
And gain, and gain, upon the skies!
Narrow 's the way her children tread;
No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,
But rough, and difficult, and steep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
" Fruits immature those lands dispense,
A food indelicate to sense,
Of taste unpleasant; yet from those
Pure health with cheerful vigour flows,
And strength unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long laborious way.
" Hence, as they scale that heavenly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From Earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below:
Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
And smooth the rugged path appears;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And, taught by Virtue, pain can please.
" At length, the toilsome journey o'er,
And near the bright celestial shore,
A gulf, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkness leading up to light:
Sense backwards shrinks, and shuns the sight;
For there the transitory train,
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's gross encumb'ring mass,
Man's late associates, cannot pass,
But sinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring soul at large;
Lightly she wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.
" Thither, O thither, wing thy speed,
Though pleasure charm, or pain impede!
To such th' all-bounteous Power has given,
For present Earth, a future Heaven;
For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain;
And endless bliss, for transient pain.
" Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight,
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
Wide on the left the path-way bends,
And with pernicious ease descends:
There sweet to sense, and fair to show,
New planted Edens seem to blow,
Trees that delicious poison bear,
For death is vegetable there.
" Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each sinew slack'ning at the taste;
The soul to passion yields her throne,
And sees with organs not her own;

While, like the slumberer in the night,
Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes,
The scenes of fairy land arise;
The puppet world's amusing show,
Dip'd in the gayly colour'd bow,
Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants, and of kings,
That tempt, along the baneful plain,
The idly wise, and lightly vain;
Till verging on the gulfy shore,
Sudden they sink, and rise no more.
"But list to what thy fates declare;
Though thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy sliding foot should stray,
Once quit yon heaven-appointed way,
For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
Nor prayers shall plead, nor tears atone:
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning steps shall wait;
Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
And ev'ry foot thy presence fly."
Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian-angels plac'd around,
A charm by Truth divinely cast,
Forward our young adventurer pass'd:
Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent,
Like morn, forerunning radiance went;
While Honour, hand-maid late assign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.
Awe-struck, the much admiring crowd
Before the virgin vision bow'd,
Gaz'd with an ever new delight,
And caught fresh virtue at the sight:
For not of Earth's unequal frame
They deem the heaven-compounded dame;
If matter, sure the most refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind!
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray!
Where'er she passes, thousands bend;
And thousands, where she moves, attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises bless;
While to th' elevated maid
Oblations, as to Heaven, are paid.
'T was on an ever blithsome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
New melts the frost in ev'ry breast,
The cheek with secret flushing dyes,
And looks kind things from chastest eyes;
The Sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded 'kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain;
While Nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.
And now, for momentary rest,
The nymph her travell'd step repress'd;
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height she 'd gain'd.
Outstretch'd before her wide survey,
The realms of sweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her soul with woe,
To see a world so lost below;
When straight the breeze began to breathe
Airs gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense;
No sounds of discord, that disclose
A people sunk and lost in woes,
But as of present good possess'd,
The very triumph of the bless'd.
The maid in wrapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens sung.
"Hither, fairest, hither haste!
Brightest beauty, come and taste
What the powers of bliss unfold,
Joys too mighty to be told!
Taste what ecstasies they give—
Dying raptures taste, and live.
"In thy lap, disdaining measure,
Nature empties all her treasure;
Soft desires that sweetly languish,
Fierce delights that rise to anguish!
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away!
"List not, when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry and pride;
Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
April's sunshine *is* offence;
Age and envy will advise,
Even against the joy they prize.
"Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl,
Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
Till thy raptur'd powers are fainting,
With enjoyment past the painting:
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away!"
So sung the Sirens, as of yore,
Upon the false Ausonian shore;
And O! for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulysses on the main,
That so our fair-one might withstand
The covert ruin now at hand.
The song her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters stood in view—
Curiosity, with prying eyes,
And hands of busy bold emprise;
Like Hermes feather'd were her feet,
And, like forerunning Fancy, fleet:
By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty she still aspir'd;
Tasteless of ev'ry good possess'd,
And but in expectation bless'd.
With her, associate, Pleasure came,
Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame;
Her mien all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to sight;
Loos'd flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kissing winds around.
As erst Medusa's looks were known
To turn beholders into stone,
A dire reversion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleasure melt.
Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd;
No safety e'en the flying find,
Who, venturous, look but once behind.
Thus was the much-admiring maid,
While distant, more than half betray'd.
With smiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand:
Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd;
While half consenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,

Still down, and down, the winning pair
Compell'd the struggling yielding fair.
As when some stately vessel, bound
To bless'd Arabia's distant ground,
Borne from her courses, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land,
Lurk the dire rock, and dang'rous sand;
The pilot warns, with sail and oar
To shun the much suspected shore—
In vain; the tide, too subtly strong,
Still bears the wrestling bark along;
Till found'ring she resigns to fate,
And sinks o'erwhelm'd with all her freight.
So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
And Heav'n's own pilot plac'd within,
Along the devious smooth descent,
With pow'rs increasing as they went,
The dames, accustom'd to subdue,
As with a rapid current drew;
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The lost, the long reluctant maid.
Here stop, ye fair-ones, and beware,
Nor send your fond affections there:
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you and Heav'n restor'd;
Till then, with weeping Honour wait,
The servant of her better fate,
With Honour left upon the shore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd,
But o'er her failing cast a veil,
Rememb'ring you yourselves are frail.
And now, from all-inquiring light,
Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
The damsel, from a short repose,
Confounded at her plight, arose.
As when, with slumb'rous weight oppress'd,
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And steal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus streams,
Of pearl and quarry'd diamond dreams;
Like Midas, turns the glebe to ear,
And stands all wrapt amidst his store;
But wakens, naked, and despoil'd
Of that, for which his years had toil'd.
So far'd the nymph—her treasure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone;
Within, without, obscure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd:
And, "O thou curs'd, insidious coast!
Are these the blessings thou can'st boast?
These, Virtue! these the joys they find,
Who leave thy Heav'n-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns hide,
Ye mountains cover me!" she cry'd.
Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the sky;
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A side-long viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And soil'd and blasted ev'ry grace:
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view,
While those, in crimes the deepest dy'd,
Approach'd to whiten at her side,
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do?—attempt once more
To gain the late-deserted shore?
So trusting, back the mourner flew;
As fast the train of fiends pursue.
Again the further shore 's attain'd,
Again the land of Virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And shows her instant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends,
Where late she left an host of friends;
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine:
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly;
Or backward drive her on the coast,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.
From Earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To Heav'n not daring to complain,
No truce by hostile clamour given,
And from the face of friendship driven;
The nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.
Enthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
All radiant sat, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine,
Far, far above the scenes of woe,
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom should mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty must expire;
The world dissolve in living fire;
The gems of Heav'n, and solar flame,
Be quench'd by her eternal beam;
And Nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To rise a new-born phenix, die.
Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made.
Through this her all-inquiring eye,
Attentive from her station high,
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her favourite fair;
And with a voice, whose awful sound
Appall'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
The golden harp of Heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung.
"Lovely penitent, arise!
Come, and claim thy kindred skies;
Come, thy sister angels say,
Thou hast wept thy stains away.
"Let experience now decide,
'Twixt the good, and evil try'd:
In the smooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found?—
Structures rais'd by morning dreams,
Sands that trip the flitting streams,
Down that anchors on the air,
Clouds that paint their changes there!
Seas that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Showing, in an obvious glass,
Joys that in possession pass;

Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flattering only to betray!
What, alas! can life contain?
Life, like all its circles, vain!
" Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand his store
From the bleak and bladeless shore?
Man alone intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way;
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and ploughs the sand.
" Soon this elemental mass,
Soon th' encumbering world shall pass,
Form be wrap'd in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.
Then, ye boasted works of men,
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
Tell me mortals, tell me where?
Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep,
Dews exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades!
" Pass the world, and what 's behind?—
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From an universe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature sav'd:
Like the life-supporting grain,
Fruit of patience, and of pain,
On the swain's autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away.
" Little trembler, fear no more!
Thou hast plenteous crops in store,
Seed by genial sorrows sown,
More than all thy scorners own.
" What though hostile Earth despise,
Heaven beholds with gentler eyes;
Heaven thy friendless steps shall guide,
Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side.
When the fatal trump shall sound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heaven shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the bless'd.
" Little native of the skies,
Lovely penitent, arise!
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.
" More delightful are my woes,
Than the rapture pleasure knows;
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes that grace a king.
" On my wars of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumph wait;
On my cares, a period bless'd;
On my toils, eternal rest.
" Come, with Virtue at thy side,
Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
Till we gain our native shore:
Sister, come, and turn no more!"

LOVE AND VANITY.

The breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their bloom;
Up with the Sun, from short repose,
Gay Health and lusty Labour rose;
The milk-maid carol'd at her pail,
And shepherds whistl'd o'er the dale;
When Love, who led a rural life,
Remote from bustle, state, and strife,
Forth from his thatch'd-roof'd cottage stray'd,
And stroll'd along the dewy glade.
A nymph, who lightly trip'd it by,
To quick attention turn'd his eye:
He mark'd the gesture of the fair,
Her self-sufficient grace and air,
Her steps that mincing meant to please,
Her study'd negligence and ease,
And curious to inquire what meant
This thing of prettiness and paint,
Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;
The lady, slightly,—" Sir, your servant."
" Such beauty in so rude a place!
Fair one, you do the country grace:
At court, no doubt, the public care—
But Love has small acquaintance there!"
" Yes, sir," reply'd the flutt'ring dame,
" This form confesses whence it came:
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride and pomp forego.
My name is Vanity. I sway
The utmost islands of the sea:
Within my court all honour centres,
I raise the meanest soul that enters;
Endow with latent gifts and graces,
And model fools for posts and places.
" As Vanity appoints at pleasure,
The world receives its weight and measure;
Hence all the grand concerns of life,
Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace, and strife.
" Reflect how far my pow'r prevails,
When I step in, where Nature fails,
And ev'ry breach of sense repairing,
Am bounteous still, where Heav'n is sparing.
" But chief, in all their arts and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,
Their various habits and complexions,
Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections,
Their robing, curling, and adorning,
From noon till night, from night till morning,
From six to sixty, sick or sound,
I rule the female world around."
" Hold there a moment," Cupid cry'd,
" Nor boast dominion quite so wide.
Was there no province to invade,
But that by love and meekness sway'd?
All other empire I resign;
But be the sphere of beauty mine.
For in the downy lawn of rest,
That opens on a woman's breast,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I choose to live, and choose to reign.
" Far-sighted Faith I bring along;
And Truth, above an army strong;
And Chastity, of icy mould,
Within the burning tropics cold;
And Lowliness, to whose mild brow,
The pow'r and pride of nations bow;
And Modesty, with downcast eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye;
And Innocence, array'd in light;
And Honour, as a tow'r upright;
With sweetly winning Graces, more
Than poets ever dream'd of yore,
In unaffected conduct free;
All smiling sisters, three times three;

And rosy Peace, the cherub bless'd,
That nightly sings us all to rest.
" Hence, from the bud of Nature's prime,
From the first step of infant time,
Woman, the world's appointed light,
Has skirted ev'ry shade with white;
Has stood for imitation high,
To ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye;
From ancient deeds of fair renown,
Has brought her bright memorials down;
To time affix'd perpetual youth,
And form'd each tale of love and truth.
" Upon a new Promethean plan,
She moulds the essence of a man,
Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
And, as a better soul, inspires.
" The rude she softens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold;
Calls Sloth from his supine repose;
Within the coward's bosom glows;
Of Pride unplumes the lofty crest;
Bids bashful Merit stand confess'd;
And, like coarse metal from the mines,
Collects, irradiates, and refines.
" The gentle science she imparts,
All manners smooths, informs all hearts:
From her sweet influence are felt
Passions that please, and thoughts that melt;
To stormy rage she bids control,
And sinks serenely on the soul;
Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.
" Thus, arm'd to all that's light and vain,
And freed from thy fantastic chain,
She fills the sphere, by Heav'n assign'd,
And, rul'd by me, o'errules mankind."
He spoke. The nymph impatient stood;
And laughing, thus her speech renew'd.
" And pray, sir, may I be so bold
To hope your pretty tale is told;
And next demand, without a cavil,
What new Utopia do you travel?—
Upon my word, these high flown fancies
Show depth of learning—in romances.
" Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us,
Of buckram dames, and tiptoe fellows!
Go, child; and when you 're grown maturer,
You 'll shoot your next opinion surer.
" O such a pretty knack at painting!
And all for softening, and for sainting!
Guess now, who can, a single feature,
Through the whole piece of female nature!
Then mark! my looser hand may fit
The lines, too coarse for Love to hit.
" 'T is said that woman, prone to changing,
Through all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,
Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright;
Trackless, and shifting, as the wind;
A sea, whose fathom none can find;
A moon, still changing, and revolving;
A riddle, past all human solving;
A bliss, a plague, a Heav'n, a Hell,
A—something, that no man can tell.
" Now learn a secret from a friend;
But keep your counsel, and attend.
" Though in their tempers thought so distant,
Nor with their sex, nor selves consistent,
'T is but the diff'rence of a name,
And ev'ry woman is the same.
For as the world, however vary'd,
And through unnumber'd changes carry'd,
Of elemental modes, and forms,
Clouds, meteors, colours, calms, and storms,
Though in a thousand suits array'd,
Is of one subject matter made;
So, sir, a woman's constitution,
The world's enigma, finds solution;
And let her form be what you will,
I am the subject essence still.
" With the first spark of female sense,
The speck of being, I commence;
Within the womb make fresh advances,
And dictate future qualms and fancies;
Thence in the growing form expand,
With childhood travel hand in hand,
And give a taste to all their joys,
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.
" And now, familiar, and unaw'd,
I send the flutt'ring soul abroad.
Prais'd for her shape, her face, her mien,
The little goddess, and the queen,
Takes at her infant shrine oblation,
And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.
" Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
To dress becomes her darling care:
The realms of beauty then I bound;
I swell the hoop's enchanted round,
Shrink in the waist's descending size,
Heav'd in the snowy bosom rise,
High on the floating lappet sail,
Or curl'd in tresses kiss the gale.
Then to her glass I lead the fair,
And show the lovely idol there;
Where, struck as by divine emotion,
She bows with most sincere devotion;
And, numb'ring ev'ry beauty o'er,
In secret bids the world adore.
" Then all for parking, and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, masquerading;
For balls, plays, courts, and crowds, what passion
And churches, sometimes—if the fashion:
For woman's sense of right, and wrong,
Is rul'd by the almighty throng;
Still turns to each meander tame,
And swims the straw of ev'ry stream.
Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
Accomplish'd only in defects;
Such excellence is her ambition;
Folly, her wisest acquisition;
And ev'n from pity and disdain,
She 'll cull some reason to be vain.
" Thus, sir, from ev'ry form and feature,
The wealth and wants of female nature,
And ev'n from vice, which you 'd admire,
I gather fewel to my fire;
And, on the very base of shame,
Erect my monument of fame.
" Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your godship has not dreamt.
" Those shining virtues, which you muster,
Whence, think you, they derive their lustre?
From native honour, and devotion?—
O yes, a mighty likely notion!
Trust me, from titl'd dames to spinners,
'T is I make saints, whoe'er makes sinners;
'T is I instruct them to withdraw,
And hold presumptuous man in awe;

For female worth, as I inspire,
In just degrees still mounts the higher,
And virtue so extremely nice,
Demands long toil, and mighty price:
Like Sampson's pillars, fix'd elate,
I bear the sex's tott'ring state;
Sap these, and in a moment's space
Down sinks the fabric to its base.
" Alike from titles, and from toys,
I spring, the fount of female joys;
In ev'ry widow, wife, and miss,
The sole artificer of bliss.
For them each tropic I explore;
I cleave the sand of ev'ry shore;
To them uniting Indias sail,
Sabæa breathes her furthest gale:
For them the bullion I refine,
Dig sense and virtue from the mine;
And from the bowels of invention,
Spin out the various arts you mention.
" Nor bliss alone my pow'rs bestow,
They hold the sov'reign balm of woe:
Beyond the stoic's boasted art,
I soothe the heavings of the heart;
To pain give splendour and relief,
And gild the pallid face of grief.
" Alike the palace, and the plain,
Admit the glories of my reign:
Through ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station,
Whate'er a woman says, I say;
Whate'er a woman spends, I pay:
Alike, I fill and empty bags,
Flutter in finery and rags,
With light coquets through folly range,
And with the prude disdain to change.
" And now you 'd think, 'twixt you and I,
That things were ripe for a reply——
But soft; and, while I 'm in the mood,
Kindly permit me to conclude,
Their utmost mazes to unravel,
And touch the furthest step they travel.
" When ev'ry pleasure 's run aground,
And folly tir'd through many a round,
The nymph, conceiving discontent hence,
May ripen to an hour's repentance,
And vapours, shed in pious moisture,
Dismiss her to a church or cloister:
Then on I lead her, with devotion
Conspicuous in her dress and motion;
Inspire the heav'nly-breathing air,
Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,
Soften the voice, and in the face
Look melting harmony and grace.
" Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
Nor quits her in her latest hour:
The couch of decent pain I spread,
In form incline her languid head,
Her thoughts I methodise in death,
And part not, with her parting breath:
Then do I set, in order bright,
A length of funeral pomp to sight,
The glitt'ring tapers and attire,
The plumes that whiten o'er her bier;
And last, presenting to her eye
Angelic fineries on high,
To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
And form the Heav'n she hopes hereafter."
" In truth," rejoin'd love's gentle god,
" You have gone a tedious length of road:
And strange, in all the toilsome way,
No house of kind refreshment lay;
No nymph, whose virtues might have tempted,
To hold her from her sex exempted."
" For one, we 'll never quarrel, man;
Take her; and keep her—if you can:
And, pleas'd, I yield to your petition,
Since ev'ry fair, by such permission,
Will hold herself the one selected;
And so my system stands protected."
" O, deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
To truths divinely vouch'd in story!"—
The godhead in his zeal return'd,
And, kindling, at her malice burn'd:
Then sweetly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old—
Hypsipyle, who sav'd her sire;
And Portia's love, approv'd by fire;
Alike Penelope was quoted,
Nor laurel'd Daphne pass'd unnoted;
Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr;
Alceste's voluntary steel,
And Catherine smiling on the wheel!
But who can hope to plant conviction,
Where cavil grows on contradiction?
Some she evades, or disavows;
Demurs to all, and none allows—
" A kind of ancient things, call'd Fables!"
And thus the goddess turn'd the tables.
Now both in argument grew high,
And choler flash'd from either eye;
Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
The conquest of so fair a field.
When happily arriv'd in view
A goddess, whom our grandames knew;
Of aspect grave, and sober gait,
Majestic, awful, and sedate;
As Heav'n's autumnal eve serene,
When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene;
Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
And in old Rome Cornelia nam'd.
Quick at a venture, both agree
To leave their strife to her decree.
And now by each the facts were stated,
In form and manner as related.
The case was short. They crav'd opinion,
" Which held o'er females chief dominion?"
When thus the goddess, answering mild,
First shook her gracious head, and smil'd:
" Alas, how willing to comply,
Yet how unfit a judge am I!
In times of golden date, 't is true,
I shar'd the fickle sex with you;
But from their presence long precluded,
Or held as one whose form intruded,
Full fifty annual suns can tell,
Prudence has bid the sex farewell."
In this dilemma what to do,
Or who to think of, neither knew;
For both, still biass'd in opinion,
And arrogant of sole dominion,
Were forc'd to hold the case compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.
When in the nick, a rural fair,
Of inexperienc'd gait and air,
Who ne'er had cross'd the neighb'ring lake,
Nor seen the world beyond a wake,
With cambric coif, and kerchief clean,
Tript lightly by them o'er the green.

" Now, now !" cried love's triumphant child,
And at approaching conquest smil'd;
" If Vanity will once be guided,
Our diff'rence may be soon decided:
Behold yon wench ! a fit occasion
To try your force of gay persuasion.
Go you, while I retire aloof,
Go, put those boasted powers to proof;
And if your prevalence of art
Transcends my yet unerring dart,
I give the fav'rite contest o'er,
And ne'er will boast my empire more."
At once, so said, and so consented,
And well our goddess seem'd contented;
Nor, pausing, made a moment's stand,
But tript, and took the girl in hand.
Meanwhile the godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occasion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
That erst had wounded many a heart;
Then bending, drew it to the head—
The bow-string twang'd, the arrow fled;
And, to her secret soul address'd,
Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.
But here the dame, whose guardian care
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view;
As quickly, rang'd in order bright,
A thousand beauties rush to sight,
A world of charms till now unknown,
A world reveal'd to her alone !
Enraptur'd stands the love-sick maid,
Suspended o'er the darling shade;
Here only fixes to admire,
And centres ev'ry fond desire.

CONRADE:

A FRAGMENT.

THE SONG OF THE FILEA OF ANCIENT DAYS, PHELIN THE GRAY-HAIRED SON OF THE SON OF KINFADDA.

What do I love—what is it that mine eyes
Turn round in search of—that my soul longs after,
But cannot quench her thirst?—'T is beauty, Phelin!
I see it wide beneath the arch of Heaven,
When the stars peep upon their evening hour,
And the Moon rises on the eastern wave,
Hous'd in a cloud of gold!—I see it wide
In Earth's autumnal teints of various landscape,
When the first ray of morning tips the trees,
And fires the distant rock!—I hear its voice,
When thy hand sends the sound along the gale,
Swept from the silver strings; or, on mine ear
Drops the sweet sadness!—At my heart I feel
Its potent grasp, I melt beneath the touch,
When the tale pours upon my sense humane
The woes of other times!—What art thou, Beauty?
Thou art not colour, fancy, sound, nor form—
These but the conduits are, whence the soul quaffs
The liquor of its Heaven.—Whate'er thou art,
Nature, or Nature's spirit, thou art all
I long for!—O, descend upon my thoughts!
To thine own music tune, thou power of grace,
The cordage of my heart! fill every shape
That rises to my dream, or wakes to vision;
And touch the threads of every mental nerve
With all thy sacred feelings!
The Sun now hasten'd down his western Heave
And saw his beams reflected from the spires
Of fair Emania. High, within the hall,
With all his heroes, names of wide renown,
With all his sages, heads grown white in council,
With all his bards, the sires of song, around him
Conrade the mighty, sat!
Wide o'er the festal board, in many a bowl,
The various liquor flow'd. In various cups,
Metal, or wrought from veiny adamant,
Or of the treasures of the pearly deep,
The social pledge of health went round. Before
The king of chiefs, the hoar and reverend brow
Of wisdom was unbent, and ev'ry heart
Caught gladness from his aspect. Near the seat
Of lifted majesty, stood the young bloom
Of Erin's hope, Slemfannon, as a sapling
Sprouting aloft beneath the parent oak,
That overlooks the forest. Now, and oft,
He turn'd his face of filial sweetness upward,
To catch the glance of the paternal eye,
That dropp'd indulgence and delight upon him:
Now, with both hands, fast by the sinewy wrist
He grasp'd the first of heroes—" O," he cried,
" Will ever, ever, your Slemfannon wield
The crashing mace, or bend the bow of steel
With such an arm as this?"—He spoke, and rear'd
The pond'rous hand on high! The shout of joy
Pour'd round the table!—for in that right hand
Lay Erin's glory, and the sure resource
Of nations from the wasters of the world!
Soft smiling, gently bending from his seat,
The monarch answer'd—" Yes, thou pride of Con-rade,
In whom he fondly joys to live renew'd,
Fresh born, a dearer growth of young existence—
Thou art the vessel that shall pour his fame
On future times! The day is yet to come,
When nations, to exalt the name of Conrade,
Shall say, he was the father of Slemfannon! [ous;
" Thine arm is young, my son, but not inglori-
The Romans, from the Rhodane to the Po,
Have felt it through their steel! The ear of heroes
Lists not to its own praise—yet know, thy name
Is in the song of bards; and Phelin oft
To me gives up the music of thy deeds,
And tunes my soul to joy. But, mark, Slemfannon!
Th' arm of power is ever worthiest seen
In preservation—he who saves, is next
To him who gives existence. O, Slemfannon,
That we might save!—that we might save all, then,
Without offence to any! In this hall,
O, might yon length of sword, yon shining mail,
Hang indolent for ever!—and, in days
Of ages yet to come, the sons of peace,
Gazing and wond'ring, question with each other,
What once had been their use!—Attend, my heroes!
" Man comes into this passing world of weakness,
And cries for help to man: for feeble is he,
And many are his foes—thirst, hunger, nakedness;
Diseases infinite within his frame;
Without, th' inclemency and wrath of seasons,
Famines, plagues, pests, devouring elements,
Earthquakes beneath, and thunders rolling o'er him;
Age and infirmity on either hand;
And Death, who lifts the certain dart behind him!
" These we might deem (had any pitying power
Ordain'd the ways of man) were ills sufficient:
Man thinks not so—on his own race he turns

he force of all his talents, exquisite
o shorten the short interval, by art,
Which Nature left us! Fire and sword are in
lis hand; and, in his thought, are machinations
or speeding of perdition! Half the world,
Down the steep gulf of dark futurity,
'ush off their fellows—pause upon the brink—
nd then drop after!——
" Tell me, ye sages, tell me, if ye can,
Whence is the stream of life! It rises fresh
n smiling infancy; and pours along,
Short, turbulent, and murmuring in its course,
To its capacious sea. The sea fills not;
The sea, from whence it never has return'd;
Nor ceases yet the stream. Where lies the fund
From whence it flows?—will it be ever thus?—
And to no end, no purpose?"
—While thus the hero question'd on the height
And depth of vast infinitude, intent
To p.. ub it with his fathom; through the hall
A sudden radiance broke! All turn'd their eyes
Upon the coming glory; for of Earth
They did not deem the vision! On she came,
Shulama, daughter of the gold thron'd king
Of Scandinavia—on she came, in all
Her pleasantness of beauty, the morn,
Blushing amidst the brightness of its east,
Rises on human sight! A train of virgins
Follow'd her steps; to them, twice twenty heroes,
Lords of wide lands, and fam'd in northern fields,
Succeeded; and yet, distant, far behind,
Was seen the long retinue! Through the hall,
Silent and still, as in the noon of night,
Attention held its breath—the white-hair'd sages
Rear'd their spread hands, in wonder—and Slemfannon
Gaz'd, as a blind-born man endow'd with sight,
When first he looks upon a new-found world!
Toward the gem'd throne of awful majesty
The maiden bent the lustre of her eye,
And grace of motion. Lowly on her knee
She sunk, imploring—" Hail, thou first of heroes,
The conqueror of the conquerors of the world,
King over kings uplifted!—Have I then
Beheld the face of Conrade, and surviv'd it?
" Ruthamor, monarch of the golden throne,
Whose deeds light up the north, hath sent Shulama
To seek alliance with the might of Conrade!—
I come from far, ambassadress of love;
And claim a partner for my father's throne,
Even your beloved daughter, Segaleme,
The witch who rolls th' eyes of young enchantment!"
Rising, and slow descending from his throne,
Conrade advanc'd. He rais'd the awe-struck maid,
And, to his war-imprinted bosom, clasp'd
The dangers of her beauty—" Welcome, welcome,
Welcome," he cried, " to Conrade, to his Erin,
Thou daughter of delight!—for fav'ring Heaven
Hath made thee in its pride of workmanship,
And planted loveliness, as light, around thee!
" Hadst thou, O daughter of the bless'd Ruthamor,
Requir'd a province at the hands of Conrade,
It had been given—or gold, and costly jewels;
He would have stor'd your shipping with the burden,
Till you cried, hold! But, here, alas, you ask
Th' only thing I covet!—Segaleme,
And young Slemfannon, are the eyes of Conrade—
The precious eyes by which he guides his steps,
And looks, alone, for joy! And shall I, then,
Shall I send off the treasure from my soul,
To enrich the land of strangers?—No, Shulama!
Haply, when grown infirm, and dim with age,
When I can only feel around for comfort,
How shall my hands stretch forth to foreign climes,
And to my knees draw up the little ones
Of Segaleme?"—While the monarch spoke,
A distant portal open'd: Segaleme
Appear'd to sight, and fill'd the pass with brightness!
As, should two moons, at east and west, arise
In aspect opposite; and each, in other,
Behold the image of its own perfection;
So shone, so mov'd, so gaz'd, the rival lights
Of Conrade and Ruthamor! They approach'd—
Their steps seem'd measur'd by the sound of music;
And each had lost the memory of herself,
In admiration of the other's beauty!
Silent, their arms of ivory they expand;
They fold each other to a polish'd bosom,
And mix their rays of brightness!—Segaleme
First broke the stillness in the hall of heroes.
" Welcome," she cried, " thrice welcome to the vale
Of Erin, that shall gladden in thy presence,
O beam of northern hills!"—" And have I, then,
Have I, at length, beheld thee," cried Shulama,
" Thou praise of every tongue?—mine eyes are satisfied,
And take their rest with thee!"—" Thou art the joy,
The sister of my soul!" said Segaleme—
She spoke, and kiss'd her forehead. Whispering soft,
Shulama then inquir'd—" Say, which is he,
The force of your Slemfannon, so renoun'd
For feats of warfare in the field of Romans?
Which is your mighty brother, Segaleme?—
For mine eye dare not venture in his search,
Amid the groups of heroes that surround us."
" There, there he grows, the flower of Erin's garden,
Fast by the royal pillar of the land!
There stands the young Slemfannon, in his sweetness!"
Full on the youth the maid of Scandinavia
Roll'd the young lightning of the glance of beauty—
His eyes met hers; and down they sunk abash'd,
As caught in some transgression.
" Ah, thou deceiver, beauteous witch of Erin,"
Rejoin'd Shulama, " this is not thy brother!
I ween'd to meet some giant, as in tales
Of old renown, and terrible to sight!
But here I view the infant of the spring,
Like one of us, who pale to look on blood,
And o'er the dying songster of the cage
Shed tears of mourning!"—Segaleme smil'd;
And from the dimpling of her radiant cheek
A glory went abroad! Forth, by the hand,
She led the lovely stranger to her bower.
Mean-season, to the peers of Scandinavia
The monarch bow'd benevolent, and said—
" Welcome, ye heroes of the sky-topp'd hills!
Thrice welcome all, though each had been an hundred—
For plenty dwells upon the vales of Erin,
And Conrade's palace is the home of strangers!
The night descends, light up my many halls;
Spread wide the boards; pour plenteous, to the brim,
The juice of every region!" It was done.
By hundreds, and by fifties, sat the chiefs
Commix'd with bards and sages; while the voice
Of festal joy was heard throughout Emania.
But far within, in regal majesty,
Sat Erin's strength! Slemfannon bless'd his side;

And, full in view, he plac'd the high-born maids,
And fed his soul upon the work of Beauty.
Phelin, the seer and song of ancient days,
The sage instructor of his lov'd Slemfannon,
Was seated here—and here, again, Siffrenna,
The white-hair'd guardian of Shulama's beauties.
Soon as the board lay lighten'd of the banquet,
Fair boys and maidens, into crystal cups,
Pour'd the rich vintage of the Greekish isles
Of Archipelago. The joy went round;
The wish of pleasing, and the sweets of converse!
"Slemfannon," said the monarch, "take the harp—
Thou arm of Conrade, take the strings of story,
And, to the ear of Erin's lovely guest,
Tune some of thine adventures, when thou stood'st,
In southern climates, by the side of Conrade,
Then, like a glimpse of lightning, shot abroad,
And overturn'd the foe!" Yet still obedient
To the high call, the blushing youth replied:
"I turn'd, and shelter'd me behind your buckler,
As though behind the walls of Arisphellan!"
Old Phelin from its chain releas'd the lyre,
And gave it, smiling. O'er the silver strings
Light flew the fingers of the shamefac'd boy,
Scarce audible. At length the tale began:
"Our tent was pitch'd amid the field of Narbon—
The dead lay wide around—the night came down,
To veil their ghastliness—no star appear'd—
And the Moon, sick'ning at the sight of blood,
Had shrouded up her visage!—Through the gloom
Mine ear was stricken with the voice of wailing,
Sad as a thousand sighs, when the dark winds
Sob through the yews that stand amid the graves
Of Arnel!—Forth I went to seek the mourner.
"Through the night's glimpse, that struck upon
I saw a warrior, tall and fair of stature. [his mail,
Upon his strenuous arm he lightly bore
The corse of his companion. On a bank
He laid the body down, and sunk beside it.
"'Art thou then gone?' he cried; 'for ever gone,
Companion of my soul! in whom I liv'd,
The dearer self of desolated Hugon!
Wilt thou no more arise, like light, upon me?
Nor give the smile of friendship to mine eyes;
Nor cheer my spirit with thy voice of music?
"'Why didst thou step before me in the battle?
Wast thou not safe, behind my wheeling sword,
As in the fort of Delma?—That my breast,
O, that my naked breast had met the dart
That slew my brother!—Thou hast left me, Berith,
With grief alone companion'd. O, stern grief,
Sad is thy fellowship! I will not bide it.
I will o'ertake thee, Berith!—We will live,
Perchance, in happier climes; or in one grave
Silent lie down, and sleep in peace together!
"'Look not, my mother, from the wonted pride
Of thine high battlements, to see thy son
Returning, in the front of all his trophies!
Mistake not Arden's forest for his flags;
Nor the wind's western clangour for his trumpets!
Thou shalt look upward, with a tearful eye,
And sigh to see how empty is his armour!
Thy hall, it shall be hung around with black,
And one lone lamp shall light thee!'
"Straight, by th' accent of the hero's tongue,
I knew him for an enemy to Conrade:
But well I knew that Conrade was the friend
Of humankind!—With gentle voice, the voice
As of a brother, I the chief accosted:
"'My heart, O warrior! takes a kindred [illegible]
In all thy sufferings. In the field indeed,
My falchion rises in my country's quarrel;
But my soul knows no warfare with the brave,
The good, or the unhappy!—Know, great H[illegible]
That the distress'd are held as sons and brothers
To Conrade and Slemfannon! Near at hand
Extends our camp—whate'er of friendly aid
Can there be given, is thine!' He answer'd not;
But, with a grateful and assenting clasp,
Confin'd me to his bosom—while our souls,
Mingling their friendships, coalesced together.
"Attendants straight I call'd; then to my tent
Convey'd the corse, and gently on a bed
Reclin'd, and soon the steelly mail unbrac'd—
When, strange to tell! upon th' astonish'd sight
Rose two twin orbs of beauty!—Back, aghast,
Starting I turn'd, and sent the female train,
Then sought where Hugon, all involv'd in grief,
Sat with my sire. In panting haste I told
The wondrous tale. The hero cried, 'It is she,
'T is she herself!—it must be Eliphene!'
My heart confess'd her, though my eyes refus'd
Its attestation, turning love's fierce ardours
To friendship's gentler flame!—At once they rose
And follow'd where the beauteous body lay,
Decent, in virgin sheets. We sent in haste
And call'd Elphenor, sovereign of all herbs
And arts for healing. He the deadly wound
Ere long discover'd; for it still ooz'd crimson,
Like a rose springing midst a bed of lilies!
The vital heat, unwilling to forego
Its lovely mansion, feebly held the centre;
And still a thread of life gave faint pulsation!
From his elixir'd crystal, drop by drop,
Through the pale lips, the cautious sage infused
The potent cordial. Thus, while doubtful life
Hung, fearfully suspended, generous Hugon
Address'd my sire—
"'O Conrade,' cried the chief,
'Thou dread of tyrants; hateful to oppressors,
But, to the feeble and oppress'd, a name
Of sure asylum—lov'd of all the valiant!—
Yes, Hugon swears the valiant love thee, Conrade,
Even while as foes they draw the sword against thee!
O, monarch, lend the ear of thy compassion!
Thine ear, still open to the tale of mourning,
Lend it a while to Hugon! He 's a Tuscan,
By clime and birth thine enemy—although
His kindred spirit long has held thee dear,
Even with the dearest. Hear then, hear my tale
Of sad distress!—That lovely, hapless maid,
Of noblest lineage, to my guardian care
Was by her parents left. She was address'd
By all the potentates, whose station warranted
To lift an eye so lofty. I was then
In foreign climes, on travel—I return'd.
"'Upon a stated festival, the chiefs
And princes of the land, with princely dames,
Conven'd a galaxy!—I too was there;
And there was Eliphene, as the star
Of beauty, regent, midst the smaller sparklers!
With fond attraction she compell'd me to her,
As the touch'd needle to the frozen north;
For so I did misdeem it. From that day,
Amidst the noblest of her princely suitors,
I too preferr'd my claim. She first perceiv'd me
With smiling, kind, encouraging complacence:
But soon her looks grew more constrain'd—when
Her eyes met mine, she blush'd and turn'd aside.

As wishing to avoid me. To all others
She look'd an elegance of ease, and spoke
In terms as free as air—to me, her speech,
Unfrequent, was abrupt and cautious. Stung
With scorpion jealousy, I, to my soul,
Thus spoke indignant—'What have these to boast,
These favour'd rivals, o'er rejected Hugon?
Does their pre-eminence consist in shape,
Or feature?—eyes, that are not Eliphene's,
Will answer, no. And, as to feats of prowess,
Compar'd with me, they 're nameless!—O shame,
shame,
Shame on this weakness, this degrading passion!
Henceforth, I will wage war on my own heart—
And conquer it, or perish!'

"'At the time,
The tidings of your dread invasion reach'd us.
Quick, at the name of Conrade, my whole soul
Kindled to generous rivalship—'Yes, yes,
Thou shalt be met, thou mighty one!' I cried,
'Thou shalt be met—thy best esteemer shall
Oppose thee, front to front!—I ask of Heaven
No boon, no other bounty, than to have
My death ennobled by the arm of Conrade!'

"'Straight, I address'd for war; but love, un-
Obtruded, whispering to my secret soul, [call'd,
'First take thy last adieu of Eliphene!'
Pride, haughty champion, rose, with stern rebuke
Against the gentler power. He frown'd, and cried,
'What, are we not, as yet, enough debased?
Shall we add further forces to the foe;
And furnish arms, against our nobleness,
To the tried scorn and insolence of beauty?'

"'Dire was the contest—Love long kept his
But Pride, at last, was prevalent—I rent, [ground;
I tore myself away from my belov'd,
From my true lover—
As a self-murderer, desperate of his state,
Makes a divorce betwixt his soul and body!

"'I lay encamp'd, my legions tented round me,
When word was brought me of a youthful warrior,
Of graceful mien, and more than matchless beauty,
Who ask'd admission. To my presence led
He bow'd submiss; and, blushing, pray'd the grace
Of being privileg'd to do me service. [aspect—

"'My heart straight took acquaintance with his
Some strange similitude fond memory found
Twixt him and Eliphene!—but, my soul
Conceiv'd no thought, that she her tender frame
Should vest in steel—should seek the man she
hated—
Should trace her Hugon into death and dangers!

"'Instant, our hearts commenced a friendship,
Fondly inviolate, as caught together [tender,
By hooks of golden grappling. I, no more,
Sought Conrade on the perilous edge of conflict;
I now had one to care for! and my eye,
My guardian eye pursued and watch'd his motions,
On this side, and on that. In this day's battle,
I charg'd him, on his duty, on his love,
To hold him rearward. Still I turn'd, and turn'd,
Even as a timid deer accompanied
By her lov'd fawn, to see if he was near—
But yet, alas, in fear of losing fame,
I led my friend too deeply into dangers!

"'At length, toward eve—for who can cope with
Conrade?—
Your host prevail'd! Indignant I oppos'd,
And would have reinforc'd the fight—when, lo,
A random shaft rush'd, rudely, through the mail,
The light fram'd mail of my belov'd companion,
And ting'd his arms with blood! Upon the instant,
Our legions sounded a retreat. Then, then—
Must I confess that Hugon trembled? Straight
Into my arms I caught my best belov'd,
And fled the hindmost: night came on apace,
And parted all affray. Upon a bank
I laid her down, and, to the pitying Moon, [broke,
Whose doubtful glimpses through the darkness
Utter'd my wailings. Then, our lov'd Siemfannon
Came, provident of comforts, to console;
And did console, by showing that, on Earth,
Such virtue still was extant!'—Here the hero
Clos'd his sad narrative!

"Meantime, Elphenor, pendent o'er the corse,
Still plied his tender offices. At length,
The beauteous form began to move—each heart
Bounded with expectation—when her eyes
Open'd their faint refulgence to the light,
Look'd wild around her with a sickly gleam,
And clos'd their orbs for ever! Then Elphenor:
'By Death's cold hand this rose of beauty cropp'd,
Fades, and shall bloom no more—except in Heaven!'

"Meantime, astonish'd, o'er the lifeless corse
The hero speechless stood—then, all at once,
As some high cliff, far jutting o'er its base,
Disparts and dashes on the sea-beat shore,
Bereft of sense he fell—bless'd pause of being!
But O, how fearfully to be succeeded
By anguishes unutterable! Long,
Long lay he tranc'd. I thought, I wish'd him dead.
For what had life, midst all its stores of bliss,
For him, save misery extreme? At length,
He wak'd to all the pangs of mental feeling!

"Five days, and five soul-tort'ring nights, he lay
By th' embalm'd remains—in all which time,
Nor food, nor word of utterance, pass'd his lips;
Nor word of consolation to his ear
Obtain'd admission. By his side fast laid,
I press'd his hand in mine, and on it dropp'd
The tear of sad condolence! Through the camp
Sudden I heard the shout of joint lament.
I rose, and issu'd forth."

RUTH:

AN ORATORIO.

PERSONS.

BOAZ.	RUTH.
HIGH PRIEST.	ISRAELITES.
NAOMI.	MOABITES.

PART I.

SCENE I.—*A Field in Moab.*

ISRAELITE TRAVELLERS, AND NAOMI.

RECITATIVE.—FIRST ISRAELITE.

STAY, brother—see, in yonder shade,
Some sable daughter of affliction laid!

She rises—mark her mournful air!
She looks, she moves, she breathes despair!
Too great appears her woe, [flow.
To suffer words to break away, or swelling tears to

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SECOND ISRAELITE.

'T is nought to us—come, let 's be gone—
This land for us no friendship knows:
All are strangers here, and foes! [—pass on.
Shall we regard a foe's distress?—no, brother, no!

AIR.—FIRST ISRAELITE.

Through ev'ry clime, the heart humane
Is pleas'd to share in ev'ry pain—
There dwells a secret sense within,
To frail mortality a-kin;
And to the child of humbling grief,
Or friend, or foe, it brings relief!

CHORUS.

Or friend, or foe, the child of grief,
From hearts humane will find relief!

RECITATIVE.—FIRST ISRAELITE.

Unhappy sister! whence the care,
That seems above thy strength to bear?

RECITATIVE.—NAOMI.

'T is an incurable despair!—

RECITATIVE.—FIRST ISRAELITE.

Yet if our power cannot relieve, our pity sure may share.

RECITATIVE.—NAOMI.

Lopp'd from the trunk of Israel's tree, [you see!
And stripp'd of foliage and of fruit, a blasted branch

RECITATIVE.—SECOND ISRAELITE.

Of Israel?—O, declare thy grief!—
I hasten, now, to bring relief.

AIR.—NAOMI.

Ah, cease—your comforts come in vain!
As a barren rock they fall;
Whence soft descending stores of rain,
No blade of kindly growth can call.

AIR.—FIRST ISRAELITE.

From desolated lands,
From rugged rocks, and parching sands,
The powerful word of Israel's King
Can call the beauties of the spring!

RECITATIVE.

His hand the wounded heart can heal—
But O, whence springs thy grief, reveal!

RECITATIVE.—NAOMI.

Once I was bless'd, supremely bless'd!
These arms a lov'd and loving consort press'd—
Two sons, beside, were mine—all now, alas, no more!
Husband and children lost I 'm destin'd to deplore!

RECITATIVE.—FIRST ISRAELITE.

Alas, sad matron!—May we claim
Thy tribe, thy native place, and name?

RECITATIVE.—NAOMI.

Of Judah's tribe, in Bethlehem's town,
Naomi once was known.
But late, when famine ravag'd all our plains,
I, with my household, succour sought from Moab's foreign swains.

RECITATIVE.—SECOND ISRAELITE.

Our sister!——

FIRST ISRAELITE.

——— O, our sister dear!

SECOND ISRAELITE.

Return!——

FIRST ISRAELITE.

——— Thy kin, thy country, cheer!

RECITATIVE.—SECOND ISRAELITE.

The Lord hath visited our land, [hand!
And on his chosen people pour'd the bounty of his

AIR. DUET.

Rich verdure and blossoms again deck the spring,
Again in the groves the tun'd choristers sing!
Again the blithe milkmaid is heard at her pail,
And the ploughman's glad whistle descends on the vale.

RECITATIVE.—NAOMI.

Though fall my ills so heavy from his hand,
I bless the Lord who saves my native land.
Yes, happy soil! ye hills and vales of grace!
Thou sacred, pleasing, promis'd place! [sight,
With thee, once more, these eyes shall glad their
Then, closing, bid adieu to mortal life and light!

AIR.

Dear natal Earth, prepare my grave,
Receive the fading form you gave!
Dear natal Earth, upon your breast,
The fading form you gave shall rest!

RECITATIVE.—SECOND ISRAELITE.

Cease, cease, O hapless sister! cease to mourn—
Thy joyful friends shall hail thy wish'd return;
Bethlehem exulting thy approach shall greet,
And her throng'd ways spread flow'rs beneath thy feet.

AIR.

Let no wretched offspring of Adam despair—
As passes our pleasure, so passes our care!
Man's life is an April, now gloomy, now gay;
His shade and his shine fleet successive away!
To the pain thy Creator appoints thee resign,
And seize the glad moment allow'd to be thine.

RECITATIVE.—NAOMI.

My friends, my country, now Naomi [illegible] will own—
To haughty wealth, in prosperous state, the poor remain unknown!

RECITATIVE.—FIRST ISRAELITE.

As o'er a treasure lost and found,
O'er thee thy kindred will rejoice around.

AIR.

O Israel, receive to thy breast,
This thy daughter, so virtuous and dear!
In thy songs be her welcome express'd,
And her diffidence lost in thy cheer!
As her morning in clouds has begun,
Let her noon in its progress be bright;
And her evening, like summer's fair sun,
Leave behind it a glory of light!

PART II.

SCENE I.

NAOMI, RUTH, AND MOABITES.

RECITATIVE.—NAOMI.

Daughters of Moab, hear! By famine's hand
Oppress'd, erewhile I left my native land—
To you I come; ye took the stranger in,
And fill'd the place of country and of kin.
Now home recall'd, for leave to part I sue,
And my full heart must take the last adieu!

RECITATIVE.—MOABITES.

Would'st thou their blessing from thy servants take?
Your Lord loves Moab for Naomi's sake.

AIR.

Where'er thy visit is address'd,
The household and the house are bless'd!

RECITATIVE.—NAOMI.

Though you, my friends, I quit, my broken heart
Leaves in your hospitable earth its better, dearer part!

AIR.

A long, long adieu, my kind neighbours, I take,
Ye wealth of the wealthless, ye strength of the weak!
While worth shall endear, or beneficence bind,
Your mem'ry shall hold the first place in my mind:
And if ever your lot should oblige you to stray,
May others the friendship you show'd me repay!

RECITATIVE.—RUTH.

Come, mother, come! no more indulge delay!
Towards your Israel's pleasant land I long to bend my way.

RECITATIVE.—NAOMI.

What means my daughter? would she leave
Her friends of Moab for her loss to grieve?

AIR.—RUTH.

Yes, mother, yes; with thee,
Though faint from travel and from toil,
Each land will prove a native soil,
Each house a home to me!
Companion'd with thee, as we journey along,
No time can be tedious, no road can be wrong!

RECITATIVE.

By wedlock, Ruth, ally'd to thee,
Became a gift of Israel's tree—
So firmly fix'd, so strongly tied,
No storm can shake, no stroke divide!

AIR.—NOAMI.

O, flower of Moab, passing fair!
Say, shall my unpropitious hand
Thee, from thy native garden, bear,
To wither in a foreign land?

RECITATIVE.—RUTH.

Some power, unconquerably strong,
Impells thy daughter's steps along.

AIR.

As the Lord of thy Israel now reigneth above,
In his kingdom of peace, and his regions of love,
'T is in vain
To restrain;
With thee I will wander, with thee will remain.
To the lot that is thine,
Or pleasant, or painful, with joy I resign;
Thy people, thy God, and thy grave, shall be mine!

RECITATIVE.—NAOMI.

O child, above all kindred dear,
Thou bless'd of our Jehovah, hear!

AIR.

I see, I see with other eyes,
From darkness distant radiance rise!
Soon shall the promis'd Son be born,
And come on Solyma like morn,
Enlight'ning all her skies!

CHORUS OF MOABITES.

Amid the great, the glorious thought,
Our souls to future times are caught.
We see, with other eyes,
From darkness distant radiance rise!
Soon shall the promis'd Son be born,
And come on Moab like the morn,
Enlight'ning all her skies!

PART III.

SCENE I.

NAOMI AND RUTH.

RECITATIVE.—NAOMI.

Turn, O daughter, turn thy eyes,
Where Bethlehem's glittering spires arise—
How fair her flowery vales extend!
How bold her swelling hills ascend!

AIR.

Dear native soil! do I again
Thy kindly breeze inhale?
No air of any foreign plain
Could thus my sense regale.

RECITATIVE.—RUTH.

Fair is thy land, O mother! wondrous fair!
My bosom from the view strange transport seems to share.

AIR.

New scenes, and new prospects, my spirit employ,
And with hopes of new happiness cheer me;
My heart all enliven'd indulges its joy,
And some sudden blessing seems near me.

RECITATIVE.—NAOMI.

Behold, my lovely child, behold,
How Bethlehem's streets at our approach pour
forth their young and old!

SCENE II.

NAOMI, RUTH, BOAZ, ISRAELITES.

CHORUS.

Naomi?—lost and found again,
O welcome to thy native plain!
Raise all your voices, brethren, raise,
And hail your sister's glad return with gratulating
lays.

RECITATIVE.—NAOMI.

Say, brethren, who is he that leads the throng,
And like a hero moves majestical along?

RECITATIVE.—FIRST ISRAELITE.

'T is Boaz, Bethlehem's prince, your near allied—
Your first of kindred by your husband's side!

AIR, DUET.—ISRAELITE.

His step is at a distance from thousands discern'd!
When he speaks in the gate, elders hear and grow
learn'd!
His couches are spread for the stranger's repose;
For the naked he shears, for the hungry he sows!
He stands like a tree in the midst of his ground,
With the widow and orphan rejoicing around!

RECITATIVE.—BOAZ.

Hail, mother of thy people!—this embrace
Bids thee thrice welcome to thy native place.
Oft have those arms my infant years caress'd,
And clasp'd thy little kinsman to thy breast!

RECITATIVE.—NAOMI.

Hail, son!—May Heaven in bounty heap on thee
Tenfold the blessings it has rent from me!

RECITATIVE.—BOAZ.

In this our present happy lot,
Be past calamities forgot!
But where is she, our new allied—
Of Moab's land so late the pride?

AIR.—NAOMI.

Lo, there! like a mist on the morning, her veil
Strives in vain to obscure her from sight;
It betrays what it means to conceal,
A beauty for vision too bright!

RECITATIVE.—BOAZ.

Thee, fairest Ruth, by Israel's law I claim,
A glad succeeder to thy husband's name!
Thrice have the visions of the night
Brought to my view thy semblance fair, that fill'd
my tent with light!

RECITATIVE.—RUTH.

If so your laws ordain,
Your handmaid will not of her lot complain.

RECITATIVE.—HIGH PRIEST.

Hear, men of Bethlehem, and rejoice!
The LORD informs his servant's voice—
Yon portion fair of Moab's earth
To Israel's Chosen Plant gives birth!
Hence the mighty tree shall spring,
The glory of the grove, of every tree the king.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

To the centre, shall reach the vast depth of his root!
To the stars, the vast height of his summit shall
shoot!
Through the world, the vast length of his boughs
shall extend!
For their food, on his fruit, shall all nations de-
pend!

GRAND CHORUS.

Hail, mother of approaching grace!
Hail, parent of the promis'd race!
Far distant I see him!—The young and the old
Rush to meet the Messiah, by prophets foretold!
The lame, with a bound,
Lightly leap from the ground;
The deaf run to hear, and the blind to behold—
And the dead rise triumphant around!

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE

TO GUSTAVUS VASA.

Barons! this night presents a state distress'd:
Though brave, yet vanquish'd; and though great,
oppress'd.
Vice, raving vulture, on her vitals prey'd;
Her peers, her prelates, fell corruption sway'd:
Their rights, for pow'r, the ambitious weakly sold;
The wealth, poorly, for superfluous gold.
Hence wasting ills, hence severing factions rose,
And gave large entrance to invading foes:
Truth, justice, honour, fled th' infected shore;
For freedom, sacred freedom, was no more.
Then, greatly rising in his country's right,
Her hero, her deliverer, sprung to light:
A race of hardy northern sons he led,
Guiltless of courts, untainted, and unread;
Whose inborn spirit spurn'd th' ignoble fee,
Whose hands scorn'd bondage, for their hearts were
free.
Ask ye, what law their conquering cause con-
fess'd?—
Great Nature's law, the law within the breast;
Form'd by no art, and to no sect confin'd,
But stamp'd by Heav'n upon th' unletter'd mind.
Such, such, of old, the first-born natives were,
Who breath'd the virtues of Britannia's air,
Their realm when mighty Cæsar vainly sought;
For mightier freedom against Cæsar fought,
And rudely drove the fam'd invader home,
To tyrannise o'er polish'd—venal Rome.
Our bard, exalted in a freeborn flame,
To ev'ry nation would transfer this claim:
He, to no state, no climate, bounds his page,
But bids the moral beam through ev'ry age.
Then be your judgment gen'rous as
Ye sons of freedom!—save the friend of man.

PROLOGUE

TO THE EARL OF ESSEX,

A TRAGEDY.

This night, to your free censure, are expos'd
Scenes, now almost two hundred winters clos'd:
Scenes, yet, that ought to be for ever near,
To freedom sacred, and to virtue dear!
Deep is the spring, whose stream this night we draw;
Its source is truth—'tis liberty made law:
A draught divine to ev'ry generous breast;
The cordial of the wretched—of the bless'd!
The juice, by which the strength of souls is fed;
Without whose aliment, who lives—is dead.
If aught is honest, noble, kind, or great,
Which yet may give some British hearts to beat;
If aught has been by mighty fathers won,
Which yet descends to animate a son;
However weak the warmth, or dim the beam,
We show from whence the distant glory came;
And lead you backward, by the kindred ray,
To the full blaze of Britain's brightest day—
Elizabeth!—a light till then unknown,
The virgin sun of truth's meridian, shone,
And in the subject's freedom fix'd a living throne.
Is there, to whom one privilege is sure,
Who holds fair property, as yet, secure?—
Is there, to whom religion stands endear'd,
So hardly rescued, so divinely clear'd?—
Is there, who claims, who feels, who prizes aught,
For which the hero bled, the patriot wrought?—
Elizabeth, as one inspiring soul,
Reform'd, connected, and affirm'd the whole;
And sent the blessings down, through ev'ry reign,
For you to clasp, to cherish, and retain!
Like Cynthia, peerless queen, supremely crown'd,
Her guardian constellations blaz'd around—
Selected chiefs, for council, and for fight;
Her men of wisdom, and her men of might;
Whose acts, illustrating our annals, stand
The grace, the good, the glory of the land!
For then no courtly faction stood confess'd—
Who serv'd his country, serv'd his queen the best!
If yet, among those godlike men of old,
Some taint of earth lay mingled with the mould;
On human frailty if misfortune grew,
And sufferings, such as all who read must rue—
Through time descending let the sorrow flow,
And you who share the virtue, share the woe!

ANOTHER PROLOGUE

TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.

SPOKEN BY MR. SHERIDAN.

Whene'er the brave, the gen'rous, and the just,
Whene'er the patriot sinks to silent dust,
The tragic Muse attends the mournful hearse,
And pays her tribute of immortal verse.
Inspir'd by noble deeds, she seeks the plain,
In honour's cause where mighty chiefs are slain;
And bathes with tears the sod that wraps the dead,
And bids the turf lie lightly on his head.
Now, thus content she opens death's cold womb,
And bursts the cearments of the awful tomb
To cast him up again—to bid him live,
And to the scene his form and pressure give.
Thus once-fam'd Essex at her voice appears,
Emerging from the sacred dust of years.
Nor deem it much, that we retrace to night
A tale to which you have listen'd with delight.
How oft of yore, to learned Athens' eyes,
Did new Electras and new Phædras rise?
In France, how many Theban monarchs groan
For Laius' blood, and incest not their own?
When there new Iphigenias heave the sigh,
Fresh drops of pity gush from ev'ry eye:
On the same theme though rival wits appear,
The heart still finds the sympathetic tear.
If there soft pity pours her plenteous store,
For fabled kings and empires now no more;
Much more should you—from freedom's glorious plan,
Who still inherit all the rights of man—
Much more should you with kindred sorrows glow
For your own chiefs, your own domestic woe;
Much more a British story should impart
The warmest feelings to each British heart.

PROLOGUE

TO THE EARL OF WESTMORLAND,

A TRAGEDY.

Charm'd to this spot, concurring to this night,
Wide nations close, and centuries unite.
Scenes long eras'd, past ages rise to view, [you!
Realms change their place, and time returns—for
The merchant, vent'rous in his search of gain,
Who ploughs the winter of the boist'rous main,
From various climes collects a various store,
And lands the treasure on his native shore.
Our merchant yet imports no golden prize,
What wretches covet, and what you despise!
A different store his richer freight imparts—
The gem of virtue, and the gold of hearts;
The social sense, the feelings of mankind,
And the large treasure of a godlike mind!
When Westmorland, unhappy, brave, and great,
Appears conflicting with the pow'rs of fate,
Guilty yet good, deserving yet forlorn,
And by the strife of warring passions torn—
Although our author brings the distant woe,
From eyes that wept a thousand years ago,
He claims your kindred tears for the distress'd,
Nor thinks one virtue foreign to your breast!
But when the bright Rowena shall appear,
First of her sex—except her rivals here—
No more let man assert his lordly claim,
No more presume to step the first for fame;
But to the fair their native rights allow,
Look round, and with becoming homage bow!

ANOTHER PROLOGUE

TO THE EARL OF WESTMORLAND.

There was a time, these polish'd times preceding,
Ere our good sires of Britain—knew fine breeding;
Ere honesty was elbow'd from the nation,
Or life's learn'd lie entitled "Education."

Bold Nature then disdain'd the mask of art;
Man, on his open aspect, wore his heart.
Passion then knew nor cover, nor control;
Each action spoke the dictate of the soul:
Worth claim'd its triumphs, guilt confess'd its stings,
And truth was known at courts—and told to kings!
Such were your sires, humanely, nobly rude;
And such the good old times, for you renew'd!
From the still regions of enduring night,
Our author calls the dead to life and light.
He bids your hearts to heave, your eyes to flow,
O'er griefs that pass'd nine hundred years ago:
Bids truth in person tread Hibernia's stage,
And action preach her sermon to the age;
The sermon to which Nature sets her seal—
For none can doubt the doctrine that they feel.
Sweet as a field that vernal breezes fan,
Sweet are emotions in the heart of man;
Sweet are the tears of worth, the ties of kin,
And all the home-bred charities within!
When human feelings the warm breast inspire,
When pity softens, and when passions fire;
Then glows the mint of Nature, apt, refin'd,
And virtue strikes her image on the mind.
If the distinguish'd hero of this night
Is urg'd to leap the sacred mound of right;
If, wildly toss'd on passion's stormy wave,
He wrecks the country he was born to save;
Know it is man's to err—and let that move,
To pity frailties that you can't approve.
But when you see Rowena greatly soar,
A height that virtue never dar'd before;
A summit, to aspiring man unknown,
And, first and last, achiev'd by her alone;
Then turn, and in her sex the saint revere—
Then bend with reverence, to the chaste and fair!

PROLOGUE,

FOR THE OPENING OF A THEATRE.

When lazy moralists from cloisters taught
The frosty precepts of unpractis'd thought,
Howe'er the judgment coldly was inform'd,
No worth was kindled, for no heart was warm'd.
But when some good men to the public read
The generous lecture of a life well led:
When patriots stood for liberty and laws,
Or fell the victims of their country's cause:
Then hearts were taught to glow, and eyes to melt,
And hands to act the lesson that was felt.
In languid maxims, which we barely hear,
The voice of truth sounds distant to our ear;
But action bids the substance to arise,
And gives the living beauty to your eyes.
Hence was the stage, from earliest times, design'd
A vital school of virtue to mankind.
In real life, if scant the good and fair,
If truth be foreign, and if worth be rare,
For these through ev'ry clime and age we steer;
And thence unlade the precious purchase *here!*
Though Time and Death have clos'd their ancient reign,
They bar their everlasting gates in vain—
The fatal valves shall to your eyes unfold,
Recall the past and renovate the old:
And, from the realms of silence and of night,
Pour down a flood of eloquence and light.
Whate'er of worth informs the social breast,
Upon humanity by Heaven impress'd,
The sympathy that proves great souls of kin,
The touch that tries the hidden gold within:
Whate'er of generous, courteous, kind and kin,
Strikes the lin'd unison of mind to mind:
Whate'er may teach a virtuous eye to flow,
For griefs that pass'd nine hundred years ago,
All those we bring—Confess to modern eyes,
The deed of fam'd antiquity shall rise:
Friends, lovers, heroes, patriots, to this stage
Shall come, from every land, from every age:
Old Time shall render, to your eyes and ears,
The truths and trophies of four thousand years:
Cato again shall abdicate his tomb,
And Brutus strike for liberty and Rome!

PROLOGUE

TO OTHELLO

SPOKEN IN DUBLIN, BY MR. CARRIC

My term expir'd with this concluding play,
I 've cast the buskin and the sock away.
No more to kindle the poetic rage,
Nor in mock-majesty to awe the stage,
The hero shrinks into his native span—
This little sketch and miniature of man.
"Where 's Garrick?" says the beau: and as I pass,
To mark the noted object—takes his glass.
Plac'd in yon box, to publish my disaster,
"Mamma," cries miss, "who is that little master?"
"Zounds!" says the captain, "what! is that Othello
Ha, ha, ha!——
"A good joke, damme—a rare hulking fellow!"
Thus on defects I dare to build a name:
And imperfection gives me up to fame.
O, could my stature with your bounty rise,
And swelling gratitude extend my size!
What ample measure would that change impart,
When every limb should answer to my heart.
Great are the favours which my soul avows;
Great are the thanks with which your servant *bows!*
My faults are debtors to your generous sense—
Quick to observe, yet gracious to dispense!
And should I but presume that something, too,
Is to your judgment, to your justice due;
Blame not the vanity you kindly raise,
Sprung from your smiles, and heighten'd by your praise! [pole,
Hail, generous isle! though neighbouring to the
Thy warmth is in the virtues of the soul!
Though clouds, above, may intercept the light:
Below, thy sun of beauty cheers our sight!
Where'er my distant fortunes may command,
I sigh for thee as for my natal land.
Or east, or west, howe'er the region lies,
A country takes its name from social ties;
The heart alone appoints its favourite place,
And I 'm a native by your special grace.
Then take the warmest wishes of my mind—
As your own favours, great and unconfin'd,
May peace and smiling pleasure, hand in hand,
Walk the wide limits of your plenteous land!
May Gallia curse the day of William's[1] flight,
And Chesterfield return to bless your sight!

[1] William, duke of Cumberland.

EPILOGUE

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, IN DUBLIN.

'T is not a birth to titles, pomp, or state,
That forms the brave, or constitutes the great:
To be the son of George's just renown,
And brother to the heir of Britain's crown,
Though proud these claims, at best they but adorn,
For heroes cannot be, like princes, born:
Valour and worth must consecrate their name,
And virtue give them to the rolls of fame.
Hail to the youth, whose actions mark this year,
And in whose honour you assemble here!
'T is not to grace his natal day we meet,
His birth of glory is the birth we greet.
How quick does his progressive virtue run,
How swift ascend to its meridian sun,
Before its beam the northern storms retire,
And Britons catch the animating fire.
Yet rush not too precipitate, for know
The fate you urge would prove our greatest foe,
Religion, law, and liberty 's at stake,
Repress your ardour for your country's sake,
The life you prize not, Britain may deplore,
And chance may take, what ages can 't restore.
O! did the gallant Cumberland but head
Such troops as here our glorious William [1] led!
Bold names, in Britain's history renown'd,
Who fix'd her freedom on Hibernian ground,
Till death, embattled for their country, stood,
And made the Boyne immortal by their blood.
Such were your sires, who still survive in fame;
Such are the sons who would achieve the same.
Young William then should rival trophies raise,
And emulate our great deliverer's days,
By equal actions win the like applause,
Alike their name, their glory, and their cause.
May Heav'n's peculiar angel shield the youth!
Who draws the sword of liberty and truth,
By him Britannia's injuries redress,
And crown his toil, his virtue, with success,
Make him the scourge of France, the dread of Rome,
The patriot's blessing, and the rebel's doom.
Then seize, Hibernia, seize the present joy,
This day is sacred to the martial boy!—
The morrow shall a different strain require,
When, with thy Stanhope [2], all delights retire,
And (a long polar night of grief begun)
Thy soul shall sigh for its returning sun.

PROLOGUE

TO THE FOUNDLING.

Unpractis'd in the drama's artful page,
And new to all the dangers of the stage,
Where judgment sits to save or damn his play,
Our poet trembles for his first essay.
He, like all authors, a conforming race!
Writes to the taste and genius of the place:
Intent to fix and emulous to please
The happy muse of these politer days,
He forms a model of a virtuous sort,
And gives you more of moral than of sport:
He rather aims to draw the melting sigh,
Or steal the pitying tear from beauty's eye:
To touch the strings that humanise our kind,
Man's sweetest strain, the music of the mind.
Ladies, he bids me tell you, that from you,
His first, his fav'rite character he drew:
A young, a lovely, unexperienc'd maid,
In honest truth and innocence array'd;
Of fortune destitute, with wrongs oppress'd,
By fraud attempted, and by love distress'd:
Yet guarded still: and every suff'ring pass'd,
Her virtue meets the sure reward at last.
From such examples shall the sex be taught,
How virtue fixes whom their eyes have caught:
How honour beautifies the fairest face,
Improves the mien, and dignifies the grace.
And hence the libertine, who builds a name
On the base ruins of a woman's fame,
Shall own, the best of human blessings lie
In the chaste honours of the nuptial tie:
There lives the home-felt sweet, the near delight,
There peace reposes, and there joys unite:
And female virtue was by Heav'n design'd
To charm, to polish, and to bless mankind.

[1] King William III.
[2] Lord Chesterfield left Ireland about this time.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

PLAY OF WHAT WE MUST ALL COME TO.

What all must come to!—what?—debate and strife!
Must all wed plague and broils—who wed a wife?
If that 's the sage conclusion of our poet,
The man 's a fool—you happy husbands know it!
Your dames are form'd upon a gentler plan—
To sooth and smooth the rough-hewn mass of man;
To bid the tumult of your souls to cease,
And smile your warring passions into peace.
Like Rome's fam'd matrons, scorning all excess
In mask or mummery, in dance or dress,
Your wives are busied in the nobler cares
Of planting their own virtues in your heirs,
And scarce depart their house—except to prayers!
They neither take nor give the world a handle
For tittle-tattle, gossiping, or scandal;
And, as for that strange vice of gaming—lard!
I dare be sworn, they scarce can tell a card.
In times of yore, indeed, when 't was the fashion,
And drums, routs, rackets, cards, the favourite passion;
With ev'ry husband, gambling was the flame,
And even their precious spouses—play'd the game.
Plumb, in the reigning vice, your statesmen jump;
And factions in rotation turn'd up trump:
Honours, on all hands, they agree to wave;
Some play'd the fool, who meant to play the knave.
The vizier, vers'd in all the gambling trade,
The court against his simpler country play'd;
But, dubious of the pow'rs that might withstand,
He wisely kept the impending king in hand—
The people thought the advantage somewhat hard;
But deem'd their Magna Charta a sure card!
Now heats and bets all terms of truce confound;
Craft, perjury, prostitution, wait around;
While high o'er head Astrea's beam behold,
Weighing light conscience against pond'rous gold.

But how the game did end, or may end—why—
Time, if it choose, may tell—in sooth, not I.
Ye fair, intended, by the powers above,
With silken chains to bind the world in love;
On whose soft sway, to Earth's extremest end,
The race, the brotherhood of man depend!
O, never, never answer rage with rage,
But shun the tempest which you can't assuage;
Your tyrants, then, shall spend their wrath in vain,
Return quite tame, and reassume their chain;
So shall submission win despotic sway,
And the world's lord shall willingly obey!

EPILOGUE

ON HUMBUGGING.

Of all trades and arts in repute or possession,
Humbugging is held the most ancient profession.
'Twixt nations, and parties, and state politicians,
Prim shopkeepers, jobbers, smooth lawyers, physicians,
Of worth and of wisdom the trial and test
Is—mark ye, my friends!—who shall humbug the best.
Our neighbour of France, with his prologue so kind,
And his epilogue spoke by his cannon behind;
Who, in banter and bully, in cringing and hugging,
Is counted of old, the great prince of humbugging;
For once stands amaz'd, howsoe'er it was hit on,
To find he 's humbugg'd by his cullies of Britain.
But why, honest friends, should we ramble and roam,
To look for humbuggers so distant from home?
Poor Ireland, as well as her neighbours, of late
Has begun to remove the fool's cap from her pate.
Our hummers in state, physic, learning, and law,
Do not all sit, as chiefs, in the court of Nassau:
And, once, a whole house of humbuggers was seen
In a place—let me think—ay—'t is call'd College-green!
Since Galen, in slopping, and dosing, and drugging,
Gave rules for the physical branch of humbugging;
The patient, when once duly drain'd of his treasure,
Is welcome to die—or recover—at leisure.
'T other day, in the four courts—sweet pow'rs! how I wonder'd
To see, of my friend Harry Lone, a whole hundred!
With gowns, bands, and faces, so smooth and so smug'd,
And the world crowding in to be surely humbug'd!
So much for the lawyer and doctor—what lacks?—
The parson, you think, should come in for his snacks.
We doubt not his will—but, in these learned days,
We are all grown too knowing, to mind what he says.
But, what are all hummers, their tricks and their arts,
To yon rogu'sh round, the humbuggers of hearts—
By whose sweet enchantment, grey wisdom is fool'd,
And prowess is conquer'd, and courage is cool'd?
For beauty, by ancient tradition, we find,
Has delightfully humm'd the whole race of mankind.

TO THE MEMORY OF LIEUTENANT COLONEL HENRY CLEMENTS

Shall boastful pomp, the high imperial name,
Or title, only, swell the trump of Fame?
To equal worth be equal glory due,
And wreaths that bloom'd for Clayton bloom for you!
O, once endow'd with ev'ry pleasing pow'r,
To cheer the sad or charm the social hour;
To sweeten life with many a gentle art,
And win the whole dominion of the heart;
I deem'd, far other than the Fates allow,
The laurels bound upon your living brow,
To greet my friend returning from his toil,
Grac'd with his deeds, and laden with his spoil.
Too fond of what the martial harvests yield,
Alas, too forward to the dangerous field,
As one of old renown in battle tried,
The glory of the dusty plain you died!
The tongues of Dettingen your triumph tell,
And weeping Tournay points where Clements fell.
O, in some future day of loud alarms,
When virtue and my country call to arms
For freedom—struggling nations to unbind,
And snap the sceptres that would bruise mankind—
At such an hour, in such a cause as thine,
The honour'd close of such a death be mine!
Then may some kindred bard appoint my grave,
Snatch forth my name, and roll it with the brave;
Assign my pen and sword the wish'd applause,
And say that both were drawn in virtue's cause!
Then drop the salutation given to you—
"Companion, countryman, and friend—adieu!"

A CHARACTER.

When o'er the canvass flows the master's line,
He adds no name to mark the just design;
The portrait, midst a mingling world, is known,
And stands admir'd, distinguish'd, and alone!
Behold him, full of virtues as of days,
Laden with worth, infirmities, and praise!
Down the hoar flowings of his silver'd head,
Wisdom and time their equal honours shed;
Truth and benevolence, with equal grace,
Rise from his breast, and lighten in his face.
His languid limbs expect the peaceful bier;
His head and heart still active, free, and clear!
On his own frame, though dire distemper preys,
He 's borne around, to give all others ease;
Before his healing presence life respires,
And sickness, with his rueful train, retires!
Great Leach[1] both of our persons and our state!
When thou, at some sad hour, shalt yield to fate—
O then, adieu Hibernia's chiefest wealth;
Adieu to liberty! adieu to health!

[1] Dr. Lucas, member of parliament for Dublin.

TO MR. B———

ON ADVERTISING HIS TREATISE ON THE INTERESTS OF IRELAND.

Say, B———, what demon has possess'd
A brain, that better should discern,
Than thus to choose a theme, confess'd
No creature's study or concern?

Hadst thou but writ of Mat the miller,
Or frolics of the fairy-tribe,
Or even of John the Giant Killer;
There 's not a soul but would subscribe.

But, here, though from a seraph's wing
Thy manna-dropping quill were shed;
Morpheus his leaden mace shall bring,
Or ere the second page be read.

THE

PATRIOTISM OF IRELAND,

AN

HISTORICAL BALLAD.

TO THE TUNE OF—*Ye commons and peers.*

In the year, do you see,
Of fifty and three,
A year of facetious renown
A conjurer came,
Old R———r by name,
For the pastime of country and town!

At once to surprise
And cozen our eyes,
He show'd us of courtiers ten brace;
All courtiers as true
To the minister's cue,
As ever took pension or place!

But R———r, anon,
Cries, "Pass and be gone!"
The coast it is instantly clear;
And straight, in the place
Of prostitutes base,
Ten brace of good patriots appear!

The rabble and rout
Clap, caper, and shout;
The multitude see and believe:
They hail, with acclaim,
Each patriot name!
But the knowing-ones laugh in their sleeve.

For R———r, once more
Our wits to restore,
Repeats his charm backwards—and then,
On this patriot-host,
He throws pow'der of post,
And he shows them all rascals again!

THE QUESTION.

INSCRIBED TO LADY CAROLINE RUSSEL.

From our frail sire, who first knew sin,
Through every stage of age and youth,
The world's grand question still hath been,
"Whence is beauty, what is truth?"

This to resolve, or to inquire,
Employ'd the learn'd of every age;
Alike perplex'd the son and sire,
The dull, the subtle, and the sage.

At length, impatient of delay,
The world agreed no more to wait;
But cast disputed truth away,
As well from practice, as debate.

Then beauty, on unrivall'd ground,
Sole cause of contest, stood alone;
And every knight hath form'd, or found,
A favourite princess of his own.

To magic numbers, one confines
The castle, where the charmer dwells;
And one, to corresponding lines
Of angles, cubes, and parallels.

By sounds of soft attraction led,
Her power the man of music feels:
The scholar dreams she 's in his head;
The dancer swears she 's in his heels.

In pleasure some, and some in state,
Their cloud-compos'd enchantress spy[1];
And, from ambition's tow'ry height,
She catches many a wishful eye.

In symmetry, discerners view
A glance of beauty's real queen;
And nearer, by a chosen few,
The sentimental fair is seen.

But each, like knights of old emprise,
(Whate'er his present flame) requires,
That all should find conforming eyes,
And join to bow—where he admires.

To fix this fire of wand'ring love,
Supernal Power resolv'd to show,
That what was truth in Heav'n above,
Alone made beauty here below.

For this, he purpos'd to condense
What angels felt of good or bright,
With sentiment to strike the sense,
And give the charm of soul to sight.

At length the plastic power descends
With Heav'n's select ingredients fraught:
To Earth his beamy flight he bends,
And into substance features thought.

[1] Ixion was enamoured of a cloud that represented Juno.

From Zembla's frozen clime, he chose
A quantity of virgin air,
For lucid organs, to compose
The moving fabric of his fair.

With this he blends the portion due,
Nine solar rays of morning light,
To give a blush of chastest hue,
As deep and warm, as pure and bright.

From Hybla's sweets, that breathe in fame,
He press'd the prime of bloom and bud;
And, through the soft transparent frame,
He pour'd the aromatic flood.

Spher'd in the centre, as a sun,
Within he hung the cordial freight,
Which from Eternal Truth he won,
And bid the embosom'd Heav'n to beat.

From number, music, sisters twin,
He caught the magic of the face;
And, from the sentiment within,
He pictur'd motion, mien, and grace,

Thus folding, in one radiant frame,
Each beauty humanely-divine,
He gave his system up to fame,
And mortals call her—Caroline!

SONGS FROM HIS DRAMATIC PIECES.

FROM

JACK THE GIANT-QUELLER.

AIR I.

The laws they were made for the little,
The laws they were made for the little,
In the hands of the strong,
All the ties, that belong
To justice and honour, are brittle.

The laws they were made for the little,
The laws they were made for the little,
Though churchmen may preach,
And philosophers teach,
The great will not list to a tittle.

The laws they were made for the little,
The laws they were made for the little;
It is not by right,
But by wrong-doing might,
That giants still 'scape a committal.

AIR II.

This scepter'd hand all nations own;
All religions hold divine—
I the king of ev'ry throne;
I the god of ev'ry shrine!

Gold is every woman's lust;
Gold is every man's desire;
Gold the covert patriot's gust;
Kneel my sons, and own your sire!

AIR III.

TUNE—*Moll Roe.*

Would you silence a patriot committee,
Touch their lips with this magical wand;
Through country, and senate, and city,
'T is the lock and the key of the land.

Take a piece of this same from your coffer,
Display to the voter your pelf;
And the wretch, having nothing to offer,
Will frugally sell you—himself.

'T is a shot for the fowl of all feather,
A bait for the gust of all fish;
To this ev'ry gudgeon will gather,
And plump, ready dress'd, in your dish.

If the booby, your pupil, so dull is,
He scarce can remember his name;
Yet his mouth it shall open, like Tully's,
When fed with a spoon of this same.

To a rascal, a bear, and a blockhead,
Unconscious of mood or of tense,
This plastic receipt, in his pocket,
Gives grace, figure, virtue, and sense.

Old saints will for this sell their manuals;
O'er this, at your sov'reign nod,
Old judges will skip like young spaniels,
And cardinals kiss you this rod.

To study aught else is but nonsense;
From hence all philosophy springs—
'T is the crown, beauty, cause, and good conscience,
Of priests, ladies, lawyers, and kings.

AIR IV.

TUNE—*Peggy Benson.*

In the church, where your dignified doctors you find,
Such holy men refrain, son;
For, uplifted by us, and our offices kind,
Their sanctify'd pride they sustain, son.

Let governors thrive, and each prince, on his throne,
In peace and plenty reign, son;
Till you find that by talents, and virtue, alone,
One man shall to honour attain, son.

Let party in turbulent senates debate,
Nor matters it who shall gain, son;
Till you find that one act for the good of the state,
Shall have enter'd in either's brain, son.

Let the law be your care, nor one tittle retrench,
But support each furr'd robe in its station;
For they, as our substitutes, sit on the bench,
To decide the affairs of the nation.

In cities, though czars of a pitiful sphere,
Would you know who would be our relation?
'T is the alderman's worship, and sudden lord mayor,
Who struts through his yearly creation.

Each fox-hunting justice and landlorded youth,
Are prone to your point, when they may, son;
For these, too, are little grand signiors, forsooth,
And giants, each man in his way, son.

AIR V.

TUNE—*If all the fair maids.*

Ambition like jack-o'-the-lantern bewitches;
Ambition like jack-o'-the-lantern bewitches;
And leads you benighted through dirt and through ditches. Dol de dol, &c.

Your griping for gold, a beggarly itch is;
Your griping for gold, a beggarly itch is;
And virtue, though humble, looks down upon riches. Dol de dol, &c.

Your great men and statesmen, the higher their pitch is,
Your great men and statesmen, the higher their pitch is,
By climbing the broader, but show us their breeches. Dol de dol, &c.

AIR VI.

TUNE—*Dale and woe fa our cat.*

How often our mother has told,
And sure she is wondrous wise!
In cities, that all you behold,
Is a fair, but a faithless disguise:
That the modes of a court education
Are train-pits, and traitors to youth;
And the only fine language in fashion,
A tongue that is foreign to truth.

Where honour is barely an oath;
Where knaves are with noblemen class'd;
Where nature's a stranger to both;
And love an old tale of times pass'd;
Where laughter no pleasure dispenses,
Where smiles are the envoys of art;
Where joy lightly swims on the senses,
But never can enter the heart.

Where hopes and kind hugs are trepanners;
Where virtue 's divorc'd from success;
Where cringing goes current for manners,
And worth is no deeper than dress.
Where favour creeps lamely on crutches;
Where friendship is nothing but face;
And the title of duke, or of dutchess,
Is all that entitles to grace.

AIR VII.

TUNE—*Lochaber.*

FAREWELL to my Gracey, my Gracey so sweet,
How painful to part!—but again we shall meet.
Thy Jack, he will languish, and long for the day
That shall kiss the dear tears of his sister away.
Though honour, in groves of tall laurel, should grow;
And fortune, in tides, should eternally flow;
Nor honour, nor fortune, thy Jack shall detain,
But he 'll come to his Gracey, his sister again.

Again, at our door, in the morning of spring,
To see the Sun rise, and hear goldfinches sing!
To rouse our companions, and maids of the May,
In copses to gambol, in meadows to play.
Or, at questions and forfeits, all rang'd on the grass;
Or to gather fresh chaplets, each lad for his lass;
To sing, and to dance, and to sport on the plain,
Thy Jack shall return to his Gracey again.

Or alone, in his Gracey's sweet company bless'd,
To feed thy young robins that chirp on the nest;
To help at her med'cines, and herbs for the poor,
And welcome the stranger that stops at the door.
At night, o'er our fire, and a cup of clear ale,
To hear the town-news, and the traveller's tale;
To smile away life, till our heads they grow hoar,
And part from my sheep, and my Gracey no more.

AIR VIII.

TUNE—*Dremondoo.*

O NOW he has left me, what care shall employ,
What object afford me the shadow of joy?
To a heart so o'erladen, all sorrows are meet;
Misfortune is welcome, and mourning is sweet!

Away, ye companions of daily delight,
And pastimes that gently could steal on the night;
Away, ye fond sports of the wake and the fair!
Your pleasures are vanish'd—no brother is there!

Of the ball, and the hurling, the dance, and the race,
His skill was the victor, his person the grace:
The maidens throng'd round him, delighted to see,
And wish'd they had all been his sisters, like me.

Thus, ev'ry dear scene of my former delight,
To my mind will recall him, but not to my sight;
The trees will all droop, and the meadows look lone;
And all say—poor maid! thy companion is gone!

AIR IX.

TUNE—*Grana Weil.*

THOUGH passions contend, and afflictions storm,
And shake the frail state of the human form;
If virtue the base of our pile sustain,
Afflictions shall rage and assault in vain.

The paths for the steps of all mortals made,
Is simply to follow where truth shall lead:
Nor thou from its rectitude turn aside;
The rest, let hereafter and Heaven provide.

AIR X.

TUNE—*I have sixpence under my thumb.*

How sweet the gossiping birds that sing!
How sweet the treasure the zephyrs bring,
Light wafted on each odorif'rous wing
That winnows the breast of flowery spring!

How sweet the showers with balm replete!
The fawns that frolic, and lambs that bleat!
But O! above all, though all should meet,
Our Justice, our queen of sweets is sweet!

AIR XI.

TUNE—*To you fair ladies now on land.*

THE world, a faithless ocean, toss'd
By passion's stormy wind,
Is spread with spoils of thousands lost,
The wreck of human kind!
Where all the freight their vessels bear
Is but a wilful weight of care.
Dol lol, &c.

For what can Reason's feeble hand
Before the helm perform,
Where he can spy nor port, nor land,
To 'scape from stress or storm—
Where Hope, amid the raging main,
Her anchor casts,—but casts in vain?
Dol lol, &c.

O turn, misguided wights!—return
To us, who smile on shore!
To us, who yet your errours mourn,
Your safety who implore!
Your forfeit peace with us renew,
Who shed no tears—except for you.
Dol lol, &c.

AIR XII.

TUNE—*Twang dillo dee.*

BUT we to Nature who adhere, nor further bliss require,
To lop the root of all our care, we lop each vain desire.

We ask no cynic law, nor saw, nor scrolls of bearded men;
For Nature 's the most learned book that innocence can ken.

To baffle want, and sweeten toil, from debt and danger free;
We learn instruction from the ant, and the industrious bee.

From dogs we learn unfailing faith, affection from the dove;
And from the hen, who guards her chick, a parent's circling love.

And, last, we to all bounteous Heav'n our daily tribute yield;
Taught by the fragrant incense breath'd from ev'ry grateful field.

AIR XIII.

TUNE—*Ye commons and peers.*

THE time to beguile,
Now listen a while,
And I 'll show you an excellent plot;
How husband and wife,
Through the crosses of life,
May be held by the true-lover's knot.

As mortals are frail,
Let indulgence prevail,
And all mutual infirmities blot;
Let the husband but own
His wife errs not alone,
And I 'll vouch for the true-lover's knot.

My Dolly so bright,
Should your Hob, over night,
Be surpris'd by his pipe or his pot;
Let him sleep his dose out,
Nor, by scolding or pout,
Strive to lessen the true-lover's knot.

When your wives they grow grey,
And their graces decay,
Of all mortal beauty the lot;
Remember their youth,
And, by friendship and truth,
Make eternal the true-lover's knot.

AIR XIV.

TUNE—*A begging we will go.*

HOWEVER some in coaches, on barrows some may beg;
'T is want that makes the mendicant, and not the wooden leg.
When a begging they do go, &c.

'T is thus, by greater poverty, that nobles grow renown'd;
For where we want a penny, friend, state beggars want a pound.
And a begging they do go, &c.

Your courtier begs for honour—and that 's a want indeed!
As many should for honesty, but will not own the need.
When a begging they should go, &c.

Your vizier begs for subsidies, your party-man for place;
Your church-man, for a benefice;—but not a man for grace,
When a begging they do go, &c.

Thus all from Rome to London are of the begging train;
But we, who beg for charity—must look to beg in vain,
When a begging we do go, &c.

AIR XV.

TUNE—*Fie, let us awa to the wedding.*

YET many, when beggars are pressing,
Of bounty are nothing loth;
The bishop will give you—his blessing;
The officer give you—his oath,
Of his promise, to be a free donor,
The courtier is little nice;
And great-ones will give you—their honour!
For these are of little price.

AIR XVI.

TUNE—*A cobbler there was.*

YOU yet may behold the surprise of the town,
To see truth elated, dishonour pull'd down;
All tricks, low and little, despis'd by the great,
And honesty fix'd for a maxim of state!
Derry down, &c.

To see our lac'd lordlings deserving of trust;
Our clergymen pious, our justices just;
Our court ladies blush; and our thing of a beau,
A something, beside a mere nothing but show.
Derry down, &c.

To see worth and talents to office preferr'd;
The virtuous rewarded; the vicious deterr'd;
And the streams of polution, where people resort,
New fed from the clarify'd springs of our court.
Derry down, &c.

To see freedom loyal; elections unbrib'd;
All faction exil'd, and corruption proscrib'd:
Pure Nature exalted o'er masking and art;
And Dominion possess'd of its seat in the heart.
Derry down, &c.

To see Mirth, with Innocence, walking the land;
And Probity taking Free-trade by the hand;
And the courts of our law from iniquity clear,
O then, what a rare revolution were here!
Derry down, &c.

CHORUS.

And the courts, &c.

AIR XVII.

TUNE—*Chevy chase.*

BUT since by mortals 't is confess'd,
The shafts of Fate must fall;
I 'll take firm patience to my breast,
And smile, secure of all.

AIR XVIII.

TUNE—*Delia, by Arne.*

O FORM'D of harmony and light!
Too bright for sense to bear!
Art thou to feeling as to sight?
Essential as thou 'rt fair?

If some illusion from the skies,
In pity yet delay;
Nor melt, sweet object, from my eyes,
In fleeting air away!

AIR XIX.

TUNE—*Two gossips they luckily met.*

THE Indies thy toilet shall grace;
For thee shall earth, ocean, and air,
From the gin, and the net, and the chase,
Each costly collation prepare.

All seasons their sweets shall dispense,
And a round of long happiness roll;
And bliss, through the gates of each sense,
Shall enter and mix with thy soul.

Fair Phœbe shall light up her horn,
To watch the repose of thy charms;
And each blushing and rapturous morn
Shall find thee reclin'd in my arms.

AIR XX.

TUNE—*Who 'll see my gallantee show.*

I 'LL first present you a prime minister,
Free from thought or action sinister!
Public good his square and measure;
Himself his country's trust and treasure.
And is not this a show?

Here 's humility in high station!
Dignity strip'd of ostentation!
Friendship, here, outgoes profession;
Here is pow'r, without oppression!
Oh, the finest show!

Who 'll see honesty in a miser?
Fops, from France, return the wiser?
Wealthy poets, and poor receivers?
Lawyers in future rewards believers?
Oh, the curious show!

Here 's dependance, without servility;
Peers, to virtue who owe nobility;
Next, where piety weds with prelacy:
But you scarce will credit, till you see,
Such a wondrous show!

AIR XXI.

TUNE—*Poddreen mare.*

COME all you gay gallants, for pleasure who prowl!
Come all you young racers, who strain for the goal!
Come all you stout wrestlers, who strive on the plain!
Come all you fond merchants, who trade on the main!
Come all, who expend your short candle, in quest
Of phantoms, still follow'd, but still unpossess'd!
In vain you search, wander, strain, struggle, and steer!
The prize you all wrestl'd, and run for, lay here.

[*Two trifling airs omitted here.*]

AIR XXIV.

TUNE—*My father and mother sent me far,*

FOR lo! her wealth all spent on want,
Where Charity's reclin'd!
The moving tale of wretchedness
Still rolling in her mind.
Her sighs and tears are still a fund
Of bounty to distress;
And she delights to share the woe
She can no more redress.

AIR XXV.

TUNE—*My dog and my gun.*

ON what a firm rock here does fortitude fix!
Around him, in war, all the elements mix!
The hurricane rages! the tempest it boils!
Loud thunders are lanch'd at his head—and he smiles!

AIR XXVI.

TUNE—*Æneas wandering prince of Troy.*

HUMILITY, her crown aside,
Here stoops to wash the feet of Pride.
Averse from all the world calls great,
She fain would fall, and sink from state!
But sink or fall, howe'er she will,
She finds the world beneath her still.

AIR XXVII.

TUNE—*Past one o'clock.*

How mild, in this ruby, pale Chastity flushes;
And tinctures with crimson her form of light!
Unconscious of guilt;—at her beauty she blushes,
And wraps each proportion and charm from sight.
All hush'd as rock'd infants, all sweet as the folding rose, [disclose!
Her lips, with reluctance, the balm of her breath
Her eyes look abash'd at their brightness, yet still she shows
Brighter by veiling whate'er is bright!

AIR XXVIII.

TUNE—*The bonny Christ-church bells.*

WOULD you wear this pearl so rare?
Then, fair one, *list to me,*
First learn the skill your tongue to still;
And leave the name and honest frame of others free.
Your tittle-tattle, prate and prattle—rake and rattle, all
Due victims to this pearl must fall.
Your joys in toys, of folly, fops, and noise,
That, noon and night, the toy-shop of your heart employs;
The side-long glance, and kindling dance,
Mine'd mien, and conscious eye; [show;
With foibles which, you know, in shame I spare to
A price, I fear, too high.

AIR XXIX.

TUNE—*Bumpers, 'squire Jones.*

SINCE, sir, you require
Me with freedom to tell you the price I desire;
If duly obey'd,
I must claim all your shifts,
Mean resources, sly drifts,
And whole system of trade.
Each method of weaving
Court nets for enslaving;
Your chaffer for conscience, by barter and lure:
State quacks, and state nurses;
Your purging of purses;
And skinning of wounds, which you wish not to cure.

Each subtle essay
Of spreading corruption, in order for sway;
All projects for rule,
By the bate and the bribe,
And political tribe,
Of trick, traffic, and tool.
Your court-broom, that gathers
Motes, chaff, straw, and feathers,
And sweeps up all trash from the surface of life.
With your largess of graces,
Posts, pensions, and places,
Where talents and office are ever at strife.

With these, I must claim
Your entry of red-coated gentry, who dream
That heroes are made,
And enabl'd to kill,
By the courage and skill
Of a dreadful cockade!
A race, who are prouder
To spend their *sweet powder*
At *balls*, than on *bullets*,—a terrible train
Of crimp petit-maitres,
Nice seamsters and plaiters,
Beau'd out, for the dance of a dainty campaign!

AIR XXX.

TUNE—*Ye fairy elves that be.*

COME follow, follow me,
You jolly boys all, who be
Divested of constraint,
From mortify'd saw, or saint!
To pleasure and boundless licence free,
Come follow, follow, follow me!
Come all to measureless licence free,
And follow, follow, follow me!

Let lean-ey'd honesty bear
His merited weight of care;
And phlegm and conscience dwell
In cynical tub, or cell;
But all ye lovers of game and glee,
And feast and frolic, come follow me!
To Nature's measureless licence free,
Come follow, follow, follow me!

The pedanted priest, who fain
Would ride, but wants a rein;
To moral us into control,
Would sour the jovial soul!
The priest is cunning, and so are we;
Then priest and people, come follow me!
From scruple and qualm, and conscience free,
Come follow, follow me!

AIR XXXI.

TUNE—*Tiptelera.*

THESE gauntlets, we understand,
From *annals, time out of mind,*
Have giv'n due weight to each hand
Of the bruisers of mankind.
Still apt to his occupation
Whom no restriction awes;
Whose courage would cuff a nation,
And quell both land and laws.

AIR XXXII.

TUNE—*Ye commons and peers.*

BEHOLD, from old times,
Through all customs, and climes,
The meed of ambition and pride!
'T is a gift, my good sirs,
For him who, with spurs,
On the back of his country would ride.
Dol de rol, &c.

[*A trifling air omitted here.*]

AIR XXXIV.

TUNE—*Ye fairy elves that be.*

DUET BETWEEN JUSTICE AND JACK.

ARISE, arise, arise!
Each shape, and sort, and size

Of honesty, where ye lie,
Unheeded, on dank or dry;
From cottages, shades, and sheds, to court,
My brothers of worth, and want, resort!
Arise to labour, arise to play,
For virtue dawns a new-born day!
CHORUS. Arise to labour, &c.

To court, to court repair;
Though destitute, poor, and bare;
And yet unskill'd in aught
That Euclid or Machiavel taught.
By naked probity, you acquire
A garb beyond the silk of Tyre;
And more than talents, and more than art,
Is furnish'd in an upright heart!
CHORUS. And more than, &c.

Let jollity e'en devour
His interval of an hour;
Yet pity his transient roar,
For list—and he laughs no more!
The purest pleasures that guilt can bring,
Are like the tickling of a sting;
The tickling leaves no sweet behind;
The sting remains, and stabs the mind!
CHORUS. The tickling leaves, &c.

But virtue, in the breast,
Composes her halcyon nest;
And sooths and smooths each storm,
That would the fair seat deform;
Herself most frolic, and sweetly free
To cordial jollity, cordial glee!
The fountain of all that 's bless'd and bright;
Of orient pleasure, of orient light!
CHORUS. The fountain, &c.

And from this mental dawn,
O'er village, and lake, and lawn;
New radiance shall expand,
To brighten each dusky land;
While truth, from this approving stage,
Shall beam through ev'ry act and age!

CHORUS.

While truth, from this approving stage,
Shall beam through ev'ry act and age.

FROM

THE EARL OF WESTMORLAND.

THE INSIDE OF THE ABBEY.

Rowena and Nuns ranged on each side, with tapers.

ANTHEM.

HERE, in ev'ry sacred aisle,
Solemn walk, and silent cell,
Truth and Peace serenely smile,
Hope and warm Devotion dwell.

Safely landed, here we mourn,
Found'ring mortals, left behind;
Wretches, on the deep forlorn,
Toss'd and wreck'd with ev'ry wind.

What has grandeur to supply,
What has pleasure to impart?
Mere illusion to the eye,
Real anguish to the heart!

Here, from time and transience won,
Beauty has her charms resign'd;
Heav'n already is begun,
Opening in an humble mind.

Fount of truth, seraphic bowl,
Pour the nectar from above!
O, descend into the soul,
Thirsting after life and love!

Death is conquer'd, time is pass'd,
Heav'n is present to our view—
Welcome, welcome, joys that last!
Short seducing world, adieu!

FUNERAL PROCESSION, AND DIRGE.

WRETCHED mortals, doom'd to go
Through the vale of death and woe!
Let us travel sad and slow.

Care and sickness, toil and pain,
Here their restless vigils keep:
Sighs are all the winds that blow,
Tears are all the streams that flow!
Virtue hopes reward in vain—
The gentlest lot she can obtain,
Is but to sit and weep!

Ye dreary mansions of enduring sleep,
Where pale mortality lies dark and deep!
Thou silent, though insatiate grave,
Gorg'd with the beauteous and the brave,
Close, close thy maw—thy feast is o'er,
Time and death can give no more!

In Rowena thou hast
Thy consummate repast!
All that Earth could boast divine,
All we held of Heav'n is thine!
Time and death no more can gain—
They have all perfection slain!
O grave, thy festival is o'er;
The beggar'd world can give no more!

SONG OF CONSOLATION.

YE desolate mortals who stray,
Dark, devious, and wilfully blind;
O turn, and distinguish the way
That leads to the bliss of mankind!

The titles ye falsely assign,
With their symbols are ever at strife;
And death, by appointment divine,
Is our birth and our portal to life.

The Framer of Nature from chaos and night,
Who drew yon fair system of order and light,
On extremes hath the plan of his universe built,
On frailty perfection, and pardon on guilt; [pain,
And through the short transience of death and of
Appoints human weakness to rise and to reign.

CHORUS.

'T is virtue, 't is virtue, o'er grief and the grave,
That rises secure and sublime;
The prize that eternity watches to save
From the wrecks and the ruins of time!

FROM MONTEZUMA.

HYMN TO BEAUTY.

Tell us, ye gods, what power is this,
That rules with such resistless sway;
To whom the mightiest bow submiss,
Whom crowds adore, whom kings obey?

It is the power of Beauty's charm,
That can all other powers subdue,
The savage tame, the fierce disarm,
And teach subjected pride to sue.

Great monarch! if you haply find
The force of her enchantment here,
Her temples with your garland bind,
And crown her empress of the year.

INCANTATION.

Moon, pale regent of the night,
Goddess of each magic rite—
In this dread and dreary hour
Aid us with thy light and power!

O, ye stars, ye seeds of light,
Radiant gems of gloomy night,
In whose ever-varying round
Present, past, and future 's found;
Who, in characters, comprise
Falls of kingdoms, ere they rise,
To our favour'd sight reveal [ceal!
Whate'er, from vulgar eyes, with caution ye con-

Ye spirits infernal, dark partners of woe!
Ye demons, who wield ebon sceptres below!
Ye goblins and fairies, or dusky or fair,
Who mine in the earth, or who dance in the air!

My wand demands ye, from Hell, earth, and skies—
Arise, arise, arise!

[*A terrestial Spirit ascends.*]

Spirit.—Prince, mourn your search—your gods are all control'd;
Silent, and bow'd before superior power!
I dare no more. [*Descends.*

High Priest.—Hence, dark and dastard sprite!—
Calib, my ever-smiling friend!
Circled with radiant light, descend;
Our bosoms with thy wonted tidings cheer,
Speak comfort to our heart, and music to our ear!

[*Calib descends in white, and sings.*]

Mighty emperor, attend;
Heavy, heavy things impend!
Many a conflict, many a fight,
Desolation, fear, and flight,
Loss of empire, life, and light,
All rush upon my sight!

Yet, through the horrours of this threat'ning sky,
One radiant beam I spy.
It comes, the singly smiling hour,
That puts our Indian world again into thy power!

They stand, they stand,
Within thine hand,
This horrid, hostile, ruthless band—
Strike, strike, and save the land! [*Ascends.*

SONG OF TRIUMPH AND THANKSGIVING,

BY PRIESTS AND PRIESTESSES.

Thunder sleeps—the storm is o'er;
War and terrour are no more.
See their horrid hosts retire—
Fainting worlds again respire!
By our conq'ring hero fell'd,
Spain is shackled, force is quell'd!
Peace revisits India's shore—
Thunder sleeps—the storm is o'er!

CHORUS.

Peace revisits, &c.

Now, through ev'ry glen and glade,
In the sunshine, in the shade,
Vacant innocence shall stray,
Fearing neither wile nor way!
Sons shall laugh within the shed,
By their sires and grandsires spread;
Peace shall slumber, toil shall snore—
Wars and terrours are no more.

CHORUS.

Peace shall, &c.

In wedlock, again, loving pairs shall be tied,
And children shall run by their glad father's side;
Long poles shall be fix'd, where the minstrel shall sound, [around;
And where holy-day crowds shall dance cheerly
Birds shall chirp in the groves, and beasts frisk in the plain, [Spain.
Nor be scar'd by the thunders and lightnings of
Through our clime, mirth shall carol, and laughter shall roar;
For war, tumult, terrour, and Spain are no more!

CHORUS.

Through our clime, &c.

THE FOX-CHASE.

Young Marcus with the lark salutes the morn—
"Saddle your horses, huntsman; wind your horn."
We start, we rise at the enliv'ning sound—
The woods all ring—and wind the horn around:
We snatch a short repast within the hall;
"To horse! to horse!"—We issue at the call.
As when, to rid his country from alarms
Of Russian inroads, and of Gallic arms,

Great Prussia bids the patriot trump to blow,
The free-born gather, and around him glow:
So, at the call of Marcus—grateful sound—
Men, steeds, and dogs, tumult'ous pour around.
The youth upon their coursers vault with grace;
The coursers neigh, impatient for the chase:
Their short and eager steps the bit restrains:
They paw and pant, reluctant to the reins.
Unfolding gates a spacious passage yield—
Forward we move, and issue to the field.
Far within cover thoughtless Reynard lay,
And slept the riots of the night away.
Late, from the ravage of a neighb'ring farm,
He had withdrawn, impenitent of harm;
The tainted gales his felon steps pursue,
And tell his travels to the conscious dew.
But he, whom many a 'scape had render'd sure,
For slights and wiles unrivall'd, slept secure,
In unsuspecting spirits blithe and bland,
Nor dreams the dreadful reck'ning is at hand.
Trueman, whom for sagacious nose we hail
The chief, first touch'd the scarce-distinguish'd gale;
His tongue was doubtful, and no hound replies:
"Haux! — wind him! — haux!" — the tuneful huntsman cries.
At once the list'ning pack asunder spread,
With tail erect, and with inquiring head:
With busy nostrils they foretaste their prey,
And snuff the lawn-impearling dews away.
Now here, now there, they chop upon the scent,
Their tongues in undulating ether spent:
More joyous now, and louder by degrees,
Warm, and more warm, they catch the coming breeze.
Now with full symphony they jointly hail
The welcome tidings of a surer gale;
Along the vale they pour the swelling note;
Their ears and dewlaps on the morning float.
How vainly art aspires, by rival sounds,
To match the native melody of hounds!
Not eunuchs, warbling in the vocal choir,
Though join'd by pipe and string, such bliss inspire,
When with joint sense they quaff the tainted gale,
And in full concert ring their morning peal:
The list'ning planets from their orbits bend,
And the still elements with joy attend.
Again the doubtful scent our hope defeats:
"To cover—hark!"—the huntsman's voice repeats.
Wide on the left a neighb'ring copse was spread,
And thither th' obsequious pack he led.
But more aloof the parting sportsmen scout,
Watch ev'ry path, and skirt the wood about.
The huntsman now, with expectation flush, [bush:
"Haux, fox!" he cries, and strikes the hopeful
To cover straight the spreading hounds now take,
Snuff ev'ry tuft, and spy in ev'ry brake.
Again the breeze betrays the tainted ground,
And Lovely tells the gladsome tidings round;
"Hark!—Lovely!—hark!"—deep echoing glens resound.
Ah, hapless foxes! ever blind to fate!
Without a cause dejected and elate.
Darkling ye walk, unconscious of your end,
Nor mark the gath'ring mischiefs that impend!
The shrewd and simple share an equal lot—
In death the wizard finds himself a sot.
That luckless morn, when first along the glade
The tell-tale dews his nightly steps betray'd,
Wrapp'd in soft slumbers Reynard press'd his bed,
And there on visionary poultry fed.
He dream'd, as by a neighb'ring grange he crept,
Crouch'd while he mov'd, and linger'd as he stept,
Two virgin pullets fix'd his side regard,
Plump from the sounding barn and pamp'ring yard:
Near, and more near, he steals with winking eyes,
Then springs at once, and seizes on his prize.
Loud piercing screams th' affrighted welkin fill,
And down his jaws the luscious streams distil.
Ev'n in this rapturous moment, while his taste
Gorg'd the full riot of a fancy'd feast,
Lovely's near note, far echoing, pierc'd his ears—
He wakes, and inward shrinks to shun his fears.
Upward he starts—erects his ears—and then
Hears the loud "Hark!"—and down he sinks again.
Trembling he strives to re-assure his heart
With a fresh promise of long prosp'ring art;
Then with sly caution, crouching as he rose,
From his warm kennel's ancient seat he goes;
The seat to which he shall return no more,
Now with chill moss and dropping branches hoar.
Through frizzled thickets, and through yielding sprays,
He thwarts each path, and treads a puzzling maze.
So steer'd, some devious vessel shifts her sail,
And, veering, gains upon th' adverse gale.
Now, from the mansion of his late repose
Rank steams and reeking exhalations rose;
The tepid vapours are diffus'd around,
And reach the nerves of each inquiring hound:
With answering notes, their heads tow'rds Heav'n they cast,
And in full concert hail the rich repast.
The sculking caitiff, who beneath the spread
Of fav'ring umbrage veil'd his luckless head,
Close at his ear believes the distant peals,
And a whole host of demons at his heels.
His instant terrours cast all wiles away,
He breaks from cover, and demands the day:
O'er the fair field he flies his num'rous foes,
And down the wind, as swift as wind he goes.
A watchful scout his bold elopement spies—
"Ho!—tally-ho!"—triumphantly he cries.
His rash alarm the gen'rous Marcus blames—
"Law!—give him law!"—as loudly he exclaims.
The distant sportsmen gather at the shout,
As bees they buzz and close their chief about;
The fervid youth attending crowd the plain,
And bind the crested coursers to the rein. [throats,
The choiring hounds, with deep harmonious
Fill the charm'd wood, and swell the doubling notes;
Sweeter than those of that enchanting strain
That still'd the surge on the Trinacrian main,
When to the mast, the Grecian, wisely bound,
Scarce dar'd the tempting magic of the sound.
The dogs, a travers'd labyrinth unwind,
Subtler than that which Dædalus design'd;
By slow degrees the doubling wile is won,
Trac'd through the shade, and push'd into the sun;
There the broad airs a livelier scent assume,
And greet their senses with a full perfume.
Then, as a shaft from the withholding thong,
They shoot away, and pour the plains along.
No more the youth their eager steeds restrain;
Ardent they start, and loose the granted rein:
The steeds spring forth, and from the rein unbound,
Devour the less'ning distance of the ground;
They stretch and strain each nerve and active limb,
Sweep down the slopes, and o'er the levels skim.
Their force a gen'rous emulation fires;
Beneath our speed the fleeting earth retires.

In a glad frenzy we attempt the sky;
Nor seem to run, or ride, but mount and fly!
Now lightly o'er opposing walls we bound,
Clear the broad trench, and top the rising mound:
No stop, no time for respite or recess;
On, and still on, fox, dogs, and horses press.
The hounds outbreath'd, from their late tuneful throat
Now break—half short—the disappointed note.
Now o'er the smoking vale each gen'rous steed
Relaxes from the fervour of his speed:
Push'd up the bray, indignantly they feel
The clanking lash, and the retorted steel;
Then down the steep with quick'ning rapture go,
And stretch and sweat upon the plain below.
Athwart one way a tumbling stream was laid
That to the lake its daily tribute paid:
Here the first stop our rapid course delays,
And with a grateful interruption stays.
Upon the bank, in watchful silence still,
We breathe the rising freshness of the rill;
We pant—we drop our languid limbs—and all,
Like fainting Cephalus, on Aura call.
Dark as a mist that to the distant view
Caps the brown mountains with a murky blue;
So from our steeds the thick'ning vapours rise,
Infold their riders, and obscure the skies.
The glowing dogs, forgetful of their foe,
Full on the stream their headlong bodies throw,
Like iron on the whizzing smithy flung,
And lap, and pant, and loll the length'ning tongue.
Now, from the west, a livelier gale upsprings,
And with new nerves each listless member strings.
In terms still varying their harmonious sounds,
The huntsman calls, and cheers his circling hounds.
Now up, now down, now cross the stream he beats—
"Haux!—wind him!—haux!—Fox, find him!" he repeats.
Now round and round a fruitless search he plies,
And now a tour of wider circuit tries.
But no intelligence rewards his care;
No note confess'd the fox was ever there—
As though some opening gulf had gorg'd our prey,
Or sudden power had snatch'd him quite away.
But Reynard, hotly push'd, and close pursu'd,
Yet fruitful in expedients to elude,
When to the bourn's refreshing bank he came,
Had plung'd, all reeking, in the friendly stream.
The folding waves his failing pow'rs restore,
And close the gates of every fuming pore.
Then down the channel, over flats and steeps,
He steals, and trots—or wades, or swims, or creeps;
Till, where the pebbled shores the surges break,
He quits his feet, and lunches on the lake.
As when some coasting skiff, with shatter'd geers,
A cautious course 'twixt land and ocean steers,
Fearful alike on either dang'rous hand
To trust the boist'rous sea or faithless land:
Possess'd of equal fears and equal lore,
So Reynard coasts aloof, and shuns the shore,
Lest the uncover'd odour should exhale,
And tell sure tidings to the trait'rous gale.
Not distant far, upon the beach there stood
The hoary growth of a majestic wood,
Whose age of oak and intervening yew
Not the great-grandsires of the living knew:
The flooring, deep beneath the distant shade,
With thorn and frizzling brush was thick inlaid,
While clamouring rooks, scarce heard above our head,
Amid the cloud-commingling branches bred.
Here Reynard lands, all dripping from the lake,
And seeks the shelter of his wonted brake.
Arriv'd, he shakes, and rolls, and turns him round;
Then entering, sinks o'ertoil'd upon the ground:
Stretch'd at full length, secure of care he lies,
And instant slumbers seal his willing eyes.
The chop-fall'n hounds meantime are heard no more,
But silent range along the winding shore.
Hopeless alike the hunters lag behind,
And give all thoughts of Reynard to the wind—
All, save one wily rival of his art,
Who vows unpitying vengeance ere they part.
Along the coast his watchful course he bent,
Careful to catch and wind the thwarting scent;
And last, to make his boastful promise good,
Enter'd the precincts of the fatal wood.
There, through the gloom, he leads one hopeless train,
And cheers the long-desponding pack in vain;
Till Ringwood first the faint effluvia caught,
And with loud tongue reform'd their old default.
Rous'd at the swell of that reviving sound,
Our hopes rekindle, and our hearts rebound!
Eager we spread through furze and mingling brush,
And lash the woof of each afflicted bush;
While here and there the busy dogs reveal
The languid tidings of the dubious gale.
Meanwhile the fox, unconscious of the chase,
Repair'd his late fatigues, and slept in peace;
Nor mark'd the cry of many a hostile tongue
That through the copious forest loudly rung,
Till a bold youth approach'd his thoughtless bed,
And struck the bower that trembl'd o'er his head.
As when amaz'd upstarted Manoah's heir,
Shorn of his strength and his enchanted hair,
While his peal'd ears receiv'd the hostile sound
Of shouting foes that girt his couch around;
So Reynard wakes with sudden horrours chill,
Scant of his force, and shorten'd of his skill.
Bold through despair, he breaks at once away,
Bounds through the brush, and rushes into day!
The fields, the shores, the hills, each wood resounds
With echoing hunters, and with op'ning hounds:
Rocks, waters, undulating air, and sky,
Become one peal, and propagate the cry.
From the firm land, and from the trembling lake,
Full on our ears the tuneful thunders break,
Roll o'er the waves, and strike the distant coast,
And far beyond, mid heav'n-top'd hills, are lost.
Again we start, we bound, we stretch amain,
O'er the brown heath, and o'er the bright champaign:
Again o'er gates we fly, through hedges rush,
Through moorlands labour, and through thickets push.
Intense again our gath'ring fervour grows—
Again the coursers smoke—the rider glows:
Distinguish'd steeds their fellow steeds outwind,
And leave their late associates far behind;
While laggard hounds, that form a lengthen'd train,
Ruh, hoarse and mute, and panting o'er the plain.
O'erbreath'd we come where, 'twixt impending hills,
Ran the joint current of two gurgling rills;
On either hand, adown each fearful steep,
Hung forth the shaggy horrours, dark and deep:
Here, through brown umbrage, glow'd the vivid green,
And headlong slopes, and winding paths between;
Growth above many a growth, tall trees arose,
The tops of these scarce veil'd the roots of those;

A winding court, where wand'ring Fancy walk'd,
And to herself responsive Echo talk'd.
Here stay'd again, we hail the kind delay,
And down the shadowy paths delighted stray;
The gath'ring pack unite, and enter in,
Then spread, and pierce the darkness of the glen.
Now here, now there, now sole, and now combin'd,
They catch the wand'ring odour from the wind;
Through many a traverse, many-twirling maze,
And all the wondrous wisdom of his ways,
The fox they trace, unrav'ling as they go,
Discreetly sure, and musically slow;
Now in joint harmony they pour their notes,
And echo answers from ten thousand throats.
From hill to hill, with replicated sounds,
The peal rolls down the glen, and still rebounds,
Packs beyond packs seem sweetly to reply,
And waft to distant climes the less'ning cry.
At length, from path to path, and glade to glade,
Midst woven thickets and impending shade,
Through the steep wilderness their way they won,
And reach'd the shelve that open'd to the Sun:
Then up the slope they speed them, swift as wind,
As swift the hunters press, and shout behind.
But now no more our coursers pull the rein
O'er the firm greensward, or expanded plain,
Through rude and craggy grounds, through miry clay,
We urge with peril our o'erlabour'd way.
Cast, here and there, along the dang'rous course,
Lies spread the rider, and the flound'ring horse;
But onward still the foremost press, nor mind
To ask for luckless friends that limp behind.
At last the bottom of a mount we reach'd,
Whose top from sea to sea its prospect stretch'd,
And seem'd a look of stately scorn to throw
On the proud works of little men below.
With half a pack, and scarcely half a train,
We dare all dangers, and all toil disdain;
The dogs near faint, yet still on slaughter bent,
With tongues abrupt avow the burning scent;
The pendent cliffs audaciously essay,
And trot, or crawl, or climb their desp'rate way.
While, slanting, we avoid the headlong deep,
Yet bend, press on, and labour up the steep.
Where the brow beetling from the mountain sprung,
With stunted thorn and shaggy rocks o'erhung,
Beneath whose base a sanded bench, with shade
Of furze and tangling thicket was o'erlaid,
Reynard his palace kept, his regal seat,
His fort of sure resource, and last retreat;
The rest were but the mansions of a night,
For casual respite, or for fresh delight.
Here a vulcanian Cacus erst was said
To hale the carcasses whose blood he shed;
Or as in rolls of old romance we read
Of rav'ning giants, an enormous breed,
With grizly bones who hung their spacious bower,
Dire trophies of their cruelty and pow'r:
So bones and blood did Reynard's hall distain,
And whit'ning skeletons confess'd the slain;
Hens, leverets, lambs—sad trophies of his art,
His raging appetite, and ruthless heart.
To this dread fort, with many a hard essay,
We win with peril our o'er-labour'd way;
At length our journey, not our work, is done,
The way indeed, but not the fort is won.
Here had the felon earth'd;—with many a hound
And many a horse we gird his hold around:
The hounds 'fore Heav'n their accusation spread,
And cry for justice on his caitiff head.
Meanwhile, with cutlasses we clear each bush
Of platted blackthorn, and of stubborn brush,
Remove the covert of befriending night,
And on the cavern's entrance pour the light.—
Aghast, and trembling in the burst of day,
With haggard eyes the shrinking savage lay;
In vain he glares his desp'rate glance around,
No scape—no stratagem—no hope is found!
"He dies!—he dies!" the echoing hills reply,
And the loud triumph rends the vaulted sky.

REDEMPTION.

A POEM.

It comes; the wish'd, the long-expected morn—
"Thou Son of Man, thou Son of God, be born!"
Lo, he descends, and bows the yielding skies:
To meet him, the exulting valleys rise:
Death shrinks and trembles, fearing to be slain;
And all Hell quakes throughout its deep domain.
Yet comes he not, array'd in worldly show,
Nor in the weakness of man's power below:
In human flesh, his Godhead he conceals;
In human form, immensity he veils:
Eternal, he assumes a mortal frame:
And, in subjection, lo, the world's supreme!
'T is come; the day of health, the saving morn—
The Son of God, the Babe of Love is born!
Behold, all Heaven descends upon the wing,
And choiring angels "Glory, glory!" sing;
"Glory to God, from whom such bounties flow!
And peace on Earth, good-will to man below!"
"Tidings we bring, glad tidings of free grace,
Tidings of joy to all of human race!
The promis'd day is come, the great event—
To you a child is born, a son is sent;
A Saviour, Christ, the lowly, the supreme,
Gracious to pardon, mighty to redeem!
Within his hand the nations shall be weigh'd,
The world upon his infant-shoulder laid.
His name is Wonderful; he shall be styl'd
The God of Power, the all-embracing child;
Th' embosom'd Sun, whose inward beam imparts
Wisdom to souls, the Counseller of hearts,
Whose days nor know commencement nor increase;
The everlasting Father, Prince of Peace!
Your saving God, in Bethlehem ye shall find,
Swath'd in a crib, on humbling straw reclin'd;
He, who all things unites and comprehends,
To stable with his lowliest brutes descends.
Your songs, your songs, ye morning stars, employ;
And, all ye sons of glory, shout for joy!"
Approaching seraphim the babe surround,
And, with adoring reverence, bow profound;
Amaz'd to see their Infinite confin'd,
The Ancient of all days in infancy enshrin'd.
With wond'ring eye, they pierce his filmy skin
And lucid flesh, when, lo, a Heaven within,
Wide as the round where yonder planets roll,
Though stretch'd to infinite from either pole;
Love, to whose depth no measure can descend;
And bliss, encircling blessings, without end.
See the dear, little, helpless, mighty hands,
So meekly yielded to maternal bands!
'T is theirs the powers of darkness to repel,
To crush the pride of Earth, and wrath of Hell;

To lift the fall'n, to prop the feeble knee,
To set the pris'ners of his Israel free;
To burst the iron gates of sin and pain,
To number time and death among the slain;
Captive to lead captivity on high,
Follow'd by blood-bought myriads through the sky;
His kingdom in eternal peace to found,
And beam forth blessings without end or bound.

Ye sophists, who, with scientific lore,
Nature's recluse arcana would explore;
Who, in your dreams of fancy, mould and wield
The mazy worlds of yon empyreal field,
And boast to have retrac'd, by reason's force,
Th' unmeasur'd chain of sequels to their source;
Come forward with your length and depth of thought,
And see all human learning set at nought:
Here, try to mete, to compass, to define,
And plumb your God with your five-fathom'd line!
Ye mighty too, beneath whose tyrant brow
Pale vassals shake, and servile nations bow,
Perish your pride! and let your glories fade!
Lo, Nature's monarch in a manger laid!
Behold, the Word, at whose creative might
The Heavens and Earth sprung forth to form and light,
In love descends, unutterably mild,
And smiles the world's salvation—in a child!

No clarions yet proclaim him King of Kings;
No ensigns speak him the Supreme of things:
Humbly he lays his purple robe aside,
Until, for man, it shall in blood be dy'd;
Nor shall the crown his regal brow adorn,
Till his love twist it of the pointed thorn!

Ah, Father, Author, God of boundless grace!
What, what is man, with all his recreant race,
That they with thine own Jesus should be weigh'd;
And, for their ransom, such a price be paid?

'T is true, that man from his Creator came
All-bright, as from the Sun his effluent beam;
Lord of these Heavens and Earth, the seas that flow,
The lands that germinate, and stars that glow.
Lovely without, and glorious all within,
He knew no sorrow, for he knew no sin:
His will was with the Father's will inform'd;
His love was with the love of Jesus warm'd;
The Eternal Light, that lights the solar ray,
Shed forth the peace of his diviner day;
He felt the bliss of the supremely bless'd,
And God's own Heaven was open'd in his breast.

But ah! he yet was frail, nor understood
There 's but one Will, all-just, all-wise, all-good;
The Will, throughout the universe, who knows,
Alone, to make, to fit, and to dispose.
The wretch, who dares a diff'rent will to frame,
Brings war into the works of Heaven's supreme;
Of pow'r would e'en Omnipotence defraud,
And blasts his being in the will of God.

Hence, man, so great, so glorious, and so good,
Was tempted from the tow'r in which he stood,
Lur'd by external baits of sensual taste,
He wish'd to gratify, he long'd to feast;
The good of his subjected world to know;
Distinct from God, to win a Heav'n below;
To found a new dominion of his own,
And reign sufficient to himself alone.

"Ingrate—O stop thee on the headlong brink!
Ere thou dost take the fearful venture,—think!
Think, from the God thou wishest to forego,
All that thou art, thy bliss and being flow;
And, can the creatures yield thee, should they list,
More than the source where thou and they exist?
Of thy Creator if thou art bereft,
Think, to redeem, no other God is left!"
He listens not,—th' infernal powers impel:
He long'd, he pluck'd, he tasted—and he fell.

O, what a fall! a steep from high to low!
Extremes of bliss, to what extremes of woe!
Plump, from his Heav'n, this second angel fell
Down his own depth, his God-abandon'd Hell:
Horrour of horrours! darkness and despair!
He look'd for comfort—but no gleam was there!

O Love, Love, Love! stupendous, wide and steep!
High o'er all heights, below damnation deep!
In vain the desp'rate rebel would essay,
From thee to tear his being, far away
Thy saving hand arrests his prone career;
For, to thy presence, ev'ry place is—here!

For him thou hadst prepar'd a mediate seat,
Meet for his taste, and fitting to his state;
A seat of fleshy organs, gross and frail,
To dissolution doom'd, and form'd to fail.

He wakes to a new world, and, with new eyes,
Sees unknown elements, and unknown skies;
The husk and surface of that bless'd abode,
Where late he dwelt, internal, with his God.

He turns his eyes upon his carnal frame,
And sees it, all, a seat of filth and shame;
Fellow'd with brutes, with brutes to take his bed,
Like brutes to propagate, be born, and fed:
But diff'rent far the table and the treat;
Earth is their Heav'n, their home, and native seat:
For brutes, unearn'd, the ready banquet lies,
Apt to their taste, and obvious to their eyes;
But man must wring it from a grudging soil,
And win scant sustenance with sweat and toil.

He looks abroad, and sees the new-dropp'd fawn
Cloth'd without care, and frisking on the lawn;
But finds his own new carcass bleak and bare,
And shiv'ring in a strange and hostile air.
Yet know, O man, that all which can betide
From hard-fang'd avarice, or o'erbearing pride,
That art can compass from the flood or field,
All that these four-fold elements can yield,
Is barely to afford thee warmth and bread,
Like fellow brutes to be array'd and fed;
But ah, all, all, incapable, as wind,
To yield one morsel to the famish'd mind!

This the wretch finds (beguil'd by devilish fraud)
The sum of all, for which he left his God;
The sum of all the good—he yet was blind
To half the evils that came close behind.

Late lord of land and water, air and flame,
He wielded, at his will, their cumbrous frame;
Could pierce Earth's dark and various entrails through;
Could call forth all their wonders to his view;
Through minim forms th' internal maze could trace,
And lift the broad-back'd mountains from their base.
To him of ev'ry foliage, flow'r, and blade,
The fabric, use, and beauty, lay display'd;
Of living specks he pierc'd the fine machine,
And open'd to himself the world within;
Saw all with glory, as with skill, replete,
And trac'd the artist to his inmost seat.

But now, fall'n, fall'n from his imperial tow'r,
'Reft of his glory, empty'd of his pow'r;
Degraded, hurl'd from his celestial steep,
And sunk in flesh, a dungeon dark and deep;
(Distance immense in nature, not in space,
But wider, wider far, than place from place!)

Th' insulting elements their lord control,
And cast their four-fold fetters round his soul.
Dethron'd, debas'd, without as from within,
Enslav'd by matter, since enslav'd by sin,
Corruption to its kindred mass lays claim,
And, ent'ring, seizes his devoted frame.
Distemper follows, with his gloomy throng,
Bearing pests, stings, and fires, and racks along;
Languor that saps, and rueful throes that grind;
With Death, who shakes the certain dart behind.
Already, o'er the sad subjected wight,
The lordly elements exert their right;
And on his limbs their baneful influence cast,
Parch'd in the beam, or shiv'ring in the blast:
While high o'er head, the gath'ring vapours frown,
And on his anguish look unpitying down;
Then flash in thunders, or in tempest pour,
And on his members dash the pelting show'r.
But worse, far worse within, black storms infest
And shake the sphere of his benighted breast.
Still, round and round, the whirling passions tend,
And his sad heart with horrid conflict rend;
Impatience, rage, despair, untam'd desire,
And hate, impregnate with infernal fire:
He calls for death, and would have ruin hurl'd
At Heav'n, himself, the tempter, and the world.
But God, THE ONE ETERNAL THIRST TO BLESS,
Ey'd his estate, and pity'd his distress.
"Adam," he said, and look'd unmeasur'd grace,
"Adam, thou 'rt fall'n, and fall'n is all thy race!
Such as the tree is, such will be the fruit;
The branch must bear the flavour of the root.
"Late I was in thee love, and pow'r, and will;
My glory did thy soul and body fill;
But, laps'd from me, thy spirit and thy frame
Sink to the principles from whence they came—
Thy soul to its own helpless fierce desire,
A rueful whirl of dark tormenting fire!
Thy body to the grossness of its birth,
Corruption to corruption, earth to earth!
"If, in thy strength, thou didst not hold thy state,
How shall thy weakness reassume its seat?
How, from thy pit of flesh, so dull and deep,
Cast off the cumbrance, and ascend the steep?
For, by the road thou hast fall'n, as is most just,
Through the same road, O man, return thou must;
To strength through weakness, and to peace through strife,
To bliss through anguish, and through death to life.
"But this no creature, not the seraph can;
Though once in God so mighty, less can man:
This, therefore, Adam, thou canst never do;
Thou in thy God then must be born anew;
Born a new creature of a seed divine,
Reborn, O Adam, of thy son and mine;
Thou the old father of man's fall'n estate,
He the New Sire who shall regain their seat.
"Foil'd by a devilish foe, thy weakness fell,
Captive to sense, and sin, and death, and Hell;
In weakness, therefore, must his strength prevail,
Though sense, and sin, and death, and Hell assail;
As man, in human flesh and frailty, he
Must conquer all, O man, that conquer'd thee.
"Yes, from my bosom my belov'd I give,
That my lost creatures may return, and live.
He, for your lakes, shall lay his glory by;
For, you be born, and suffer, gasp, and die;
The price of guilt my Holy-One shall pay,
And tread, of death and Hell, the bitterest way.
"You, by his fetters, can alone be freed;
To wash your stains, the Lamb of Love must bleed;
So shall his woe turn all your woe to weal,
His bruises medicine, and his woundings heal.
"Hence man, apostate man, so deeply lost,
Shall weigh the curs'd commission, by the cost;
Shall learn, as meet, to hold himself at nought;
Shall feel he 's all a folly, all a fault;
In deep abasement lift his suppliant eyes,
In lowliness alone be taught to rise;
In tears, in anguish, shall his guilt deplore,
Shall call on Christ who can alone restore;
By him supported, shall affirm his ground,
Shall struggle with the chains by which he 's bound;
Disclaim, detest the world, in which he fell;
Oppose his champion'd soul to flesh and Hell;
Wish his old worm, his sin, and self undone,
And catch, and cling to my all-saving Son!

"This in due time.

Jesus, meanwhile, shall steal, like doubtful morn,
Into the breasts of all of woman born;
There shed his dawn of coeternal light,
There struggle with their length and depth of night;
A solid gloom! which he alone can melt;
Which, like Egyptian darkness, may be felt.
"His seed, in flesh, my Holy-One shall sow,
And give it strength to root, and grace to grow;
Man within man, begotten from above,
Bearing the likeness of the Son of Love;
Sons of my son, ordain'd to see my face;
All embryon heirs of glory and of grace;
But not mature to wing their native skies,
Till their new Adam shall from death arise.
"Thus the new offspring shall the old put on,
Making a double manhood, two in one;
Of diff'rent principles, of diff'rent sires,
Conceptions, tastes, enjoyments, and desires;
The one, as Earth, crude, grudging, grappling all
To the dark centre of its craving ball;
The other, as the Sun, benign and bright,
A going forth on all in life and light.
"Hence through the course of their sublunar life,
Though brother'd, they shall be at truceless strife:
What one approves, the other shall reject;
What one detests, the other shall affect.
So man, at once, shall court what he 'll contemn,
Neglect yet rev'rence, do what he 'll condemn;
At once transgress, and wish he could fulfil;
Be righteous and unrighteous, good and ill;
Bearing the witness and the seal, within,
Of new and old, the man of grace and sin,
The heart-writ story of his rise and fall,
The gospel of his freedom and his thrall.
"Thy elder offspring, Adam, grown and strong,
Frequent, shall drag his younger mate along;
Like huge Leviathan, shall trust to play,
And rule at large in his congenial sea:
But mine within his jaws a bard shall place,
And check the headlong monster in his race.
The younger heir, invisibly, within,
Shall oft convict his outward mate of sin;
Reprove with judgment, and reform betimes;
Or, with a whip, call'd conscience, lash his crimes:
So may the bless'd the accursed one subdue,
And the old man, at length, refine into the new!
"Nor grudge I, Adam, those fall'n sons of thine,
Flesh of thy flesh, to share a seat with mine,
By him sublim'd into a nobler sphere;
So they slay not their younger brothers, here.

"But, through much grief, this glory must be won;
Flesh, soil'd by sin, by death must be undone;
Must drop the world, wherein it felt its force,
And, giant-like, rejoic'd to run its course;
Must drop each organ of its late delight;
Must bid a long adieu to sense and sight,
A long adieu to ev'ry darling lust;
Must yield its passive members, dust to dust,
Within the potter's furnace to be fin'd,
And leave its grossness, with its guilt, behind.

"Meanspace, those forms of flesh, those sons of sin,
Shall serve to hold my priceless pearls within;
As golden grain within prolific clay,
To shoot and ripen toward a future day.

"Yon maggot, vilest offspring of vile earth,
Answers the genial baseness of his birth:
Lo, where he rolls and battens, with delight,
In filth, to smell offensive, foul to sight!
Well pleas'd, he drinks the stench, the dirt devours,
And prides him in the puddle of his powers;
Careless, unconscious of the beauteous guest,
The internal speck committed to his breast.
Yet in his breast the internal speck grows warm,
And quickens into motion, life, and form;
Far other form than that its fosterer bore,
High o'er its parent-worm ordain'd to soar:
The son, still growing as the sire decays,
In radiant plumes his infant shape arrays;
Matures, as in a soft and silent womb;
Then, opening, peeps from his paternal tomb;
Now, struggling, breaks at once into the day,
Tries his young limbs, and bids his wings display,
Expands his lineaments, erects his face,
Rises sublime o'er all the reptile race;
From dew-drop'd blossoms sips the nectar'd stream,
And basks within the glory of the beam.

"Thus, to a sensual, to a sinful shrine,
The Saviour shall entrust his speck divine;
In secret animate his chosen seed,
Fill with his love, and with his substance feed;
Inform it with sensations of his own,
And give it appetites to flesh unknown:
So shall the lusts of man's old worm give place,
His fervour languish, and his force decrease;
Till spoil'd of ev'ry object, gross or vain,
His pride and passions humbl'd, crush'd, and slain;
From a false world to his first kingdom won,
His will, and sin, and sense, and self, undone;
His inward man from death shall break away,
And soar, and mingle with eternal day!"

This (in a word) the Father spoke—and straight
The Son descended from above all height.
Upon the chaos of man's world he came,
And pierc'd the darkness with his living beam;
Then cast a rein on the reluctant will,
And bid the tempest of the soul be still.
The good from evil he did then divide,
And set man's darkness from God's light aside:
Wide, from the heart, he bids his will be done,
And there plac'd conscience as a central Sun;
Whence reason, like the Moon, derives, by night,
A weak, an borrow'd, and a dubious light.
But, down the soul's abyss, a region dire!
He caus'd the Stygian horrours to retire;
From whence ascends the gloom of many a pest,
Dark'ning the beam of Heav'n within the breast;
Atrocious intimations, causeless care,
Distrust, and hate, and rancour, and despair.

As in creation, when the Word gave birth
To ev'ry offspring of the teeming Earth;
He now conceiv'd high fruits of happier use,
And bid the heart and head of man produce:
Then branch'd the pregnant will, and went abroad
In all the sweets of its internal God;
In ev'ry mode of love, a fragrant throng,
Bearing the heart-sent charities along;
Divine effusions of the human breast,
Within the very act of blessing, bless'd;
Desires that press another's weight to bear,
To soothe their anguish, to partake their care;
Pains that can please, and griefs that joys excite;
Bruises that balm, and tears that drop delight.
God saw the seed was precious; and began
To bless his own redeeming work, in man.

Nor less, the pregnant region of the mind
Brought forth conceptions suited to its kind;
Faint emblems, yet of virtue to proclaim
That parent-spirit, whence our spirits came;
Spirits that, like their God, with mimic skill,
Produce new forms and images at will;
Thoughts that from Earth, with wing'd emotion soar,
New tracts expatiate, and new worlds explore;
Backward, through space and through duration, run,
Passing the bounds of all that e'er begun;
Then, as a glance of lightning, forward flee,
Straining to reach at all that e'er shall be.

Thus, in the womb of man's abyss are sown
Natures, worlds, wonders, to himself unknown.
A comprehension, a mysterious plan
Of all the almighty works of God, is man;
From Hell's dire depth to Heav'n's supremest height,
Including good and evil, dark and light.
What shall we call this son of grace and sin,
This demon, this divinity within,
This flame eternal, this foul mould'ring clod—
A fiend, or seraph—A poor worm, or God?

O, the fell conflict, the intestine strife,
This clash of good and evil, death and life!
What, what are all the wars of sea and wind,
Or wreck of matter, to this war of mind?
Two minds in one, and each a trueless guest,
Rending the sphere of our distracted breast!
Who shall deliver, in a fight so fell;
Who save from this intestine dog of Hell?

God! thou hast said, that Nature shall decay,
And all yon starr'd expansion pass away:
That, in thy wrath, pollution shall expire,
The Sun himself consume with hotter fire;
The melting Earth forsake its form and face,
These elements depart, but find no place;
Succeeded by a peaceful bless'd serene,
New Heav'ns and Earth, wherein the just shall reign.
O then, upon the same benignant plan,
Sap, crush, consume this mass of ill, in man!
Within this transient frame of mould'ring clay,
Let death's cerberean demon have his day;
Let him tear off this world, the nurse of lust,
Grind flesh, and sense, and sin, and self to dust—
But O, preserve the principle divine;
In mind and matter, save whate'er is thine!
O'er time, and pain, and death, to be renew'd;
Fill'd with our God, and with our God endu'd!

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN SCOTT.

THE

LIFE OF JOHN SCOTT,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS very amiable man, the youngest son of Samuel and Martha Scott, was born on the ninth day of January 1730, in the Grange Walk, in the parish of St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey. His father was a draper and citizen of London, a man of plain and irreproachable manners, and one of the society of the people called Quakers, in which persuasion our poet was educated, and continued during the whole of his life, although not with the strictest attention to all the peculiarities of that sect[1].

His father does not appear to have intended him for a classical education. In his seventh year he was put under the tuition of one John Clarke, a native of Scotland, who kept a school in Bermondsey Street, but attended young Scott at his father's house, where he instructed him in the rudiments of the Latin tongue. Little is known of his proficiency under this tutor, whom, however, in his latter days, he remembered with pleasure, although he was a man of severe manners. In his tenth year, his father retired with his family, consisting of Mrs. Scott and two sons, to the village of Amwell in Hertfordshire, where, for some time, he carried on the malting trade.

Here our poet was sent to a private day-school, in which he is said to have had few opportunities of polite literature, and those few were declined by his father from a dread of the small-pox, which neither he nor his son had yet caught. This terrour, perpetually recurring as the disorder made its appearance in one quarter or another, occasioned such frequent removals as prevented his son from the advantages of regular education. The youth, however, did not neglect to cultivate his mind by such means as were in his power. About the age of seventeen, he discovered an inclination to the study of poetry, with which he combined a delight in viewing the appearances of rural nature. At this time he derived much assistance from the conversation and opinions of one Charles Frogley, a person in the humble station of a bricklayer, but who had improved a natural taste for poetry, and arrived at a considerable degree of critical dis-

[1] He used *thee* and *thou* in conversation and correspondence, and conformed to the Quaker-garb, but on the title-page of the edition of his poems published by himself the year before his death, he is called John Scott, *esq.* C.

cernment. This Mr. Scott thankfully acknowledged when he had himself attained a rank among the writers of his age, and could return with interest the praise by which Frogley had cheered his youthful attempts. The only other adviser of his studies, in this sequestered spot, was a Mr. John Turner, afterwards a dissenting preacher. To him he was introduced in 1753 or 1754, and on the removal of Mr. Turner to London and afterwards to Colliton in Devonshire, they carried on a friendly correspondence on matters of general taste.

Mr. Scott's first poetical essays were published in the Gentleman's Magazine, "the great receptacle for the ebullitions of youthful genius." Mr. Hoole, his biographer, has not been able to discover all the pieces inserted by him in that work, but has reprinted three of them, which are now added to the collection originally formed by himself. Other pieces which he occasionally communicated to his friend Turner, were either mislaid, or on more mature deliberation kept back from the press. He appears to have looked up to Turner's opinions with much deference, and it was probably at his solicitation that he first ventured to come before the public as a candidate for poetical fame.

With the taste of the public during his retirement at Amwell, he could have little acquaintance. He had lived here about twenty years, at a distance from any literary society or information. His reading was chiefly confined to books of taste and criticism, but the latter at that time were not many, nor very valuable. In the ancient or modern languages it does not appear that he made any progress. Mr. Hoole thinks he knew very little of Latin, and had no knowledge of either French or Italian. Those who know of what importance it is to improve genius by study, will regret that such a man was left, in the pliable days of youth, without any acquaintance with the noble models on which English poets have been formed. They will yet more regret that the cause of this distance from literary society, the source of all generous and useful emulation, was a superstitious dread of the small-pox, already mentioned as obstructing his early studies, and which continued to prevail with his parents to such a degree, that although at the distance of only twenty miles, their son had been permitted to visit London but once in twenty years. His chief occupation, when not in a humour to study, was in cultivating a garden, for which he had a particular fondness, and at length rendered one of the most attractive objects to the visitors of Amwell.

About the year 1760, he began to make occasional, though cautious and short visits to London, and in the spring of this year published his Four Elegies, descriptive and moral, epithets which may be applied to almost all his poetry. These were very favourably received, and not only praised by the public critics, but received the valuable commendations of Dr. Young, Mrs. Talbot, and Mrs. Carter, who loved poetry, and loved it most when in conjunction with piety.

Although Mr. Scott had not given his name to this publication, he was not long undiscovered, and began to be honoured with the notice of several of the literati of the day, which, however, did not flatter him into vanity or carelessness. For many years he abstained from further publication, determined to put in no claims that were not strengthened by the utmost industry, and frequent and careful revisal. This, I am apt to think, in some cases checked his enthusiasm, and gave to his longer poems an appearance of labour.

In 1761, during the prevalence of the small-pox at Ware, he removed to St. Margaret's, a small hamlet about two miles distant from Amwell, where Mr. Hoole informs us he became first acquainted with him, and saw the first sketch of his poem of Amwell,

to which he then gave the title of A Prospect of Ware and the Country adjacent. In 1766, he became sensible of the many disadvantages he laboured under by living in continual dread of the small-pox, and had the courage to submit to the operation of inoculation, which was successfully performed by the late baron Dimsdale. He now visited London more frequently, and Mr. Hoole had the satisfaction to introduce him, among others, to Dr. Johnson. "Notwithstanding the great difference of their political principles, Scott had too much love for goodness and genius, not to be highly gratified in the opportunity of cultivating a friendship with that great exemplar of human virtues, and that great veteran of human learning; while the doctor, with a mind superior to the distinction of party, delighted with equal complacency in the amiable qualities of Scott, of whom he always spoke with feeling regard[2]."

In 1767, he married Sarah Frogley, the daughter of his early friend and adviser Charles Frogley. The bride was, previous to her nuptials, admitted a member of the society of Quakers. For her father he ever preserved the highest respect, and seems to have written his eleventh Ode, with a view to relieve the mind of that worthy man from the apprehension of being neglected by him. The connection he had formed in his family, however, was not of long duration. His wife died in child-bed in 1768, and the same year he lost his father, and his infant child. For some time he was inconsolable, and removed from Amwell, where so many objects excited the bitter remembrance of all he held dear, to the house of a friend at Upton. Here, when time and reflection had mellowed his grief, he honoured the memory of his wife by an elegy, in which tenderness and love are expressed in the genuine language of nature. As he did not wish to make a parade of his private feelings, a few copies only of this elegy were given to his friends, nor would he ever suffer it to be published for sale. It procured him the praise of Dr. Hawkesworth, and the friendship of Dr. Langhorne, who about this time had been visited by a similar calamity.—His mother, it ought to have been mentioned, died in 1766; and in 1769, he lost his friend and correspondent Mr. Turner.

In November 1770, he married his second wife, Mary de Horne, daughter of the late Abraham de Horne, "a lady whose amiable qualities promised him many years of uninterrupted happiness." During his visits in London, he increased his literary circle of friends by an introduction to Mrs. Montague's parties. Among those who principally noticed him with respect, were lord Lyttelton, sir William Jones, Mr. Potter, Mr. Mickle, and Dr. Beattie, who paid him a cordial visit at Amwell in 1773, and again in 1781, and became one of his correspondents.

Although we have hitherto contemplated our author as a student and occasional poet, he rendered himself more conspicuous as one of those reflectors on public affairs who employ much of their time in endeavouring to be useful. He appears to have acquired the spirit and patriotism of the *country gentleman* whose abilities enable him to do good, and whose fortune adds the influence which is often necessary to render that good effectual and permanent. Among other subjects, his attention had often been called to that glaring defect in human polity, the state of the poor, and having revolved it in his mind with the assistance of many personal inquiries, he published, in 1773, Observations on the present State of the parochial and vagrant Poor. It is needless to add that his advice in this matter was rather approved than followed. Some of his propositions,

[2] Hoole's Life of Scott, p. 35—36. C.

indeed, were incorporated in Mr. Gilbert's Bill, in the year 1782, but the whole was lost for want of parliamentary support.

In 1776 he published his Amwell, a descriptive poem, which he had long been preparing, and in which he fondly hoped to immortalize his favourite village. His biographer, however, has amply demonstrated the impossibility of communicating local enthusiasm by any attempt of this kind. The reflections occasionally introduced, and the historical or encomiastic digressions, are generally selected as the most pleasing passages in descriptive poetry, but all that is really descriptive, all that would remove us from the closet to the scene is a hopeless attempt to do that by the pen which can only be done by the pencil. Of all writers, whether in prose or verse, who have attempted picturesque description, Gilpin alone has succeeded, not indeed completely, for language will not admit of it, but in bringing objects the nearest to the eye.

At such intervals as our author could spare, he wrote various anonymous pamphlets and essays, on miscellaneous subjects, and is said to have appeared among those enemies of the measures of government who answered Dr. Johnson's Patriot, False Alarm, and Taxation no Tyranny. On the commencement of the Rowleian controversy, he took the part of Chatterton, and was among the first who questioned the authenticity of the poems ascribed to Rowley. This he discussed in some letters inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine. Of course he was led to admire the wonderful powers of the young impostor, and in his twenty-first Ode pays a poetical tribute to his memory, in which, with others of his brethren at that time, he censures the unfeeling rich for depriving their country of a new Shakspeare or Milton.

These, however, were his amusements; the more valuable part of his time was devoted to such public business as is ever best conducted by men of his pure and independent character. He gave regular attendance at turnpike meetings, navigation trusts, and commissions of land tax[3], and proposed and carried various schemes of local improvement, particularly the fine road between Ware and Hertford, and some useful alterations in the streets of Ware. Among his neighbours he frequently, by a judicious interference or arbitration, checked that spirit of litigation which destroys the felicity of a country life. During the meritorious employments of his public and political life, it can only be imputed to him that in his zeal for the principles he espoused, he sometimes betrayed too great warmth; and in answering Dr. Johnson's pamphlets, it has been allowed that he made use of expressions which would better become those who did not know the worth of that excellent character.

In 1778, he published a work of great labour and utility, entitled, A Digest of the Highway and General Turnpike laws. In this compilation, Mr. Hoole informs us, all the acts of parliament in force are collected together, and placed in one point of view; their contents are arranged under distinct heads, with the addition of many notes, and an appendix on the construction and preservation of public roads, probably the only scientific treatise on the subject. A part of this work appeared in 1773, under the title of a Digest of the Highway Laws.

[3] When once asked whether he was in the commission of the peace, he answered without hesitation, that his principal objection to taking the oath, was the offence which it would give to *the society*. His own opinion was, that an oath and an affirmative are substantially the same, and that the mode of appeal to the searcher of hearts is of little consequence, though he certainly preferred the latter. Monthly Review, vol. vii. number v. p. 237. *C.*

In the spring of 1782, he published what he had long projected, a volume of poetry, including his Elegies Amwell, and a great variety of hitherto unpublished pieces. On this volume it is evide it he had bestowed great pains, and added the decorations of some beautiful engravings. A very favourable account was given of the whole of its contents in the Monthly Review; but the Critical having taken some personal liberties with the author, hinting that the ornaments were not quite suitable to the plainness and simplicity of a quaker, Mr. Scott thought proper to publish a letter addressed to the authors of that journal, in which he expostulated with them on their conduct, and defended his poetry. Every friend, however, must wish he had passed over their strictures in silence. His defence of his poetry betrays him into the error of which he complained, and we see far more of the conceited egotist than could have been supposed to belong to his simple and humble character.

After this contest, he began to prepare a work of the critical kind. He had been dissatisfied with some of Dr. Johnson's Lives of the Poets, and had amassed in the course of his own reading and reflection a number of observations on Denham, Milton, Pope, Dyer, Goldsmith, and Thomson, which he sent to the press under the title of Critical Essays, but did not live to publish. On the 25th of October 1783, he accompanied Mrs. Scott to London for the benefit of medical advice for a complaint under which she laboured at that time; but on the first of December, while at his house at Ratcliff, he was attacked by a putrid fever, which proved fatal on the 12th of that month, and he was interred on the 18th in the quaker's burying ground at Ratcliff. He had arrived at his fifty fourth year, and left behind him a widow and a daughter, their only child, then about six years old. His death was the more lamented as he was in the vigour of life, and had the prospect of many years of usefulness. "In his person he was tall and slender, but his limbs were remarkably strong and muscular: he was very active, and delighted much in the exercise of walking: his countenance was cheerful and animated." The portrait prefixed to his works is not a very correct likeness, nor was he himself satisfied with it.

His public and private character appears to have been in every respect worthy of imitation, but what his religious opinions were, except that he cherished a general reverence for piety, is somewhat doubtful. Professedly, he was one of the society called Quakers, but the paper which that society, or some of his relations, thought it necessary to publish after his death, seems to intimate, that in their opinion, and finally in his own, his practice had not in all respects been consistent. Mr. Hoole has suppressed this document, while he has thrown out a hint which is altogether unintelligible without a reference to it. He says, that "he had been told that the *state of his mind did not a little contribute to strengthen his malady.*" Whether this was the case, the reader may judge from a perusal of the following statement, originally drawn up for the use of *The Friends*, and which is now reprinted, without any suspicion that it will injure the memory of Mr. Scott, and certainly without any intention to produce such an effect. Those who have admired him as the active and benevolent citizen, and the favoured poet, will not, it is hoped, whatever their religious opinion may be, view him with less complacency on his death-bed as the humble Christian.

"John Scott was favoured with strength of body, and an active and vigorous mind: he was esteemed regular and moral in his conduct, and extensive in his knowledge, being remarkably diligent and attentive in promoting works of public utility: in assisting individuals in cases of difficulty, and in the conciliation of differences. His removal hence is generally lamented by his neighbours, both in superior and inferior stations. Notwith-

standing these qualifications, there is reason to believe he frequently experienced the conviction of the spirit of truth, for not faithfully following the Lord, and adhering to the cross of Christ, by which true believers are crucified to the world and the world to them.

" During the yearly meeting in London, in the year 1783, he attended many of the meetings for worship, and appeared to be more religiously concerned than for some years preceding.

" On the 1st of the 12th month he was seized with a fever; and, expecting it would prove fatal, he was greatly humbled in spirit, saying to his wife, that his father was a good man, and he believed was gone to Heaven, expressing a sense of the happiness of the righteous in futurity; but being convinced of his own low and unprepared state, he said, he himself was unworthy of the lowest place in the heavenly mansions, but hoped he should not be a companion of accursed and wrathful spirits.

" In the early part of his illness, he discoursed with his wife concerning some outward affairs, particularly desiring that his only and beloved daughter might be brought up among friends.

" Notwithstanding the severity of the distemper, he was favoured with a clear and unimpaired understanding, and the exercise of his spirit seemed to be almost continual for peace and reconciliation with his Maker; having a hope, that if it should please the Lord to spare him, he should become a new man; but, in much diffidence, he expressed a fear lest the old things should again prevail; he also said to the person who attended him, that 'he had been too proud.' But it is well known, that his behaviour to his inferiors was the reverse, for to them he was remarkably easy of access.

" Speaking frequently of his brother, and expressing a desire to see him, on the 9th of the 12th month a special messenger was sent to Hertford, from Ratcliff, requesting his attendance there. His brother, on being informed next morning, by letter, of his continual solicitude to see him, and him only, reached his house at Ratcliff about four that afternoon. Being introduced to his bed-side, on asking him how he did, he answered, 'Very bad: I wanted to see thee, and if thee had come sooner, I had a great deal to say to thee, but I fear now I cannot.' What afterwards passed between them was as follows. After a short space of silence, John Scott began to speak, with a voice full of power:—'I wanted to see thee, to tell thee that I have nothing to trust to but the blessed Jesus; and that, if I die, I do not die an unbeliever. If I die, I die a believer, and have nothing to trust to but mere unmerited mercy.' Finding him brought down, as from the clefts of the rocks, and the heights of the hills, into the valley of deep humiliation, his brother rejoiced in spirit, and spake comfortably to him, expressing the deeply humiliating views he had of his own state. J. Scott replied—'O! if it is so with thee, how must it have been with me who have been the chief of sinners?' The insufficiency of self-righteousness being mentioned, 'Oh,' said he, with great earnestness, 'righteousness! I have no righteousness, nor any thing to trust to, but the blessed Jesus and his merits.' Pausing awhile, he proceeded—'There is something within me which keeps me from despairing. I dare not despair, although I have as much reason to despair as any one, were it not for him who showed mercy to the thief upon the cross. The thief upon the cross, and Peter, who denied his master, are much before me.' Being advised to trust in the Lord, he replied, 'I have none else to trust in. Oh!' said he, 'the Saviour! he is the way, and there is no other; I now see there is no other. Oh, the Saviour! I have done too much against him; and if I live, I hope I shall be able to let the world know it, and that, in many

respects, my mind is altered. But I dare not make resolutions.' His brother mentioning former times, and the days of his youth, in which they frequently conversed about, and were both clearly convinced of, the necessity of inward and experimental piety, he answered—'I was then very deficient, but I have since been much more shaken.' Visiting the sick in a formal customary manner, being represented as unprofitable, he replied, 'Oh! it is not a time to be solicitous about forms! Here is a scene, indeed, enough to bring down the grandeur of many, if they could see it. I buoyed myself up with the hope of many days.' Recommending him to the great object, Christ within, the hope of glory, to which his mind was measurably turned, his brother seemed to withdraw, on which he clasped his hand, and took a solemn farewell.

"He continued in mutability about two days longer, altogether in a calm and rational state. About twelve hours before his decease, his speech much faltered: but, by some broken expressions, it appeared that the religious concern of his mind was continued.

"On the 12th day of the 12th month, 1783, he departed this life in remarkable quietness, without sigh or groan, and was buried in friends' burying ground on the 18th, being nearly 54 years of age.

"The publication of these Memoirs proceeds not from partiality to our deceased friend: they are preserved as a word of reproof to the careless, and of comfort to the mourners in Zion.

"May none, in a day of health and prosperity, reject the visitation of his divine grace and favour, who hath declared, that 'his spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh.' Nor, on the other, may the penitent, and truly awakened, at no time despair of that mercy and forgiveness which the Lord hath promised to them who sincerely repent."

His Critical Essays were published in 1785, by Mr. Hoole, who prefixed a life, written with much affection, yet with impartiality. He loved the man, and he freely criticises the poet. Of his peculiar habits we have only one anecdote:—"He preferred the time for poetical composition, when the rest of the family were in bed; and it was frequently his custom to sit in a dark room, and when he had composed a number of lines, he would go into another room where a candle was burning, in order to commit them to paper. Though in general very regular in his hour of retiring to rest, he would sometimes be up great part of the night, when he was engaged in any literary work."

As a poet, he may be allowed to rank among those who possess genius in a moderate degree; who please by short efforts and limited inspirations; but whose talents are better displayed in moral reflection and pathetic sentiment than in flights of fancy. His Elegies, as they were the first, are among the best of his performances. Simplicity appears to have been his general aim, and he was of opinion that it was too little studied by modern writers. In the Mexican Prophecy, however, and in Serim, there is a fire and spirit worthy of the highest school. His Amwell will ever deserve a distinguished place among descriptive poems; although it is liable to all the objections attached to descriptive poetry. But he cannot be denied the merit of being original in many individual passages; and he appears to have viewed Nature with the eye of a genuine poet. He has himself pointed out some coincidences with former poets, which were accidental; and perhaps others may be discovered, without detracting from the independence of his Muse. His feeblest effort is the Essay on Painting, a hasty sketch, in which he professed himself,

and that not in very humble terms, to be the rival of Hayley[4], on the same subject. The public, I am afraid, has decided against him. Upon the whole, however, the vein of pious and moral reflection, and the benevolence and philanthropy, which pervade all his poems, will continue to make them acceptable to those who read to be improved, and are of opinion that pleasure is not the sole end of poetry.

4 See his two letters in Forbes's Life of Dr. Beattie, vol. ii. but especially his letter to the Critical Reviewers. *C.*

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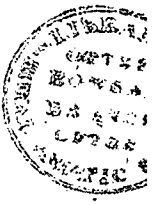
SUCH of the following pieces as were formerly published having been honoured with general approbation, any apology for reprinting them must be unnecessary. The others, which constitute the principal part of this volume, it is apprehended, are not of inferior merit; and the whole may perhaps afford an innocent and agreeable amusement to the lovers of nature and poetry.

AMWELL, 1782.



POEMS

OF

JOHN SCOTT.

EPIDEMIC MORTALITY,

FROM ECCL. XII.

PUBLISHED IN THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE 1753.

TO move unthinking youth to just regard,
On Judah's plains thus sung the royal bard.
"Thy Maker, God, in early time revere!
Ere evil days, those dreadful days, draw near,
When health shall fly, and pleasure leave the plain,
And woe, and languor, and distress remain;
When stars, nor Moon, nor Sun, shall cheer the skies;
On Earth, when pestilence enrag'd shall rise;
The rain scarce past, when threat'ning clouds return,
And sickly mists ascend, and south winds burn;
When the bold guarders of the house shall shake,
And, pain'd, their station at the door forsake;
When the fierce heroes, dreadless in the field,
Bow with disease, and slowly drooping yield;
When, freed from labour, captives idle lie,
Nor, though their numbers lessen'd, find employ;
When the proud daughters, of their beauty vain,
Griev'd for their friends, or for themselves in pain,
At the high windows spread their charms no more,
But all sequester'd in the dark deplore;
When barr'd the gates, and clos'd the doors appear,
And scarce of grinding the faint sounds they hear;
Long ere the dawn, when early mourners rise,
The solemn rites of grief to exercise.
Nor songs are heard, nor mirthful minstrels meet;
Death 's in the house, and silence in the street!
When e'en high places shall be seats of fear;
Still in the way when danger shall be near;
When the thick, sultry, foul, and stagnant air
Unseen infection scatters ev'ry where;
When the ripe almond shall be pluck'd no more,
Despis'd untasted all its luscious store!
Wide o'er the land when locusts shall be spread,
Dead all the crowds that on their numbers fed:
When fairest objects fail to move desire,
Of youth extinguish'd all the sprightly fire:
Because the time of desolation 's come,
And man swift passes to his final home;
And pensive mourners range about the street,
And rend their garments, and their bosoms beat."

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE DESCRIPTION OF THE ÆOLIAN HARP, IN FEBRUARY MAGAZINE, 1754.

UNTAUGHT o'er strings to draw the rosin'd bow,
Or melting strains on the soft flute to blow,
With others long I mourn'd the want of skill
Resounding roofs with harmony to fill.
Till happy now th' Æolian lyre is known,
And all the powers of music are my own.
Swell all thy notes, delightful harp, O!! swell!
Inflame thy poet to describe thee well,
When the full chorus rises with the breeze,
Or, slowly sinking, lessens by degrees,
To sounds more soft than amorous gales disclose,
At evening panting on the blushing rose;
More sweet than all the notes that organs breathe,
Or tuneful echoes, when they die, bequeathe;
Oft where some Sylvan temple decks the grove,
The slave of easy indolence I rove;
There the wing'd breeze the lifted sash pervades,
Each breath is music, vocal all the shades.
Charm'd with the soothing sound, at ease reclin'd,
To Fancy's pleasing pow'r I yield my mind:
And now enchanted scenes around me rise,
And some kind Ariel the soft air supplies:
Now lofty Pindus through the shades I view,
Where all the Nine their tuneful art pursue:
To me the sound the panting gale conveys,
And all my heart is ecstasy and praise.
Now to Arcadian plains at once convey'd,
Some shepherd's pipe delights his favourite maid;
Mix'd with the murmurs of a neighbouring stream,
I hear soft notes that suit an amorous theme.

Ah! then a victim to the fond deceit,
My heart begins with fierce desires to beat;
To fancy'd sighs I real sighs return,
By turns I languish, and by turns I burn.
Ah! Delia, haste! and here attentive prove,
Like me, that "music is the voice of love:"
So shall I mourn my rustic strains no more,
While pleas'd you listen, who could frown before.

Hertfordshire, Nov. 15, 1754. R. S.

TO FEAR.

FROM THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, JULY, 1758.

O thou! dread foe of honour, wealth, and fame,
Whose touch can quell the strong, the fierce can tame,
Relentless Fear! ah! why did fate ordain
My trembling heart to own thy iron reign?
There are, thrice happy, who disdain thy sway:
The merchant wand'ring o'er the wat'ry way;
The chief serene before th' assaulted wall;
The climbing statesman thoughtful of his fall;
All whom the love of wealth or pow'r inspires,
And all who burn with proud ambition's fires:
But peaceful bards thy constant presence know,
O thou! of ev'ry glorious deed the foe!
Of thee the silent studious race complains,
And learning groans a captive in thy chains.
The secret wish when some fair object moves,
And cautious reason what we wish approves,
Thy Gorgon front forbids to grasp the prize,
And seas are spread between, and mountains rise!
Thy magic arts a thousand phantoms raise,
And fancy'd deaths and dangers fill our ways:
With smiling hope you wage eternal strife,
And envious snatch the cup of joy from life.
O leave, tremendous pow'r! the blameless breast,
Of guilt alone the tyrant and the guest.
Go, and thy train of sable horrours spread,
Where Murder meditates the future dead;
Where Rapine watches for the gloom of night,
And lawless Passion pants for other's right;
Go, to the bad—but from the good recede,
No more the foe of ev'ry glorious deed!

MORAL ECLOGUES.

At secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; at latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; at frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, molleque sub arbore somni
Non absunt. Illic saltus, ac lustra ferarum,
Et patiens operum parvoque assueta juventus,
Sacra deûm, sanctique patres: extrema per illos
Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.

Virg. Georg. II. l. 467.

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The most rational definition of pastoral poetry seem to be that of the learned and ingenious Dr. Johnson, in the 37th Number of his Rambler. "Pastoral," says he, "being the representation of an action or passion, by its effects on a country life, has nothing peculiar, but its confinement to rural imagery, without which it ceases to be pastoral." This theory the author of the following Eclogues has endeavoured to exemplify.

ECLOGUE I.

THERON; OR, THE PRAISE OF RURAL LIFE.

SCENE, A HEATH:

SEASON—SPRING; TIME—MORNING.

Fair Spring o'er Nature held her gentlest sway;
Fair Morn diffus'd around her brightest ray;
Thin mists hung hovering on the distant trees,
Or roll'd from off the fields before the breeze.
The shepherd Theron watch'd his fleecy train,
Beneath a broad oak, on the grassy plain.
A heath's green wild lay pleasant to his view,
With shrubs and field-flow'rs deck'd of varied hue:
There hawthorns tall their silver bloom disclos'd,
Here flexile broom's bright yellow interpos'd;
There purple orchis, here pale daisies spread,
And sweet May-lilies richest odour shed.
From many a copse and blossom'd orchard near,
The voice of birds melodious charm'd the ear;
There shrill the lark, and soft the linnet sung,
And loud through air the throstle's music rung.
The gentle swain the cheerful scene admir'd;
The cheerful scene the song of joy inspir'd.
"Chant on," he cry'd, "ye warblers on the spray!
Bleat on, ye flocks, that in the pastures play!
Low on, ye herds, that range the dewy vales!
Murmur, ye rills! and whisper soft, ye gales!
How bless'd my lot, in these sweet fields assign'd,
Where Peace and Leisure soothe the tuneful mind;
Where yet some pleasing vestiges remain
Of unperverted Nature's golden reign,
When Love and Virtue rang'd Arcadian shades,
With undesigning youths and artless maids!
For us, though destin'd to a later time,
A less luxuriant soil, less genial clime,
For us the country boasts enough to charm,
In the wild woodland or the cultur'd farm.
Come, Cynthio, come! in town no longer stay;
From crowds, and noise, and folly, haste away!
The fields, the meads, the trees, are all in bloom,
The vernal show'rs awake a rich perfume,
Where Damon's mansion, by the glassy stream,
Rears its white walls that through green willows gleam,
Annual the neighbours hold their shearing-day;
And blithe youths come, and nymphs in neat array:
Those shear their sheep, upon the smooth turf laid,
In the broad plane's or trembling poplar's shade;
These for their friends th' expected feast provide,
Beneath cool bow'rs along th' inclosure's side.
To view the toil, the glad repast to share,
Thy Delia, my Melania, shall be there;
Each, kind and faithful to her faithful swain,
Loves the calm pleasures of the pastoral plain.
Come, Cynthio, come! if towns and crowds invite,
And noise and folly promise high delight;
Soon the tir'd soul disgusted turns from these—
The rural prospect, only, long can please!"

ECLOGUE II.

PALEMON; OR, BENEVOLENCE.

SCENE, A WOOD-SIDE ON THE BROW OF A HILL:

SEASON—SUMMER; TIME—FORENOON.

Bright fleecy clouds flew scattering o'er the sky,
And shorten'd shadows show'd that noon was nigh;
When two young shepherds, in the upland shade,
Their listless limbs upon the greensward laid.
Surrounding groves the wand'ring sight confin'd—
All, save where, westward, one wide landscape shin'd.
Down in the dale were neat enclosures seen,
The winding hedge-row, and the thicket green;
Rich marshland next a glossy level show'd,
And through grey willows silver rivers flow'd:
Beyond, high hills with tow'rs and villas crown'd,
And waving forests, form'd the prospect's bound.
Sweet was the covert where the swains reclin'd!
There spread the wild rose, there the woodbine twin'd; [ground,
There stood green fern; there, o'er the grassy
Sweet camomile and alehoof crept around;
And centaury red and yellow cinquefoil grew,
And scarlet campion, and cyanus blue;
And tufted thyme, and marjoram's purple bloom,
And ruddy strawberries yielding rich perfume.
Gay flies their wings on each fair flow'r display'd,
And labouring bees a lulling murmur made.
Along the brow a path delightful lay;
Slow by the youths Palemon chanc'd to stray,
A bard, who often to the rural throng,
At vacant hours, rehears'd the moral song!
The song the shepherds crav'd; the sage reply'd:
"As late my steps forsook the fountain side,
Adown the green lane by the beechen grove,
Their flocks young Pironel and Larvon drove;
With us perchance they'll rest awhile"—The swains
Approach'd the shade; their sheep spread o'er the plains:
Silent they view'd the venerable man,
Whose voice melodious thus the lay began:
"What Alcon sung where Evesham's vales extend,
I sing; ye swains, your pleas'd attention lend!
There long with him the rural life I led,
His fields I cultur'd, and his flocks I fed.
Where, by the hamlet road upon the green,
Stood pleasant cots with trees dispers'd between,
Beside his door, as waving o'er his head
A lofty elm its rustling foliage spread,
Frequent he sat; while all the village train
Press'd round his seat, and listen'd to his strain.
And once of fair Benevolence he sung,
And thus the tuneful numbers left his tongue:
'Ye youth of Avon's banks, of Bredon's groves,
Sweet scenes, where Plenty reigns, and Pleasure roves!
Woo to your bow'rs Benevolence the fair,
Kind as your soil, and gentle as your air.
She comes! her tranquil step and placid eye,
Fierce Rage, fell Hate, and ruthless Avarice fly.
She comes! her heav'nly smiles, with powerful charm, [arm.
Smoothe Care's rough brow, and rest Toil's weary
She comes! ye shepherds, importune her stay!
While your fair farms exuberant wealth display,
While herds and flocks their annual increase yield,
And yellow harvests load the fruitful field;
Beneath grim Want's inexorable reign,
Pale Sickness, oft, and feeble Age complain!
Why this unlike allotment, save to show,
That who possess, possess but to bestow'?"
Palemon ceas'd.—"Sweet is the sound of gales
Amid green osiers in the winding vales;
Sweet is the lark's loud note on sunny hills,
What time fair Morn the sky with fragrance fills;
Sweet is the nightingale's love-soothing strain,
Heard by still waters on the moonlight plain!
But not the gales that through green osiers play,
Nor lark's nor nightingale's melodious lay,
Please like smooth numbers by the Muse inspir'd!"—
Larvon reply'd, and homeward all retir'd.

ECLOGUE III.

ARMYN; OR, THE DISCONTENTED.

SCENE, A VALLEY:

SEASON—SUMMER; TIME—AFTERNOON.

Summer o'er Heav'n diffus'd serenest blue,
And painted Earth with many a pleasing hue;
When Armyn mus'd the vacant hour away,
Where willows o'er him wav'd their pendent spray.
Cool was the shade, and cool the passing gale,
And sweet the prospect of th' adjacent vale:
The fertile soil, profuse of plants, bestow'd
The crowfoot's gold, the trefoil's purple show'd,
And spiky mint rich fragrance breathing round,
And meadsweet tall with tufts of flowrets crown'd,
And comfry white, and hoary silver-weed,
The bending osier, and the rustling reed.
There, where clear streams about green islands spread,
Fair flocks and herds, the wealth of Armyn, fed;
There, on the hill's soft slope, delightful view!
Fair fields of corn, the wealth of Armyn, grew;
His sturdy hinds, a slow laborious band,
Swept their bright scythes along the level land:
Blithe youths and maidens nimbly near them pass'd,
And the thick swarth in careless wind-rows cast.
Full on the landscape shone the westering Sun,
When thus the swain's soliloquy began:
"Haste down, O Sun! and close the tedious day:
Time, to the unhappy, slowly moves away.
Not so to me, in Roden's sylvan bowers,
Pass'd youth's short blissful reign of careless hours;
When to my view the fancy'd future lay,
A region ever tranquil, ever gay.
O then, what ardours did my breast inflame!
What thoughts were mine, of friendship, love, and fame!
How tasteless life, now all its joys are try'd,
And warm pursuits in dull repose subside!"
He paus'd: his closing words Albino heard,
As down the stream his little boat he steer'd;
His hand releas'd the sail, and dropt the oar,
And moor'd the light skiff on the sedgy shore.
"Cease, gentle swain," he said; "no more, in vain,
Thus make past pleasure cause of present pain!
Cease, gentle swain," he said; "from thee, alone,
Are youth's bless'd hours and fancy'd prospects flown?
Ah, no!—remembrance to my view restores
Dear native fields, which now my soul deplores;
Rich hills and vales, and pleasant village scenes
Of oaks whose wide arms stretch'd o'er daisied greens,
And windmill's sails slow-circling in the breeze,
And cottage walls envelop'd half with trees—

Sweet scenes, where beauty met the ravish'd sight,
And music often gave the ear delight;
Where Delia's smile, and Mira's tuneful song,
And Damon's converse, charm'd the youthful throng!
How chang'd, alas, how chang'd!—O'er all our plains,
Proud Norval, now, in lonely grandeur reigns;
His wide-spread park a waste of verdure lies,
And his vast villa's glittering roofs arise.
For me, hard fate!—But say, shall I complain?
These limbs yet active life's support obtain.
Let us, or good or evil as we share,
That thankful prize, and this with patience bear."
The soft reproach touch'd Armyn's gentle breast;
His alter'd brow a placid smile express'd.
"Calm as clear ev'nings after vernal rains,
When all the air a rich perfume retains,
My mind," said he, "its murmurs driv'n away,
Feels truth's full force, and bows to reason's sway!"
He ceas'd: the Sun, with horizontal beams,
Gilt the green mountains, and the glittering streams.
Slow down the tide before the sinking breeze
Albino's white sail gleam'd among the trees;
Slow down the tide his winding course he bore
To watry Talgar's aspin-shaded shore.
Slow cross the valley, to the southern hill,
The steps of Armyn sought the distant vill,
Where through tall elms the moss-grown turret rose;
And his fair mansion offer'd sweet repose.

ECLOGUE IV.

LYCORON; OR, THE UNHAPPY.

SCENE, A VALLEY:

SEASON—AUTUMN; TIME—EVENING.

The matron, Autumn, held her sober reign
O'er fading foliage on the russet plain:
Mild Evening came; the Moon began to rise,
And spread pale lustre o'er unclouded skies.
'T was silence all—save, where along the road
The slow wane grating bore its cumb'rous load;
Save, where broad rivers roll'd their waves away,
And screaming herons sought their watry prey—
When hapless Damon, in Algorno's vale,
Pour'd his soft sorrows on the passing gale.
"That grace of shape, that elegance of air,
That blooming face so exquisitely fair;
That eye of brightness, bright as morning's ray,
That smile of softness, soft as closing day,
Which bound my soul to thee; all, all are fled—
All lost in dreary mansions of the dead!
Ev'n him, whom distance from his love divides,
Toil'd on scorch'd sands, or tost on rolling tides,
Kind hope still cheers, still paints, to sooth his pain,
The happy moment when they meet again.
Far worse my lot! of hope bereft, I mourn!—
The parted spirit never can return!"
Thus Damon spoke, as in the cypress gloom
He hung lamenting o'er his Delia's tomb.
In the still valley where they wander'd near,
Two gentle shepherds chanc'd his voice to hear:
Lycoron's head Time's hand had silver'd o'er,
And Milo's cheek youth's rosy blushes bore.
"How mournful," said Lycoron, "flows that strain!
It brings past miseries to my mind again.
When the blithe village, on the vernal green,
Sees its fair daughters in the dance convene;
And youth's light step in search of pleasure strays,
And his fond eyes on beauty fix their gaze;
Shouldst thou then, lingering midst the lovely train,
Wish some young charmer's easy heart to gain,
Mark well, that reason love's pursuit approve,
Ere thy soft arts her tender passions move:
Else, though thy thoughts in summer regions range,
Calm sunny climes that seem to fear no change;
Rude winter's rage will soon the scene deform,
Dark with thick cloud, and rough with battering storm!
When parents interdict, and friends dissuade,
The prudent censure, and the proud upbraid;
Think! all their efforts then shalt thou disdain,
Thy faith, thy constancy, unmov'd, maintain?
To Isca's fields, me once ill-fortune led;
In Isca's fields, her flocks Zelinda fed:
There oft, when Ev'ning, on the silent plain,
Commenc'd with sweet serenity her reign,
Along green groves, or down the winding dales,
The fair-one listen'd to my tender tales;
Then when her mind, or doubt, or fear, distress'd,
And doubt, or fear, her anxious eyes express'd,
'O no!' said I, 'let oxen quit the mead,
With climbing goats on craggy cliffs to feed;
Before the hare the hound affrighted fly,
And larks pursue the falcon through the sky;
Streams cease to flow, and winds to stir the lake,
If I, unfaithful, ever thee forsake!—'
What my tongue utter'd then, my heart believ'd:
O wretched heart, self-flatter'd and deceiv'd!
Fell Slander's arts the virgin's fame accus'd;
And whom my love had chose, my pride refus'd.
For me, that cheek did tears of grief distain?
To me, that voice in anguish plead in vain?
What fiend relentless then my soul possess'd?
Oblivion hide! for ever hide the rest!
Too well her innocence and truth were prov'd;
Too late my pity and my justice mov'd!"
He ceas'd, with groans that more than words express'd;
And smote in agony his aged breast.
His friend reply'd not; but, with soothing strains
Of solemn music, sought to ease his pains:
Soft flow'd the notes, as gales that waft perfume
From cowslip meads, or linden boughs in bloom.
Peace o'er their minds a calm composure cast;
And slowly down the shadowy vale in pensive mood they pass'd.

ELEGIES,

DESCRIPTIVE AND MORAL.

ELEGY I.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Stern Winter hence with all his train removes,
And cheerful skies and limpid streams are seen;
Thick-sprouting foliage decorates the groves;
Reviving herbage clothes the fields with green.

Yet lovelier scenes th' approaching months prepare;
Kind Spring's full bounty soon will be display'd;
The smile of beauty ev'ry vale shall wear;
The voice of song enliven ev'ry shade.

O Fancy, paint not coming days too fair!
Oft for the prospects sprightly May should yield,
Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
Or snows untimely whiten'd o'er the field:

But should kind Spring her wonted bounty show'r,
The smile of beauty, and the voice of song;
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpower,
Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I shun the scenes where madd'ning passion raves,
Where Pride and Folly high dominion hold,
And unrelenting Avarice drives her slaves
O'er prostrate Virtue in pursuit of gold.

The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,
The rude stone fence with fragrant wall-flow'rs gay,
The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield
Than all the pomp imperial domes display;

And yet even here, amid these secret shades,
These simple scenes of unreprov'd delight,
Affliction's iron hand my breast invades,
And Death's dread dart is ever in my sight.

While genial suns to genial show'rs succeed
(The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom;)
While herds and flocks range sportive o'er the mead,
Crop the sweet herb, and snuff the rich perfume;

O why alone to hapless man deny'd
To taste the bliss inferior beings boast?
O why this fate, that fear and pain divide
His few short hours on Earth's delightful coast?

Ah, cease—no more of Providence complain!
'T is sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
And palls each joy by Heav'n indulg'd below:

Why else the smiling infant-train so bless'd,
Ere ill propension ripens into sin,
Ere wild desire inflames the youthful breast,
And dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
As to the sportive warblers on the trees,
To them their joys sincere the seasons yield,
And all their days and all their prospects please;

Such mine, when first, from London's crowded streets,
Rov'd my young steps to Surry's wood-crown'd hills,
O'er new-blown meads that breath'd a thousand sweets,
By shady coverts and by crystal rills.

O happy hours, beyond recov'ry fled!
What share I now that can your loss repay,
While o'er my mind these glooms of thought are spread,
And veil the light of life's meridian ray?

Is there no power this darkness to remove?
The long-lost joys of Eden to restore?
Or raise our views to happier seats above,
Where fear, and pain, and death shall be no more?

Yes, those there are who know a Saviour's love
The long-lost joys of Eden to restore,
And raise their views to happier seats above,
Where fear and pain, and death, shall be no more:

These grateful share the gifts of Nature's hand;
And in the varied scenes that round them shine
(Minute and beautiful, or rude and grand)
Admire th' amazing workmanship divine.

Blows not a flow'ret in th' enamel'd vale,
Shines not a pebble where the riv'let strays,
Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,
But claims their wonder, and excites their praise.

For them ev'n vernal Nature looks more gay,
For them more lively hues the fields adorn;
To them more fair the fairest smile of day,
To them more sweet the sweetest breath of morn.

They feel the bliss that hope and faith supply;
They pass serene th' appointed hours that bring
The day that wafts them to the realms on high,
The day that centres in Eternal Spring.

ELEGY II.

WRITTEN IN THE HOT WEATHER, JULY, 1757.

THREE hours from noon the passing shadow shows,
The sultry breeze glides faintly o'er the plains,
The dazzling ether fierce and fiercer glows,
And human nature scarce its rage sustains.

Now still and vacant is the dusty street,
And still and vacant all yon fields extend,
Save where those swains, oppress'd with toil and heat,
The grassy harvest of the mead attend.

Lost is the lively aspect of the ground,
Low are the springs, the reedy ditches dry;
No verdant spot in all the vale is found,
Save what yon stream's unfailing stores supply.

Where are the flow'rs, the garden's rich array?
Where is their beauty, where their fragrance fled?
Their stems relax, fast fall their leaves away,
They fade and mingle with their dusty bed:

All but the natives of the torrid zone,
What Afric's wilds, or Peru's fields display,
Pleas'd with a clime that imitates their own,
They lovelier bloom beneath the parching ray.

Where is wild Nature's heart-reviving song,
That fill'd in genial spring the verdant bow'rs?
Silent in gloomy woods the feather'd throng
Pine through this long, long course of sultry hours.

Where is the dream of bliss by summer brought?
The walk along the riv'let-water'd vale?
The field with verdure clad, with fragrance fraught?
The Sun mild-beaming, and the fanning gale?

The weary soul Imagination cheers,
Her pleasing colours paint the future gay:
Time passes on, the truth itself appears,
The pleasing colours instant fade away.

In diff'rent seasons diff'rent joys we place,
And these will spring supply, and summer these;
Yet frequent storms the bloom of spring deface,
And summer scarcely brings a day to please.

O for some secret shady cool recess,
Some Gothic dome o'erhung with darksome trees,
Where thick damp walls this raging heat repress,
Where the long aisle invites the lazy breeze!

But why these plaints?—reflect, nor murmur more—
Far worse their fate in many a foreign land,
The Indian tribes on Darien's swampy shore,
The Arabs wand'ring over Mecca's sand.

Far worse, alas! the feeling mind sustains,
Rack'd with the poignant pangs of fear or shame;
The hopeless lover bound in Beauty's chains,
The bard whom Envy robs of hard-earn'd fame;

He, who a father or a mother mourns,
Or lovely consort lost in early bloom;
He, whom fell Febris, rapid fury! burns,
Or Phthisis slow leads ling'ring to the tomb—

Lest man should sink beneath the present pain;
Lest man should triumph in the present joy;
For him th' unvarying laws of Heav'n ordain,
Hope in his ills, and to his bliss alloy.

Fierce and oppressive is the heat we bear,
Yet not unuseful to our humid soil;
Thence shall our fruits a richer flavour share,
Thence shall our plains with riper harvests smile.

Reflect, nor murmur more—for, good in all,
Heav'n gives the due degrees of drought or rain;
Perhaps ere morn refreshing show'rs may fall,
Nor soon you Sun rise blazing fierce again:

Ev'n now behold the grateful change at hand!
Hark, in the east loud blust'ring gales arise;
Wide and more wide the dark'ning clouds expand,
And distant lightnings flash along the skies!

O, in the awful concert of the storm,
While hail, and rain, and wind, and thunder join;
May deep-felt gratitude my soul inform,
May joyful songs of rev'rent praise be mine!

ELEGY III.

WRITTEN IN HARVEST.

Farewell the pleasant violet-scented shade,
The primros'd hill, and daisy-mantled mead;
The furrow'd land, with springing corn array'd;
The sunny wall, with bloomy branches spread:

Farewell the bow'r with blushing roses gay;
Farewell the fragrant trefoil-purpled field;
Farewell the walk through rows of new-mown hay,
When ev'ning breezes mingled odours yield:

Of these no more—now round the lonely farms,
Where jocund Plenty deigns to fix her seat;
Th' autumnal landscape op'ning all its charms,
Declares kind Nature's annual work complete.

In diff'rent parts what diff'rent views delight,
Where on neat ridges waves the golden grain;
Or where the bearded barley dazzling white,
Spreads o'er the steepy slope or wide champaign.

The smile of Morning gleams along the hills,
And wakeful Labour calls her sons abroad;
They leave with cheerful look their lowly vills,
And bid the fields resign their ripen'd load.

In various tasks engage the rustic bands,
And here the scythe, and there the sickle wield;
Or rear the new-bound sheaves along the lands,
Or range in heaps the swarths upon the field.

Some build the shocks, some load the spacious wains,
Some lead to shelt'ring barns the fragrant corn;
Some form tall ricks, that tow'ring o'er the plains
For many a mile, the homestead yards adorn.—

The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,
The joyful swains that raise the clam'rous song,
Th' enclosure gates thrown open all around,
The stubble peopled by the gleaning throng,

Soon mark glad harvest o'er—Ye rural lords,
Whose wide domains o'er Albion's isle extend;
Think whose kind hand your annual wealth affords,
And bid to Heav'n your grateful praise ascend!

For though no gift spontaneous of the ground
Rose these fair crops that made your vallies smile,
Though the blithe youth of ev'ry hamlet round
Persu'd for these through many a day their toil;

Yet what avail your labours or your cares?
Can all your labours, all your cares, supply
Bright suns, or soft'ning show'rs, or tepid airs,
Or one indulgent influence of the sky?

For Providence decrees, that we obtain
With toil each blessing destin'd to our use;
But means to teach us, that our toil is vain
If he the bounty of his hand refuse.

Yet, Albion, blame not what thy crime demands,
While this sad truth the blushing Muse betrays—
More frequent echoes o'er thy harvest lands,
The voice of riot than the voice of praise.

Prolific though thy fields, and mild thy clime,
Realms fam'd for fields as rich, for climes as fair,
Have fall'n the prey of famine, war, and time,
And now no semblance of their glory bear.

Ask Palestine, proud Asia's early boast,
Where now the groves that pour'd her wine and oil;
Where the fair towns that crown'd her wealthy coast;
Where the glad swains that till'd her fertile soil:

Ask, and behold, and mourn her hapless fall!
Where rose fair towns, where toil'd the jocund swain,
Thron'd on the naked rock and mould'ring wall,
Pale Want and Ruin hold their dreary reign.

Where Jordan's vallies smil'd in living green,
Where Sharon's flow'rs disclos'd their varied hues,
The wand'ring pilgrim views the alter'd scene,
And drops the tear of pity as he views.

Ask Grecia, mourning o'er her ruin'd tow'rs;
Where now the prospects charm'd her bards of old,
Her corn-clad mountains and Elysian bow'rs,
And silver streams through fragrant meadows roll'd?

Where Freedom's praise along the vale was heard,
And town to town return'd the fav'rite sound;
Where patriot War her awful standard rear'd,
And brav'd the millions Persia pour'd around?

There Freedom's praise no more the valley cheers,
There patriot War no more her banner waves;
Nor bard, nor sage, nor martial chief appears,
But stern barbarians rule a land of slaves.

Of mighty realms are such the poor remains?
Of mighty realms that fell, when mad with pow'r,
They call'd for Vice to revel on their plains;
The monster doom'd their offspring to devour!

O Albion! wouldst thou shun their mournful fate,
To shun their follies and their crimes be thine;
And woo to linger in thy fair retreat,
The radiant virtues, progeny divine!

Fair Truth, with dauntless eye and aspect bland;
Sweet Peace, whose brow no angry frown deforms;
Soft Charity, with over-open hand;
And Courage, calm amid surrounding storms.

O lovely train! O haste to grace our isle!
So may the pow'r who ev'ry blessing yields,
Bid on her clime serenest seasons smile,
And crown with annual wealth her far-fam'd fields.

ELEGY IV.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

The Sun far southward bends his annual way,
The bleak north-east wind lays the forests bare,
The fruit ungather'd quits the naked spray,
And dreary Winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.

Where are the sprightly prospects Spring supply'd,
The may-flower'd hedges scenting ev'ry breeze;
The white flocks scatt'ring o'er the mountain's side,
The woodlarks warbling on the blooming trees?

Where is gay Summer's sportive insect train,
That in green fields on painted pinions play'd?
The herd at morn wide-pasturing o'er the plain,
Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow shade?

Where is brown Autumn's ev'ning mild and still,
What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance yields,
What time the village peoples all the hill,
And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest fields?

To former scenes our fancy thus returns,
To former scenes, that little pleas'd when here!
Our winter chills us, and our summer burns,
Yet we dislike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then restless fancy flies, [flow;
Where Indian streams through green savannahs
Where brighter suns and ever tranquil skies
Bid new fruits ripen, and new flow'rets blow.

Let Truth these fairer happier lands survey—
There frowning months descend in wat'ry storms;
Or Nature faints amid the blaze of day,
And one brown hue the sun-burnt plain deforms.

There oft, as toiling in the sultry fields,
Or homeward passing on the shadeless way,
His joyless life the weary lab'rer yields,
And instant drops beneath the deathful ray.

Who dreams of Nature, free from Nature's strife?
Who dreams of constant happiness below?
The hope-flush'd ent'rer on the stage of life;
The youth to knowledge unchastis'd by woe.

For me, long toil'd on many a weary road,
Led by false hope in search of many a joy;
I find in Earth's bleak clime no bless'd abode,
No place, no season, sacred from annoy:

For me, while Winter rages round the plains,
With his dark days I human life compare; [rains,
Not those more fraught with clouds, and winds, and
Than this with piping pain and anxious care.

O! whence this wondrous turn of mind our fate—
Whate'er the season or the place possess'd,
We ever murmur at our present state;
And yet the thought of parting breaks our rest?

Why else, when heard in Ev'n'ng's solemn gloom,
Does the sad knell, that sounding o'er the plain
Tolls some poor lifeless body to the tomb,
Thus thrill my breast with melancholy pain?

The voice of Reason thunders in my ear:
"Thus thou, ere long, must join thy kindred clay;
No more those nostrils breathe the vital air,
No more those eyelids open on the day!"—

O Winter, o'er me hold thy dreary reign!
Spread wide thy skies in darkest horrours dress'd!
Of their dread rage no longer I 'll complain,
Nor ask an Eden for a transient guest.

Enough has Heav'n indulg'd of joy below,
To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat;
Enough has Heav'n ordain'd of useful woe,
To make us languish for a happier seat.

There is, who deems all climes, all seasons fair;
There is, who knows no restless passion's strife;
Contentment, smiling at each idle care;
Contentment, thankful for the gift of life!

She finds in Winter many a view to please; [gay,
The morning landscape fring'd with frost-work
The Sun at noon seen through the leafless trees,
The clear calm ether at the close of day:

She marks th' advantage storms and clouds bestow,
When blust'ring Caurus purifies the air;
When moist Aquarius pours the fleecy snow, [bear:
That makes th' impregnate glebe a richer harvest

She bids, for all, our grateful praise arise,
To him whose mandate spake the world to form;
Gay Spring's gay bloom, and Summer's cheerful skies,
And Autumn's corn-clad field, and Winter's [sounding storm.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN AT AMWELL, IN HERTFORDSHIRE, 1768.

O FRIEND! though silent thus thy tongue remains,
I read inquiry in thy anxious eye,
Why my pale cheek the frequent tear distains,
Why from my bosom bursts the frequent sigh.

Long from these scenes detain'd in distant fields,
My mournful tale perchance escap'd thy ear:
Fresh grief to me the repetition yields;
Thy kind attention gives thee right to hear!

Foe to the world's pursuit of wealth and fame,
Thy Theron early from the world retir'd,
Left to the busy throng each boasted aim,
Nor aught, save peace in solitude, desir'd.

A few choice volumes there could oft engage,
A few choice friends there oft amus'd the day;
There his lov'd parents' slow-declining age,
Life's calm unvary'd ev'ning, wore away.

Foe to the futile manners of the proud,
He chose an humble virgin for his own;
A form with Nature's fairest gifts endow'd,
And pure as vernal blossoms newly blown:

Her hand she gave, and with it gave a heart
By love engag'd, with gratitude impress'd,
Free without folly, prudent without art,
With wit accomplish'd, and with virtue bless'd.

Swift pass'd the hours; alas, to pass no more!
Flown like the light clouds of a summer's day!
One beauteous pledge the beauteous consort bore;
The fatal gift forbad the giver's stay.

Ere twice the Sun perform'd his annual round,
In one sad spot where kindred ashes lie,
O'er wife, and child, and parents, clos'd the ground;
The final home of man, ordain'd to die!

O cease at length, obstrusive Mem'ry! cease,
Nor in my view the wretched hours retain,
That saw disease on her dear life increase,
And med'cine's lenient arts essay'd in vain.

O the dread scene! (in misery how sublime!)
Of love's vain pray'rs to stay her fleeting breath!
Suspense that restless watch'd the flight of time,
And helpless dumb despair awaiting death!

O the dread scene! 'T is agony to tell,
How o'er the couch of pain declin'd my head,
And took from dying lips the long farewell,
The last, last parting, ere her spirit fled.

"Restore her, Heav'n, as from the grave retrieve—
In each calm moment all things else resign'd,
Her looks, her language, show how hard to leave
The lov'd companion she must leave behind.

"Restore her, Heaven! for once in mercy spare."
Thus love's vain prayer in anguish interpos'd;
And soon suspense gave place to dumb despair,
And o'er the past, Death's sable curtain clos'd—

In silence clos'd—My thoughts rov'd frantic round,
No hope, no wish, beneath the Sun remain'd;
Earth, air, and skies, one dismal waste I found,
One pale, dread, dreary blank, with horror stain'd.

O lovely flow'r, too fair for this rude clime!
O lovely morn, too prodigal of light!
O transient beauties, blasted in their prime!
O transient glories, sunk in sudden night!

Sweet excellence, by all who knew thee mourn'd!
Where is that form, that mind, my soul admir'd;
That form, with ev'ry pleasing charm adorn'd;
That mind, with ev'ry gentle thought inspir'd?

The face with rapture view'd, I view no more;
The voice with rapture heard, no more I hear:
Yet the lov'd features Mem'ry's eyes explore;
Yet the lov'd accents fall on Mem'ry's ear.

Ah, sad, sad change! (sad source of daily pain!)
That sense of loss ineffable renews;
While my rack'd bosom heaves the sigh in vain,
While my pale cheek the tear in vain bedews.

Still o'er the grave that holds the dear remains,
The mould'ring veil her spirit left below,
Fond Fancy dwells, and pours funereal strains,
The soul-dissolving melody of woe.

Nor mine alone to bear this painful doom,
Nor she alone the tear of song obtains;
The Muse of Blagdon[1], o'er Constantia's tomb,
In all the eloquence of grief complains.

My friend's fair hope, like mine, so lately gain'd;
His heart, like mine, in its true partner bless'd;
Both from one cause the same distress sustain'd,
The same sad hours beheld us both distress'd.

O human life! how mutable, how vain!
How thy wide sorrows circumscribe thy joy—
A sunny island in a stormy main,
A spot of azure in a cloudy sky!

All-gracious Heav'n! since man, infatuate man,
Rests in thy works, too negligent of thee,
Lays for himself on Earth his little plan,
Dreads not, or distant views mortality;

'T is but to wake to nobler thought the soul,
To rouse us ling'ring on Earth's flow'ry plain,
To virtue's path our wand'rings to control,
Affliction frowning comes, kind minister of pain!

AMWELL:

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

THERE dwells a fond desire in human minds,
When pleas'd, their pleasure to extend to those
Of kindred taste; and thence th' enchanting arts
Of picture and of song, the semblance fair

[1] See Verses written at Sandgate Castle, in memory of a lady, by the late ingenious Dr. Langhorne.

Of Nature's forms produce. This fond desire
Prompts me to sing the lonely sylvan scenes
Of Amwell; which, so oft in early youth,
While novelty enhanc'd their native charms,
Gave rapture to my soul; and often, still,
On life's calm moments shed serener joy.
Descriptive Muse! whose hand along the stream
Of ancient Thames, through Richmond's shady groves,
And Sheen's fair vallies, once thy Thomson led[1];
And once o'er green Carmarthen's woody dales,
And sunny landscapes of Campania's plain,
Thy other favour'd bard[2]; thou, who so late,
In bowers by Clent's wild peaks[3], to Shenstone's ear
Didst bring sweet strains of rural melody,
(Alas, no longer heard!)—vouchsafe thine aid:
From all our rich varieties of view,
What best may please, assist me to select,
With art dispose, with energy describe,
And its full image on the mind impress.
And ye, who e'er in these delightful fields
Consum'd with me the social hour, while I
Your walk conducted o'er their loveliest spots,
And on their fairest objects fix'd your sight;
Accept this verse, which may to memory call
That social hour, and sweetly vary'd waik!
And thou, by strong connubial union mine;
Mine, by the stronger union of the heart;
In whom the loss of parents and of friends,
And her, the first fair partner of my joys,
All recompens'd I find; whose presence cheers
The soft domestic scene; Maria, come!
The country calls us forth; blithe Summer's hand
Sheds sweetest flowers, and Morning's brightest smile
Illumines earth and air; Maria, come!
By winding pathways through the waving corn,
We reach the airy point that prospect yields,
Not vast and awful, but confin'd and fair;
Not the black mountain and the foamy main;
Not the throng'd city and the busy port;
But pleasant interchange of soft ascent,
And level plain, and growth of shady woods,
And twining course of rivers clear, and sight
Of rural towns and rural cots, whose roofs
Rise scattering round, and animate the whole.
Far tow'rds the west, close under sheltering hills,
In verdant meads, by Lee's cerulean stream,
Hertford's grey towers[4] ascend; the rude remains
Of high antiquity, from waste escap'd
Of envious time, and violence of war.
For war there once, so tells th' historic page,
Led Desolation's steps: the hardy Dane,
By avarice lur'd, o'er ocean's stormy wave,
To ravage Albion's plains, his fav'rite seat,
There fix'd awhile; and there his castles rear'd
Among the trees; and there, beneath yon ridge
Of piny rocks, his conq'ring navy moor'd,
With idle sails furl'd on the yard, and oars
Recumbent on the flood, and streamers gay
Triumphant flutt'ring on the passing winds.
In fear, the shepherd on the lonely heath
Tended his scanty flock; the ploughman turn'd
In fear his hasty furrow: oft the din
Of hostile arms alarm'd the ear, and flames far
Of plunder'd towns through night's thick gloom from
Gleam'd dismal on the sight: till Alfred came,
Till Alfred, father of his people, came,
Lee's rapid tide into new channels turn'd,
And left aground the Danian fleet, and forc'd
The foe to speedy flight[5]. Then Freedom's voice
Reviv'd the drooping swain; then Plenty's hand
Recloth'd the desert fields, and Peace and Love
Sat smiling by; as now they smiling sit,
Obvious to Fancy's eye, upon the side
Of yon bright sunny theatre of hills,
Where Bengeo's villas rise, and Ware-park's lawns
Spread their green surface, interspers'd with groves
Of broad umbrageous oak, and spiry pine,
Tall elm, and linden pale, and blossom'd thorn,
Breathing mild fragrance, like the spicy gales
Of Indian islands. On the ample brow,
Where that white temple rears its pillar'd front
Half hid with glossy foliage, many a chief
Renown'd for martial deeds, and many a bard
Renown'd for song, have pass'd the rural hour.
The gentle Fanshaw[6] there, from "noise of camps,
From court's disease retir'd[7]," delighted view'd
The gaudy garden fam'd in Wotton's page[8];
Or in the verdant maze, or cool arcade,
Sat musing, and from smooth Italian strains
The soft Guarini's amorous lore transfus'd
Into rude British verse. The warrior's arm
Now rests from toil; the poet's tuneful tongue

[1] Thomson, author of the Seasons, resided part of his life near Richmond.

[2] Dyer, author of Grongar Hill; The Ruins of Rome; and that excellent neglected poem, The Fleece.

[3] The Clent-hills adjoin to Hagley-park, and are not far distant from the Leasowes.

[4] In the beginning of the heptarchy, the town of Hertford was accounted one of the principal cities of the East Saxons, where the kings of that province often kept their courts, and a parliamentary council, or national synod, was held, Sept. 24, 673. Chauncy's Hertfordshire, p. 237.

[5] Towards the latter end of the year 879, the Danes advanced to the borders of Mercia, and erected two forts at Hertford on the Lee, for the security of their ships, which they had brought up that river. Here they were attacked by the Londoners, who were repulsed. But Alfred advanced with his army, and viewing the nature of their situation, turned the course of the stream, so that their vessels were left on dry ground; a circumstance which terrified them to such a degree, that they abandoned their forts, and, flying towards the Severn, were pursued by Alfred as far as Quatbridge.—Smollet's Hist. of England, 8vo. edit. vol. i. p. 182.

[6] Sir Richard Fanshaw, translator of Guarini's Pastor Fido, the Lusiad of Camoens, &c. He was son of sir Henry Fanshaw of Ware-park, and is said to have resided much there. He was ambassador to Portugal, and afterwards to Spain, and died at Madrid in 1666. His body was brought to England, and interred in Ware church, where his monument is still existing. In Cibber's Lives of the Poets, it is erroneously asserted that he was buried in All-Saints church, Hertford.

[7] The words marked with inverted commas are part of a stanza of Fanshaw's.

[8] See Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, where the author makes a particular mention of the garden of sir Henry Fanshaw at Ware-park, "as a delicate and diligent curiosity," remarkable for the nice arrangement of its flowers.

In silence lies; frail man his lov'd domains
Soon quits for ever! they themselves, by course
Of nature often, or caprice of art,
Experience change: even here, 't is said of old
Steep rocky cliffs rose where yon gentle slopes
Mix with the vale; and fluctuating waves
Spread wide, where that rich vale with golden flowers
Shines; and where yonder winding crystal rill
Slides through its smooth shorn margin, to the brink
Of Chadwell's azure pool. From Chadwell's pool
To London's plains, the Cambrian artist brought
His ample aqueduct[9]; suppos'd a work
Of matchless skill, by those who ne'er had heard
How, from Preneste's heights and Anio's banks,
By Tivoli, to Rome's imperial walls,
On marble arches came the limpid store,
And out of jasper rocks in bright cascades
With never-ceasing murmur gush'd; or how,
To Lusitanian Ulysippo's towers[10],
The silver current o'er Alcant'ra's vale
Roll'd high in air, as ancient poet's feign'd
Eridanus to roll through Heaven: to these
Not sordid lucre, but the honest wish
Of future fame, or care for public weal,
Existence gave; and unconfin'd, as dew
Falls from the hand of Evening on the fields,
They flow'd for all. Our mercenary stream,
No grandeur boasting, here obscurely glides
O'er grassy lawns or under willow shades.
As, through the human form, arterial tubes
Branch'd every way, minute and more minute,
The circulating sanguine fluid extend;
So, pipes innumerable to peopled streets
Transmit the purchas'd wave. Old Lee, meanwhile,
Beneath his mossy grot o'erhung with boughs
Of poplar quivering in the breeze, surveys
With eye indignant his diminish'd tide[11]
That laves yon ancient priory's wall[12], and shows
In its clear mirror Ware's inverted roofs.
Ware once was known to Fame; to her fair fields
Whilom the Gothic tournament's proud pomp
Brought Albion's valiant youth and blooming maids:
Pleas'd with ideas of the past, the Muse
Bids Fancy's pencil paint the scene, where they
In gilded barges on the glassy stream
Circled the reedy isles, the sportive dance
Along the smooth lawn led, or in the groves
Wander'd conversing, or reclin'd at ease
To harmony of lutes, and voices sweet
Resign'd th' enchanted ear; till sudden heard
The silver trumpet's animating sound
Summon'd the champions forth; on stately steeds,
In splendid armour clad, the pond'rous lance
With strenuous hand sustaining, forth they came.
Where gay pavilions rose upon the plain,
Or azure awnings stretch'd from tree to tree,
Mix'd with thick foliage, form'd a mimic sky
Of grateful shade (as oft in Agra's streets
The silken canopy from side to side
Extends to break the Sun's impetuous ray,
While monarchs pass beneath); there sat the fair,
A glittering train on costly carpets rang'd,
A group of beauties all in youthful prime,
Of various feature and of various grace!
The pensive languish, and the sprightly air,
The engaging smile, and all the nameless charms
Which transient hope, or fear, or grief, or joy,
Wak'd in th' expressive eye, th' enamour'd heart
Of each young hero rous'd to daring deeds.
Nor this aught strange, that those whom love in-
Prov'd ev'ry means the lovely sex to please: [spir'd
'T is strange, indeed, how custom thus could teach
The tender breast complacence in the sight
Of barb'rous sport, where friend from hand of friend
The fatal wound full oft receiv'd, and fell
A victim to false glory; as that day
Fell gallant Pembroke, while his pompous show
Ended in silent gloom[13]. One pitying tear
To human frailty paid; my roving sight
Pursues its pleasing course o'er neighb'ring hills,
Where frequent hedge-rows intersect rich fields
Of many a different form and different hue,
Bright with ripe corn, or green with grass, or dark
With clover's purple bloom; o'er Widbury's mount
With that fair crescent crown'd of lofty elms,
Its own peculiar boast; and o'er the woods
That round immure the deep sequester'd dale
Of Langley[14], down whose flow'ry-embroider'd
meads
Swift Ash through pebbly shores meandering rolls,
Elysian scene! as from the living world
Secluded quite; for of that world, to him
Whose wand'rings trace thy winding length, appears
No mark, save one white solitary spire
At distance rising through the tufted trees—
Elysian scene! recluse as that, so fam'd
For solitude, by Warwick's ancient walls,
Where under umbrage of the mossy cliff
Victorious Guy, so legends say, reclin'd
His hoary head beside the silver stream,
In meditation rapt——Elysian scene!
At ev'ning often, while the setting Sun
On the green summit of thy eastern groves
Pour'd full his yellow radiance; while the voice

[9] The New River brought from Chadwell, a spring in the meadows between Hertford and Ware, by sir Hugh Middleton, a native of Wales.

[10] The ancient name of Lisbon.

[11] A considerable part of the New River water is derived from the Lee, to the disadvantage of the navigation on that stream.

[12] "About the 18th of Henry III. Margaret, countess of Leicester, and lady of the manor, founded a priory for friars in the north part of this town of Ware, and dedicated the same to St. Francis" Chauncy's Hertfordshire.

[13] "In the 25th of Henry III. on the 27th of June, Gilbert Marshall, earl of Pembroke, a potent peer of the realm, proclaimed here (at Ware) a disport of running on horseback with lances, which was then called a tournament." Chauncy's Hist. of Hertfordshire.

"At this tournament, the said Gilbert was slain by a fall from his horse; Robert de Say, one of his knights, was killed, and several others wounded." Smollet's Hist. of England.

[14] This delightful retreat, commonly called Langley-bottom, is situated about half a mile from Ware, and the same distance from Amwell. The scene is adapted to contemplation, and possesses such capabilities of improvement, that the genius of a Shenstone might easily convert it to a second Leasowes. The transition from this solitude to Widbury-Hill, is made in a walk of a few minutes, and the prospect from that hill, in a fine evening, is beautiful beyond description.

Of Zephyr whisp'ring midst the rustling leaves,
The sound of water murm'ring through the sedge,
The turtle's plaintive call, and music soft
Of distant bells, whose ever varying notes
In slow sad measure mov'd, combin'd to sooth
The soul to sweet solemnity of thought;
Beneath thy branchy bowers of thickest gloom,
Much on th' imperfect state of man I 've mus'd:
How Pain o'er half his hours her iron reign
Ruthless extends; how Pleasure from the path
Of innocence allures his steps; how Hope
Directs his eye to distant joy, that flies
His fond pursuit; how Fear his shuddering heart
Alarms with fancy'd ill; how Doubt and Care
Perplex his thought; how soon the tender rose
Of beauty fades, the sturdy oak of strength
Declines to earth, and over all our pride
Stern Time triumphant stands. From gen'ral fate
To private woes then oft has memory pass'd,
And mourn'd the loss of many a friend belov'd;
Of thee, De Horne, kind, gen'rous, wise, and good!
And thee, my Turner, who, in vacant youth,
Here oft in converse free, or studious search
Of classic lore, accompanied my walk!
From Ware's green bowers, to Devon's myrtle vales,
Remov'd a while, with prospect op'ning fair
Of useful life and honour in his view;
As falls the vernal bloom before the breath
Of blasting Eurus, immature he fell!
The tidings reach'd my ear, and in my breast,
Aching with recent wounds [15], new anguish wak'd.
When melancholy thus has chang'd to grief,
That grief in soft forgetfulness to lose,
I 've left the gloom for gayer scenes, and sought
Through winding paths of venerable shade,
The airy brow where that tall spreading beech
O'ertops surrounding groves, up rocky steeps,
Tree over tree dispos'd; or stretching far
Their shadowy coverts down th' indented side
Of fair corn-fields; or pierc'd with sunny glades,
That yield the casual glimpse of flowery meads
And shining silver rills; on these the eye
Then wont to expatiate pleas'd; or more remote
Survey'd yon vale of Lee, in verdant length
Of level lawn spread out to Kent's blue hills,
And the proud range of glitt'ring spires that rise
In misty air on Thames's crowded shores.
How beautiful, how various, is the view
Of these sweet pastoral landscapes! fair, perhaps,
As those renown'd of old, from Tabor's height,
Or Carmel seen; or those, the pride of Greece,
Tempe or Arcady; or those that grac'd
The banks of clear Elorus, or the skirts
Of thymy Hybla, where Sicilia's isle
Smiles on the azure main; there once was heard
The Muse's lofty lay.——How beautiful,
How various is your view! delicious hills [streams
Bounding smooth vales, smooth vales by winding
Divided, that here glide through grassy banks
In open sun, there wander under shade
Of aspen tall, or ancient elm, whose boughs
O'erhang grey castles, and romantic farms,
And humble cots of happy shepherd swains.
Delightful habitations! with the song
Of birds melodious charm'd, and bleat of flocks
From upland pastures heard, and low of kine
Grazing the rushy mead, and mingled sounds
Of falling waters and of whisp'ring winds—

[15] See Elegy written at Amwell, 1768, p. 462.

Delightful habitations! o'er the land
Dispers'd around, from Waltham's osier'd isles
To where bleak Nasing's lonely tower o'erlooks
Her verdant fields; from Raydon's pleasant groves
And Hunsdon's bowers on Stort's irriguous marge,
By Rhye's old walls, to Hodsdon's airy street;
From Hady's woodland to the flow'ry meads
Of willow-shaded Stansted, and the slope
Of Amwell's mount, that crown'd with yellow corn
There from the green flat, softly swelling, shows
Like some bright vernal cloud by Zephyr's breath
Just rais'd above th' horizon's azure bound.
As one long travel'd on Italia's plains,
The land of pomp and beauty, still his feet
On his own Albion joys to fix again;
So my pleas'd eye, which o'er the prospect wide
Has wander'd round, and various objects mark'd,
On Amwell rests at last, its fav'rite scene!
How picturesque the view! where up the side
Of that steep bank, her roofs of russet thatch
Rise mix'd with trees, above whose swelling tops
Ascends the tall church tow'r, and loftier still
The hill's extended ridge. How picturesque!
Where slow beneath that bank the silver stream
Glides by the flowery isle, and willow groves
Wave on its northern verge, with trembling tufts
Of osier intermix'd. How picturesque
The slender group of airy elm, the clump
Of pollard oak, or ash, with ivy brown
Entwin'd; the walnut's gloomy breadth of boughs,
The orchard's ancient fence of rugged pales,
The haystack's dusky cone, the moss-grown shed,
The clay-built barn; the elder-shaded cot,
Whose white-wash'd gable prominent through green
Of waving branches shows, perchance inscrib'd
With some past owner's name, or rudely grac'd
With rustic dial, that scarcely serves to mark
Time's ceaseless flight; the wall with mantling vines
O'erspread, the porch with climbing woodbine wreath'd,
And under sheltering eves the sunny beach,
Where brown hives range, whose busy tenants fill,
With drowsy hum, the little garden gay, [flowers,
Whence blooming beans, and spicy herbs, and
Exhale around a rich perfume! Here rests
The empty wain; there idle lies the plough:
By Summer's hand unharness'd, here the steed,
Short ease enjoying, crops the daisy'd lawn;
Here bleats the nursling lamb, the heifer there
Waits at the yard-gate lowing. By the road,
Where the neat ale-house stands, (so once stood
Deserted Auburn! in immortal song [thine,
Consign'd to fame [16]) the cottage sire recounts
The praise he earn'd, when cross the field he drew
The straightest furrow, or neatest built the rick,
Or led the reaper band in sultry noons
With unabating strength, or won the prize
At many a crowded wake. Beside her door,
The cottage matron whirls her circling wheel,
And jocund chants her lay. The cottage maid
Feeds from her loaded lap her mingled train
Of clamorous hungry fowls; or o'er the style
Leaning, with downcast look, the artless tale
Of ev'ning courtship hears. The sportive troop
Of cottage children on the grassy waste
Mix in rude gambols, or the bounding ball
Circle from hand to hand, or rustic notes

[16] See The Deserted Village, a beautiful poem, by the late Dr. Goldsmith.

Wake on their pipes of jointed reed: while near
The careful shepherd's frequent-falling strokes
Fix on the fallow lea his hurdled fold.
Such rural life! so calm, it little yields
Of interesting act, to swell the page
Of history or song; yet much the soul
Its sweet simplicity delights, and oft
From noise of busy towns, to fields and groves,
The Muse's sons have fled to find repose.
Fam'd Walton [17], erst, the ingenious fisher swain,
Oft our fair haunts explor'd; upon Lee's shore,
Beneath some green tree oft his angle laid,
His sport suspending to admire their charms.
He, who in verse his country's story told [18], [scene,
Here dwelt awhile; perchance here sketch'd the
Where his fair Argentile, from crowded courts
For pride self-banish'd, in sequester'd shades
Sojourn'd disguis'd, and met the slighted youth
Who long had sought her love—the gentle bard
Sleeps here, by Fame forgotten; (fickle Fame
Too oft forgets her fav'rites!) By his side
Sleeps gentle Hassal [19], who with tenderest care
Here watch'd his village charge; in nuptial bond
Their hands oft join'd; oft heard, and oft reliev'd
Their little wants; oft heard, and oft compos'd,
Sole arbiter, their little broils; oft urg'd
Their flight from folly and from vice; and oft
Dropp'd on their graves the tear, to early worth
Or ancient friendship due. In dangerous days,
When Death's fell fury, pale-ey'd Pestilence,
Glar'd horrour round, his duty he discharg'd
Unterrified, unhurt; and here, at length,
Clos'd his calm inoffensive useful life
In venerable age: her life with him
His faithful consort clos'd; on Earth's cold breast
Both sunk to rest together.——On the turf,
Whence Time's rude grasp has torn their rustic tombs,
I strew fresh flowers, and make a moment's pause
Of solemn thought; then seek th' adjacent spot,
From which, through these broad lindens' verdant arch,
The steeple's Gothic wall and window dim
In perspective appear; then homeward turn
By where the Muse, enamour'd of our shades,
Deigns still her fav'ring presence; where my friend,
The British Tasso [20], oft from busy scenes
To rural calm and letter'd ease retires.
As some fond lover leaves his fav'rite nymph,
Oft looking back, and ling'ring in her view,
So now reluctant this retreat I leave,
Look after look indulging; on the right,
Up to yon airy battlement's broad top
Half veil'd with trees, that, from th' acclivious steep
Jut like the pendent gardens, fam'd of old,
Beside Euphrates' bank; then, on the left,

[17] Isaac Walton, author of The Complete Angler, an ingenious biographer, and no despicable poet. The scene of his Anglers' Dialogues is the vale of Lee, between Tottenham and Ware; it seems to have been a place he much frequented: he particularly mentions Amwell Hill.

[18] William Warner, author of Albion's England, an historical poem; an episode of which, entitled Argentile and Curan, has been frequently reprinted, and is much admired by the lovers of old English poetry. The ingenious Dr. Percy, who has inserted this piece in his collection, observes, that "though Warner's name is so seldom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on a level with Spenser, and called them the Homer and Virgil of their age;" that "Warner was said to have been a Warwickshire man, and to have been educated at Magdalen Hall; that, in the latter part of his life, he was retained in the service of Henry Cary, lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem; but that more of his history is not known." Mrs. Cooper, in her Muses' Library, after highly applauding his poetry, adds, "What were the circumstances and accidents of his life, we have hardly light enough to conjecture; any more than, by his dedication, it appears he was in the service of the lord Hunsdon, and acknowledges very gratefully, both father and son, for his patrons and benefactors."—By the following extract from the parish register of Amwell, it may be reasonably concluded, that Warner resided for some time at that village; and, as his profession of an attorney is particularly mentioned, it is pretty evident that, whatever dependence he might have on lord Hunsdon, it could not be in the capacity of a menial servant. Though Warner's merit, as a poet, may have been too highly rated, it was really not inconsiderable; his Argentile and Curan has many beauties; but it has also the faults common to the compositions of his age, especially a most disgusting indelicacy of sentiment and expression.

"Ma. William Warner, a man of good yeares and honest reputation, by his profession an attorney at the Common Please, author of Albion's England; dying suddenly in the night in his bedde, without any former complaynt or sicknesse, on Thursday night, beeing the 9th of March, was buried the Saturday following, and lieth in the church at the upper end, under the stone of Gwalter Fader." Parish register of Amwell, 1608—9.

[19] Thomas Hassal, vicar of Amwell; he kept the above-mentioned parish register with uncommon care and precision, enriching it with many entertaining anecdotes of the parties registered. He performed his duty in the most hazardous circumstances, it appearing that the plague twice raged in the village during his residence there; in 1603, when twenty-six persons, and in 1625, when twenty-two persons died of it, and were buried in his church-yard. The character here given of him must be allowed, strictly speaking, to be imaginary; but the composition, in the said register, appears to [illegible] to breathe such a spirit of piety, simplicity, and benevolence, that [illegible] to assert that it was his real character. It [illegible] is registered by his son, Edmund Hassal, as follows:

"Thomas Hassal, vicar of [illegible], where he had continued resident fifty-[illegible] years, seven months, and sixteen days, [illegible] the reigns of queen Elizabeth, king James, and king Charles, departed this life September 2 [illegible] ursday, and was buried September 26th, Saturday. His body was laid in the chancel of this church, under the priests or marble stone. Ætatis 84. Non erat ante, nec erit post te similis. Edmund Hassal." Register of Amwell, 1657.

Elizabeth Hassal, wife of the said Thomas Hassal, died about the same time, aged 78 years 8 months, married 46 years and 4 months.

[20] Mr. Hoole, translator of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.

Down to those shaded cots, and bright expanse
Of water softly sliding by: once, where
That bright expanse of water softly slides,
Oberhung with shrubs that fringe the chalky rock,
A little fount pour'd forth its gurgling rill,
In flinty channel trickling o'er the green,
From Emma nam'd; perhaps some sainted maid
For holy life rever'd; to such, erewhile,
Fond Superstition many a pleasant grove,
And limpid spring, was wont to consecrate.
Of Emma's story nought Tradition speaks;
Conjecture, who, behind Oblivion's veil,
Along the doubtful past delights to stray,
Boasts now, indeed, that from her well the place
Receiv'd its appellation [21].——Thou, sweet Vill,
Farewell! and ye, sweet fields, where Plenty's horn
Pours liberal boons, and Health propitious deigns
Her cheering smile! you not the parching air
Of arid sands, you not the vapours chill
Of humid fens, annoy; Favonius' wing,
From off your thyme-banks and your trefoil meads,
Wafts balmy redolence; robust and gay
Your swains industrious issue to their toil,
Till your rich glebe, or in your granaries store
Its gen'rous produce: annual ye resound
The ploughman's song, as he through reeking soil
Guides slow his shining share; ye annual hear
The shouts of harvest, and the prattling train
Of cheerful gleaners:—and th' alternate strokes
Of loud flails echoing from your loaded barns,
The pallid Morn in dark November wake.
But, happy as ye are, in marks of wealth
And population; not for these, or aught
Beside, wish I, in hyperbolic strains
Of vain applause, to elevate your fame
Above all other scenes; for scenes as fair
Have charm'd my sight, but transient was the view:
You, through all seasons, in each varied hour
For observation happiest, oft my steps
Have travers'd o'er; oft Fancy's eye has seen
Gay Spring trip lightly on your lovely lawns,
To wake fresh flowers at morn; and Summer spread
His listless limbs, at noon-tide, on the marge
Of smooth translucent pools, where willows green
Gave shade, and breezes from the wild mint's bloom
Brought odour exquisite; oft Fancy's ear,
Deep in the gloom of evening woods, has heard
The 'ast sad sigh of Autumn, when his throne
To Winter he resign'd; oft Fancy's thought,
In ecstasy, where from the golden east,
Or dazzling south, or crimson west, the Sun
A different lustre o'er the landscape threw,
Some Paradise has form'd, the blissful seat
Of Innocence and Beauty! while I wish'd
The skill of Claude or Rubens, or of him
Whom now on La Plant's banks, in groves that breathe
Enthusiasm sublime, the sister nymphs [22]
Inspire [23]; that, to the idea fair, my hand
Might permanence have lent!—Attachment strong
Springs from delight bestow'd; to me delight
Long ye have given, and I have given you praise!

[21] In Doomsday book, this village is written Emmevelle, perhaps originally Emma's-Well. When the New River was opened, there was a spring here which was taken into that aqueduct. Chadwell, the other source of that river, evidently received its denomination from the tutelar saint, St. Chad, who seems to have given name to springs and wells in different parts of England.

[22] Painting and Poetry.

[23] Mr. George Smith of Chichester, a justly celebrated landscape painter, and also a poet. Lavant is the name of the river at Chichester, which city gave birth to the sublime Collins.

AMOEBAEAN ECLOGUES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Much of the rural imagery which our country affords, has already been introduced in poetry; but many obvious and pleasing appearances seem to have totally escaped notice. To describe these is the business of the following Eclogues. The plan of the Carmen Amoebaeum, or responsive verse of the ancients, inconsistent as it may be deemed with modern manners, was preferred on this occasion, as admitting an arbitrary and desultory disposition of ideas, where it was found difficult to preserve a regular connection.

ECLOGUE I.

RURAL SCENERY; OR, THE DESCRIBERS.

December's frost had bound the fields and streams,
And noon's bright Sun effus'd its cheerful beams:
Where woodland, northward, screen'd a pleasant plain,
And on dry fern-banks brows'd the fleecy train,
Two gentle youths, whom rural scenes could please,
Both skill'd to frame the tuneful rhyme with ease,
Charm'd with the prospect, slowly stray'd along,
Themselves amusing with alternate song.

FIRST.

These pollard oaks their tawny leaves retain,
These hardy hornbeams yet unstripp'd remain;
The wintry groves all else admit the view
Through naked stems of many a vary'd hue.

SECOND.

Yon shrubby slopes a pleasing mixture show;
There the rough elm and smooth white privet grow,
Straight shoots of ash with bark of glossy grey,
Red cornel twigs, and maple's russet spray.

FIRST.

These stony steeps with spreading moss abound,
Grey on the trees and green upon the ground;
With tangling brambles ivy interweaves,
And bright mezerion [1] spreads its lust'ring leaves.

[1] Mezerion: laureola sempervirens: *vulg.* spurge-laurel. This beautiful little evergreen is frequent among our woods and coppices. Its smooth shining leaves are placed on the top of the stems in circular tufts or clusters. Its flowers are small, of a light green, and perfume the air at a distance in an agreeable manner. It blows very early in mild seasons and warm situations. The common deciduous mezerion, frequently planted in gardens, though very different in appearance, is another species of this genus.

SECOND.

Old oaken stubs tough saplings there adorn,
There hedge-row plashes yield the knotty thorn;
The swain for different uses these avail,
And form the traveller's staff, the thresher's flail.

FIRST.

Where yon brown hazels pendent catkins bear,
And prickly furze unfolds its blossoms fair,
The vagrant artist oft at ease reclines,
And broom's green shoots in besoms neat combines.

SECOND.

See, down the hill, along the ample glade,
The new-fallen wood in even ranges laid!
There his keen bill the busy workman plies,
And bids in heaps his well-bound faggots rise.

FIRST.

Soon shall kind Spring her flowery gifts bestow,
On sunny banks when silver snowdrops blow,
And tufts of primrose all around are spread,
And purple violets all their fragrance shed.

SECOND.

The woods then white anemonies array,
And lofty sallows their sweet bloom display,
And spicy hyacinths azure bells unfold,
And crowfoot clothes the mead with shining gold.

FIRST.

Then soon gay Summer brings his gaudy train,
His crimson poppies deck the corn-clad plain;
There scabious blue [2], and purple knapweed [3] rise,
And weld [4] and yarrow show their various dyes.

SECOND.

In shady lanes red foxglove bells appear,
And golden spikes the downy mulleins rear [5];
Th' enclosure ditch luxuriant mallows hide,
And branchy succory crowds the pathway side.

FIRST.

The autumnal fields few pleasing plants supply,
Save where pale eyebright grows in pastures dry,
Or vervain blue for magic rites renown'd,
And in the village precincts only found [6].

SECOND.

Th' autumnal hedges withering leaves embrown,
Save where wild climbers spread their silvery down [7],
And rugged blackthorns bend with purple sloes,
And the green skewerwood seeds of scarlet shows [8].

FIRST.

When healthful salads crown the board in spring,
And nymphs green parsley from the gardens bring,
Mark well lest hemlock mix its poisonous leaves—
Their semblance oft th' incautious eye deceives.

SECOND.

Warn, O ye shepherds! warn the youth who play
On hamlet wastes, beside the public way;
There oft rank soils pernicious plants produce,
There nightshade's berry swells with deadly juice.

FIRST.

What vary'd scenes this pleasant country yields,
Form'd by th' arrangement fair of woods and fields!
On a green hillock, by the shady road,
My dwelling stands—a sweet recluse abode!
And o'er my darken'd casement intertwine
The fragrant briar, the woodbine, and the vine.

SECOND.

How different scenes our different tastes delight!
Some seek the hills, and some the vales invite.
Where o'er the brook's moist margin hazels meet,
Stands my lone home—a pleasant, cool retreat!
Gay loosestrife there, and pale valerian spring [9],
And tuneful reed-birds midst the sedges sing.

FIRST.

Before my door the box-edg'd border lies,
Where flowers of mint, and thyme, and tansy rise;
Along my wall the yellow stonecrop grows,
And the red houseleek on my brown thatch blows.

SECOND.

Among green osiers winds my stream away,
Where the blue halcyon skims from spray to spray,
Where waves the bulrush as the waters glide,
And yellow flag-flowers deck the sunny side.

FIRST.

Spread o'er the slope of yon steep western hill,
My fruitful orchard shelters all the vill;
There pear-trees tall their tops aspiring rear,
And apple-boughs their branches bear!

[2] Scabious: scabiosa vulgaris.

[3] Knapweed: jacea vulgaris.

[4] Weld: luteola vulgaris, or dyers' weed.—These plants, with many others not inferior in beauty, are frequent on the balks, or ridges, which separate different kinds of corn in our common fields.

[5] The digitalis, or foxglove, is a very beautiful plant; there are several varieties of it which are honoured with a place in our gardens. The mullein is not inferior in beauty, consequently merits equal notice.

[6] It is a vulgar opinion, that vervain never grows in any place more than a quarter of a mile distant from a house.—Vide Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, article Verbena.

[7] Wild climbers: clematis, traveller's joy. The white downy seeds of this plant make a very conspicuous figure on hedges in autumn.

[8] Skewerwood: evonymus, or spindle-tree.—The twigs of this shrub are of a fine green; the capsules, or seed-vessels, of a fine purple; and the seeds of a rich scarlet. In autumn, when the capsules open and show the seeds, the plant has a most beautiful appearance.

[9] Loosestrife: lysimachia lutea vulgaris. Dr. Hill observes, that it is so beautiful a plant, in its erect stature, regular growth, and elegant flowers, that it is every way worthy to be taken into our gardens. It is frequent in moist places. The flowers are of a bright gold colour.

SECOND.

East from my cottage stretch delightful meads,
Where rows of willows rise, and banks of reeds;
There roll clear rivers; there, old elms between,
The mill's white roof and circling wheels are seen.

FIRST.

Palemon's garden hawthorn hedges bound,
With flow'rs of white, or fruit of crimson, crown'd;
There vernal lilacs show their purple bloom,
And sweet syringas all the air perfume;
The fruitful mulberry spreads its umbrage cool,
And the rough quince o'erhangs the little pool.

SECOND.

Albino's fence green currants hide from view,
With bunches hung of red or amber hue;
Beside his arbour blows the jasmine fair,
And scarlet beans their gaudy blossoms bear;
The lofty hollyhock there its spike displays,
And the broad sunflow'r shows its golden rays.

FIRST.

Where moss-grown pales a sunny spot enclos'd,
And pinks and lilies all their hues expos'd,
Beneath a porch, with mantling vines enwreath'd,
The morning breeze the charming Sylvia breath'd:
Not pink nor lily with her face could vie,
And, O how soft the languish of her eye!
I saw and lov'd; but lov'd, alas, in vain!
She check'd my passion with severe disdain.

SECOND.

When o'er the meads with vernal verdure gay
The village children went at eve to stray,
I pluck'd fresh flow'rets from the grassy ground,
And their green stalks with bending rushes bound;
My wreaths, my nosegays, then my Delia dress'd,
Crown'd her fair brow, or bloom'd upon her breast.
Young as I was, the pleasing thought was mine,
"One day, fond boy, that beauty will be thine!"

FIRST.

Beside his gate, beneath the lofty tree,
Old Thyrsis' well-known seat I vacant see;
There, while his prattling offspring round him play'd,
He oft to please them toys of osiers made:
That seat his weight shall never more sustain,
That offspring round him ne'er shall sport again.

SECOND.

Yon lone church tow'r that overlooks the hills!—
The sight my soul full oft with sorrow fills:
There Damon lies:—in prime of youth he died!—
A ford unknown by night he vent'rous tried:
In vain he struggled with the foaming wave;
No friendly arm, alas, was near to save!

FIRST.

Cease, friend! and homeward as we bend our way,
Remark the beauties of the closing day;
See, tow'rds the west, the redd'ning Sun declines,
And o'er the fields his level lustre shines.

SECOND.

How that bright landscape lures the eye to gaze,
Where with his beams the distant windows blaze!
And the gilt vane, high on the steeple spire,
Glows in the air—a dazzling spot of fire!

FIRST.

Behind yon hill he now forsakes our sight,
And yon tall beeches catch his latest light;
The hamlet smokes in amber wreaths arise;
While mist, like water, on the valley lies.

SECOND.

Where yon chalk cliffs th' horizon eastward bound,
And spreading elms the ancient hall surround,
The Moon's bright orb arises from the main,
And night in silence holds her solemn reign.

ECLOGUE II.

RURAL BUSINESS; OR, THE AGRICULTURISTS.

May's lib'ral hand her fragrant bloom disclos'd,
And herds and flocks on grassy banks repos'd;
Soft evening gave to ease the tranquil hour,
And Philomel's wild warblings fill'd the bow'r.
Where near the village rose the elm-crown'd hill,
And white-leav'd aspins trembled o'er the rill,
Three rural bards, the village youth among,
The pleasing lore of rural business sung.

FIRST.

The care of farms we sing—attend the strain—
What skill, what toil, shall best procure you gain;
How diff'rent culture, diff'rent ground requires;
While wealth rewards whom industry inspires.

SECOND.

When thy light land on scorching gravel lies,
And to the springing blade support denies;
Fix on the wintry tilth the frequent fold,
And mend with cooling marl or untry'd mould.

THIRD.

If thy strong loam superfluous wet retain,
Lead through thy fields the subterraneous drain,
And o'er the surface mellowing stores expand
Of fiery lime, or incoherent sand.

FIRST.

In vacant corners, on the hamlet waste,
The ample dunghill's steaming heap be plac'd;
There many a month fermenting to remain,
Ere thy slow team disperse it o'er the plain.

SECOND.

The prudent farmer all manure provides,
The mire of roads, the mould of hedge-row sides;
For him their mud the stagnant ponds supply;
For him their soil, the stable and the sty.

THIRD.

For this the swain, on Kennet's winding shore,
Digs sulphurous peat along the sable moor;
For this, where ocean bounds the stormy strand,
They fetch dank sea-weed to the neighb'ring land.

FIRST.

Who barren heaths to tillage means to turn,
Must, ere he plough, the greensward pare and burn;
Where rise the smoking hillocks o'er the field,
The saline ashes useful compost yield.

SECOND.

Where sedge or rushes rise on spongy soils,
Or rampant moss th' impoverish'd herbage spoils,
Corrosive soot with lib'ral hand bestow;
Th' improving pasture soon its use will show.

THIRD.

Hertfordian swains on airy hills explore
The chalk's white vein, a fertilizing store;
This from deep pits in copious baskets drawn,
Amends alike the arable and lawn.

FIRST.

Who spends too oft in indolence the day,
Soon sees his farm his base neglect betray;
His useless hedge-greens docks and nettles bear,
And the tough cammoc clogs his shining share [1].

SECOND.

Thy weedy fallows let the plough pervade,
Till on the top th' inverted roots are laid;
There left to wither in the noon-tide ray,
Or by the spiky harrow clear'd away.

THIRD.

When wheat's green stem the ridge begins to hide,
Let the sharp weedhook's frequent aid be try'd,
Lest thy spoil'd crop at harvest thou bemoan,
With twitch and twining bindweed overgrown.

FIRST.

Much will rank melilot thy grain disgrace,
And darnel, fellest of the weedy race:
T' extirpate these might care or cost avail,
T' extirpate these nor care nor cost should fail.

SECOND.

When the foul furrow fetid mayweed fills,
The weary reaper oft complains of ills;
As his keen sickle grides along the lands,
The acrid herbage oft corrodes his hands.

THIRD.

Wield oft thy scythe along the grassy layes,
Ere the rude thistle its light down displays;
Else that light down upon the breeze will fly,
And a new store of noxious plants supply.

FIRST.

Would ye from tillage ample gains receive,
With change of crops th' exhausted soil relieve;
Next purple clover let brown wheat be seen,
And bearded barley after turnips green.

SECOND.

Bid here dark peas or tangled vetches spread,
There buckwheat's white flow'r faintly ting'd with [red;
Bid here potatoes deep green stems be born,
And yellow cole th' enclosure there adorn.

THIRD.

Here let tall rye or fragrant beans ascend,
Or oats their ample panicles extend;
There rest thy glebe, left fallow not in vain,
To feel the summer's Sun and winter's rain.

[1] Cammoc: ononis, or restharrow. The roots of this troublesome plant are so strong, that it is credibly asserted they will stop a plough drawn by several horses.

FIRST.

The skill'd in culture oft repay their toil
By choice of plants adapted to their soil;
The spiky saintfoin best on chalk succeeds,
The lucern hates cold clays and moory meads.

SECOND.

Best on loose sands, where brakes and briars once rose,
Its deep fring'd leaves the yellow carrot shows:
Best on stiff loam rough teasels [2] rear their heads,
And brown coriander's od'rous umbel spreads.

THIRD.

On barren mountains, bleak with chilly air,
Forbidding pasturage or the ploughman's care,
Laburnum's boughs a beauteous bloom disclose,
Or spiry pines a gloomy grove compose.

FIRST.

On rushy marshes, rank with watry weeds,
Clothe the clear'd soil with groves of waving reeds;
Of them the gard'ner annual fences forms,
To shield his tender plants from vernal storms.

SECOND.

Cantabrian hills the purple saffron show;
Blue fields of flax in Lincoln's fenland blow;
On Kent's rich plains, green hop-grounds scent the gales;
And apple-groves deck Hereford's golden vales [3].

THIRD.

Shelter'd by woods the weald of Sussex lies;
Her smooth green downs sublime from ocean rise:
That, fittest soil supplies for growth of grain;
These, yield best pasture for the fleecy train.

FIRST.

Say, friends! whoe'er his residence might choose,
Would these sweet scenes of sylvan shade refuse,
And seek the black waste of the barren wold,
That yields no shelter from the heat or cold?

SECOND.

Dull are slow Ousa's mist-exhaling plains,
Where long rank grass the morning dew retains:
Who pastures there in autumn's humid reign,
His flock from sickness [illegible]

THIRD.

The bleak, flat, sedg[illegible] of Essex [illegible],
Where fog perpetual veils [illegible] winter Sun;
Though flatt'ring Fo[illegible] [illegible] stay,
Thy health the purch[illegible] of her [illegible] pay.

FIRST.

When, harvest past, thy ricks of yellow corn
Rise round the yard, and scent the breeze of morn;
Rude Winter's rage with timely care t' avert,
Let the skill'd thatcher ply his useful art.

[2] Teasel: dipsacus sativus. This plant is cultivated, in many places, for the use of the woollen manufacture. There are large fields of it in Essex; where the coriander is also grown.

[3] There is a part of Herefordshire, from its extraordinary fertility and pleasantness, usually denominated The Golden Vale.

SECOND.

When thy ripe walnuts deck the glossy spray,
Ere pilf'ring rooks purloin them fast away,
Wield thy tough pole, and lash the trees amain,
Till leaves and husks the lawn beneath distain.

THIRD.

When thy green orchards fraught with fruit appear,
Rear lofty ladder midst the boughs uprear;
Thy basket's hook upon the branch suspend,
And with the fragrant burden oft descend.

FIRST.

Spread on the grass, or pil'd in heaps, behold
The pearmain's red, the pippin's speckled gold;
There shall the russet's auburn rind be seen,
The redstreak's stripes, and nonpareil's bright green.

SECOND.

These on dry straw, in airy chambers, lay,
Where windows clear admit the noon-tide ray;
They, safe from frosts, thy table shall supply,
Fresh to the taste, and pleasing to the eye.

THIRD.

When fav'ring seasons yield thee store to spare,
The circling mill and cumbrous press prepare;
From copious vats, the well-fermented juice
Will sparkling beverage for thy board produce.

FIRST.

From red to black when bramble-berries change,
And boys for nuts the hazel copses range,
On new-reap'd fields the thick strong stubble mow,
And safe in stacks about thy homestead stow.

SECOND.

With purple fruit when elder-branches bend,
And their bright hues the hips and cornels blend,
Ere yet chill hoar-frost comes, or sleety rain,
Sow with choice wheat the neatly furrow'd plain.

THIRD.

When clam'rous fieldfares seek the frozen mead,
And lurking snipes by gurgling runnels feed;
Then midst dry fodder let thy herds be found,
Where sheltr'ring sheds the well-stor'd crib surround.

FIRST.

Though Winter reigns, our labours never fail:
Then all day long we bear the sounding flail;
And oft the beetle's strenuous stroke descends,
That knotty block-wood into billets rends.

SECOND.

Then in the barns in motion oft are seen
The rustling corn-fan, and the wiry screen:
In sacks the tasker measures up his grain,
And loads for market on the spacious wain.

THIRD.

Th' enclosure fence then claims our timely care,
The ditch to deepen, and the bank repair;
The well-plash'd hedge with frequent stakes confine,
And o'er its top tough wyths of hazel twine.

Where in the croft the russet hayrick stands,
The dextrous binder twists his sedgy bands,
Across the stack his sharp-edg'd engine guides,
And the hard mass in many a truss divides [4].

SECOND.

When frost thy turnips fixes in the ground,
And hungry flocks for food stand bleating round,
Let sturdy youths their pointed peckers ply,
Till the rais'd roots loose on the surface lie.

THIRD.

When stormy days constrain to quit the field,
The house or barn may useful business yield;
There crooked snaths [5] of flexile sallow make,
Or of tough ash the fork-stale and the rake.

FIRST.

Full many a chance defeats the farmer's pains,
Full many a loss diminishes his gains;
Wet spoils the seed, or frosts its growth o'erpow'r,
Beasts break the stalk, and birds the grain devour.

SECOND.

While plenteous crops reward thy toil and care,
Thy lib'ral aid may age and sickness share!
Nor let the widow'd cottager deplore
Her fireless hearth, her cupboard's scanty store.

THIRD.

The haughty lord, whom lust of gain inspires,
From man and beast excessive toil requires:
The gen'rous master views with pitying eyes
Their lot severe, and food and rest supplies.

FIRST.

Amid Achaia's streamy vales of old,
Of works and days th' Ascrean pastor told;
Around him, curious, came the rustic throng,
And wond'ring listen'd to th' informing song.

SECOND.

Where fam'd Anapus' limpid waters stray,
Sicilia's poet tun'd his Doric lay;
While o'er his head the pine's dark foliage hung,
And at his feet the bubbling fountain sprung.

THIRD.

The Latian Maro sung, where Mincio's stream
Through groves of ilex cast a silv'ry gleam;
While down green vallies stray'd his fleecy flocks,
Or slept in shadow of the mossy rocks.

FIRST.

Fair fame to him, the bard whose song displays
Of rural arts the knowledge and the praise!
Rich as the field with ripen'd harvest white—
A scene of profit mingled with delight!

SECOND.

As dewy cherries to the taste in June,
As shady lanes to travellers at noon,

[4] Hay is usually cut with an oblong, triangular instrument, called a cutting-knife.

[5] Snath is the technical term for the handle of a scythe.

To me so welcome is the shepherd's strain;
To kindred spirits never sung in vain!

THIRD.

While lindens sweet and spiky chesnuts blow,
While beech bears mast, on oaks while acorns grow;
So long shall last the shepherd's tuneful rhyme,
And please in ev'ry age and ev'ry clime!

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Oriental Eclogues of Collins have such excellence, that it may be supposed they must preclude the appearance of any subsequent work with the same title. This consideration did not escape the author of the following poems; but as the scenery and sentiment of his predecessor were totally different from his own, he thought it matter of little consequence.

This kind of composition is, in general, subject to one disadvantage, for which allowance should be made. He, who describes what he has seen, may describe correctly: he, who describes what he has not seen, must depend for much on the accounts of others, and supply the rest from his own imagination.

ZERAD;

OR, THE ABSENT LOVER.

AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE.

THE learned and ingenious Mr. Jones, in his elegant and judicious Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations, speaking of the Arabians, has the following passage: "It sometimes happens," says he, "that the young men of one tribe are in love with the damsels of another; and, as the tents are frequently removed on a sudden, the lovers are often separated in the progress of the courtship. Hence, almost all the Arabic poems open in this manner: The author bewails the sudden departure of his mistress, Hinda, Maia, Zeineb, or Azza, and describes her beauty; comparing her to a wanton fawn that plays among the aromatic shrubs. His friends endeavour to comfort him; but he refuses consolation; he declares his resolution of visiting his beloved, though the way to her tribe lie through a dreadful wilderness, or even through a den of lions."—The author of the following Eclogue was struck with this outline, and has attempted to fill it up. An apology for expatiating on the pleasing subjects of love and beauty, when nothing is said to offend the ear of chastity, he supposes needless. If any, however, there be, who question the utility of at all describing those subjects; such may remember, that there is an eastern poem, generally esteemed *sacred*, which abounds with the most ardent expressions of the one, and luxuriant pictures of the other.

KORASA'S tribe, a frequent-wand'ring train,
From Zenan's pastures sought Negiran's plain.
With them Semira left her fav'rite shades,
The loveliest nymph of Yemen's sportive maids!
Her parting hand her fair companions press'd;
A transient sorrow touch'd each tender breast;
As some thin cloud across the morning ray
Casts one short moment's gloom, and glides away:
Their cares, their sports, they hasted soon to tend,
And lost in them the memory of their friend.
But gallant Zerad ill her absence bore,—
A wealthy emir from Katara's shore;
A warrior he, the bravest of his race;
A bard high-honour'd in his native place;
Age oft learn'd knowledge from his tuneful tongue,
And list'ning beauty languish'd while he sung.
What time the tribes in camp contiguous lay,
Oft with the fair-one he was wont to stray;
There oft for her fresh fruits and flow'rs he sought,
And oft her flocks to crystal fountains brought.
Where the tall palm-grove grac'd Alzobah's green,
And sable tents in many a rank were seen [1];
While ev'ning's steps the setting Sun pursu'd,
And the still fields her balmy tears bedew'd;
The pensive lover, there reclin'd apart,
Indulg'd the sorrows of his anxious heart.
His graceful head the costly turban dress'd;
The crimson sash confin'd his azure vest;
His hand the sounding arabeb [2] sustain'd;
And thus his voice in melody complain'd—
Soft as the night-bird's amorous music flows,
In Zibit's gardens, when she woos the rose [3]:
"Bright star of Sora's sky, whose matchless blaze
Gilds thy proud tribe with mild, benignant rays!
Sweet flow'r of Azem's vale, whose matchless bloom
O'er thy fam'd house spreads exquisite perfume!
Blithe fawn of Kosa, at the break of dawn,
Midst groves of cassia, sporting on the lawn!
Too charming beauty! why must I bemoan
Thee from my presence thus abruptly flown?
Ere the shrill trump to march the signal gave,
And banners high in air began to wave;
Ere the tall camel felt [illegible] load,
And herds and flocks [illegible] along the road;
Ere slow behind them [illegible] the [illegible] train,
And the struck [illegible] left vacant all the plain;
Could no fond [illegible] obtain [illegible]
Would no kind hand [illegible]
Ah, hapless me! to Ad[illegible]
Sought gold and gems, but [illegible] lovely maid!
"My friends, they come [illegible] to allay—
Azor the wise, and Soliman the gay—
One cries, 'Let Reason hold her sober reign,
Nor Love's light trifles give thy bosom pain!

[1] The Arabian tents are black. Vide Canticles, i. 5.

[2] Arababbah, an Arabian and Moorish instrument of music. Vide Shaw's Travels, and Russell's History of Aleppo.

[3] Alluding to an eastern fable of the Nightingale courting the Rose.

For thee kind Science all her lore displays,
And Fame awaits thee with the wreath of praise.'
'O why,' cries one, 'is she alone thy care?
She 's fair, indeed, but other maids are fair:
Negima's eyes with dazzling lustre shine,
And her black tresses curl like Zebid's vine;
On Hinda's brow Kushemon's lily blows,
And on her cheek unfolds Nishapor's rose!
With them, the tale, the song, the dance shall please,
When Mirth's free banquet fills the bow'r of ease.'
'Ah cease,' said I; 'of love he little knows,
Who with sage counsel hopes to cure its woes!
Go, bid in air Yamama's lightnings stay,
Or Perath's lion quit his trembling prey:
Kind Science' lore with Beauty best we share,
And Beauty's hands Fame's fairest wreaths prepare.
I praise Negima's lovely hair and eyes;
Nor Hinda's lily, nor her rose despise;
But Omman's pearls diffuse a brighter beam
Than the gay pebbles of Kalafa's stream.'—
"O lov'd Semira! whither dost thou rove?
Tread thy soft steps by Sada's jasmine grove?
Dost thou thy flocks on Ocah's mountain keep?
Do Ared's olives whisper o'er thy sleep?—
Ah, no!——the maid, perhaps, remote from these,
Some hostile troop, in ambush laid, may seize:
Too lovely captive! she, in triumph borne,
The proud pacha's throng'd haram shall adorn.
Vain fear! around her march her valiant friends;
Brave Omar's hand the bow of Ishmael bends;
Strong Hassan's arm Kaaba's spear can wield,
And rear on high El-makin's pond'rous shield!
Ah, shame to me! shall Sloth's dishonouring chain
From love, from glory, Zerad here detain,
Till grief my cheek with sickly saffron spread,
And my eyes, weeping, match th' argavan's red[4]?
Haste, bring my steed, supreme in strength and grace,
First in the fight, and fleetest in the chase;
His sire renown'd on Gebel's hills was bred,
His beauteous dam in Derar's pastures fed:
Bring my strong lance that ne'er impell'd in vain,
Pierc'd the fierce tiger on Hegesa's plain.
Across the desert I her steps pursue;
Toil at my side, and danger in my view!
There Thirst, fell demon! haunts the sultry air,
And his wild eye-balls roll with horrid glare;
There deadly Sumiel[5], striding o'er the land,
Sweeps his red wings and whirls the burning sand;
As winds the weary caravan along,
The fiery storm involves the hapless throng,
I go, I go, nor toil nor danger heed;
The faithful lover Safety's hand shall lead.
The heart that fosters virtue's gen'rous flames,
Our holy prophet's sure protection claims.
"Delightful Irem[6] (midst the lonely waste
By Shedad's hand the paradise was plac'd)
Each shady tree of varied foliage shows,
And ev'ry flow'r and ev'ry fruit bestows;
There drop rich gums of ev'ry high perfume;
There sing sweet birds of ev'ry gaudy plume;
There soft-ey'd Houries tread th' enamell'd green—
Once, and no more, the happy seat was seen;
As his stray'd camel midst the wild he sought,
Chance to the spot the wand'ring Esar brought;
A blissful Irem, midst the desert drear,
Semira's tent my love-sick sight shall cheer.
"What palm of beauty tow'rs on Keran's hills?
What myrrh with fragrance Sala's valley fills?
'T is she, who left so late her fav'rite shades,
The loveliest nymph of Yemen's sportive maids!
Look from thy tent, the curtains fair unfold,
Give to my view thy veil of silk and gold;
O lift that veil! thy radiant eyes display—
Those radiant eyes shall light me on my way!
On Hejar's wild rocks from the Persian main,
Thus the Moon rising lights the wilder'd swain.
O raise thy voice! the sound shall give delight,
Like songs of pilgrims distant heard by night!
I come, I come!"—He spoke, and seiz'd the rein,
And his fleet courser spurn'd the sandy plain.

SERIM;

OR, THE ARTIFICIAL FAMINE.

AN EAST-INDIAN ECLOGUE.

THE following account of British conduct and its consequences, in Bengal and the adjacent provinces, some years ago, will afford a sufficient idea of the subject of the following Eclogue. After describing the monopoly of salt, betel-nut, and tobacco, the historian thus proceeds: "Money, in this current, came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace.—The natives could live with little salt, but not without food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die, than violate the precepts of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be, between giving what they had, and dying. The inhabitants sunk; they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt; scarcity ensued; then the monopoly was easier managed. The people took to roots, and food they had been unaccustomed to eat. Sickness ensued. In some districts, the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied."——Short History of English Transactions in the East-Indies, p. 145.

The above quotation sufficiently proves, that the general plan of the following poem is founded on

[4] D' Herbelot informs us, that saffron faces, and argavan eyes, are expressions commonly used in the east, to describe passionate lovers, whose melancholy appears in their countenances, and whose eyes become red with weeping. The argavan is supposed to be the arbor judæ; whose blossoms are of a bright purple. Vide Harmer's Commentary on Solomon's Song, page 162.

[5] Sumiel; the fiery blasting wind of the desert.

[6] "Mahommed, in his Alcoran, in the chapter of the Morning, mentions a garden, called Irem, which is no less celebrated by the Asiatic poets, than that of the Hesperides by the Greeks. It was planted, as the commentators say, by a king named Shedad; and was once seen by an Arabian, who wandered far into the desert, in search of a lost camel." Jones's Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations.

fact. And, even with regard to its particular incidents, there can be little doubt, but that, among the varied miseries of millions, every picture of distress, which the author has drawn, had its original.

" O GUARDIAN genius of this sacred wave [1]!
O save thy sons, if thine the pow'r to save!"
So Serim spoke, as sad on Ganges' shore
He sat, his country's miseries to deplore—
" O guardian genius of this sacred wave!
O save thy sons, if thine the pow'r to save!
From Agra's tow'rs to Muxadabat's [2] walls,
On thee for aid the suff'ring Hindoo calls:
Europe's fell race control the wide domain,
Engross the harvest, and enslave the swain.
Why rise these cumbrous piles along thy tide?
They hold the plenty to our prayers deny'd!
Guards at their gates perpetual watch maintain,
Where Want in anguish craves relief in vain.
'Bring gold, bring gems,' th' insatiate plunderers cry;
'Who hoards his wealth by Hunger's rage shall die.'
Ye fiends! ye have ravish'd all our little store;
Ye see we perish, yet ye ask for more!
Go ye yourselves, and search for gold the mine;
Go, dive where pearls beneath the ocean shine!
What right have ye to plague our peaceful land?
No ships of ours e'er sought your western strand:
Ne'er from your fields we snatch'd their crops away,
Nor made your daughters or your sons our prey.
Not ev'n in thought we quit our native place—
A calm, contented, inoffensive race!
By Avarice led, ye range remotest climes,
And ev'ry nation execrates your crimes.
" When Timur's house [3] renown'd, in Delhi reign'd,
Distress, assistance unimplor'd obtain'd:
When Famine o'er th' afflicted region frown'd,
And Sickness languish'd on the barren ground,
The imperial granaries wide display'd their doors,
And ships provision brought from distant shores;
The laden camels crowded Kurah's vales,
From Colgon's cliffs they hail'd the coming sails.
But ye!—e'en now, while fav'ring seasons smile,
And the rich glebe would recompense our toil,
Dearth and disease to you alone we owe;
Ye cause the mischief, and enjoy the woe!
" This beauteous clime, but late, what plenty bless'd!
What days of pleasure, and what nights of rest!
From Gola's streets, fam'd mart of fragrant grain!
Trade's cheerful voice resounded o'er the plain;
There now sad Silence listens to the waves
That break in murmurs round the rocky caves.
Sweet were the songs o'er Jumal's level borne,
While busy thousands throng'd to plant the corn;
Now tenfold tax the farmer forc'd to yield,
Despairs, and leaves unoccupy'd the field.
Sweet were the songs of Burdwan's mulberry grove,
While the rich silk the rapid shuttle wove;
Now from the loom our costly vestments torn,
Th' insulting robbers meanest slaves adorn.
In Malda's shades, on Purna's palmy plain,
The hapless artists, urg'd to toil in vain,
Quit their sad homes, and mourn along the land,
A pensive, pallid, self-disabled band [4]!—
" The year revolves—'Bring choicest fruits and flow'rs!
Spread wide the board in consecrated bow'rs;
Bring joy, bring sport, the song, the dance prepare!
'T is Drugah's [5] feast, and all our friends must share!'
The year revolves—nor fruits nor flow'rs are seen;
Nor festive board in bow'rs of holy green;
Nor joy, nor sport, nor dance, nor tuneful strain:
'T is Drugah's feast—but grief and terrour reign.
Yet there, ingrate! oft welcome guests ye came,
And talk'd of honour's laws and friendship's flame.
" The year revolves—and Bishen's [6] fast invites
On Ganges' marge to pay the solemn rites;
All, boons of Bishen, great preserver, crave;
All, in the sacred flood, their bodies lave:
No more, alas!—the multitude no more
Bathe in the tide, or kneel upon the shore;
No more from towns and villages they throng,
Wide o'er the fields, the public paths along:

[1] The Hindoos worship a god or genius of the Ganges.

[2] Muxadabat, or Morshedabat, a large city of India, about two hundred miles above Calcutta. The name is commonly pronounced with the accent on the last syllable; Muxadabát. I have taken the liberty to accommodate this, and some few other words, to my verse, by altering the accentuation; a matter, I apprehend, of little consequence to the English reader.

[3] The famous Mahometan tyrant, Auranzebe, during a famine which prevailed in different parts of India, exerted himself to alleviate the distress of his subjects. " He remitted the taxes that were due; he employed those already collected in the purchase of corn, which was distributed among the poorer sort. He even expended immense sums out of the treasury, in conveying grain, by land and water, into the interior provinces, from Bengal, and the countries which lie on the five branches of the Indus." Dow's Indostan, vol. iii. p. 340.

[4] " Those who now made the things the English most wanted, were pressed on all sides—by their own necessities, their neighbours, and the agents employed to procure the company's investments, as the goods sent to Europe are called. These importunities were united, and urged so much, so often, and in such ways, as to produce, among the people in the silk business, instances of their cutting off their thumbs, that the want of them might excuse them from following their trade, and the inconveniences to which they were exposed beyond the common lot of their neighbours." History of English Transactions in the East Indies.

[5] Drugah; a Hindoo goddess. " Drugah Poojah is the grand general feast of the Gentoos, usually visited by all Europeans, (by invitation) who are treated by the proprietors of the feast with the fruits and flowers in season, and are entertained every evening with bands of singers and dancers."
Vide Holwell's Indostan, vol. ii.

[6] Bishen, Bistnoo, or Jaggernaut, is one of the principal Hindoo deities. " This fast, dedicated to him, is called the Sinan Jattra, or general washing in the Ganges; and it is almost incredible to think the immense multitude, of every age and sex, that appears on both sides the river, throughout its whole course, at one and the same time."
Vide Mr. Holwell, vol. ii. p. 124—128.

Sad on our ways, by human foot unworn,
Stalks the dim form of Solitude forlorn!—
From Ava's mountains Morn's bright eyes survey
Fair Ganges' streams in many a winding stray;
There fleecy flocks on many an island feed;
There herds unnumber'd pasture many a mead;
While noxious herbs our last resource supply,
And, dearth escaping, by disease we die)
'Take these,' ye cry, 'nor more for food complain!
Take these, and slay like us, and riot on the slain!'
Ah no! our law the crime abhorr'd withstands;
We die—but blood shall ne'er pollute our hands.
O guardian genius of this sacred wave!
Save, save thy sons, if thine the pow'r to save!"
So Serim spoke—while by the Moon's pale beam,
The frequent corse came floating down the stream [7].
He sigh'd, and rising turn'd his steps to rove
Where wav'd o'er Nizim's vale the coco-grove;
There, midst scorch'd ruins, one lone roof remain'd,
And one forlorn inhabitant contain'd.
The sound of feet he near his threshold heard;
Slow from the ground his languid limbs he rear'd:
"Come, tyrant, come! perform a gen'rous part,
Lift thy keen steel, and pierce this fainting heart!
Com'st thou for gold? my gold, alas, I gave,
My darling daughter in distress to save!
Thy faithless brethren took the shining store,
Then from my arms the trembling virgin tore!
Three days, three nights, I 've languish'd here alone—
Three foodless days, three nights to sleep unknown!
Come, tyrant, come! perform a gen'rous part,
Lift thy keen steel, and pierce this fainting heart!"
"No hostile steps the haunt of Woe invade,"
Serim reply'd—and, passing where the glade
A length of prospect down the vale display'd,
Another sight of misery met his view;
Another mournful voice his notice drew!
There, near a temple's recent ruin, stood
A white-rob'd Brahmin, by the sacred flood:
His wives, his children, dead beside him lay—
Of hunger these, and those of grief the prey!
Thrice he with dust defil'd his aged head;
Thrice o'er the stream his hands uplifted spread:
"Hear, all ye pow'rs to whom we bend in pray'r!
Hear, all who rule o'er water, earth, and air!
'T is not for them, though lifeless there they lie;
'T is not for me, though innocent I die:—
My country's breast the tiger, Avarice, rends,
And loud to you her parting groan ascends.
Hear, all ye pow'rs to whom we bend in pray'r!
Hear, all who rule o'er water, earth, and air!
Hear, and avenge!—— [sphere,
"But, hark! what voice, from yonder starry
Slides, like the breeze of ev'ning, o'er my ear?
Lo, Birmah's [8] form! on amber clouds enthron'd;
His azure robe with lucid emerald zon'd;
He looks celestial dignity and grace,
And views with pity wretched human race!
"'Forbear, rash man! nor curse thy country's foes;
Frail man to man forgiveness ever owes.
When Moisasoor [9] the fell on Earth's fair plain
Brought his detested offspring, Strife and Pain;
Revenge with them, relentless Fury, came,
Her bosom burning with infernal flame!
Her hair sheds horrour, like the comet's blaze;
Her eyes, all ghastly, blast where'er they gaze;
Her lifted arm a poison'd crice [10] sustains;
Her garments drop with blood of kindred veins!
Who asks her aid, must own her endless reign,
Feel her keen scourge, and drag her galling chain!'
"The strains sublime in sweetest music close,
And all the tumult of my soul compose.
Yet you, ye oppressors! uninvok'd on you [11],
Your steps, the steps of justice will pursue!
Go, spread your white sails on the azure main;
Fraught with our spoils, your native land regain;
Go, plant the grove, and bid the lake expand,
And on green ills the pompous palace stand:
Let Luxury's hand adorn the gaudy room,
Smooth the soft couch, and shed the rich perfume—
There night's kind calm in vain shall sleep invite,
While fancied omens warn, and spectres fright:
Sad sounds shall issue from your guilty walls,
The widow'd wife's, the soulless mother's calls;
And infant rajahs' bleeding forms shall rise,
And lift to you their supplicating eyes:
Remorse intolerable your hearts will feel,
And your own hand plunge deep th' avenging steel [12].
(For Europe's cowards Heav'n's command disdain,
To Death's cold arms they fly for ease in vain.)
For us, each painful transmigration o'er,
Sweet fields receive us to resign no more;
Where Safety's fence for ever round us grows,
And Peace, fair flow'r, with bloom unfading blows;
Light's Sun unsetting shines with cheering beam;
And Pleasure's river rolls its golden stream!"
Enrapt he spoke—then ceas'd the lofty strain,
And Orel's rocks return'd the sound again.—
A British ruffian, near in ambush laid,
Rush'd sudden from the cane-isle's secret shade;
"Go to thy God!" with rage infernal cry'd,
And headlong plung'd the hapless sage into the foaming tide.

[7] The Hindoos frequently cast the bodies of their deceased into the Ganges; with the idea, I suppose, of committing them to the disposal of the god or genius of the river.

[8] Birmah is a principal deity of the Hindoos, in whose person they worship the divine attribute of wisdom. From the best accounts we have of India, the intelligent part of the natives do not worship "stocks and stones," merely as such; but rather the Supreme Existence, in a variety of attributes or manifestations.

[9] Moisasoor: the Hindoo author of evil, similar to our Satan.

[10] Crice, an Indian dagger.

[11] The reader must readily perceive the propriety of this turn of thought in a poem designed to have a moral tendency. There is much difference between a person wishing evil to his enemy, and presaging that evil will be the consequence of that enemy's crimes. The first is an immoral act of the will; the second, a neutral act of the judgment.

[12] The Hindoo religion strongly prohibits suicide. Mr. Holwell gives us the following passage from the Shastah: "Whosoever, of the delinquent Debtah, shall dare to free himself from the mortal form wherewith I shall enclose him; thou, Sieb, shalt plunge him into the Onderah for ever: he shall not again have the benefit of the fifteen Bobcons of purgation, probation, and purification.

LI-PO;

OR, THE GOOD GOVERNOR.

A CHINESE ECLOGUE.

THOSE who are conversant in the best accounts of China, particularly Du Halde's History, must have remarked, that the Chinese government, though arbitrary, is well regulated and mild; and that a prince, in that country, can acquire no glory, but by attention to the welfare of his subjects. On this general idea is founded the plan of the following poem.

WHERE Honan's hills Kiansi's vale enclose,
And Xifa's lake its glassy level shows;
Li-po's fair island lay—delightful scene!
With swelling slopes, and groves of every green:
On azure rocks his rich pavilion plac'd,
Rear'd its light front with golden columns grac'd;
High o'er the roof a weeping willow hung,
And jasmine boughs the lattice twin'd among;
In porcelain vases crested amaranth grew,
And starry aster, crimson, white, and blue;
Lien-hoa flow'rs upon the water spread;
Bright shells and corals varied lustre shed;
From sparry grottos crystal drops distill'd
On sounding brass, and air with music fill'd;
Soft through the bending canes the breezes play'd,
The rustling leaves continual murmur made;
Gay shoals of gold-fish glitter'd in the tide,
And gaudy birds flew sportive by its side.
The distant prospects well the sight might please,
With pointed mountains, and romantic trees:
From craggy cliffs, between the verdant shades,
The silver rills rush'd down in bright cascades;
O'er terrac'd steeps rich cotton harvests [1] wav'd,
And smooth canals the rice-clad valley lav'd;
Long rows of cypress [2] parted all the land,
And tall pagodas crown'd the river's strand!
'T was here, from business and its pomp and pain,
The pensive master sought relief in vain.
Li-po, mild prince, a viceroy's sceptre sway'd,
And ten fair towns his gentle rule obey'd:
The morn's transactions to his memory came,
And some he found to praise, and some to blame;
Mark'd here how justice, pity there prevail'd,
And how from haste or indolence he fail'd.
Beneath a bow'r of sweet ka-fa, whose bloom
Fill'd all th' adjacent lawn with rich perfume,
His slaves at distance sat—a beauteous train!—
One wak'd the lute, and one the vocal strain:
They saw his brow with care all clouded o'er,
And wish'd to ease the anxiety he bore.
Amusive tales their soothing lay disclos'd,
Of heroes brave to perils strange expos'd,
Of tyrants proud, from pow'r's high summit cast,
And lovers, long despoiling, bless'd at last.
They ceas'd; the warblings softly died away,
Like zephyrs ceasing at the close of day.
"This scene," said he, "how fair! to please the sight
How Nature's charms, Art's ornaments unite!
Those maids, what magic in the strains they sung,
Song sweetliest flows from Beauty's tuneful tongue.
Yet say, did Tien bid pow'r and wealth be mine,
For me my soul to pleasure to resign?
"What boots that annual, on our fathers' tombs,
We strew fair flow'rs, and offer choice perfumes;
Our veneration of their memories show,
And not their steps in virtue's path pursue?
When, from his province as the prince returns,
Rich feasts for him are spread, and incense burns,
And gilded barks unfold their streamers gay,
And following crowds their loud applauses pay;
Avails all this, if he from right has swerv'd,
And conscience tells him all is undeserv'd?
"Arise, Li-po! 't is duty calls, arise!
The Sun sinks redd'ning in Tartarian skies.
Yon walls that tow'r o'er Xensi's neighb'ring plain,
Yon walls unnumber'd miseries contain.
Think, why did Tien superior rank impart,
Force of the mind, or feelings of the heart.
Last night in sleep, to Fancy's sight display'd,
Lay lovelier scenes than e'er my eyes survey'd;
With purple shone the hills, with gold the vales,
And greenest foliage wav'd in gentlest gales:
Midst palmy fields, with sunshine ever bright,
A palace rear'd its walls of silvery white;
The gates of pearl a shady hall disclos'd,
Where old Confucius' rev'rend form repos'd:
Loose o'er his limbs the silk's light texture flow'd,
His eye serene ethereal lustre show'd:
'My son,' said he, as near his seat I drew,
'Cast round this wondrous spot thy dazzled view;
See how, by lucid founts in myrtle bow'rs,
The bless'd inhabitants consume their hours;
They ne'er to War, fell fiend! commission gave
To murder, ravish, banish, and enslave;
They ne'er bade Grandeur raise her gorgeous pile,
With tribute ravish'd from the hand of Toil;
But parents, guardians of the people reign'd,
The weak defended, and the poor sustain'd.'
Smiling he ceas'd—the vision seem'd to fly,
Like fleecy clouds dispersing in the sky.
"Arise, Li-po! and cast thy robes aside,
Disguise thy form, thy well-known features hide;
Go forth, yon streets, yon crowded streets pervade,
Mix with the throng, and mark who seeks thy aid:
There Avarice stern o'er poverty bears sway,
And age and sickness fall his easy prey;
There hands that Justice' sacred ensigns bear,
Protect the plunderer, and the plunder share;
Perhaps there Discord's desp'rate rage prevails,
And Wisdom's voice to calm the tumult fails;
Perhaps Revenge gives victims to the grave,
Perhaps they perish, ere I haste to save!"
He spoke, and rose; but now along the way
That from the city-gate fair-winding lay,
Stretch'd through green meads where lowing cattle graz'd,
Amid the lake's wide silver level rais'd,
Led up steep rocks by painted bridges join'd,
Or near thin trees that o'er the tide inclin'd,
Slow tow'rds his palace came a suppliant train;—
Whoe'er his presence sought ne'er sought in vain—
The ready vessel, waiting at his call,
Receiv'd, and bore him to the audience-hall.

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[1] The Chinese reduce the steep slopes of their hills into little terraces, on which they grow cotton, potatoes, &c. They plant the edges of their terraces with trees, which keep up the ground, and make a very fine appearance.

[2] Their rice-grounds are separated by broad ditches, the sides of which are planted with cypresses. Vide Osbeck's Voyage to China.

ODES.

The Horatian, or lesser ode, is characterized principally by ease and correctness. The following little pieces, attempted on that plan, were the production of very different periods, and, on revisal, were thought not undeserving a place in this collection.

ODE I.

TO LEISURE.

Gentle Leisure, whom of yore
To Wealth the fair Contentment bore,
When Peace with them her dwelling made,
And Health her kind attendance paid;
As wand'ring o'er the sunny plains
They fed their herds and fleecy trains:—
O thou! who country scenes and air
Preferr'st to courts, and crowds, and care;
With thee I 've often pass'd the day,
To thee I wake the grateful lay.
With thee on Chadwell's[1] thymy brow,
Beneath the hazels bending bough,
I 've sat to breathe the fragrance cool
Exhaling from the glassy pool;
Where, through th' unsully'd crystal seen,
The bottom show'd its shining green:
As, all-attentive, these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursu'd,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure ow'd!
With thee, on Amwell's[2] corn-clad height,
The landscape oft has charm'd my sight;
Delightful hills, and vales, and woods,
And dusty roads, and winding floods;
And towns, that through thin groups of shade
Their roofs of va'ried form display'd:
As, all-attentive, these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursu'd,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure ow'd!
With thee, where Easna's[3] hornbeam grove
Its foliage o'er me interwove,
Along the lonely path I've stray'd,
By banks in hoary moss array'd,
Where tufts of azure orpine grew,
And branchy fern of brighter hue:
As, all-attentive, these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursu'd,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure ow'd!
With thee by Stansted's[4] farms enclos'd,
With aged elms in rows dispos'd;
Or where her chapel's walls appear,
The silver winding river near,
Beneath the broad-leav'd sycamore,
I 've linger'd on the shady shore:
As, all-attentive, these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursu'd,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure ow'd!
With thee, where Thames his waters leads
Round Poplar's isle[5] of verdant meads,
Along the undulating tide,
I 've seen the white-sail'd vessels glide;
Or gaz'd on London's lofty towers,
Or Dulwich hills, or Greenwich bowers:
As, all-attentive, these I view'd,
And many a pleasing thought pursu'd,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow'd,
Still I to thee that pleasure ow'd!
O gentle Leisure!—absent long—
I woo thee with this tuneful song:
If e'er, allur'd by grateful change,
O'er scenes yet unbeheld I range,
And Albion's east or western shore
For rural solitudes explore:
As, all-attentive, these I view,
And many a pleasing thought pursue,
Whate'er of pleasure they bestow,
To thee that pleasure I must owe!

[1] The New River Head, near Ware.
[2] A hill on the north side of Ware.
[3] A pleasant wood, east of Ware.
[4] A village in the same neighbourhood.

ODE II.

THE EVENING WALK.

What time fair Spring, with dewy hand,
Awakes her cowslip bloom;
And hawthorn boughs, by breezes fann'd,
Diffuse a rich perfume;

Young Theron down the valley stray'd
At ev'ning's silent hour;
When bright the setting sunbeams play'd
On Hertford's distant tower.

He sigh'd, and cast around his eye
O'er all the pleasing scene;
Now tow'rds the golden-clouded sky,
Now on the fields of green.

"Thrice has fair Spring her cowslip bloom
Awak'd with dewy hand;
And hawthorn boughs diffus'd perfume,
By western breezes fann'd,

"Since here, at ev'ning's silent hour,
Delighted oft I stray'd;
While bright on Hertford's distant tower
The setting sunbeams play'd:

"'T was then the flatterer Hope was near;
And sung this soothing strain:
'Where through the trees yon tow'rs appear
Far o'er the level plain;

"'There oft thy pleasant evening walk
Thy fav'rite maid shall join,
And all the charms of tender talk
And tuneful song be thine:

[5] Commonly called the Isle of Dogs, opposite Greenwich.

" 'With thee she 'll hear the bleat of flocks,
The throstle's mellow lay;
The rills that murmur o'er the rocks,
The whispers of the spray.'—

" So sung false Hope—deceiv'd I heard,
And set my heart at ease;
The future then so fair appear'd,
It made the present please.

" So sung false Hope—the approaching years,
That distant look'd so gay,
With clouds of cares and storms of fears
All fraught, have pass'd away.

" As glides yon Sun adown the sky,
As rolls you rapid stream;
So fast our joys and sorrows fly,
And, flown, appear a dream.

" Be then the events that Time has brought,
To me not brought in vain;
By painful disappointment taught,
Let wisdom be my gain!"

Thus Theron spoke, and earnest ey'd
The Sun's departing ray;
Again he look'd, again he sigh'd,
And homeward bent his way.

ODE III.

TO CHILDHOOD.

Childhood! happiest stage of life,
Free from care and free from strife,
Free from Memory's ruthless reign,
Fraught with scenes of former pain;
Free from Fancy's cruel skill,
Fabricating future ill;
Time, when all that meets the view,
All can charm, for all is new;
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never, to return!
Then to toss the circling ball,
Caught rebounding from the wall;
Then the mimic ship to guide
Down the kennel's dirty tide;
Then the hoop's revolving pace
Through the dusty street to chase;
O what joy!—it once was mine,
Childhood, matchless boon of thine!—
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return!

ODE IV.

HEARING MUSIC.

Yon organ! hark!—how soft, how sweet,
The warbling notes in concert meet!
The sound my fancy leads
To climes where Phœbus' brightest beams
Gild jasmine groves and crystal streams,
And lily-mantled meads;

Where myrtle bowers their bloom unfold,
Where citrons bend with fruit of gold,
Where grapes depress the vines;
Where, on the bank with roses gay,
Love, Innocence, and Pleasure play,
And Beauty's form reclines.

Now diff'rent tones and measures flow,
And, gravely deep, and sadly slow,
Involve the mind in gloom;
I seem to join the mournful train,
Attendant round the couch of Pain,
Or leaning o'er the tomb:

To where the orphan'd infant sleeps,
To where the love-lorn damsel weeps,
I pitying seem to stray;
Methinks I watch his cradle near;
Methinks her drooping thoughts I cheer,
And wipe her tears away.

Now loud the tuneful thunders roll,
And rouse and elevate the soul
O'er Earth and all its care;
I seem to hear from heavenly plains
Angelic choirs responsive strains,
And in their raptures share.

ODE V.

A LANDSCAPE.

On the eastern hill's steep side
Spreads the rural hamlet wide;
Cross the vale, where willows rise
Further still another lies;
And, beneath a steeper hill,
Lies another further still:
Near them many a field and grove—
Scenes where Health and Labour rove!
Northward swelling slopes are seen,
Clad with corn-fields neat and green;
There, through grassy plains below,
Broad and smooth the waters flow;
While the town, their banks along,
Bids its clust'ring houses throng,
In the sunshine glitt'ring fair;
Haunts of business, haunts of care!
Westward o'er the yellow meads
Wind the rills through waving reeds;
From dark elms a shadow falls
On the abbey's whiten'd walls:
Wide the park's green lawns expand;
Thick its tufted lindens stand:
Fair retreat! that well might please
Wealth, and Elegance, and Ease.
Hark! amidst the distant shades
Murm'ring drop the deep cascades;
Hark! amidst the rustling trees
Softly sighs the gentle breeze;
And the Eolian harp, reclin'd
Obvious to the stream of wind,
Pours its wildly-warbled strain,
Rising now, now sunk again.
How the view detains the sight!
How the sounds the ear delight!—
Sweet the scene! but think not there
Happiness sincere to share:
Reason still regrets the day
Passing rapidly away;
Less'ning life's too little store;
Passing, to return no more!

ODE VI.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS MARRIAGE AND REMOVAL INTO THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN AT STANWAY-HALL, IN ESSEX.

Whate'er of lighter strain the Muse
Essay'd, in vacant hours of ease,
At thy expense to raise a smile,
I deem thy candour will excuse;
For sure I meant not to displease,
For sure I wish'd thee well the while [1].

And now the nuptial knot is tied,
That Muse no idle flatt'ry brings,
Nor talks of joy unmix'd with care—
I trust that none whoe'er has try'd
The sober state of human things,
Will give thee hope such joy to share.

Domestic life must soon be thine—
'T is various as an April day;
'T is pleasure now, and now 't is pain:
Through storms of foul and gleams of fine
Contented hold thy steady way,
And these enjoy, and those sustain.

From London's streets to solitude,
From brilliant shops to dirty fields,
From beaux and belles to rugged hinds—
The change I own is strange and rude:
Yet scarce a place so little yields,
But he who seeks amusement finds.

Perchance thou 'lt not disdain to hear
The ploughman's history of the plain;
Thy sight the prospect's scenes may charm:
And sure fastidious is the ear,
That slights the milkmaid's simple strain,
At ev'ning echoing from the farm.

The market lore of artful swains
The price of cattle and of corn,
The sportsman's feats of dogs and guns;—
To practise that will cost thee pains;
And these with patience must be borne,
For he will be dislik'd who shuns.

Courage, my friend! whate'er our fate!
So versatile the human mind,
That oft, when novelty is o'er,
To objects of our former hate
Assimilated and resign'd,
We wonder they displeas'd before.

'T was on the festive, social day,
Where Beauty cast her smiles around,
And Mirth the mind from care reliev'd;
What time our hands in harmless play
Thy brow with wreaths of myrtle bound,
My thoughts this grateful lay conceiv'd.

[1] The author alludes to some trifling pieces of humour, written on his friend, for the amusement of a few intimate acquaintance.

From Stanway's groves, from fields of Layer [2],
To other scenes and other friends
To morrow calls my steps away;
Yet memory them in view shall bear;
Yet them the wish of health attends,
And many a moment calm and gay.

ODE VII.

WRITTEN IN WINTER.

While in the sky black clouds impend,
And fogs arise and rains descend,
And one brown prospect opens round
Of leafless trees and furrow'd ground;
Save where unmelted spots of snow
Upon the shaded hill-side show;
While chill winds blow, and torrents roll,
The scene disgusts the sight, depresses all the soul.

Yet worse what polar climates share—
Vast regions, dreary, bleak, and bare!—
There, on an icy mountain's height,
Seen only by the Moon's pale light,
Stern Winter rears his giant form,
His robe a mist, his voice a storm:
His frown the shiv'ring nations fly,
And hid for half a year in smoky caverns lie.

Yet there the lamp's perpetual blaze
Can pierce the gloom with cheering rays;
Yet there the heroic tale or song
Can urge the ling'ring hours along;
Yet there their hands with timely care
The kajak [3] and the dart prepare,
On summer seas to work their way, [prey.
And wage the wat'ry war, and make the seals their

Too delicate! reproach no more
The seasons of thy native shore—
There soon shall Spring descend the sky,
With smiling brow and placid eye;
A primrose wreath surrounds her hair,
Her green robe floats upon the air;
And scatter'd from her lib'ral hand, [land.
Fair blossoms deck the trees, fair flowers adorn the

ODE VIII.

TO A FRIEND.

Where Grove-hill [4] shows thy villa fair,
But late, my Lettsom, there with thee
'T was mine the tranquil hour to share—
The social hour of converse free;
To mark th' arrangement of thy ground,
And all the pleasing prospect round,
Where, while we gaz'd, new beauties still were found.

There, as th' impending cloud of smoke
Fled various from the varying gale,
Full on the view fresh objects broke
Along th' extensive peopled vale,

[2] Layer Breton, a village in Essex.
[3] A Greenland fishing boat.
[4] At Camberwell, in Surry.

Beside Thamesis' bending stream,
From ancient Lambeth's west extreme,
To Limehouse glitt'ring in the ev'ning beam.

And now and then the glancing eye
Caught glimpse of spots remoter still,
On Hampstead's street-clad slope so high,
Or Harrow's fair conspicuous hill;
Or eastward wander'd to explore
All Peckham's pleasant level o'er,
To busy Deptford's vessel-crowded shore:

Or sought that southern landscape's bound,
Those swelling mounts—one smooth and green,
And one with oaken coverts crown'd,
And one where scatt'ring trees are seen [5].
'T was these, with Summer's radiance bright,
That gave my earliest youth delight,
Of rural scenes the first that met my sight [6].

That business, with fatigning cares,
For this delightful seat of thine
Such scanty store of moments spares,
Say, friend, shall I for thee repine?
Were it the commerce of the main,
Or culture of the teeming plain,
From blame or pity I should scarce refrain.

But O! to alleviate human woes,
To banish sickness, banish pain,
To give the sleepless eye repose,
The nerveless arm its strength again;
From parent eyes to dry the tear,
The wife's distressful thought to cheer,
And end the husband's and the lover's fear.

Where Want sits pining, faint, and ill,
To lend thy kind, unpurchas'd aid,
And hear the exertions of thy skill
With many a grateful blessing paid—
'T is luxury to the feeling heart,
Beyond what social hours impart, [Art!
Or Nature's beauteous scenes, or curious works of

ODE IX.

LEAVING BATH. 1776.

Bath! ere I quit thy pleasing scene,
Thy beachen cliff I 'll climb again,
To view thy mountains' vivid green,
To view thy hill-surrounded plain:
To see distinct beneath the eye,
As in a pictur'd prospect nigh,
Those attic structures shining white,
That form thy sunny crescent's bend,
Or by thy dusty streets extend,
Or near thy winding rivers site.

Did Commerce these proud piles upraise?
For thee she ne'er unfurl'd her sails—
Hygeia gave thy fountains praise,
And Pain and Languor sought thy vales:

But these suffic'd an humble cell,
If there with Strength and Ease might dwell.
Then Fashion still'd; his potent voice
Proud Wealth with ready step obey'd,
And Pleasure all her arts essay'd,
To fix with thee the fickle choice.

Precarious gift!—Thy mansions gay,
Where peers and beauties lead the ball,
Neglected, soon may feel decay;
Forsaken, moulder to their fall.—
Palmyra, once like thee renown'd,
Now lies a ruin on the ground.—
But still thy environs so fair,
Thy waters' salutary aid,
Will surely always some persuade
To render thee their care.

ODE X.

TO J. PAYNE, ESQ.

ACCOUNTANT-GENERAL OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

O friend! to thee, whose lib'ral mind
Was form'd with taste for joys refin'd,
For all the extended country yields,
Of azure skies and verdant fields;
For all that Genius' hand displays,—
The painter's forms, the poet's lays:—
To thee, restraint to that dull room
Where sunshire never breaks the gloom;
To thee, restraint to that dull love
Of books, with numbers cypher'd o'er—
How hard the lot! I see with pain,
And wish it oft exchang'd in vain.
Yet not for thee I ask the stores
Which Rapine rends from foreign shores,
Nor those Oppression's pow'r procures
From ills that Poverty endures.
Far happier thou! thy honest gain
Can life with decency sustain;
For thee, Content, with thought serene,
Surveys the present changeful scene;
And Piety her view sublime
Extends beyond the realm of time.

ODE XI.

TO A FRIEND

APPREHENSIVE OF DECLINING FRIENDSHIP.

Too much in man's imperfect state
Mistake produces useless pain.—
Methinks, of friendship's frequent fate
I hear my Frogley's voice complain.

This heart, I hope, forgives its foes;
I know it ne'er forgets its friends;
Where'er may chance my steps dispose,
The absent oft my thought attends.

Deem not that Time's oblivious hand
From Memory's page has ras'd the days,
By Lee's green verge we wont to stand,
And on his crystal current gaze.

[5] The Dulwich hills.
[6] The author was born in the environs of London, on the Surry side.

From Chadwell's cliffs, o'erhung with shade,
From Wilbury's prospect-yielding hill,
Sweet look'd the scenes we then survey'd
While fancy sought for sweeter still:

Then how did Learning's stores delight!
From books what pleasures then we drew!
For then their charms first met our sight,
And then their faults we little knew.

Alas! life's summer swiftly flies,
And few its hours of bright and fair!
Why bid Distrust a hill cast-wind rise,
To blast the scanty blooms they bear?

ODE XII.

TO A FRIEND.

No, Cockfield, no! I'll not disdain
Thy Upton's elm-divided plain;
Nor scorn the varied views it yields,
O'er Bromley's creeks and isles of reeds,
Or Ham's or Plaistow's level meads,
To Woolwich streets, or Charlton fields.
Thy hedge-row paths I'll pleasant call,
And praise the lonely lane that leads
To that old tow'r upon the wall.

'T was when Misfortune's stroke severe,
And Melancholy's presence drear,
Had made my Amwell's groves displease,
That thine my weary steps receiv'd,
And much the change my mind reliev'd,
And much thy kindness gave me ease;
For o'er the past as thought would stray,
That thought thy voice as oft retriev'd,
To scenes which fair before us lay.

And there, in happier hours, the walk
Has frequent pleas'd with friendly talk;
From theme to theme that wander'd still—
The long detail of where we 'd been,
And what we 'd heard, and what we 'd seen;
And what the poet's tuneful skill,
And what the painter's graphic art,
Or antiquarian's searches keep,
Of calm amusement could impart.

Then oft did Nature's works engage,
And oft we search'd Linnæus' page;
The Scanian sage, whose wondrous toil
Had class'd the vegetable race:
And, curious, oft from place to place
We rang'd, and sought each different soil,
Each different plant intent to view,
And all the marks minute to trace,
Whence he his nice distinctions drew.

O moments these, not ill employ'd!
O moments, better far enjoy'd
Than those in crowded cities pass'd;
Where oft to Luxury's gaudy reign
Trade lends her feeble aid in vain,
Till pride, a bankrupt wretch at last,
Bids Fraud his specious wiles essay,
Youth's easy confidence to gain,
Or Industry's poor pittance rend away!

ODE XIII.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glitt'ring arms;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that Misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

ODE XIV.

WRITTEN AFTER READING SOME MODERN LOVE-VERSES.

TAKE hence this tuneful trifler's lays!
I'll hear no more the unmeaning strain
Of Venus' doves, and Cupid's darts,
And killing eyes, and wounded hearts;
All Flattery's round of fulsome praise,
All Falsehood's cant of fabled pain.

Bring me the Muse whose tongue has told
Love's genuine plaintive tender tale;
Bring me the Muse whose sounds of woe
Midst Death's dread scenes so sweetly flow,
When Friendship's faithful breast lies cold,
When Beauty's blooming cheek is pale:
Bring these—I like their grief sincere;
It sooths my sympathetic gloom:
For, oh! Love's genuine pains I've borne,
And Death's dread rage has made me mourn;
I've wept o'er Friendship's early bier,
And dropt the tear on Beauty's tomb.

ODE XV.

THE MUSE; OR, POETICAL ENTHUSIASM.

THE Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
The poet's birth, I ask not where,
His place, his name, they're not my care;
Nor Greece nor Rome delights me more
Than Tagus' bank[1], or Thames's shore[2]:
From silver Avon's flowery side
Though Shakspeare's numbers sweetly glide,
As sweet, from Morven's desert hills,
My ear the voice of Ossian fills.

[1] Alluding to Camoens, the epic poet of Portugal; of whose Lusiad we have a well-known masterly translation by Mr. Mickle.
[2] Alluding to Milton, Pope, &c.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Nor bigot zeal, nor party rage
Prevail, to make me blame the page;
I scorn not all that Dryden sings
Because he flatters courts and kings;
And from the master lyre of Gray
When pomp of music breaks away,
Not less the sound my notice draws,
For that 't is heard in Freedom's cause.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Where Wealth's bright sun propitious shines,
No added lustre marks the lines;
Where Want extends her chilling shades,
No pleasing flower of Fancy fades;
A scribbling peer's applauded lays
Might claim, but claim in vain, my praise
From that poor youth, whose tales relate
Sad Juga's fears and Bawdin's fate[3].

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
When Fame her wreaths well-earn'd bestows,
My breast no latent envy knows;
My Langhorne's verse I lov'd to hear,
And Beattie's song delights my ear;
And his, whom Athens' tragic maid
Now leads through Scarning's lonely glade;
While he for British nymphs bid flow
Her notes of terrour and of woe[4].

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:
Or be the verse or blank or rhyme,
The theme or humble or sublime;
If Pastoral's hand my journey leads
Through harvest fields or new-mown meads;
If Epic's voice sonorous calls
To Œta's cliffs[5] or Salemn's walls[6];
Enough—the Muse, the Muse inspires!
My soul the tuneful strain admires.

ODE XVI.

VIEWING THE RUINS OF AN ABBEY.

TO A FRIEND.

How steep yon mountains rise around,
How bold yon gloomy woods ascend!
How loud the rushing torrents sound
That midst these heaps of ruin bend,
Where one arch'd gateway yet remains,
And one lone aisle its roof retains,
And one tall turret's walls impend!

Here once a self-sequester'd train
Renounc'd life's tempting pomp and gain,
Rejected pow'r, relinquish'd gain,
And shun'd the great, and shun'd the vain:
The voluntary slaves of toil,
By day they till'd their little soil,
By night they woke, and rose to prayer.

Though Superstition much we blame,
That bade them thus consume their years,
Their motive still our praise must claim,
Their constancy our thought revere:
And sure their solitary scene
Must check each passion's wild extreme,
And save them cares, and save them fears.

Their convent's round contain'd their all;
Their minds no sad presage oppress'd,
What fate might absent wealth befall,
How absent friends might be distress'd:
Domestic ills ne'er hurt their ease;
Their thought of pain could feel from these,
Who no domestic joys possess'd.

But imperfection haunts each place:
Would this mind calm atone to thee
For Fame's or Fortune's sprightly chase,
Whose prize in prospect still we see;
Or Hymen's happy moments bless'd,
With Beauty leaning on thy breast,
Or childhood prattling at thy knee?

ODE XVII.

PRIVATEERING.

How custom steels the human breast
To deeds that Nature's thoughts detest!
How custom consecrates to fame
What reason else would give to shame!
Fair Spring supplies the favouring gale,
The naval plunderer spreads his sail,
And ploughing wide the wat'ry way,
Explores with anxious eyes his prey.

The man he never saw before,
The man who him no quarrel bore,
He meets, and Avarice prompts the fight;
And Rage enjoys the dreadful sight
Of decks with streaming crimson dy'd,
And wretches struggling in the tide,
Or, midst th' explosion's horrid glare,
Dispers'd with quivering limbs in air.

The merchant now on foreign shores
His captur'd wealth in vain deplores;
Quits his fair home, O mournful change!
For the dark prison's scanty range;
By Plenty's hand so lately fed,
Depends on casual alms for bread;
And, with a father's anguish torn,
Sees his poor offspring left forlorn.

And yet, such man's misjudging mind,
For all this injury to his kind,
The prosperous robber's native plain
Shall bid him welcome home again;

[3] See Rowley's poems, supposed to have been written by Chatterton, an unhappy youth born at Bristol.

[4] See Mr. Potter's excellent translation of Æschylus and Euripides.

[5] See Mr. Glover's Leonidas, alluded to as an example of classical dignity and simplicity.

[6] See Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, alluded to as an example of Gothic fancy and magnificence.

His name the song of ev'ry street,
His acts the theme of all we meet,
And oft the artist's skill shall place
To public view his pictur'd face!

If glory thus be earn'd, for me
My object story ne'er shall be;
No, first on Cambria's loneliest dale
Be mine to hear the shepherd's tale!
No, first on Scotia's bleakest hill
Be mine the stubborn soil to till!
Remote from wealth, to dwell alone,
And die, to guilty praise unknown!

ODE XVIII.

TO HOSPITALITY.

Domestic pow'r! erewhile rever'd
Where Syria spread her palmy plain,
Where Greece her tuneful Muses heard,
Where Rome beheld her patriot train;
Thou to Albion too wert known,
Midst the moat and moss-grown wall
That girt her Gothic-structur'd hall
With rural trophies strown.

The traveller, doubtful of his way,
Upon the pathless forest wild;
The huntsman, in the heat of day,
And with the tedious chase o'ertoil'd;
Wide their view around them cast,
Mark'd the distant rustic tow'r,
And sought and found the festive bower,
And shar'd the free repast.

E'en now, on Caledonia's shore,
When Eve's dun robe the sky arrays,
Thy punctual hand unfolds the door,
Thy eye the mountain road surveys;
Pleas'd to spy the casual guest,
Pleas'd with food his heart to cheer,
With pipe or song to sooth his ear,
And spread his couch for rest.

Nor yet e'en here disdain'd thy sway,
Where Grandeur's splendid modern seat
Far o'er the landscape glitters gay;
Or where fair Quiet's lone retreat
Hides beneath the hoary hill,
Near the dusky upland shade,
Between the willow's glossy glade,
And by the tinkling rill.

There thine the pleasing interviews
That friends and relatives endear,
When scenes not often seen amuse,
When tales not often told we hear;
There the scholar's liberal mind
Oft instruction gives and gains,
And oft the lover's sore obtains
His fair-one's audience kind.

O gentle power! where'er thy reign,
May Health and Peace attend thee still;
Nor Folly's presence cause thee pain,
Nor Vice reward thy good with ill;
Gratitude thy altar raise,
Wealth to thee her offerings pay,
And Genius wake his tuneful lay
To celebrate thy praise.

ODE XIX.

THE APOLOGY.

"Pastoral, and elegy, and ode!
Who hopes by these applause to gain,
Believe me, friend, may hope in vain—
These classic things are not the mode;
Our taste polite, so much refin'd,
Demands a strain of different kind.

"Go, court the Muse of Chevy Chase,
To tell in Sternhold's simple rhymes
Some tale of ancient English times;
Or try, in rude Satire's grace,
That scold, who dirt around her throws,
And many a random stain bestows.

"Or dull trite thoughts in songs combine,
And bid the tuneful accents fall,
To wake the echoes of Vauxhall;
Or tow'rds the stage thy thoughts incline,
And furnish some half-pilfer'd play,
To shine the meteor of the day."

O! no—though such the crowd amuse,
And peals of noisy praise procure;
Will they the critic eye endure,
And pass the ordeal of reviews?
And who is he for whom they 'll gain
A niche in Fame's immortal fane?

The plan that Virgil's choice could claim,
The plan that Horace deign'd to choose,
Trust me, I wish not to refuse:—
Akenside's or Shenstone's name
The praise that future days shall pay,
Methinks may well content my lay.

ODE XX.

This scene how rich from Thames's side,
While evening suns their amber beam
Spread o'er the glassy-surfac'd tide,
And midst the masts and cordage gleam;
Blaze on the roofs with turrets crown'd,
And gild green pastures stretch'd around,
And gild the slope of that high ground,
Whose corn-fields bright the prospect bound[1]!

The white sails glide along the shore,
Red streamers on the breezes play,
The boatmen ply the dashing oar,
And wide their various freight convey;
Some Neptune's hardy thoughtless train,
And some the careful sons of gain,
And some th' enamour'd nymph and swain
Listening to music's soothing strain.

[1] Shooter's Hill. This view was taken on the north side of the Thames, at Ratcliff.

But there, while these the sight allure,
Still Fancy wings her flight away
To woods recluse, and vales obscure,
And streams that solitary stray;
To view the pine-grove on the hill,
The rocks that trickling springs distill,
The meads that quivering aspins fill,
Or alders crowding o'er the rill.

And where the trees unfold their bloom,
And where the banks their floriage bear,
And all effuse a rich perfume
That hovers in the soft calm air;
The hedge-row path to wind along,
To hear the bleating fleecy throng,
To hear the skylark's airy song,
And throstle's note so clear and strong.

But say, if there our steps were brought,
Would these their pow'r to please retain?
Say, would not restless, roving thought
Turn back to busy scenes again?
O strange formation of the mind!
Still, though the present fair we find,
Still tow'rds the absent thus inclin'd,
Thus fix'd on objects left behind!

ODE XXI.

WRITTEN AFTER A JOURNEY TO BRISTOL.

THEE, Bristol, oft my thoughts recall,
Thy Kingsdown brow and Brandon hill;
The space, once circled by thy wall,
Which tow'rs and spires of churches fill;
And masts and sails of vessels tall,
With trees and houses intermingled still!

From Clifton's rocks how grand the sight,
When Avon's dark tide rush'd between!
How grand, from Henbury's woody height,
The Severn's wide-spread wat'ry scene,
Her waves with trembling sunshine bright,
And Cambrian hills beyond them rising green!

To Mendip's ridge how stretch'd away
My view, while Fancy sought the plain
Where Blagdon's groves secluded lay,
And heard my much-lov'd poet's strain[1]!
Ah! why so near, nor thither stray
To meet the friend I ne'er shall meet again?

Occasion's call averse to prize,
Irresolute we oft remain—
She soon irrevocably flies,
And then we mourn her flown in vain;
While Pleasure's imag'd forms arise,
Whose fancied loss Regret beholds with pain.

And Bristol! [illegible]
And why [illegible]
And fail to seek the spot that bore
That wondrous tuneful youth of lore,
The bard[2], whose boasted ancient lore
Rose recent from his own exhaustless store!

Though Fortune all her gifts denied,
Though Learning made him not her own,
The Muse still view'd him at her side,
And bade him in her fonts refresh
Description's [illegible] supply'd
Pathos his thoughts, and Melody [illegible]

Conscious and [illegible] of high birth,
Fame's wreath [illegible] bound his brow,
But Care [illegible] pass'd him by,
Unknown or deem'd unworth her care:
The Sun of Hope [illegible] his sky;
And all his [illegible] dreary, bleak, and bare!

Then Poverty, grim spectre, rose,
And horror [illegible] prospect threw—
His deep [illegible] too nice to expose;
Too nice for common aid to sue,
A dire alternative he chose,
And rashly from the genial scene withdrew.

Ah! why for Genius' headstrong rage
Did Virtue's hand no curb prepare?
What boots, poor [illegible]! that with sage
Can boast the [illegible] raise to share,
The learn'd in deep research engage,
And lightly entertain the gentle lay?

Ye, who superfluous wealth command,
O why your kind relief delay'd
O why not snatch'd his desperate hand?
His foot on Fate's dread brink not stay'd?
What thanks had you your native land
For a new Shakspeare or new Milton paid!

For me—Imagination's power
Leads oft insensibly my way,
To where at midnight's silent hour,
The crescent Moon's slow-westering ray
Pours full on Redcliff's lofty tow'r,
And gilds with yellow light its walls of grey.

Midst Toil and Commerce stumb'ring round,
Lull'd by the rising tide's hoarse roar,
There Frome and Avon willow-crown'd,
I view sad-wandering by the shore,
With streaming tears, and notes of mournful sound,
Too late their hapless bard, untimely lost, deplore.

ODE XXII.

TO CRITICISM.

FAIR nymph! of Taste and Learning born,
Whom Truth's and Candour's gifts adorn,

[1] The late ingenious Dr. John Langhorne, then resident at Blagdon, near Bristol.

Chatterton.

[2] This is at least the author's opinion, notwithstanding all that has hitherto appeared on the other side of the question. The last line alludes to one of the ingenious Mr. Mason in his Elegy to a young nobleman:

See from the depths of his exhaustless mine
His glitt'ring stores the tuneful spendthrift throws.

The Muse's friend to thee she sings:
Accept the grateful verse she brings.
When Genius, ranging Nature o'er,
Collects his tributary store,
What matter's tract immense supplies,
Or [illegible] in [illegible]nd's vast region lies,
And ev[illegible] thought with skill combines,
And all th[illegible]smits in tuneful l[illegible]s;
Then rapt[illegible]e sparkling in thin[illegible],
Then rais'd [illegible]y solemn voice o[illegible] high;
Thy comment[illegible] still his work p[illegible]ies,
The plan expla[illegible] the style r[illegible]ws,
And marks its strength and [illegible]s its ease;
And tells us why and now th[illegible]ase.
And when, perhaps, disdaining [illegible],
He blends with faults his products fair;
Whate'er of such thy sight surveys,
Thy tongue in triumph ne'er displays,
But hints, as spots that dim the Sun,
Or rocks that future sails should shun.
'T was thee whom once Stagyra's grove
Oft with her sage [1] allur'd to rove;
'T was thee to whom in Tadmor's bo[illegible]s,
Her statesman [2] vow'd his vacant hours;
'T was thee whom, Tibur's vines among,
Her bard [3] in careless measures sung;
'T was thou who thence to Albion's plain
Remov'd, to teach her tuneful train,
When Dryden's age, by thee inspir'd,
Condemn'd the flights his youth admir'd;
And Pope, [illegible]ent on higher praise,
So polish'd all his pleasing lays:
And now by thee our favour'd coast
A Warton, Hurd, and Burke can boast;
And her, whose pen from Gallic rage
Defended Shakspeare's injur'd page [4].
Give me, bright power! with ready ear
Another's plea for fame to hear,
And bid my willing voice allow
The bays to Merit's modest brow:
And when the Muse her presence deigns,
And prompts my own unstudy'd strains,
Instruct me then with view severe,
To inspect, and keep from errour clear;
Nor spare, though fancy'd e'er so fine,
One ill-plac'd thought, or useless line.

ODE XXIII.

TO DISEASE.

Disease! man's dread, relentless foe,
Fell source of fear, and pain, and woe!
O say, on what ill-fated coast
They mourn thy tyrant reign the most?
On Java's bogs, or Gambia's sand,
Or Persia's sultry southern strand;
Or Egypt's annual-flooded plain,
Or Rome's neglected, waste domain;
Or where her walls Byzantium rears,
And mosques and turrets crescent-crown'd,
And from his high serail the sultan hears
The wide Propontis' beating waves resound [1].
I'll ask no more—Our clime, though fair,
Enough thy tyrant reign must share;
And lovers there, and friends, complain,
By thee there friends and lovers slain:
And yet our avarice and our pride
Combine to spread thy mischiefs wide;
While that the captive wretch confines,
To hunger, cold, and filth resigns,—
And this the funeral pomp attends
To vaults, where mould'ring corses lie,—
Amid foul air thy form unseen ascends,
And like a vulture hovers in the sky [2].

ODE XXIV.

THE TEMPESTUOUS EVENING.

There's grandeur in this sounding storm,
That drives the hurrying clouds along
That on each other seem to throng,
And mix in many a varied form;
While, bursting now and then between,
The Moon's dim misty orb is seen,
And casts faint glimpses on the green.

Beneath the blast the forests bend,
And thick the branchy ruin lies,
And wide the shower of foliage flies;
The lake's black waves in tumult blend,
Revolving o'er and o'er and o'er,
And foaming on the rocky shore,
Whose caverns echo to their roar.

The sight sublime enrapts my thought,
And swift along the past it strays,
And much of strange event surveys,
What History's faithful tongue has taught,
Or fancy form'd, whose plastic skill
The page with fabled change can fill
Of ill to good, or good to ill.

But can my soul the scene enjoy,
That rends another's breast with pain?
O hapless he, who, near the main,
Now sees its billowy rage destroy!
Beholds the found'ring bark descend,
Nor knows, but what its fate may end
The moments of his dearest friend!

ODE XXV.

THE MELANCHOLY EVENING.

O haste, ye hov'ring clouds, away,
Ye clouds so fleecy, dim, and pale,
Through which the Moon's obstructed ray
Sheds this sad whiteness o'er the vale!

[1] Aristotle.
[2] Longinus.
[3] Horace.
[4] The ingenious Mrs. Montague, who has so ably vindicated Shakspeare from the cavils of Voltaire.

[1] *Byzantium:* Constantinople; subject to frequent visitations of that dreadful fever, the plague.
[2] Alluding to the too frequent miserable situation of prisoners of war, debtors, &c.; and the absurd custom of burying in churches; circumstances contributing greatly to the propagation of disease.

Forbear, ye bells, that languid strain!
The sight, the sound, are fraught with pain;
The words of dying friends I hear,
The open grave I linger near,
Take the last look, and drop the parting tear!

Before my view dire phantoms rise,
The plagues of hapless humankind!
Pale Fear, who unpursu'd still flies,
And starts, and turns, and looks behind;
Remorse, whose own indignant aim
Deforms with useless wounds her frame;
Despair, whose tongue no speech will deign,
Whose ghastly brow looks dark disdain,
And bends from steep rocks o'er the foaming main.

And Rage, whose bosom inly burns,
While Reason's call he scorns to hear;
And Jealousy, who ruthless turns
From suppliant Beauty's pray'r and tear;
Revenge, whose thoughts tumultuous roll
To seek the poniard or the bowl,
And Phrensy, wildly passing by
With her chain'd arm and staring eye,
And voice that with loud curses rends the sky!

Ambition, here, to heights of pow'r
His course with daring step pursues,
Though Danger's frown against him lour,
Though Guilt his path with blood bestrews;
There Avarice grasps his useless store,
Though Misery's plaints his aid implore,
Though he her ruin'd cottage nigh,
Beholds her famish'd infants lie,
And hears their faint, their last expiring cry!

Ye dreadful band! O spare, O spare!
Alas, your ear no prayers persuade!
But, ah! if man your reign must bear,
Sure man had better ne'er been made!
Say, will Religion clear this gloom,
And point to bliss beyond the tomb?
Yes, haply for her chosen train;
The rest, they say, severe decrees ordain
To realms of endless night, and everlasting pain[1]!

ODE XXVI.

THE PLEASANT EVENING.

Delightful looks this clear, calm sky,
With Cynthia's orb on high!
Delightful looks this smooth green ground,
With shadows cast from cots around:
Quick-twinkling lustre decks the tide;
And cheerful radiance gently falls
On that white town, and castle walls,
That crown the spacious river's further side.

And now along the echoing hills
The night-bird's strain melodious trills;

[1] The author does not give these as his own sentiments, but merely such as the gloomy moment described might naturally suggest. That the above dreadful idea is adopted by a large body of Christians, is sufficient to authorize its admission into a poem professing to paint the dark side of things.

And now the echoing vale along
Soft flows the shepherd's tuneful voice;
And now, while o'er the water borne
The city's mingled murmur swells,
And lively change of distant bells
And varied warbling of the deep-toned horn,

Their influence calms the soften'd soul,
The passions feel their strong control,
While Fancy's eye, where'er it strays,
A scene of happiness surveys;
Through all the various walks of life
No natural ill nor moral strife,
No famine fell, nor dire disease,
Nor war's infernal unrelenting strife.

For these, behold a heav'nly band,
Their white wings waving o'er the land!
Sweet Innocence, a cherub fair,
And Peace and Joy, a sister pair:
And Kindness mild, their kindred grace,
Whose brow serene complacence wears,
Whose hand her lib'ral bounty bears
O'er the vast range of animated space!

Bless'd vision! O for ever stay!
O far be guilt and pain away!
And yet, perhaps, with him, whose view
Looks at one glance creation through,
To gen'ral good our partial ill
Seems but a sand upon the plain,
Seems but a drop amid the main,
And some wise unknown purpose may fulfil.

ODE XXVII.

AFTER READING AKENSIDE'S POEMS.

To Fancy's view what visions rise,
Remote amid yon azure skies!
What goddess-form descends in air?
The Grecian Muse, severely fair!
What sage is he, to whom she deigns
Her lyre of elevated strains?
The bard of Tyne—his master hand
Awakes new music o'er the land;
And much his voice of right and wrong
Attempts to teach th' unheeding throng.
What mean those crystal rocks serene,
Those laureate groves for ever green,
Those Parian domes?—Sublime retreats,
Of Freedom's sons the happy seats!—
There dwell the few who dar'd disdain
The lust of power and lust of gain;
The patriot names of old renown'd,
And those in later ages found;
The Athenian, Spartan, Roman boast,
The pride of Britain's sea-girt coast!
But, oh! what darkness intervenes!
But, oh! beneath, what diff'rent scenes!
What matron she, to grief resign'd,
Beside that ruin'd arch reclin'd?
Her sons, who once so well could wield
The warrior-spear, the warrior-shield,
A turban'd ruffian's scourge constrains
To toil on desolated plains!—
And she who leans that column nigh,
Where trampled arms and eagles lie;

Whose veil essays her blush to hide,
Who checks the tear that hastes to glide?
A mitred priest's oppressive sway
She sees her crooping race obey:
Their vines unprun'd their fields untill'd,
Their streets with want and misery fill'd.
Who is she, the martial maid
Along that cliff so careless laid,
Whose brow such laugh unmeaning wears,
Whose eye such insolence declares,
Whose tongue descants, with scorn so vain,
On slaves of Dero or of Seine?
What grisly churn, what harlot hold,
Behind her, chains enormous hold?
Though Virtue's warning voice be near,
Alas, she will not, will not hear!
And now she sinks in sleep profound,
And now they bind her to the ground.
O what is he, his ghastly form
So half obscur'd in cloud and storm,
Swift striding on [5]?—beneath his strides
Proud Empire's firmest base subsides;
Behind him dreary wastes remain,
Oblivion's dark chaotic reign!

THE MEXICAN PROPHECY.

AN ODE.

De Solis, in his History of the Conquest of Mexico, informs us, that, on the approach of Cortez to the neighbourhood of that city, the emperor Motezuma sent a number of magicians to attempt the destruction of the Spanish army. As the sorcerers were practising their incantations, a demon appeared to them in the form of their idol Tlcatlepuca, and foretold the fall of the Mexican empire. On this legend is founded the following poem. The conquest of Mexico was undertaken from motives of avarice, and accompanied with circumstances of cruelty; but it produced the subversion of a tyrannical government, and the abolition of a detestable religion of horrid rites and human sacrifices.

From Cholula's hostile plain [4],
Left her treach'rous legions slain,
Left her temples all in flame,
Cortes' conquering army came.
High on Chalco's stormy steep
Shone their phalanx broad and deep;
High the Hispanian banner rais'd,
Bore the cross in gold emblaz'd [5].
Thick the gleaming spears appear'd,
Loud the neighing steeds were heard;
Flash'd the musquets lightnings round,
Roll'd their thunders o'er the ground,
Echo'd from a thousand caves,
Down to Tenustitan's waves [6];—
Spacious lake, that far below
Bade its lucid level flow:
There the ever-sunny shore
Groves of palm and coco bore;
Maize-fields rich, savannas green,
Stretch'd around, with towns between.
Tacuba, Tezeuco fair,
Rear'd their shining roofs in air;
Mexico's imperial pride
Glitter'd midst the glassy tide,
Bright with gold, with silver bright,
Dazzling, charming all the sight [7],
From their post the war-worn band
Raptur'd view'd the happy land:
"Haste to victory, haste to ease,
Mark the spot that gives us these!"
On the exulting hero strode,
Shunn'd the smooth insidious road,
Shunn'd the rock's impending shade,
Shunn'd the expecting ambuscade [8].
Deep within a gloomy wood
Motezume's magicians stood:
Tlcatlepuca's horrid form,
God of famine, plague, and storm,
High on magic stones they rais'd;
Magic fires before him blaz'd;
Round the lurid flames they drew,
Flames whence steams of sulphur flew;
There, while bleeding victims smok'd,
Thus his aid they loud invok'd:
"Minister supreme of ill,
Prompt to punish, prompt to kill,
Motezuma asks thy aid!
Foreign foes his realms invade;
Vengeance on the strangers shed,
Mix them instant with the dead!
By thy temple's sable floor,
By thy altar stain'd with gore,
Stain'd with gore, and strew'd with bones,
Echoing shrieks, and echoing groans!
Vengeance on the strangers shed,
Mix them instant with the dead!"
Ordaz heard, Velasquez heard—
Swift their falchions' blaze appear'd;
Alvarado rushing near,
Furious rais'd his glitt'ring spear;

[1] Avarice. [2] Luxury. [3] Ruin.

[4] Cholula was a large city, not far distant from Mexico. The inhabitants were in league with the Mexicans; and after professing friendship for the Spaniards, endeavoured to surprise and destroy them.

[5] The device on Cortes's standard was the sign of the cross. Vide de Solis.

[6] Tenustitan, otherwise Tenuchtitlan, the ancient name of the lake of Mexico.

[7] The Spanish historians assert, that the walls and houses of the Indian cities were composed of a peculiar kind of glittering stone or plaster, which at a distance resembled silver.

[8] The Indians had blocked up the usual road to Mexico, and opened another broader, and smooth at the entrance, but which led among rocks and precipices, where they had placed parties in ambush. Cortes discovered the stratagem, and ordered his troops to remove the obstructions. Being asked by the Mexican ambassadors the reason of this procedure, he replied, that the Spaniards always chose to encounter difficulties.

Calm, Olmedo mark'd the scene[9],
Calm he mark'd, and stepp'd between:
" Vain their rites and vain their pray'r,
Weak attempts beneath your care;
Warriors! let the wretches live!
Christians! pity, and forgive!"
Sudden darkness o'er them spread,
Glow'd the woods with dusky red;
Vast the idol's stature grew,
Look'd his face of ghastly hue,
Frowning rage, and frowning hate,
Angry at his nation's fate;
Fierce his fiery eyes he roll'd,
Thus his tongue the future told;
Cortes' veterans paus'd to hear,
Wondring all, though void of fear:
" Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
Doom'd for all thy crimes to know
Scenes of battle, scenes of woe!
Who is he—O spare the sight!—
Rob'd in gold, with jewels bright?
Hark! he deigns the crowd to call;
Chiefs and warriors prostrate fall[10].
Rev'rence now to fury yields;
Strangers o'er him spread your shields!
Thick the darts, the arrows, fly;
Hapless monarch! he must die!
Mark the solemn funeral state
Passing through the western gate!
Chàpultèqua's cave contains
Mighty Motezume's remains.
" Cease the strife! alas, 't is vain!
Myriads throng Otumba's plain;
Wide their feathery crests they wave,
All the strong and all the brave[11].
Gleaming glory through the skies,
See the imperial standard flies!
Down by force resistless torn;
Off in haughty triumph borne.
Slaughter heaps the vale with dead,
Fugitives the mountains spread.
" Mexico, 't is thine to know
More of battle, more of woe!—
Bright in arms the stranger train
O'er thy causeways move again.
Bend the bow, the shaft prepare,
Join the breastp ate's folds with care,
Raise the sacrificial fire,
Bid the captive youths expire[12];
Wake the sacred trumpet's breath,
Pouring anguish, pou ng death[13];
Troops from every str et repair,
Close them in the fatal snare;
Valiant as they are, they fly,
Here they yield, and there they die.
" Cease the strife! 't is fruitless all,
Mexico at last must fall!
Lo! the dauntless band return,
Fur ous for the fight they burn!
Lo! auxiliar nations round,
Crowding o'er the darken'd ground!
Corses fill thy [illegible]
Down thy temple's lofty steep
See thy priests thy princes thrown—
Hark! I hear their parting groan!
Blood thy lake with crimson dyes,
Flames from all thy domes arise!
" What are those that round thy shore
Lanch thy troubled waters o'er?
Swift canoes that from the fight
Aid their vanquish'd monarch's flight;
Ambush'd in the reedy shade,
Them the stranger barks invade;
Soon thy lord a captive bends,
Soon thy far-fam'd empire ends[14];
Otomèca shares thy spoils,
Tlascalà in triumph smiles[15].
Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
" Cease your boast, O stranger band,
Conquerors of my fallen land!
Avarice strides your van before,
Phantom meagre, pale, and hoar.
Discord follows, breathing flame,
Still opposing claim to claim[16].
Kindred demons, haste along!
Haste, avenge my country's wrong!"
Ceas'd the voice with dreadful sounds,
Loud as tides that burst their bounds;
Roll'd the form in smoke away,
Amaz'd on earth th' exorcists lay;
Pondering on the dreadful lore,
Their course the Iberians downward bore;
Their helmets glittering o'er the vale,
And wide their ensigns fluttering in the gale.

[9] Bartholeme de Olmedo, chaplain to Cortes: he seems to have been a man of enlarged ideas, much prudence, moderation, and humanity.

[10] Motezuma, who was resident in the Spanish quarters when they were attacked by the Mexicans, proposed showing himself to the people, in order to appease the tumult. At his first appearance he was regarded with veneration, which was soon exchanged for rage, to the effects whereof he fell a victim.

[11] Cortes, in his retreat from Mexico, after the death of Motezuma, was followed and surrounded by the whole collective force of the empire, in the plains of Otumba. After repelling the attacks of his enemies on every side, with indefatigable valour, he found himself overpowered by numbers; when, making one desperate effort, with a few select friends, he seized the imperial standard, killed the general, and routed the army.

[12] De Solis relates, that the Mexicans sacrificed to their idols a number of Spaniards, whom they had taken prisoners, and whose cries and groans were distinctly heard in the Spanish camp, exciting sentiments of horrour and revenge in their surviving companions.

[13] The above author observes, that the sacred trumpet of the Mexicans was so called, because it was not permitted to any but the priests to sound it; and that only when they denounced war, and animated the people on the part of their gods.

[14] When the Spaniards had forced their way to the centre of Mexico, Guatimozin, the reigning emperor, endeavoured to escape in his canoes across the lake; but was pursued, and taken prisoner by Garcia de Holguin, captain of one of the Spanish brigantines.

[15] The Otomies were a fierce, savage nation, never thoroughly subdued by the Mexicans. Tlascala was a powerful neighbouring republic, the rival of Mexico.

[16] Alluding to the dissentions which ensued among the Spaniards after the conquest of America.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

THE GARDEN.

TO A FRIEND.

From Whitby's rocks steep rising o'er the main,
From Eska's vales, or Ewecot's lonely plain,
Say, rove thy thoughts to Amwell's distant bow'rs,
To mark how pass thy friend's sequester'd hours?
"Perhaps," think'st thou, "he seeks his pleasing scenes
Of winding walks, smooth lawns, and shady greens;
Where China's willow hangs its foliage fair,
And Po's tall poplar waves its top in air,
And the dark maple spreads its umbrage wide,
And the white bench adorns the bason side;
At morn reclin'd, perhaps, he sits to view
The bank's neat slope, the water's silver hue.
Where, midst thick oaks, the subterraneous way
To the arch'd grot admits a feeble ray;
Where glossy pebbles pave the varied floors,
And rough flint-walls are deck'd with shells and ores,
And silvery pearls, spread o'er the roofs on high,
Glimmer like faint stars in a twilight sky;
From noon's intense glare, perhaps, he pleas'd retires,
Indulging musings which the place inspires.
"Now where the airy octagon ascends,
And wide the prospect o'er the vale extends,
Midst evening's calm, intent perhaps he stands,
And looks o'er all that length of sun-gilt lands,
Of bright green pastures, stretch'd by rivers clear,
And willow groves, or osier islands near."
Alas, my friend, how strangely men mistake,
Who guess what others most their pleasure make!
These garden scenes, which Fashion o'er our plains
Spreads round the villas of our wealthy swains,
Though Envy grudge, or Friendship wish to share,
They claim but little of their owners' care.
For me, my groves not oft my steps invite;
And far less oft they fail to offend my sight:
In vain the senna waves its glossy gold,
In vain the cistus' spotted flow'rs unfold,
In vain the acacia's snowy bloom depends,
In vain the sumach's scarlet spike ascends,
In vain the woodbine's spicy tufts disclose,
And green slopes redden with the shedding rose:
These neat-shorn hawthorns useless verdant bound,
This long straight walk, that pool's unmeaning round, [trees,
These short-curv'd paths that twist beneath the trees,
Disgust the eye, and make the whole displease.
"No scene like this," I say, "did Nature raise,
Brown's fancy form, or Walpole's[1] judgment praise;
No prototype for this did I survey
In Woollett's landscapes[2], or in Mason's lay."

But might thy genius, friend, an Eden frame,
Profuse of beauty, and secure from blame;
Where round the lawn might wind the varied way,
Now lost in gloom, and now with prospect gay;
Now screen'd with clumps of green, for wintry bow'rs;
Now edg'd with sunny banks for summer flow'rs;
Now led by crystal lakes with lilies dress'd,
Or where light temples court the step to rest—
Time's gradual change, or tempest's sudden rage,
There with thy peace perpetual war would wage.
That tyrant oak, whose arms so far o'ergrow,
Shades some poor shrub that pines with drought below;
These rampant elms, those hazels branching wide,
Crowd the broad pine, the spiry larix hide.
That lilac brow, where May's unsparing hand
Bade one vast swell of purple bloom expand,
Soon past its prime, shows signs of quick decay,
The naked stem, and scanty-cover'd spray.
Fierce Boreas calls, and Ruin waits his call;
Thy fair catalpa's broken branches fall;
Thy soft magnolia mourns her blasted green,
And blighted laurel's yellowing leaves are seen.
But Discontent alone, thou 'lt say, complains
For ill success, where none perfection gains:
True is the charge; but from that tyrant's sway
What art, what power, can e'er redeem our day?
To me, indeed, short ease he sometimes yields,
When my lone walk surrounds the rural fields;
There no past errours of my own upbraid,
No time, no wealth expended unrepaid:
There Nature dwells, and throws profuse around
Each pastoral sight and ev'ry pastoral sound;
From Spring's green copse, that pours the cuckoo's strain,
And evening bleatings of the fleecy train,
To Autumn's yellow field and clam'rous horn[3]
That wakes the slumb'ring harvesters at morn.
There Fancy too, with fond delighted eyes,
Sees o'er the scene ideal people rise;
There calm Contentment, in his cot reclin'd,
Hears the grey poplars whisper in the wind;
There Love's sweet song adown the echoing dale
To Beauty's ear conveys the tender tale;
And there Devotion lifts his brow to Heav'n,
With grateful thanks for many able sing given.
Thus oft through Maylan's shady lane I stray,
Trace Rushgreen's paths, or Postwood's winding way;
Thus oft to Eastfield's airy height I haste;
(All well-known spots thy feet have frequent trac'd!)
While Memory, as my sight around I cast,
Suggests the pleasing thought of moments past;
Or Hope, amid the future, forms again
The dream of bliss Experience broke in vain.

[1] See Mr. Walpole's ingenious History of modern Taste in Gardening, at the end of the fourth volume of his Anecdotes of Painting.

[2] The above-named excellent artist, several years ago, drew and engraved a number of beautiful views in some of our most celebrated modern gardens.

EPISTLE II.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS IN THE COUNTRY.

TO A FRIEND IN LONDON.

While thee, my friend, the city's scenes detain,—
The cheerful scenes where Trade and Pleasure reign;
Where glittering shops their varied stores display;
And passing thousands crowd the public way;

[3] There is a custom, frequent in many parts of England, of calling the harvest-men to and from

Where Painting's forms and Music's sounds delight,
And Fashion's frequent novelties invite,
And conversation's sober social hours
Engage the mind, and elevate its pow'rs—
Far different scenes for us the country yields,
Deserted roads and unfrequented fields:
Yet deem not, lonely as they are, that these
Boast nought to charm the eye, the ear to please.
Though here the tyrant Winter holds command,
And bids rude tempests desolate the land;
Sometimes the Sun extends his cheering beam,
And all the landscape casts a golden gleam;
Clear is the sky, and calm and soft the air,
And through thin mist each object looks more fair.
Then, where the villa rears its sheltering grove,
Along the southern lawn 't is sweet to rove:
There dark green pines, behind, their boughs extend,
And bright spruce firs like pyramids ascend,
And round their tops in many a pendent row,
Their scaly cones of shining auburn show;
There the broad cedar's level branches spread,
And the tall cypress lifts its spiry head;
With alaternus ilex interweaves,
And laurels mix their glossy oval leaves;
And gilded holly crimson fruit displays,
And white viburnum[4] o'er the border strays.
Where these from storms the spacious greenhouse screen,
Ev'n now the eye beholds a flow'ry scene;
There crystal sashes ward the injurious cold,
And rows of benches fair exotics hold;
Rich plants, that Afric's sunny cape supplies,
Or o'er the isles of either India rise.
While strip'd geranium shows its tufts of red,
And verdant myrtles grateful fragrance shed;
A moment stay to mark the vivid bloom,
A moment stay to catch the high perfume,
And then to rural scenes—Yon path, that leads
Down the steep bourn and 'cross the level meads,
Soon mounts th' opponent hill, and soon conveys
To where the farm its pleasing group displays:
The rustic mansion's form, antiquely fair;
The yew-hedg'd garden, with its grass-plat square;
The barn's long ridge, and doors expanded wide;
The stable's straw-clad eves and clay-built side;
The cartshed's roof, of rough-hewn roundwood made,
And loose on heads of old sere pollards laid;
The granary's floor that smooth-wrought posts sustain,
Where hungry vermin strive to climb in vain;
And many an ash that wild around them grows,
And many an elm that shelter o'er them throws.
Then round the moat we turn, with pales enclos'd,
And midst the orchard's trees in rows dispos'd,
Whose boughs thick tufts of misletoe adorn
With fruit of lucid white on joints of yellow borne.

Thence up the lane, romantic wood-[illegible]
Beneath old oaks with ivy overhung
(O'er their rough trunks the hairy [illegible]
And on their arms the sable berries [illegible]
Here oft the sign[illegible] banks bestrew [illegible]
The early primrose opening bud [illegible]
And oft steep dells or ragged cliffs [illegible]
The prickly furze with bloom of bright gold
Here oft the red-breast hops along the way,
And midst grey moss explores his insect prey;
Or the green woodspite[5] flies with cheery shrill,
And delves the sere bough with his sounding bill
Or the rous'd hare starts bounding from the brake,
And gaudy jays incessant clamour make;
Or echoing hills return from stubbles nigh
The sportsman's gun, and spaniel's yelping cry
And now the covert ends in open ground,
That spreads wide views beneath on all around
There turbid waters, edg'd with yellow reeds,
Roll through the russet and parch'd meads,
There from the meads th' enclosures sloping rise,
And, midst th' enclosures, dusky woodland lies;
While pointed spires and curling smokes, between,
Mark towns, and vills, and cottages unseen.
And now,—for now the breeze and noontide ray
Clear the last remnants of the mist away,—
Far, far o'er all extends the aching eye,
Where azure mountains mingle with the sky:
To these the curious optic tube applied
Reveals each object distance else would hide;
Their seats or homesteads, plac'd in pleasant shades,
Show their white walls and windows through the glades;
There rears the hamlet church its hoary tow'r;
(The clock's bright index points the passing hour)
There green-rob'd huntsmen o'er the sunny lawn
Lead home their beagles from the chase withdrawn,
And ploughs slow-moving turn the broad champaign,
And on steep summits feed the fleecy train.
But wint'ry months few days like these supply,
And their few moments far too swiftly fly:
Dank thaws, chill fogs, rough winds, and beating rain,
To sheltering rooms th' unwilling step detain;
Yet there, my friend, shall liberal Science find
Amusement various for th' inquiring mind.
While History's hand her sanguine record brings,
With woes of nations fraught, and crimes of kings;
Plague thins the street, and Famine blasts the plain,
War wields his sword, Oppression binds his chain;
Curiosity pursues the unfolding tale,
Which Reason blames, and Pity's tears bewail.
While Fancy's pow'rs th' eventful novel frame,
And Virtue's care directs its constant aim;
As Fiction's pen domestic life pourtrays,
Its hopes, and fears, and joys, and griefs displays;
By Grandison's or Clinton's[6] story mov'd,
We read delighted, and we rise improv'd.
Then with bold voyagers our thought explores
Vast tracts of ocean and untrodden shores;
Now views rude climes, where ice-rocks drear aspire,
Or red volcanos shoot their streams of fire:

work by the sound of a horn. This practice, as well as that of the harvest-shouting, seems much on the decline. The latter could boast its origin from high antiquity, as appears from that beautiful stroke of eastern poetry, Isaiah, chap. xvi.: "I will water thee with my tears, O Heshbon and Elealeh; for the shouting for thy summer fruits, and for thy harvest, is fallen!"

[4] That well-known beautiful flowering evergreen, commonly called laurustinus.

[5] The green woodpecker. Vide Pennant's British Zoology, folio, p. 78.

[6] Vide The Fool of Quality, a well-known novel, by Mr. Henry Brooke, author of Gustavus Vasa, &c.

...w seeks sweet isles, where lofty palm-groves wave,
...d cany banks translucent rivers lave;
...here Plenty's gifts luxuriant load the soil,
...d Ease reposes, charm'd with Beauty's smile.
...ch, haples' Cook[7]! amid the southern main,
...s! thy Taheite's peaks and flow'ry plain;—
...hy, daring wanderer! quit that blissful land,
... seek new dangers on a barbarous strand?
...hy doom'd, so long escap'd from storms and foes,
...on that swand thy dying eyes to close;
...mote each place by habit render'd dear,
...r British friends nor Otaheitean near?
Nor less than books the engraver's works invite,
...here past and distant come before the sight;
...here, all the painter's lively tints convey'd,
...e skilful copyist gives in light and shade;
...hile faithful views the prospect's charms display,
...om coast to coast, and town to town, we stray;
...hile faithful portraits human features trace,
We gaze delighted on the speaking face;
Survey the port that bards and heroes bore,
Or mark the smiles that high-born beauties wore.
Cease these to please? Philosophy attends
With arts where knowledge with diversion blends;
The Sun's vast system in a model shows;
Bids the clear lens new forms to sight expose;
Constructs machines, whose wondrous powers de-
Th' effects of light, and properties of air; I clare
With whirling globes excites electric fires,
And all their force and all their use inquires.
O Nature! how immense thy secret store,
Beyond what ev'n a Priestley can explore!
Such, friend, the employments may his time divide,
Whom rural shades from scenes of business hide;
While o'er his ear unnotic'd glide away
The noise and nonsense of the passing day[8]!

AN ESSAY ON PAINTING.

TO A YOUNG ARTIST.

The author had conceived a design of writing a pretty extensive poem on the subject of painting, long before Mr. Hayley's ingenious Poetical Epistle to an eminent Painter appeared. That performance anticipated and precluded part of his intended work, but seemed not to render the suppression of the following lines necessary.

From sunny Adria's sea-surrounded tow'rs,
From Tiber's vales and Arno's viny bow'rs,
The Muse of painting seeks Britannia's plain,
And leads to Thames's bank her favourite train:
There, where a nation's wealth her dome has plac'd,
With her kind sister's[1] Attic beauties grac'd,
She, like the Spring, as liberal and as gay,
Bids her rich hand its annual stores display;
And mimic Being glowing round the walls,
From scene to scene the rapt attention calls.
There, where the public gives the palm of praise,
And only Merit to renown can raise,
Doubtless, my friend, the just ambition's thine
To see thy future works distinguish'd shine.
Hear then thy poet's monitory lay,
That hints not useless may perchance convey:
No artist I, like him of Gallia's shore[2],
Whose pencil practis'd, ere he taught his lore;
Yet Taste incites me others' works to view,
And risk a judgment haply not untrue.
Were Painting's path my pleasing road to fame,
The choice of subject much my care should claim;
His graphic pow'r he sure but ill bestows,
Who best a trifle's nice resemblance shows.
Though the rich tints so finely blended fall,
When carps and pheasants deck the rural hall,
That oft, like Zeuxis' grapes, they scarcely fail
To tempt to touch the feather or the scale,—
Yet not ev'n Elmer's[3] skill can make us prize
What ev'ry field or ev'ry pond supplies;
Regret gives pain to view such wondrous art
Tried on no theme that interests the heart.
The pride of genius should thy hand restrain
From all that life's inferior ranks contain[4];
Thy conscious pallet ne'er its hues should spare
To draw a sportsman's hound or racer's mare;
Nor thy reluctant crayon stoop to trace
A fool's dull eye or villain's ill-mark'd face.
But deem not portrait's gifts I mean to slight,—
Portrait, the source of many a pure delight!
When bards' or sages' works our wishes fire
To see their forms whose minds we there admire,
The featur'd canvass full to view displays
Reason's deep calm or Fancy's glowing rays.
When Beauty's charms their varied graces wear,
Love's gentle smile, or Mirth's vivacious air,
The pleasing image strikes remotest climes,
And goes unalter'd down to distant times.
When Death's relentless hand in dust has laid
The school-companion, or the first-lov'd maid;
The father kind, with filial awe rever'd;
The tender mother, by her cares endear'd;
When from our arms the darling child is torn,
Or when the husband or the wife we mourn—
As on their picture many a glance we cast,
Remembrance wanders to the vanish'd past;

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[7] This celebrated circumnavigator, after surmounting numerous difficulties, and escaping many dangers, was at length slain by the inhabitants of Owhyhee, a little island in the Pacific Ocean.

[8] A short Epistle, partly on the same plan as the foregoing, was, some years ago, inadvertently suffered to appear in a Collection of Poems, by several hands, published by G. Pearch.—Such lines of that piece as were thought worth preservation, are here retained.

[1] Architecture.

[2] C. A. Du Fresnoy, a well-known French painter; author of a Latin poem, De Arte Graphica.

[3] The author must here once for all remark, that whatever he may say respecting the works of any painter, is solely the result of impartial, though possibly mistaken opinion. He cannot be misled by friendship; for, excepting a slight acquaintance with those amiable characters, Mr. West and Mrs. Kauffman, he has not the pleasure of knowing any artist whose name he has taken the liberty to mention.

[4] This is meant only of such objects, when considered as the principal subject of a picture. Almost every class of animals may be occasionally introduced as ornaments in landscape, and often in history.

Our thoughts o'er numberless minutiæ roll,
And pain-mix'd pleasure solaces the soul.
To portrait's study should thy choice incline,
Ev'n there to aim at excellence be thine;
And strive to reach the point that few can gain,
Preserve the likeness, yet the spirit retain.
Of landscape's province wide extends the range,
From the deep vale and humble rural grange,
To Cambrian heaths sublimely brown and bare [5],
Or Alpine ice-points glitt'ring white in air:
And not from Nature only she designs,
But different parts of different scenes combines;
Or new creations of her own she forms,
Illumes with sunshine, or involves in storms [6].
Familiar prospects would thy hand bestow?
Mark what our hay-fields and our hop-grounds show;
Where in neat rows the russet cocks are seen,
Or from tall poles depend festoons of green;
And long straight paths in perspective extend,
And yellow sandhills close behind ascend [7].
Nor sweeter contrast sure can meet the eye
Than village lanes in vernal months supply,
When amber clouds, in sky of soft bright blue,
Hang o'er the copse just crown'd with verdure new;
Or where the orchard's sun-gilt branches spread
Their bloom of white or faintly-blushing red.
The fairest scenes, when peopled, look more fair,
But these to people asks peculiar care:
We wish not here for Virgil's classic swains,
Nor Dryad nymphs light tripping o'er the plains;
Nor yet the grinning Hobbinols of Gay,
Nor cottage Marians in their torn array:
The rustic life, in ev'ry varied place,
Can boast its few of beauty and of grace;
From them select the forms that most may please,
And clothe with simple elegance and ease:
Such forms in Smith's [8] delightful spots we prize,
And such in Sandby's pleasant fields arise.
The observant artist much from travel gains;
Increase of knowledge well rewards his pains.
Now his pleas'd eye o'er Tuscan prospects roves,
Their sunny corn-fields and their cypress groves;
Their roads, where sports from tree to tree the vine,
And through broad leaves its crystal clusters shine [9];
Their white cassines, with olive groves around;
And glitt'ring cliffs with towns and castles crown'd.
Now his pleas'd step a wider circuit tries,
Where Nile's vast flood on Egypt's level lies;
While midst the tide tall palms their tops uprear,
And causeways broad and cities fair appear [10].

Now Indian climes he east or west explores,
Quits the dull factory and the sandy shores,
Climbs craggy hills, pervades round woods,
Or winds along the cataracts of the floods,
Through beasts, and birds, and insects, fruits and flow'rs,
In shape and colour all distinct from ours;
Or strays o'er isles that spicy vales unfold,
Midst skies of glory and midst seas of gold;
Such skies, such seas, as Hodges' pencil drew [12],
And round the rocks of Ulitea threw [13].
Whate'er we copy, or whate'er we feign,
Through all the piece one character should reign.
When Claude's bright morn on Mola's precincts dawns,
What sweet quiescence marks the groves and lawns!
How calm his herds among the ruins graze!
How calm his curious peasant stands to gaze [14]!
When bold Salvator under turbid skies
Bids his scath'd hills and blasted trees arise,
Behind wild rocks bids his wild streams be lost,
And from vast cliffs shows broken fragments tost;
Midst them no shepherds lead their flocks along,
Nor village maidens seem to tune their song;
But solemn augurs flights of birds survey,
Or stern-ey'd robbers wait the passing prey [14],
In Rubens' forest, when the wounded boar,
Plung'd in the stream, attempts the further shore,
How the fierce dogs retard his awkward speed!
How the fierce hunters urge the struggling steed!
And, eager, one the winged arrow sends,
And one firm-fix'd th' expectant spear protends [15].
To History's group, where passion'd thought express'd
Strikes kindred feelings on the gazer's breast,—
To History's group, the epic of thy art,
Proceed we now, and what we can, impart.
The mighty masters of Italian name
All Rome, all Florence, and Bologna claim;
Whose fresco forms still animate their walls,
Whose living canvass decks their domes and halls:
What various pow'rs for these their glory won,
And what of theirs to choose, and what to shun,
Illustrious Reynolds much in prose has told,
And more my verse pretends not to unfold.
These still thy study but with caution make,
Nor prize the picture for the painter's sake;

[5] That celebrated artist, Mr. Wilson, has painted a set of beautiful Views from Nature, in different parts of Wales.

[6] These circumstances, termed by the painters *accidents of nature*, often agreeably diversify landscape.

[7] For this imagery the author is indebted to Mr. Walpole, who in his Anecdotes of Painting, vol. iv. p. 65, proposes our hay-fields and hop-grounds as new subjects of landscape.

[8] The late Mr. George Smith of Chichester.

[9] The hedge-row trees in Tuscany are covered with vines. Vide Smollet's Travels, vol. ii. p. 46.

[10] Vide Rollin's Ancient History, 18mo. vol. i. p. 22.

[11] Several of our artists have attended to this circumstance of foreign scenery. The ingenious Mr. George Robertson has painted several fine romantic views in Jamaica, which have been engraved.

[12] Several beautiful landscapes, taken in different parts of the new discovered islands, by Mr. Hodges, who attended captain Cook in one of his voyages, must be well remembered by those who attend the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy.

[13] Vide a beautiful engraving, by Vivarez, from a capital picture of Claude Lorrain, called the Morning, in which he introduces himself drawing an antique temple on the banks of the Tiber, between Ponte Mola and Rome.

[14] Vide Salvator Rosa's landscapes, engraved by Goupy. See also sir Joshua Reynold's Discourses, p. 175.

[15] Vide Rubens's landscape of boar-hunting, engraved by Bolswert.

Raffaelle himself, beneath himself oft fell,
And meaner hands' best works his worst excel[16].
'T is general nature, in thy art and mine,
Must give our fame in future times to shine:
Sublime and pathos, like the Sun's fix'd flame,
Remain, and please through ev'ry age the same;
Humour's light shapes, like vapours in the sky,
Rise, pass, and vary, and for ever fly:
Hogarth and Swift, if living, might deplore
Half their keen jokes, that now are jokes no more.
What Truth's rich page of real event supplies,
What Fancy's pow'rs of fabled act devise,
Before thee lie—but where the field so wide,
There Judgment's hand Selection's step must guide.
To Horrour's forms the mind aversion feels,
To Spaniolet's[17] flay'd saints and torturing wheels;
Nor praise for nauseous images we win,
For Spenser's Errour, or for Milton's Sin.
Mythology, that Greek enchantress, long
Has reign'd the idol of the painting throng:
But Reason's thought disdains Ovidian dreams
Absurd, of nymphs transform'd to trees and streams;
And Virtue Homer's wanton gods abhors,
With all their lewd amours and all their idle wars.
The battle's conflicts ample scope bestow,
Th' effects of fury, fear, and pain to show;
As different features these unlike express,
The contrast's force affects us more or less.
But here Confusion holds his crowded reign,
And the tir'd eye attempts to rest in vain;
And o'er the scene Humanity complains, [tains.
Where mangled corses lie, and blood the land dis-
When in the fore-ground kings or generals stand,
Direct the attack, or head the charging band,
Their graceful forms we unconcern'd survey,
Who fight for conquest, or who fight for pay:
Nor in their postures can there much be prais'd,
Their pistols level'd, or their falchions rais'd;
And to dull sameness here so oft we fall,
That who beholds one piece, beholds them all.
But War's dire field, not all confin'd to these,
Affords us often incidents that please:
For oft the historian's, oft the poet's art,
Can win our wishes on some hero's part;
His country nam'd, his place and parents known,
Our busy thought his perils makes its own.
To fierce Pelides, midst Scamander's waves,
When young Lycaon's voice for pity craves[18];
The chief's stern brow and lance suspended high,
The youth's bent knee and deprecating eye,

Not West's rich pencil need disdain to trace,
Or Romney's stroke with glowing colours grace.
When Dithyrambus, on Oëta's plain,
Mourns the brave Persian whom his hand has slain,
Nor marks his danger from th' approaching foe,
Nor his bold friend prepar'd to ward the blow;
In one what grief, in one what vengeful rage,
In one what ardour, might the sight engage[19]!
The gentle Kauffman's traits can best declare
The sentimental feelings of the fair,
When soft Erminia in the sylvan shade
Leaves Tancred's name on ev'ry tree display'd[20];
Or kind Louisa pens the friendly scroll,
To sooth the mournful sister of her soul[21].
The same skill'd hand more strong expression tries,
At Edward's feet when Woodville's daughter lies[22];
Or, midst th' admiring weeping train around,
Fond Eleanora sucks the poison'd wound[23].
Delightful artist!—Grace her pencil guides,
And Delicacy o'er its stroke presides!
Th' immortal swans, appointed to redeem
Genius and Worth from Lethe's silent stream,
Pleas'd with their charge, shall bear her medall'd name
To the fair priestess of the fane of Fame[24].
Such tender subjects, if thy choice they gain,
Enough for thee as yet untouch'd remain.
Now from the page of Richardson bestow
On Clementina's face the lines of woe;
Or let sweet Harriet's livelier beauty wear
The soul-fraught eye and apprehensive air;
Or draw the proud Olivia's rage-flush'd charms,
When the calm hero seiz'd her deadly arms;

[16] For this assertion the author has the highest authority, viz. that of sir Joshua Reynolds. "I have no desire," says he, "to degrade Raffaelle from the high rank he deservedly holds; but, in comparing him with himself, he does not appear to me to be the same man in oil as in fresco." Discourses, p. 165.

[17] Gioseppe Ribera, a native of Valencia in Spain. He was noted for painting horrid subjects; such as Prometheus with the vulture feeding on his liver; Ixion tortured on the wheel; and St. Bartholomew with the skin flayed from his body. Vide Dryden's translation of Fresnoy, p. 352.

[18] Vide the Iliad, book xxi. This story of Lycaon is perhaps one of the most affecting passages in the whole poem. Vide Pope's note, vol. v. p. 208. of his translation. The countenance of Achilles, at the moment when the death of Patroclus, occurring to his thought, determined him to kill Lycaon, would afford a fine expression:

Talk not of life or ransom, he replies;
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me dies.

[19] Vide Leonidas, book viii. l. 355.

He ended, rushing furious on the Greek,
Who, while his gallant enemy expir'd,
While Hyperanthes tenderly receiv'd
The last embraces of his gasping friend,
Stood nigh reclin'd in sadness on his shield,
And in the pride of victory repin'd.
Unmark'd his foe approach'd. But forward sprung
Diomedon. Before the Thespian youth
Aloft he rais'd his targe.——

[20] Vide Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.

[21] See Emma Corbett, an interesting novel, by Mr. S. I. Pratt, vol. i. letter 34.

[22] See the story of Elizabeth Grey, daughter of sir Richard Woodville, suing to Edward IV. for restitution of her lands. Rapin, vol. i. p. 601.

[23] The well-known story of Eleanor of Castile, queen of Edward I. sucking the poison from her husband's arm, when he was wounded by an assassin in Palestine.

[24] See a painting of Mrs. Kauffman's, from a passage in Ariosto, where swans are introduced bringing the names of ingenious persons, inscribed on medals, to a nymph who deposits them in the temple of Fame.

And paint that hero, firm in trial prov'd,
Unaw'd by danger, and by vice unmov'd [25].
To Sterne's soft maniac let thy hand impart
The languid cheek, the look that pierc'd his heart,
When to her virgin saint the vesper song she rais'd,
Or earnest view'd him as he sat and gaz'd [26].
Mark, if thou can'st, philanthropy divine,
That swells the breast, and bids the features shine,
When the tear glist'ning starts from Toby's eyes
Fix'd on the couch where poor Le Fevre dies.
The Grecian classics' venerable lore
I see thee often diligent explore;
What Homer's Muse to Chian cities taught,
Or Pity's priest [27] to Athens' audience brought.
Methinks, now rising from thy plastic hand,
Troy's hoary monarch shall a suppliant stand;
To stern Achilles all his griefs explain,
And ask his Hector's corse, nor ask in vain [28].
Now Jove's kind son to Thebes's sorrowing king
Shall his restor'd unknown Alcestis bring;
Admetus' eyes his anguish'd thoughts declare,
And turn disgusted from the proffer'd fair [29].
The dark sublime of extra-natural scenes
The vulgar magie's puerile rite demeans;
Where hags their caldrons fraught with toads pre-
pare,
Or glide on broomsticks through the midnight air.
Chain'd on the rock let bold Prometheus lie,
And cast wild looks, upbraiding, to the sky [30];
Bid Milton's Satan from the burning steep
Call his wide legions, slumb'ring on the deep;
Or Camoens' spirit of the Cape upraise,
And show him only by the lightning's blaze;
Or place sad Hosier's ghost amid the tide,
Where by the pale Moon anchor'd navies ride [31].
O where is he, whose thought such grandeur gave
To bold Fitzwalter and the barons brave,
When, rang'd in arms along their Thames's strand,
They snatch'd their charter from a tyrant's hand [32]!
Through all the scenes his rapid stroke bestow'd,
Rosa's wild grace and daring spirit glow'd;
In him—all, lost ere half his powers were shown!—
Britain perhaps an Angelo had known!
Would'st thou his honours emulous pursue,
And give the patriot energy to view,—
Deep in the gloom of Dalecarlia's mine,
Bid Freedom's flame in Vasa's visage shine [33];
The pass of fam'd Thermopylæ display,
And Sparta's monarch's port august portray [34].
For pontiffs and for kings, the painter's skill
From sacred story toils their walls to fill;
Where'er we turn, its subjects strike the eye,
And few untried are left for us to try.
Yet who has Jepthah's matchless woe express'd,
By his lov'd daughter's sudden sight distress'd;
Or shown the patriarchs, struck with wild amaze,
As on the viceroy's hidden cup they gaze [35]?
Or who, when Israel's hosts on Edom's plain
Despairing lie,—a thirst-afflicted train!—
Has bade the prophet and his minstrel stand,
And call new waters o'er the burning sand [36]?
When David's chiefs, with generous thought inspir'd,
Bring the clear wave his sick'ning soul desir'd;
What dignity might to his act be given,
The pure libation pouring out to Heaven [37]!
No more of theme; design must now succeed—
The mind's strong picture when we hear or read [38],
Where every person finds his proper place,
And turn of attitude and turn of face:

[25] The History of sir Charles Grandison, vol. iv. p. 176. The interview between Grandison and Olivia, at the instant of his seizing her poinard, would make a noble picture. This work of Richardson's abounds with fine situations. Brookes's Fool of Quality, and the Adventurer of Hawkesworth, are also books worthy the perusal of an artist who wishes for choice of interesting incidents.

[26] This subject has been attempted by several ingenious artists, who have given very pleasing figures; but perhaps none that convey the precise idea of Sterne. This author being mentioned, a trite observation must be indulged, viz. That there probably never was a more striking instance of misapplication of talents than in him. With superior powers for the pathos, he chose to descend to ribaldry, that affronted the taste and corrupted the morals of the public. What pity that the gold had not been separated from the dross, and the latter consigned to that oblivion it so richly merits!

[27] Euripides.

[28] Vide the Iliad, book xxiv.

[29] Vide the Alcestis of Euripides. Hercules restores to life Alcestis, the deceased wife of Admetus, and brings her to her husband, disguised with a veil, and represented as a stranger; whom Admetus, in the height of distress for the loss of his beloved consort, refuses to admit into his palace.

[30] See the Prometheus of Æschylus.

[31] See that admirable song, entitled Hosier's Ghost; by the author of Leonidas.

[31] Vide the late Mr. Mortimer's picture of king John delivering magna charta to the barons. That ingenious artist's obvious powers of imagination promised the attainment of a high degree of excellence in his profession.

[33] Brooke's Gustavus Vasa, act i. scene 2. where Gustavus discovers himself to Anderson and Arnoldus in the copper-mines of Dalecarlia. See another fine subject in the same Tragedy, act iv. scene xi.

[34] Vide Leonidas, book x. where the hero of the poem repeats to the assembled council the message of Argestes; while Alpheus, at the same instant, brings news of the Persians having passed the Upper Strait. This would make a noble picture; the dauntless appearance of the Greeks might be well contrasted with the fear and shame of the ambassador of Xerxes. The banquet of Melissa, priestess of the Muses, where Leonidas and Æschylus are supposed present, book vii. is another fine subject. Such pictures would hardly be popular; but to some minds they would afford singular pleasure.

[35] The author does not recollect seeing or hearing of any celebrated picture on those interesting subjects, of Jepthah's return, and the discovery of Joseph's cup in the sack of Benjamin.

[36] Vide 2 Kings, chap. iii. This subject would afford a variety of noble expression in the different characters of the kings, the pious confidence of Jehosaphat, and the despondent anxiety of Jehoram, the distress of the soldiers, and the enthusiasm of Elisha. The streams of water might appear in the distance, seemingly visible only to the prophet from his situation.

[37] 2 Samuel, chap. xxiii.

[38] See sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses, p. 104.

The artist's powers in this must greatly fail,
Whose figures point not out at once his tale [39].
When Lystra's crowd around the apostles throng,
And joyful lead the victim ox along;
Ask we the cause, while he that cause explains
Whose limb, late useless, strength and use obtains [40]?
When West's young warrior, bleeding on the ground,
His mournful group of martial friends surround;
Their gallant gen'ral instantly we know,
Their griefs, their cares, his life's importance show;
Quebec's proud tower, the encount'ring troops between,
In distant view discriminates the scene [41].
As in the drama all events should tend
In course unbroken to the purpos'd end;
So must the picture's business still maintain
The same connective unity of train.
When Copley's youth, swift struggling through the wave,
The anxious boatmen strain each nerve to save;
As strives the rav'nous shark to reach his prey,
One lifts the javelin to arrest his way;
And now, as near his dreadful jaws expand,
One casts the cord, and one extends the hand:
What care, what pity, mark their eager eyes!
What hopes, what terrours, in our bosoms rise [42]!
The skilful painter, at whose option lie
Positions various, fails not all to try;
And those prefers, where every part the best
Accordance keeps, illustrating the rest.
By different modes effect he oft obtains;
To one chief figure now the attention gains;
Now force on second characters bestows,
And all his meaning by reflection shows;
Now through the whole, each rank, and sex, and age,
One common ruling passion bids engage.
When Raffaelle's Saviour from the tomb ascends,
Such majesty and grace his presence blends,
That the fix'd eye contemplates him alone,
Nor heeds th' astonish'd guards around him thrown [43].
When Vandyke's gen'ral, whose victorious spear
Sunk Persia's pride, and check'd the Goth's career,
Of service paid with indigence complains,
And sightless age on daily alms sustains;
As the young chief th' affecting scene surveys,
How all his form the emotion'd soul betrays!

"O, thus has Fortune for the brave decreed?
Of toils and dangers this at last the meed [44]?"
When Rome's fair princess, who from Syrian shore
Her late lost consort's sacred ashes bore;
With steps slow-moving o'er Brundusium's strand,
Meets her lov'd friends—a numerous mourning band—
Her gentle frame no gestures rude disgrace,
No vulgar grief deforms her beauteous face;
Her downcast eyes immoveable remain,
Fix'd on the urn her careful hands sustain.
The widow'd mother, by her garment's folds,
Close on each side each tender offspring holds;
While melancholy all the train o'ershades,
Of hoary warriors and of blooming maids;
And all their breasts with pity seem to heave,
And for the dead and for the living grieve [45].
The great sublime with energy to express
Exert thy utmost power, nor fear excess.
When passion's tumults in the bosom rise,
Inflate the features, and enrage the eyes;
To Nature's outline can we draw too true,
Or Nature's colours give too full to view?
Did Reynolds' hand with force too strong disclose
Those looks that mark th' unutterable woes,
When Ugoline the wretch in prison lies,
And hears his dying children's piercing cries,
And while fell Hunger haunts the impervious walls,
And one by one the suffering victims calls,
Invokes the lightning's bolt those walls to rend,
Or earth to open, and his miseries end [46]?
Our bards indeed, I own, here often fail,
And spoil with bombast and conceit their tale;
Their heroes rant in many a curious strain
Of thought, that none could think in anger or in pain.
Celestial scenes with caution must be tried,
Where knowledge fails, and fancy sole can guide:
The great First Cause no form reveals to sight,
We mark his presence by excess of light [47];
While angel shapes at ease on wing remain,
Or on thin clouds their airy steps sustain.
But though, fair Painting! thus by just design,
And strong expression, much to please is thine;
Yet not from these thy utmost praises rise,
For useful moral oft thy work supplies.
When, midst Poussin's Arcadian vale serene,
The virgin's sculptur'd monument is seen,
And the sad shepherd pointing seems to say,
"O Death, no place is sacred from thy sway!"
Our mournful thoughts the well-known truth recall,
That youth and beauty oft untimely fall [48].

[39] "That composition must be defective, which cannot, to a careful observer, point out its own tendency; and those expressions must be either weak or false, which do not in some degree mark the interest of each actor in the drama." Webb's Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting, Preface, p. 8.

[40] Vide Raffaelle's St. Paul and Barnabas at Lystra. For the above observation and description the author is indebted to the ingenious Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting, p. 180.

[41] Vide West's celebrated picture of the death of general Wolfe, engraved by Woollett.

[42] See Mr. Copley's picture of a youth rescued by sailors from a shark, in the harbour of the Havannah. There is a fine mezzotinto of this piece by Green.

[43] Raffaelle's picture of the resurrection of Christ, engraved by Vivarez and Grignion from a drawing of Dalton.

[44] Vide the Belisarius of Vandyke; engraved by Goupy and Scotin.

[45] This capital picture of Agrippina landing at Brundusium, with the ashes of Germanicus, is, in the author's opinion, one of Mr. West's most pleasing compositions. There is a beautiful print of it by Carlom.

[46] Vide sir Joshua Reynolds's excellent picture of count Ugolino and his children in the dungeon; where they were confined and starved to death by the archbishop Puggieri. This circumstance is described by the Italian poet Dantè.

[47] The author could not here omit censuring the practice of some celebrated painters, who have presumptuously and absurdly represented the Supreme Being in the form of an aged man.

[48] Vide Poussin's picture, called The Shepherds in Arcadia; engraved by Ravenet, in Mr. Boydell's

On Carthage' plains when Marius meets the eye,
And the stern prætor's mandate bids him fly;
Fresh from the view the strong reflection springs,
How strange the vast vicissitude of things!
Rome's rival city to the dust depress'd;
Her haughty consul there denied to rest [49]!
When Persia's conqueror, midst her female train,
Appears the chaste, the gen'rous, and humane;
His looks, his action, on the mind impress
The needful knowledge how to bear success [50].

Thus may thy art, O friend, for ever prove
Of force, to virtue, and from vice to move!
To statesmen, thoughtless on the heights of pow'r,
Mark Wolsey's fall, or show his final hour;
To patriot eyes give Marvell's calm disdain,
When Danby urg'd the tempting bribe in vain [51];
Or bid the inconstant her own doom deplore
In the sad exit of the hapless Shore [52].

Without the entheus Nature's self bestows,
The world no painter nor no poet knows:
But think not mind in its own depth contains
A source of wealth that no disbursement drains:
Quick observation, ever on the wing,
Home, like the bee, its useful stores must bring;
From hills, and vales, and rocks, and streams, and trees,
And towns, and all that people those and these;
From meanest objects that may hints inspire,
Discolour'd walls, or heaps of glowing fire [53].
Care too beside thee still must take her place,
Retouch each stroke, and polish every grace;
For when we join not dignity with ease,
Nor thou canst paint, nor I can write, to please.

Perfection's point the artist nearest gains,
Who with his work unsatisfy'd remains:
Da Vinci's thought an excellence conceiv'd,
That his eye miss'd in all his hand achiev'd [54].
The clear-obscure how happiest to produce,
And what of various tints the various use,
My lay to that presumes not to aspire,
Nor with trite precept this thy ear shall tire:
Coreggio's practice that describes the best:
In Fresnoy's theory this we find express'd.

No rude incongruence should thy piece disgrace,
No motley modes of diff'rent time and place;
By Grecian chiefs no Gallic airs be worn [55],
Nor in their hands be modern weapons borne;
Nor mix the crested helm and coat of mail
With the vast curl'd peruke, or pointed tail.

And sacred ever be the solemn scene
From base intrusion of burlesque and mean;
Nor in a patriarch's or apostle's sight
Set snarling dogs and growling cats to fight.

One caution further must the Muse impart;
Shun naked form, that scandal of thy art:
Even Dryden blames them who refuse to spare
The painful blushes of the modest fair.
Let Decency her veil of drapery throw,
And Grace diffuse its folds in easy flow [56].

And now, my friend, for thee may Fortune find
Employ congenial to thy liberal mind;
Not tasks impos'd by power, or chosen for gain,
Begun reluctant, and pursu'd with pain.
What warms the heart, the hand with force reveals,
And all that force the charm'd spectator feels:
For genius, piercing as the electric flame,
When wak'd in one, in others wakes the same.

collection of prints: also the abbé Du Bos's Reflections on Poetry, Painting, and Music; and Dr. Warton's ingenious Essay on Didactic Poetry, in his translation of Virgil.

[49] There is a fine picture of Mortimer's on this subject. The reply of Marius to the messenger who came with orders for him to depart, was nobly concise and affecting: "Go, tell the prætor thou hast seen Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage."

[50] Vide Le Brun's Alexander in the tent of Darius, engraved by Edelinck.

[51] See the Life of Andrew Marvell, in Cibber's Lives of the Poets.

[52] The interview between Shore and her husband, in the last scene of Rowe's tragedy, would afford a fine picture.

[53] Vide Reynold's Discourses, p. 61.

[54] Vide Graham's Account of Painters, in Dryden's Fresnoy, p. 278.

[55] Vide Reynolds's Discourses, p. 87.

[56] Vide Dryden's preface to his translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting, p. 22, &c. where the licence of painters, in the above respect, is severely censured.

SONNETS.

The following Sonnets, and the Stanzas addressed to Mrs. Macaulay, appeared in Pearch's Collection of Poems published in 1770. The remaining pieces are now first printed.

SONNET I.

APOLOGY FOR RETIREMENT. 1766.

Why asks my friend what cheers my passing day
Where these lone fields my rural home enclose,
That all the pomp the crowded city shows
Ne'er from that home allures my steps away?

Now through the upland shade I musing stray,
And catch the gale that o'er the woodbine blows;
Now in the meads on river banks repose,
And breathe rich odour from the new-mown hay:

Now pleas'd I read the poet's lofty lay,
Where music fraught with useful knowledge flows
Now Delia's converse makes the moments gay,
The maid for love and innocence I chose:
O friend! the man who joys like these can taste,
On vice and folly needs no hour to waste.

SONNET II.

TO DELIA. 1766.

Thrice has the year its vary'd circuit run,
And swiftly, Delia, have the moments flown,
Since with my love for thee my care begun,
To improve thy tender mind to science prone.

The flatteries of my sex I bade thee shun,
I bade thee shun the manners of thy own;
Fictitious manners, by example won,
That ill for loss of innocence atone!

Say, gen'rous maiden, in whose gentle breast
Dwells simple Nature, undisguis'd by art,
Now amply tried by time's unerring test,
How just the dictates of this faithful heart;
Which, with the joys thy fav'ring smiles impart,
Deems all its care repaid, itself supremely bless'd.

SONNET III.

AFTER READING SHENSTONE'S ELEGIES. 1766.

The gentle Shenstone much of Fortune 'plain'd,
Where Nature's hand the liberal spirit gave;
Partial, her bounty she too oft restrain'd,
But pour'd it full on Folly's tasteless slave.

By her alike my humble prayer disdain'd,
She stern denies the only boon I crave;
O'er my fields, fair as those Elysian feign'd,
To bid the green walk wind, the green wood wave.

On the high hill to raise the higher tower,
To ope wide prospects over distant plains,
Where by broad rivers towns and villas rise;
Taste prompts the wish, but Fortune bounds the power:
Yet while Health cheers, and Competence sustains,
These more than all, Contentment bids me prize.

SONNET IV.

PREFIXED TO LANGHORNE'S POETICAL WORKS. 1766.

Langhorne! unknown to me (sequester'd swain!)
Save by the Muse's soul-enchanting lay,
To kindred spirits never sung in vain;
Accept the tribute of this light essay.

Sweet are thy songs, they oft amuse my day
Of Fancy's visions, while I hear thee 'plain,
While Scotland's honours claim thy pastoral strain,
Or Music comes o'er Handel tears to pay.

For all thy Irwan's flow'ry banks display,
Thy Persian lover, and his Indian fair;
For all Theodosius' mournful lines convey,
When Pride and Avarice part a matchless pair;
Receive just praise, and wreaths that ne'er decay,
By Time and Virtue twin'd for thee to wear.

SONNET V.

TO BRITAIN. 1766.

Renown'd Britannia! lov'd parental land!
Regard thy welfare with a watchful eye!
Whene'er the weight of Want's afflicting hand
Wakes in thy vales the poor's persuasive cry—

When wealth enormous sets the oppressor high,
When bribes thy ductile senators command,
And slaves in office freemens' rights withstand;
Then mourn for then thy fate approacheth nigh!

Not from perfidious Gaul or haughty Spain,
Nor all the neighb'ring nations of the main,
Though leagued in war tremendous round thy shore—
But from thyself, thy ruin must proceed!
Nor boast thy power; for know it is decreed,
Thy freedom lost, thy power shall be no more!

STANZAS

ON READING

MRS. MACAULEY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. 1766.

To Albion's bards the Muse of history spoke:
"Record the glories of your native land,
How Power's rude chain her sons' brave efforts broke,
And the keen scourge tore from Oppression's hand.

"Give to renown the patriot's noble deeds;
Brand with disgrace the tyrant's hated name;
Though Falsehood oft awhile the mind misleads,
Impartial Time bestows impartial fame."

She said; and soon the lofty lyre they strung,
But artful chang'd the subject and the lore;
Of kings, and courts, and courtly slaves they sung,
And gloss'd with vain applause their actions o'er.

The servile strain the Muse indignant heard;
Anxious for truth, for public virtue warm,
She Freedom's faithful advocate appear'd,
And bore on Earth the fair Macaulay's form.

ELEGY

IN THE MANNER OF HAMMOND;

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN THE AUTHOR'S GARDEN, DURING A STORM. 1756.

Blow on, ye winds! exert your utmost rage,
Sweep o'er the doom, or through the forest howl!
Could north with south, or east with west engage,
What were their war to that within my soul?

There adverse passions fierce contention hold,
There Love and Pride maintain alternate sway;
There fell Despair's dark clouds on clouds are roll'd!
And veil Hope's transient, faint, delusive ray!

Too charming Sylvia! dear capricious fair!
What strange perplexing change of mind is thine!
No more thy smiles I 'll trust, thy frowns I 'll bear;
I 'll shun the beauty that must ne'er be mine!

Was it for thee I form'd this fair retreat, [away,
Bade through the grove the smooth walk wind
Adorn'd that walk with many a rustic seat,
And by those seats bade tinkling runnels stray?

Along my sunny wall the fruit-tree spread,
Upon my eves expos'd the curling vine;
Around my door the spicy woodbine led,
Beneath my window saw the jasmine twine?

Blow on, ye winds! exert your utmost power,
Rage through my groves, and bear down ev'ry tree;
Blast the fair fruit, and crush the blooming flower—
For Sylvia's lost, and these are nought to me!

THE

AUTHOR TO HIS WIFE.

1776.

Friend of my heart, by fav'ring Heav'n bestow'd,
My lov'd companion on life's various road!
Now six swift years have wing'd their flight away
Since yon bright Sun adorn'd our nuptial day—
For thy sweet smiles, that all my cares remove,
Sooth all my griefs, and all my joys improve;
For thy sweet converse, ever fram'd to please,
With prudence lively, sensible with ease;
To thee the Muse awakes her tuneful lay,
The thanks of gratitude sincere to pay!
Thus long may Hymen hold for us his reign,
And twine with wreaths of flowers his easy chain;
Still may fond love and firmest faith be mine,
Still health, and peace, and happiness be thine!

STANZAS

WRITTEN AT MEDHURST, IN SUSSEX,

ON THE AUTHOR'S RETURN FROM CHICHESTER, WHERE HE HAD ATTEMPTED IN VAIN TO FIND THE BURIAL-PLACE OF COLLINS.

To view the beauties of my native land,
O'er many a pleasing distant scene I rove;
Now climb the rock, or wander on the strand,
Or trace the rill, or penetrate the grove.

From Baia's hills, from Portsea's spreading wave,
To fair Cicestria's lonely walls I stray;
To her fam'd poet's venerated grave,
Anxious my tribute of respect to pay [1].

O'er the dim pavement of the solemn fane,
Midst the rude stones that crowd th' adjoining space,
The sacred spot I seek, but seek in vain;
In vain I ask—for none can point the place.

What boots the eye whose quick observant glance
Marks ev'ry nobler, ev'ry fairer form?
What the skill'd ear that sound's sweet charms entrance,
And the fond breast with gen'rous passion warm?

What boots the power each image to portray,
The power with force each feeling to express?
How vain the hope that through life's little day,
The soul with thought of future fame can bless?

While Folly frequent boasts th' insculptur'd tomb,
By Flattery's pen inscrib'd with purchas'd praise;
While rustic Labour's undistinguish'd doom
Fond Friendship's hand records in humble phrase;

Of Genius oft, and Learning,
For them no care, to them
Alive neglected, and when dead
Even Collins slumbers in a grave unknown.

Flow, Lavant, flow! along thy sedgy shore
Bear the fraught vessel from the neighb'ring main!
Enrich thy sons!—but on thy banks no more
May lofty poet breathe his tuneful strain!

VERSES

TO A FRIEND, PLANTING.

Proceed, my friend, pursue thy healthful toil,
Dispose thy ground, and meliorate thy soil;
Range thy young plants in walks, or clumps, or bowers,
Diffuse o'er sunny banks thy fragrant flowers;
And, while the new creation round thee springs,
Enjoy uncheck'd the guiltless bliss it brings:
But hope no more. Though Fancy forward stray,
There scenes of distant pleasure to survey,
To expatiate fondly o'er the future grove,
The happy haunt of Friendship and of Love;
Know, each fair image form'd within thy mind,
Far wide of truth thy sick'ning sight shall find!

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

While thou far hence on Albion's southern shore
View'st her white rocks, and hear'st her ocean roar,
Through scenes, where we together stray'd, I stray,
And think o'er talk of many a long-past day.
That fav'rite park now tempts my steps again,
On whose green turf so oft at ease we 've lain;
While Hertford's turrets rose in prospect fair,
And my fond thought beheld my Sylvia there;
And much the Muse rehears'd in careless lays
The lover's sufferings and the beauty's praise.
Those elm-crown'd fields, now oft my walk invite,
Whence Lee's wide vale lies pleasant to the sight;
Where, as our view o'er towns and villas roll'd,
Our fancy imag'd how they look'd of old;
When Gothic mansions there uprear'd their towers,
Their halls for banquet, and for rest their bowers.
But, O my friend! whene'er I seek these scenes
Of lovely prospects and delightful greens;
Regardless idly of the joys possess'd,
I dream of days to come, of days more bless'd,
When thou with me shalt wander here once more,
And we shall talk again our fav'rite topics o'er.
On Time's smooth current as we glide along,
Thus Expectation ever tunes her song:
"Fair these green banks with gaudy flow'rets blow,
Sweet breathe these gales, diffusing rich perfume;
Heed, heed them not, but carelessly pass by,
To morrow fairer, sweeter will supply."

[1] Collins was born at Chichester, died, and probably was interred there.

[2] This censure may seem too general—perhaps it is so. But must it not be allowed that the public is capricious in bestowing its honours? Does not Westminster Abbey show monuments erected to men, as poets, who had little or no title to the name, while it contains no memorials of writers of far superior merit?

To morrow comes—the same the Syren's lay—
" To milder sweeter gales, and flow'rets still more gay."

THE SHEPHERD'S ELEGY.

OCCASIONED BY

THE DEATH OF AN INGENIOUS FRIEND.

Upon a bank with spreading boughs o'erhung,
Of pollard oak, brown elm, and hornbeam grey,
The faded fern and russet grass among,
While rude winds swept the yellow leaves away,
And scatter'd o'er the ground the wild fruits lay;
As from the churchyard came the village throng,
Down sat a rural bard, and rais'd his mournful song.

" Nature's best gifts, alas, in vain we prize!
The powers that please, the powers that pleasure gain!
For, O, with them, in full proportion, rise
The powers of giving and of feeling pain!
Why from my breast now bursts this plaintive strain?
Genius, my friend! with all its charms was thine,
And sensibility too exquisite is mine!

" There low he lies!—that head in dust repos'd
Whose active thought scann'd every various theme!
Clos'd is that eye, for ever, ever clos'd,
Whence wont the blaze of sentiment to beam!
Mute is that tongue, whence flow'd the copious stream
Of eloquence, whose moral lore so rare
Delighted and improv'd the list'ning young and fair.

" Witness for me, ye rain-polluted rills;
Ye desert meads, that one brown hue display;
Ye rude east-winds, whose breath the dank air chills;
Ye hov'ring clouds, that veil the Sun's faint ray!
Witness, as annual here my steps shall stray,
How his dear image thought shall still recall,
And oft the sigh shall heave, and oft the tear shall fall!"

As cease the murmurs of the mantling pool,
As cease the whispers of the poplar spray,
While o'er the vale the white mist rises cool
At the calm sunset of a summer's day—
So softly, sweetly ceas'd the shepherd's lay:
With down the pathway to the hamlet plain
Return'd, with ling'ring steps, the pensive rural train.

ON THE

INGENIOUS MR. JONES'S

ELEGANT TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS OF EASTERN POETRY,

AND HIS RESOLUTION TO DECLINE TRANSLATING THE PERSIAN POETS.

The Asian Muse, a stranger fair!
Becomes at length Britannia's care;
And Hafiz' lays, and Sadi's strains,
Resound along our Thames's plains.

They sing not all of streams and bowers,
Or banquet scenes, or social hours;
Nor all of Beauty's blooming charms,
Or War's rude fields, or feats of arms;
But Freedom's lofty notes sincere,
And Virtue's moral lore severe,
But ah! they sing for us no more!
The scarcely-tasted pleasure 's o'er!
For he, the bard whose tuneful art
Can best their vary'd themes impart—
For he, alas! the task declines;
And Taste, at loss irreparable, repines.

HYMN

FROM PSALM VIII.

Almighty Power! amazing are thy ways,
Above our knowledge, and above our praise!
How all thy works thy excellence display!
How fair, how great, how wonderful are they!
Thy hand yon wide-extended Heav'n uprais'd,
Yon wide-extended Heav'n with stars emblaz'd,
Where each bright orb, since Time his course begun,
Has roll'd a mighty world, or shin'd a sun:
Stupendous thought! how sinks all human race!
A point an atom in the field of space!
Yet ev'n to us, O Lord, thy care extends,
Thy bounty feeds us, and thy pow'r defends;
Yet e'en to us, as delegates of thee,
Thou giv'st dominion over land and sea;
Whate'er, or walks on earth, or flits in air;
Whate'er of life the wat'ry regions bear;
All these are ours, and for th' extensive claim,
We owe due homage to thy sacred name!
Almighty Pow'r! how wondrous are thy ways!
How far above our knowledge and our praise!

CONCLUSION.

TO A FRIEND.

When erst the enthusiast Fancy's reign,
Indulg'd the wild, romantic thought,
That wander'd midst Arcadian vales,
Sicilian streams, Arabian gales;
Bless'd climes, with wondrous pleasures fraught,
Sweet pleasures, unalloy'd with pain!

When Observation's calmer view
Remark'd the real state of things;
Whate'er amusive one obtain'd,
Whate'er of use the other gain'd,
To thee my verse a tribute brings,
A tribute to thy friendship due.

Accept then this, nor more require:
The Muse no further task essays;
But midst the sylvan scenes she loves,
The falling rills, and whisp'ring groves,
With smiles her labours past surveys,
And quits the syrinx and the lyre.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE author, in the course of his literary inquiries, has had reason to believe that the productions of some writers have not unfrequently received very considerable alterations and improvements from the hands of their friends. What he has been told of others, may possibly be suspected of himself; he therefore takes the liberty to observe, that, although he has often derived advantage from the judicious remarks of a few kind acquaintance, to whom his MSS. have been shown, he is not indebted to them, nor indeed to any person, for the insertion of a single line.

From the works of preceding poets, memory has sometimes supplied him with turns of expression, which, at the instant of composing, he imagined were his own; and at other times he has happened on lines used by writers, whose performances he had not then seen. Some instances of such unconscious plagiarism, and accidental coincidence, are here pointed out, as matter of curiosity; others may possibly exist, though he is not apprised of them.

Blows not a flow'ret in the enamell'd vale,
Shines not a pebble, &c.
Elegies, Descriptive and Moral, p. 459.

Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,
Blooms not a flower amid the vernal store,
Falls not a plume on India's distant plain,
Glows not a shell on Adria's rocky shore—
Shenstone's Works, vol. i. 8vo. p. 140.

Perhaps Shenstone was indebted to Akenside:

.... Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting Sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends.....
Pleasures of Imagination, b. iii. l. 593.

But claims their wonder and excites their praise.
Elegies, Descriptive and Moral, p. 459.

Provoke our wonder and transcend our praise.
Addison to Dryden, Works, vol. i. p. 3.

Or rear the new-bound sheaves along the lands.
Elegies, Descriptive and Moral, p. 460.

Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.
Hammond, Elegy xiii. l. 12.

No more those nostrils breathe the vital air.
Elegies, Descriptive and Moral, p. 461.

That while my nostrils draw the vital air.
Pope, Rape of the Lock, canto iv.

In one sad spot where kindred ashes lie.
Elegy written at Amwell, 1768, p. 462.

In one lone spot their mouldering ashes lie.
Mr. Keate's Ruins of Netley Abbey, 1764.

Of classic lore accompanied my walk.
Amwell, p. 465.

In sumptuous cars accompanied his march.
Leonidas, book viii.

And his wild eye-balls roll with horrid glare.
Arabian Eclogue, p. 473.

And his red eye-balls roll with living fire.
Dryden's Meleager and Atalanta.

And one forlorn inhabitant contain'd.
Indian Eclogue, p. 475.

The cities no inhabitant contain'd.
Fawke's Song of Deborah; Poems, p. 100.

Again he look'd, again he sigh'd.
Ode ii. p. 478.

And sigh'd and look'd.
Dryden's Alexander's Feast.

Then Poverty, grim spectre! rose.
Ode xxi. p. 484.

Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty.
Pope, Imitation of Horace, b. ii. epist. 1.

Each pastoral sight, and every pastoral sound.
Epistle i. p. 489.

Designedly imitated from Milton:

Each rural sight, each rural sound.—

And pure as vernal blossoms newly blown.
Elegy written at Amwell, 1768, p. 462.

All pure as blossoms [illegible] newly blown.
W. Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, b. i. p. 91.

Davies's edition of Browne's [illegible] was published in 1772. The author had [illegible] old editions, nor any extract from them.

Haste, brings my steed supreme [illegible] grace,
First in the fight, and fleetest in the chase.
Arabian Eclogue, [illegible]

This eclogue was written in 1777. In a volume of poems by the ingenious Mr. Maurice, printed in 1779, the author met with the following near resemblance:

Full fifty steeds I boast of swiftest pace,
Fierce in the fight, and foremost in the race.

In the Amœbaean Eclogue, entitled, The Describers, p. 467, a part of the imagery bears a considerable resemblance to some descriptions in a little collection of pleasing sonnets, by Mr. Bamfylde, 1778; which collection the author never saw till after his own volume was printed. This is a proof that two writers, both painting from Nature, will often unknowingly coincide very nearly in selection, arrangement, and expression.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

THE

LIFE OF WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THE father of this ingenious poet was the rev. Alexander Mickle[1], who, exchanging the profession of physic for that of divinity, was admitted, at an age more advanced than usual, into the ministry of the church of Scotland. From that country he removed to London, where he preached for some time in various dissenting meetings, particularly that of the celebrated Dr. Watts. He was also employed by the booksellers in correcting the translation of Bayle's Dictionary, to which he is said to have contributed the greater part of the notes. In 1716 he returned to Scotland, on being presented to the living of Langholm, in the county of Dumfries; and in 1727 he married Julia, daughter of Mr. Thomas Henderson of Ploughlands, near Edinburgh, and first cousin to the late sir William Johnston, baronet, of Westerhall. By this lady, who appears to have died before him, he had ten children.

Our poet, his fourth[2] son, was born Sunday, Sept. 29, 1734, and educated at the grammar-school of Langholm, where he acquired that early taste for works of genius which frequently ends, in spite of all obstacles, in a life devoted to literary pursuits. He even attempted, when at school, a few devotional pieces in rhyme, which, however, were not superior to the common run of juvenile compositions. About his thirteenth year he accidentally met with Spenser's Faerie Queene, which he studied with so much perseverance as fixed a lasting impression on his mind, and made him desirous of being enrolled among the imitators of that poet. To this he joined the reading of Homer and Virgil during his education at the high school of Edinburgh, in which city his father obtained permission to reside, in consideration of his advanced age and infirmities, and to enable him to give a proper education to his children. His parochial duty was performed, during his absence, by a substitute: an indulgence which, the biographers of our poet remark, is very unusual in that part of the united kingdom.

About two years after the rev. Mr. Mickle came to reside in Edinburgh, upon the death of a brother-in-law, a brewer in the neighbourhood of that city, he embarked a

[1] *Meikle* was the original orthography. *C.*

[2] His third son, according to the life prefixed to the quarto edition of his poems. *C.*

great part of his fortune in the purchase of the brewery, and continued the business in the name of his eldest son. Our poet was then taken from school, employed as a clerk under his father, and, upon coming of age, in 1755, took upon him the whole charge and property of the business, on condition of granting his father a share of the profits during his life, and paying a certain sum to his brothers and sisters at stated periods after his father's decease, which happened in 1758.

Young Mickle is said to have entered into these engagements more from a sense of filial duty, and the peculiar situation of his family, than from any inclination to business. He had already contracted the habits of literary life; he had begun to feel the enthusiasm of a son of the Muses; and while he was storing his mind with the productions of former poets, and cultivating those branches of elegant literature not usually taught at schools at that time, he felt the employment too delightful to admit of much interruption from the concerns of trade. In 1761, he contributed, but without his name, two charming compositions, entitled, Knowledge, an Ode, and A Night Piece, to a collection of poetry published by Donaldson, a bookseller of Edinburgh; and about the same time published some observations on that impious tract, The History of the Man after God's own Heart; but whether separately or in any literary journal, is not now known. He had also finished a dramatic poem of considerable length, entitled The Death of Socrates, and had begun a poem on Providence, when his studies were interrupted by the importunities of his creditors.

This confusion in his affairs was partly occasioned by his intrusting that to servants which it was in their power to abuse without his knowledge, and partly by imprudently becoming a joint security, for a considerable sum, with a printer in Edinburgh, to whom one of his brothers was then apprentice, which, on his failure, Mickle was unable to pay.

In this dilemma, had he at once compounded with his creditors, and disposed of the business, as he was advised, he might have averted a series of anxieties that preyed on his mind for many years; and he perhaps might have entered into another concern more congenial to his disposition, with all the advantage of dear-bought experience. But some friends interposed at this crisis, and prevailed on his creditors to accept bills of hand in lieu of present payment; a measure which, however common, is generally futile, and seldom fails to increase the embarrassment which it is kindly intended to alleviate. Accordingly, within a few months, Mickle was again insolvent, and almost distracted with the nearer view of impending ruin ready to fall, not only on himself, but on his whole family. His reflections on this occasion, which he expressed in a letter to a brother in London, are such as do honour to his moral and religious sentiments.

Perhaps an unreserved acknowledgment of insolvency might not yet have been too late to shorten his sufferings, had not the same friends again interfered, and again persuaded his creditors to allow him more time to satisfy their demands. This interference, as it appeared to be the last that was possible, in some degree roused him to a more close application to business; but as business was ever secondary in his thoughts, he was induced at the same time to place considerable reliance on his poetical talents, which, as far as known, had been encouraged by some critics of acknowledged taste, in his own country. He therefore began to retouch and complete his poem on Providence, from which he conceived great expectations, and at length had it published in London by Becket, in August, 1762, under the title of Providence, or Arandus and Emilee. The character given of it in the Critical Review was highly flattering; but the opinion of the

finally, which was then esteemed more decisive, being less satisfactory, he determined to appeal to lord Lyttelton. Accordingly, he sent to this nobleman a letter, dated January 21, 1763, under the assumed name of William More, begging his lordship's opinion of his poem, "which," he tells him, "was the work of a young man, friendless and unknown; but that, were another edition to have the honour of lord Lyttelton's name at the head of a dedication, such a pleasure would enable him to put it in a much better dress than what it then appeared in." He concluded with requesting the favour of an answer to be left at Seagoe's coffee-house, Holborn. This letter he consigned to the care of his brother in London, who was to send it in his own hand, and call for the answer. The whole was the simple contrivance of a young man, unacquainted with the real value of the favour he solicited, and who, perhaps, had no very distinct ideas of his own expectations from it.

But before he could receive any answer, his affairs became so deranged that, although he experienced many instances of friendship and forbearance, it was no longer possible to avert a bankruptcy; and, suspecting that one of his creditors intended to arrest him for an inconsiderable debt, he was reduced to the painful necessity of leaving his home, which he did in the month of April, and reached London on the eighth day of May. Here, for some time, he remained friendless and forlorn, reflecting, with the utmost poignancy, that he had, in all probability, involved his family and friends in irremediable distress.

Among other schemes which he hoped might eventually succeed in relieving his embarrassments, he appears to have now had some intentions of going to Jamaica, but in what capacity, or with what prospects, he perhaps did not himself know. There was, however, no immediate plan so easily practicable, by which he could expect, at some distant period, to satisfy his creditors; and the consciousness of this most painful of all obligations, was felt by him in a manner which can be conceived only by minds of the nicest honour and most scrupulous integrity.

While in this perplexity, he was cheered by a letter from lord Lyttelton, in which his lordship assured him that he thought his genius in poetry deserved to be cultivated, but would not advise the re-publication of his poem without considerable alterations. He declined the offer of a dedication, as a thing likely to be of no use to the poet, "as nobody minds dedications;" but suggested that it might be of some use if he were to come and read the poem with his lordship, when they might discourse together upon what he thought its beauties and faults. In the meantime, he exhorted Mickle to endeavour to acquire greater harmony of versification: and to take care that his diction did not *loiter into prose*, or become hard by new phrases, or words unauthorized by the usage of good authors. Whatever may be thought of lord Lyttelton's subsequent conduct, it cannot be denied that this letter was condescending and friendly; and it is certain, that his lordship readily and zealously performed what he had undertaken.

In answer, Mickle informed his lordship of his real name, and inclosed the elegy of Pollio for his lordship's advice. This was followed by another kind letter from lord Lyttelton, in which he gave his opinion, that the correction of a few lines would make it as perfect as any thing of that kind in our language, and promised to point out its faults when he had the pleasure of seeing the author. An interview accordingly took place, in the month of February, 1764, when his lordship, after receiving him with the utmost politeness and affability, begged him not to be discouraged at such difficulties as a young author must naturally expect, but to cultivate his very promising poetical powers: and, with his usual condescension, added, that he would become his schoolmaster. Other

interviews followed this very flattering introduction, at which Mickle read with him his poem on Providence, and communicated his plan for treating more fully a subject of so much intricacy, intimating that he had found it necessary to discard the philosophy of Pope's ethics.

His ideas on this subject, although not very clear, are thus explained in one of his letters to lord Lyttelton. "What is called God's moral government of the world may be reduced to a few general classes, which may be represented each by a particular fable, and however contrary to common practice, such fable, as was no way out of nature, seemed most proper to me, only heightening it by laying the scene in the east. In the speech of the angel, I thought once to avail myself of the philosophy of Mr. Pope's ethics, but found his system, if I rightly understood it, not clearly compatible with the real miseries that human wisdom cannot foresee, nor human virtue prevent: and that there are such must be owned. That in the scale of being there *must* be such a rank as man in his present condition seems to want proof, and is much further than Mr. Locke goes, who only asserts the probability of a scale of gradation above us; nor, were it granted, is it a satisfactory method to solve the complaint of the sufferer. And though the argument drawn from man's blindness, and that hope is its own reward, may prove the duty of submission, it seems but ill fitted to beget a cheerful resignation. I have mentioned these, my lord, to show what scheme I would wish for: one that owned there was sometimes 'to virtue woe,' though it affirmed,

> The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
> Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears.

A scheme that considered the individual in the moral world in a manner analogous to what is said of every seed in the natural, that it contains a perfect plant in itself. I never intended to run into discussions."

But, as in order to render his talents as soon productive as possible he had now a wish to publish a volume of poems, he sent to his noble friend that on Providence, Pollio, and an Elegy on Mary Queen of Scots. This produced a long letter from his lordship, in which, after much praise of the two former, he declined criticising any part of the Elegy on Mary, because he wholly disapproved of the subject. He added, with politeness, that poetry should not consecrate what history must condemn, and in the view his lordship had taken of the history of Mary, he thought her entitled to pity, but not to praise. To this opinion Mickle acquiesced, from convenience if not from conviction, and again sent his lordship a copy of Providence with further improvements, hoping probably that they might be the last, but he had the mortification to receive it back from the noble critic so much marked and blotted, that he began to despair of completing it to his satisfaction. He remitted therefore a new performance, the Ode on May Day, begging his lordship's opinion "if it could be made proper to appear this spring (1765) along with the one already approved."

Whether any answer was returned to this application, we are not told. It is certain no volume of poems appeared, and our author began to feel how difficult it would be to justify such tardy proceedings to those who expected that he should do something to provide for himself. He had now been nearly two years in London, without any other subsistence than what he received from his brothers, or procured by contributing to some of the periodical publications, particularly the British and St. James's Magazines. All

this was scanty and precarious, and his hopes of greater advantages from his poetical efforts were considerably damped by the fastidious opinions of the noble critic who had voluntarily undertaken to be his tutor. It now occurred to Mickle to try whether his lordship might not serve him more essentially as a patron, and having still some intention of going to Jamaica, he took the liberty to request his lordship's recommendation to his brother William Henry Lyttelton, esq., who was then governor of that island. This produced an interview, in which lord Lyttelton intimated that a recommendation to his brother would be of no real use, as the governor's patronage was generally bespoke long before vacancies take place; he promised, however, to recommend Mickle to the merchants, and to one of them then in London whom he expected to see very soon. He also hinted that a clerkship at home would be desirable, as England was the place for Mickle, but repressed all hopes from this scheme by adding, that as he (lord Lyttelton) was in opposition, he could ask no favours. He then mentioned the East Indies, as a place where perhaps he could be of service, and after much conversation on these various schemes, concluded with a promise, which probably appeared to his client as a kind of anti-climax, that he would aid the sale of his Odes with his good opinion when they should be published.

This was the last interview Mickle had with his lordship. He afterwards renewed the subject in the way of correspondence, but received so little encouragement that he was at length compelled, although much against the fond opinion he had formed of his lordship's zeal in his cause, to give up all thoughts of succeeding by his means. It cannot be doubted that he felt this disappointment very acutely; but whether he thought, upon more mature reflection, that he had not sufficient claims on lord Lyttelton's patronage, that his lordship could not be expected to provide for every one who solicited his opinion, or that he was really unable to befriend him according to his honest professions, it is certain that he betrayed no coarse resentment, and always spoke respectfully of the advantages he had derived from his critical opinions.

The conclusion of their correspondence, indeed, was in some respect owing to Mickle himself. Lord Lyttelton so far kept his word as to write to his brother in his favour at the time when Mickle was bent on going to Jamaica, but the latter had, in the meantime, "in order to avoid the dangers attending on uncertainty," accepted the offer of going as a merchant's clerk to Carolina, a scheme which, being delayed by some accident, he gave up for a situation more agreeable to his taste, that of corrector of the Clarendon press at Oxford.

To whom he owed this appointment we are not told. As it is a situation, however, of moderate emolument, and dependent on the printer employed, it required no extraordinary interference of friends. He was already known to the Wartons, and it is not improbable that their mentioning him to Jackson, the printer, would be sufficient. He removed to Oxford in 1765, and in 1767 published The Concubine, in the manner of Spenser, which brought him into more notice than any thing he had yet written, and was attributed to some of the highest names on the list of living poets, while he concealed his being the author.* It may here be noticed, that when he published a second edition, in 1778, he changed the name to Sir Martyn, as *The Concubine* conveyed a very improper idea both of the subject and spirit of the poem. The change of name is not of much consequence, but the reason here assigned is by no means satisfactory.

In the beginning of 1768, he lost an amiable and favourite brother, whose death he lamented in a pathetic poem, of which the introduction only has been recovered, and is

now added to some other fragments in the present edition of his poems. Mickle appears to have been greatly affected by this event, and to have sought consolation where only it can be found.

Living now in a society from which some of the ablest defenders of Christianity have risen, he was induced to take up his pen in its defence by attacking a Translation of the New Testament published by the late Dr. Harwood. Mickle's pamphlet was entitled A Letter to Dr. Harwood, wherein some of his evasive glosses, false translations, and blundering criticisms, in support of the Arian heresy, contained in his literal translation of the New Testament, are pointed out and confuted. Harwood had laid himself so open to ridicule as well as confutation by his foolish translation, that perhaps there was no great merit in exposing what it was scarcely possible to read with gravity; but our author, while he employed rather more severity than was necessary on this part of his subject, engaged in the vindication of the doctrine of the Trinity with the acuteness of a man who had carefully studied the controversy, and considered the established opinion as a matter of essential importance. This was followed by another attempt to vindicate *revealed* religion from the hostility of the Deists, entitled Voltaire in the Shades, or Dialogues on the Deistical Controversy.

In 1772, he formed that collection of fugitive poetry, which was published in four volumes by George Pearch, bookseller, as a continuation of Dodsley's collection. In this Mickle inserted his Hengist and Mey, and the Elegy on Mary Queen of Scots. He contributed about the same time other occasional pieces, both in prose and verse, to the periodical publications[3], when he could spare leisure from his engagements at the Clarendon press, and from a more important design which he had long revolved in his mind, and had now the resolution to carry into execution in preference to every other employment.

This was his justly celebrated translation of The Lusiad of Camoens, a poem which he is said to have read when a boy in Castera's French translation, and which at no great distance of time he determined to familiarize to the English reader. For this purpose he studied the Portuguese language, and the history of the poem and of its author, and without greatly over-rating the genius of Camoens, dwelt on the beauties of the Lusiad, until he caught the author's spirit, and became confident that he could infuse it into English with equal honour to his original and to himself. But as it was necessary that the attention of the English public should be drawn to a poem at this time very little known, he first published proposals for his translation to be printed by subscription, and afterwards sent a small specimen of the fifth book to be inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine, which was then, as now, the common vehicle of literary communications. This appeared in the Magazine for March, 1771, and a few months after he printed at Oxford the first book of The Lusiad. These specimens were received with indulgence sufficient to encourage him to prosecute his undertaking with spirit, and that he might enjoy the advantages of leisure and quiet, he relinquished his situation at the Clarendon press, and retired to an old mansion occupied by a Mr. Tomkins, a farmer at Forest Hill, about five miles from Oxford. Here he remained until the end of 1775, at which time

[3] A correspondent in the Gentleman's Magazine (vol. lxi. p. 402) asserted that Mickle was employed by Evans, bookseller in the Strand, to fabricate some of the *old* ballads published by him. This calumny, however, was fully refuted in a subsequent letter in p. 504, written as I suppose by Mr. Isaac Reed, who knew Mickle well, and drew up the first account published of his life in the European Magazine, 1789. C.

he was enabled to complete his engagement with his numerous subscribers, and publish the work complete in a quarto volume, printed at Oxford.

With the universal approbation bestowed on this work by the critical world he had every reason to be satisfied, and the profits he derived from the sale were far from being inconsiderable to a man in his circumstances; yet the publication was attended by some unforeseen circumstances of a less pleasing kind, for he had again the misfortune to be teased by the prospect of high patronage, which again ended in disappointment. It had at first been suggested to him that he might derive advantage from dedicating his translation of The Lusiad to some person of rank in the East India department, but before he had made a choice, his friend the late commodore Johnstone persuaded him to inscribe it to a Scotch nobleman of the highest rank. This nobleman, however, we are told, had been a pupil of Dr. Adam Smith, some of whose doctrines respecting the eastern trade, Mickle had controverted, and upon this account the nobleman is said to have treated the dedication and the poem with neglect. Mickle's biographers have expatiated on this subject at great length, and with much acrimony; but as the nobleman is yet alive, and, what is of more importance, is universally esteemed for his public and private worth, and above all for his liberality, it does not seem respectful to perpetuate a story of which probably one half only can ever be known. Still the treatment Mickle met with, according to Ireland and Sims, was such that we must regret that he had been advised to seek any other patronage than that of the public, or that he should need any other than what he might reasonably expect from the exertion of talents so various and original, united at the same time with such integrity and principle as are rarely found among those who are thrown upon the world in circumstances like his.

Soon after the publication of The Lusiad, he returned to London, and was advised by some, who probably in this instance consulted his fame less than his immediate interest, to write a tragedy. The profits of a play, although its merit may not be very high, are generally so great that we ought not to be surprised at his acquiescing in this scheme, and that when he began to execute his task he became fond of it, and conceived very sanguine expectations. The story of his tragedy, which was entitled The Siege of Marseilles, was taken from the French history in the reign of Francis I. When completed, his friends recommended it to Garrick, who allowed its general merit, but complained of the want of stage effect, and recommended him to take the advice of Dr. Warton. This able critic was accordingly called in, with his brother Thomas, and with Home the author of Douglas. In compliance with their opinion, Mickle made great alterations, and Thomas Warton earnestly recommended the tragedy to Garrick, but in vain[4], and Mickle, his biographers inform us, was so incensed at this, that he resolved to appeal to the judgment of the public by printing it.

His conduct on this occasion must be ascribed to irritation arising from other disap-

[4] Garrick's objections, we must suppose, were, in his own opinion, unanswerable. When Thomas Warton offered to read it, and send it to Garrick with his recommendation, Garrick answered, in a letter, dated April 30, 1771, "I shall consider it now as a new drama, and with great partiality in its favour, as it comes recommended by you; but should I approve, as I wish and expect, it will not be in my power to produce it the next winter: I am more than full for the next season—however, if the author will trust it with me, should it be thought fit for representation, I will bring it out as soon as I can: but unless some of my present engagements are withdrawn, it cannot make its appearance until the winter after next—My best compliments to Mr. Mickle—Has the Dr. (Joseph Warton) at Winchester seen it?—A play underwritten by the two Wartons would certainly merit every attention." Wooll's Memoirs of Dr. J. Warton. *C.*

pointments. The mere printing would have been a harmless, and might have been a profitable, experiment. The public are not sorry to be constituted the judges in a matter where their judgment can seldom be of much use, since a play may be very pleasing in the closet, and yet very unfit for the stage. But Mickle threatened to go further. Having been told by some officious person that Garrick had followed his refusal by sentiments of personal disrespect, he was so enraged as to threaten to write a new Dunciad, of which Garrick should be the hero; but his more sensible friends naturally took the alarm at a threat so impotent, and persuaded him to lay aside his design. Let us hope that it was but a threat, and that a man of so many virtues would not have deliberately stained his character by an act of revenge. Yet he drew up an angry preface, and sent a copy of it to Mr. Garrick. It is unnecessary to say more of this play, than that it was afterwards rejected by Mr. Harris and Mr. Sheridan. It is now added to his works, agreeably to his own intention[5], and as it contains many pathetic passages and interesting situations, every reader will yet wonder that when the author's fame became established, and when a trial on the stage might have been made *with no great risk*, a succession of managers persisted in rejecting it.

The first edition of The Lusiad, consisting of a thousand copies, had so rapid a sale, that a second edition, with improvements, was published in June, 1778. About the same time, as he had yet no regular provision, some means were employed, but ineffectually, to procure him a pension from the crown, as a man of letters. Dr. Lowth, then bishop of London, had more than once intimated that he was ready to admit him into holy orders, and provide for him; but Mickle refused the offer, lest his hitherto uniform support of revealed religion should be imputed to interested motives. This offer was highly honourable to him, as it must have proceeded from a knowledge of the excellence of his character, and the probable advantages which the church must have derived from the accession of such a member. Nor was his rejection of it less honourable, for he was still poor. Although he had received nearly a thousand pounds from the sale and for the copyright of The Lusiad, he appropriated all of that sum which he could spare from his immediate necessities to the payment of his debts, and the maintenance of his sisters. He now issued proposals for printing an edition of his original poems by subscription, in quarto, at one guinea each copy. For this he had the encouragement of many friends, and probably the result would have been very advantageous, but the steady friendship of the late commodore Johnstone relieved him from any further anxiety on this account.

In 1779[6] this gentleman being appointed commander of the Romney man of war, and

[5] Life prefixed to the quarto edition of his poems. Of his anger against Garrick the late excellent Dr. Horne, bishop of Norwich, relates the following anecdote. "Mickle, the translator of The Lusiad, inserted in his poem an angry note against Garrick, who, as he thought, had used him ill, by rejecting a tragedy of his. Sometime afterward, the poet, who had never seen Garrick play, was asked by a friend in town to go to king Lear. He went, and during the first three acts said not a word. In a fine passage of the fourth, he fetched a deep sigh, and, turning to his friend, "I wish," said he, "the *note* was out of my book." Life of bishop Horne, by Jones, p. 270. The reader may perceive improbabilities in this story, which, however, had some foundation. Mickle must have seen Garrick play long, and often, before he published The Lusiad. *C.*

[6] In this year he published a pamphlet in quarto, entitled A candid Examination of the Reasons for depriving the East India Company of its Charter. This was written in defence of the Company, and against the opinions of Dr. Adam Smith, to whose insinuations Mickle's friends have supposed that he owed the loss of the noble patron to whom he dedicated The Lusiad. *C.*

commodore of a squadron, immediately nominated Mickle to be his secretary, by which, though only a non-commissioned officer, he was entitled to a considerable share of prize-money. But what probably afforded him most delight, in the commencement of this new life, was the destination of the squadron to the native shores of his favourite Camoens, which the fame of his translation had already reached. On his landing at Lisbon in November, 1773, he was received with the utmost politeness and respect by prince don John of Braganza, duke of Lafoens, and was introduced to the principal nobility, gentry, and literati of Portugal. In May, 1780, the Royal Academy of Lisbon admitted him a member, and the duke of Braganza, who presided on that occasion, presented him with his portrait as a token of his particular regard. It is almost needless to add, that the admirers of Mickle owe his beautiful, though neglected, poem of Almada Hill to this visit. He is said also to have employed some of his leisure hours in collecting materials for a history of Portugal, which he did not live to prepare for the press.

On his arrival in England, in November, 1780, he was appointed joint agent for the disposal of the valuable prizes taken during the commodore's cruize, and by the profits of this place, and his share of the prize-money, he was enabled to discharge his debts. This had long been the ardent wish of his heart, the object of all his pursuits, and an object which he at length accomplished with the strictest honour, and with a satisfaction to his own mind the most pure and delightful. It is, indeed, among the inexplicable mysteries in human conduct, that so many men of enlightened minds can bear the weight of pecuniary obligation with perfect indifference, and can openly insult the universal opinion of mankind, by deeming the reputation of a few showy public professions an equivalent for the principles of common honesty. Mickle had nothing in common with men of this description.

In 1782, our poet published The Prophecy of Queen Emma, a ballad, with an ironical preface, containing an account of its pretended author and discovery, and hints for vindicating the authenticity of the poems of Ossian and Rowley. This irony, however, lost part of its effect by the author's pretending that a poem, which is modern both in language and versification, was the production of a prior of Durham in the reign of William Rufus, although he endeavours to account for this with some degree of humour, and is not unsuccessful in imitating the mode of reasoning adopted by dean Milles and Mr. Bryant, in the case of Chatterton.

In the same year he married Mary, the daughter of Mr. Robert Tomkins, with whom he resided in Oxfordshire while employed in translating The Lusiad, and by this lady he left a son, now a clerk in the India-house. The fortune which he obtained by his marriage, and what he acquired under commodore Johnstone, would have enabled him to pass the remainder of his days in ease and independence, and with that view he took a house at Wheatly near Oxford; but the failure and death of a banker, with whom he was connected as agent for the prizes, and a chancery suit in which he engaged rather too precipitately, in order to secure a part of his wife's fortune, involved him in many delays, and much anxiety and expense. He still, however, employed his pen on occasional subjects, and contributed essays entitled The Fragments of Leo, and some other articles, to the European Magazine. His last production was Eskdale Braes, a song in commemoration of the place of his birth.

He died after a short illness at Forest Hill, on the 28th of October, 1788, and was buried in the churchyard of that parish. His character, as drawn by Mr. Isaac Reed

and Mr. John Ireland, who knew him well, may be adopted with safety. "He was in every point of view a man of the utmost integrity, warm in his friendship, and indignant only against vice, irreligion, or meanness. The compliment paid by lord Lyttelton to Thomson, might be applied to him with the strictest truth; not a line is to be found in his works, which, dying, he would wish to blot. During the greatest part of his life, he endured the pressures of a narrow fortune without repining, never relaxing in his industry to acquire, by honest exertions, that independence which at length he enjoyed. He did not shine in conversation, nor would any person, from his appearance, have been able to form a favourable judgment of his talents. In every situation in which fortune placed him, he displayed an independent spirit, undebased by any meanness; and when his pecuniary circumstances made him, on one occasion, feel a disappointment with some force, he even then seemed more ashamed at his want of discernment of character, than concerned for his loss. He seemed to entertain with reluctance an opinion that high birth could be united with a sordid mind. He had, however, the satisfaction of reflecting, that no extravagant panegyric had disgraced his pen. *Contempt certainly* came to his aid, though not soon: he wished to forget his credulity, and never after conversed on the subject by choice. To conclude, his foibles were but few, and those inoffensive: his virtues were many: and his genius was very considerable. He lived without reproach, and his memory will always be cherished by those who were acquainted with him." To this Mr. Ireland adds, "His manners were not of that obtrusive kind by which many men of the second or third order force themselves into notice. A very close observer might have passed many hours in Mr. Mickle's company, without suspecting that he had ever written a line of poetry. A common physiognomist would have said that he had an unmasked face. Lavater would have said otherwise; but neither his countenance nor manners were such as attract the multitude. When his name was announced, he has been more than once asked if the translator of Camoens was any relation to him. To this he usually answered, with a good-natured smile, that they were of the same family. Simplicity, unaffected simplicity, was the leading feature in his character. The philosophy of Voltaire and David Hume was his detestation. He could not hear their names with temper. For the Bible he had the highest reverence, and never sat silent when the doctrines or precepts of the gospel were either ridiculed or spoken of with contempt."

In 1794, an edition of his poems was published by subscription, with an account of his life by Mr. Ireland. A more full and correct collection of his poems appeared in 1807, with a life by the rev. John Sim, who was his intimate friend when at Oxford, and has done ample justice to his memory. To the present edition I have added his tragedy, although dramatic pieces form no part of this collection. Those who still consider it as unfit for the stage, may be willing to allow of its admission as a dramatic poem. Of his poem on Providence, I have not been able to procure a copy.

Although there is no species of poetry of which he had not afforded favourable specimens, and many striking images and animated descriptions are discoverable in his original pieces, and while we allow that his imagination is considerably fertile, his language copious, and his versification rich and various, yet it cannot be denied that there are too many marks of imitation in all his lesser poems, and that his fame must rest principally, where it is more than probable he intended it should, on his translation of the Lusiad. This work, which is now rising in reputation, is inferior only to Pope's Iliad, according to the general opinion, which perhaps may be controverted. Pope has given

an English poem of unquestionable beauty, but we may say with Bentley, it is not Homer. Mickle has not only transfused the spirit, but has raised the character of his original. By preserving the energy, elegance, and fire of Camoens, he has given an English Lusiad, a work which, although confessedly borrowed from the Portuguese, has all the appearance of having been invented in the language in which we find it. In executing this, indeed, it must be confessed that Mickle has taken more liberties with his original than the laws of translation will allow; but they are of a kind not usually taken by translators, for he has often introduced beauties of his own equal to any that come from the pen of Camoens. In acknowledging that he has taken such freedoms, however, he has not specified the individual passages, a neglect for which some have praised his humility, and others have blamed his injustice. But with this exception, he has successfully executed what he purposed, not only to make Camoens be understood and relished, but "to give a poem that might live in the English language[7]." Nor ought it to be omitted in this general character of The Lusiad, that in his preliminary dissertations, he has distinguished himself as a scholar, a critic, and a historian.

[7] See vol. xxi. of TRANSLATIONS.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

ELEGIAC.

A NIGHT PIECE.

The scene is an old church-yard (now the principal street of the city of Edinburgh), where the famous Buchanan, and some of the most celebrated personages of his age and nation, lie interred.

SO now, the doors are shut; the busy hand
Of Industry suspends her toil awhile,
And solemn silence reigns; the men of law
Nor throng the passage to the wrangling bar,
Nor clients, walking o'er the pavement, curse
Their cause's long delay. The labourer
Lies wrapt in sleep, his brawny nerves unbrac'd,
Gathering new vigour for to morrow's toil.
And happy he who sleeps! Perhaps, just now,
The modest widow, and the weak old man,
Fainting with want, recline the languid head;
While o'er their riotous debauch, the rout
Of Bacchanalians, with impetuous laugh,
Applaud the witless but envenom'd jest.
At yon dim taper, poring o'er his bonds,
Or copious rent-roll, crooked Av'rice sits;
Or sleepless on his tawdry bed revolves
On plans of usury. Oh, thrice dire disease!
Unsocial madness! wherefore all this care,
This lust of gold, that from the mind excludes
All thought of pity or to God or man!
An heir debauch'd, who wishes nothing more
Than the old dotard dead, shall throw it all
On whores and dogs away; then, cursing life,
That nought but scoundrel poverty affords,
By his own hand a mangled carcass falls.

Now smoking with unhallow'd fires, the sons
Of brutal riot stroll along the streets,
Scenting the prostitutes: perhaps the son
Of some well-meaning countryman, entic'd
By lewd companions, midnight orgies holds,
Kennels with some abominable wretch,
Contracting foul disease; one day to strike
His hopeless parents' hearts with biting grief,
And o'er their rev'rend hoary cheeks to pour
The sad parental tear.

Behold how grand the lady of the night,
The silver Moon, with majesty divine,
Emerges from behind yon sable cloud;
Around her all the spacious Heavens glow
With living fires! In the pale air sublime,
St. Giles's column rears its ancient head,
Whose builders many a century ago
Were moulder'd into dust. Now, O my soul,
Be fill'd with sacred awe! I tread above
The chiefs of ancient days, great in the works
Of peace, and dreadful in the ranks of war,
Whose manly harness'd breasts and nervous arms
Stood as the brazen bulwarks of the land;
But now, in death's blank courts, mix'd with the sons
Of basest deeds; and now unknown as they.

Where now, ye learn'd, the hope of all your rage
And bitter spleen? Ye statesmen, where the meed
Of all your toils, and victims at the shrine
Of wild ambition? Active Moray's bones
With Errol's dust in dreary silence rest:
The sly Buchanan and the zealous Knox
Mingle their ashes in the peaceful grave
With Romish priests, and hapless Mary's friends.
No quarrel now, no holy frauds disturb
The slumber of the dead. Yet let me ask,
And awful is the question, Where, oh, where
Are the bright minds, that once to mighty deeds
The clay that now I tread above inspir'd?
Hah! 't was a flash of fire! how bright it shone!
How soon it was no more! Such is the life,
The transient life of man: awhile he breathes,
Then in a little with his mother earth

Lies mix'd, and known no more. Ev'n his own race
Forget his name; and should the sound remain,
Ah, let ambition sicken at the thought!
Dull as a twice-told tale it meets the ear.
Founders of states, their countries' saviours, lie
In dark oblivion: others only live
In fables wild and vague. Our hoary sires,
Who saw the wave of Marlborough's sword decide
The fate of Europe, and her trembling kings,
Relate his actions as a monkish tale
Without concern: and soon the days shall come,
When Prussia's hinds shall wild adventures tell
Of Fred'ric and his brothers, such as oft
The British labourer, by winter's fire,
Tells to his wond'ring children of the feats
Of Arthur and his knights, and Celtic wars.
Say, ye immortal sons of Heav'n, who rule
This nether world, who, from old Nimrod's days
Down to the present, have beheld the fate
Of emperors and kings, say, which the life
The ever-conscious shade will like to own?
Does Cæsar boast of his immortal name,
How, wading through the blood of millions, he
Enslav'd his country? No: he drops the head,
And imprecates oblivion to enwrap
The horrid tale. Not so poor Socrates:
With everlasting smiles he humbly owns
The life that was a blessing to mankind.
The heroes whose unconquerable souls
Would from their country's interest never flinch,
Look down with sweet complacence on the realms
Their valour sav'd. O Wallace, patriot chief!
Who durst alone thy country's right assert;
Betray'd and sworn away by all but thee.
And thou, great Bruce, who many a doubtful day,
For thy enslav'd and groaning country' sake,
Stray'd o'er the solitary hills of Lorn;
Say, what bold ecstasies, heroic joys,
Your mighty souls inspire, when you behold
A nation to this day bless'd by your arms!
And such the recompensing Heav'n of those,
The happy few, who truly great of soul
Are masters of themselves; who patient wait
Till virtue's endless sabbath shall arrive,
When vice shall reign no more, and virtue bleed
And weep no more; when every honest pang
Their hearts have felt, and mourn'd their efforts vain,
Shall yield high joy, when God himself applauds.

POLLIO;

AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN THE WOOD NEAR ROSLIN CASTLE. 1762.

Hæc Jovem sentire deosque cunctos
Spem bonam certamque domum reporto.
Horat.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It has been often said, that fiction is the most proper field for poetry. If it is always so, the writer of this little piece acknowledges it is a circumstance against him. The following Elegy was first suggested, and the ideas contained in it raised, on revisiting the ruins and woods that had been the scene of his early amusements with a deserving brother, who died in his twenty-first year.

POLLIO.

The peaceful evening breathes her balmy store;
The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green;
Where spreading poplars shade the cottage-door,
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,
With solemn meditation let me stray;
This is the hour when, to the wise and good,
The heavenly maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
Whispers the gently-waving boughs among;
The star of ev'ning glimmers o'er the dale,
And leads the silent host of Heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
The silver empress of the night appears!
Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters, tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound;
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glebe;
The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,
The gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd tow'rs;
Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling gale;
Dark solitude among the pillars low'rs.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
And, solemn, shade a chapel's sad remains;
Where yon scath'd poplar through the window waves,
And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains:

There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,
Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken pray'r.

High o'er the pines, that with their dark'ning shade
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
Its crumbling turrets: still its tow'ry head
A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wears.

So, midst the snow of age, a boastful air
Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends;
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
Though trembling o'er the feeble crutch he bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flow'rs creep,
Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have led;
Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'T was here our sires, exulting from the fight,
Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,
Eying their rescu'd fields with proud delight;
Now lost to them! and, ah, how chang'd to me!

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my Pollio bring;
So shone the Moon through these soft nodding trees,
When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flow'ry lawn adorn,
And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side;
When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
Unfold their bloom, in Heaven's own colours dy'd:

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore,
These were the emblems of his healthful mind;
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
To him bright fancy all her wealth resign'd:

Him with her purest flames the Muse endow'd,
Flames never to th' illiberal thought ally'd;
The sacred Sisters led where virtue glow'd
In all her charms; he saw, he felt, and dy'd.

Oh, partner of my infant griefs and joys!
Big with the scenes now past my heart o'erflows,
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising Sun when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roam'd with Thee;
Oft by the Moon have brush'd the evening dew,
When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The sainted well where yon bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conscious of those happy hours;
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
And sainted well, have lost their cheering pow'rs:

For thou art gone——My guide, my friend, oh where,
Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind?
My tenderest wish, my heart to thee was bare,
Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind!

How dreary is the gulf, how dark, how void,
The trackless shores that never were repass'd!
Dread separation! on the depth untry'd
Hope faulters, and the soul recoils aghast.

Wide round the spacious Heav'ns I cast my eyes;
And shall these stars glow with immortal fire,
Still shine the *lifeless* glories of the skies,
And could thy bright, thy living soul expire?

Far be the thought——the pleasures most sublime,
The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,
The tow'ring wish that scorns the bounds of time,
Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here:

So plant the vine on Norway's wintry land,
The languid stranger feebly buds and dies;
Yet there 's a clime where virtue shall expand,
With godlike strength, beneath her native skies.

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side,
With patience waits the rosy op'ning day;
The mariner at midnight's darksome tide,
With cheerful hope expects the morning ray:

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean tost,
In mental vision view the happy shore,
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,
Where fate and death divide the friends no more.

Oh, that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
Who now, perhaps, frequents this solemn grove,
Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,
And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wish——yet surely not in vain
Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire,
Which scorns Earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,
And wings his spirit with sublime desire.

To fan this spark of Heaven, this ray divine,
Still, oh, my soul! still be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander through the shades be thine,
And swell thy breast with visionary joy:

So, to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
In ancient days, the holy seers retir'd,
And, led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,
While rising ecstasies their bosoms fir'd;

Restor'd creation bright before them rose,
The burning deserts smil'd as Eden's plains,
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose,
The flow'ry mountains sung, "Messiah reigns!"

Though fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
Yet, let me oft frequent this solemn scene,
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire,
What time the moonshine dimly gleams between.

There, where the cross in hoary ruin nods,
And weeping yews o'ershade the letter'd stones,
While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,
And soothes me wand'ring o'er my kindred bones,

Let kindled fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,
All nature smiling, and, by angels borne,
Messiah's cross far blazing o'er the skies.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

AN ELEGY.

Quod tibi vitæ sors detraxit,
Fama adjiciet posthuma laudi;
Nostris longum tu dolor et honor.
Buchanan.

The balmy zephyrs o'er the woodland stray,
And gently stir the bosom of the lake:
The fawns, that panting in the covert lay,
Now through the gloomy park their revels take.

Pale rise the rugged hills that skirt the north,
The wood glows yellow'd by the ev'ning rays,
Silent and beauteous flows the silver Forth,
And Aumm murm'ring through the willows strays.

But, ah! what means this silence in the grove,
Where oft the wild notes sooth'd the love-sick boy?
Why cease in Mary's bow'r the songs of love?
The songs of love, of innocence, and joy?

When bright the lake reflects the setting ray,
The sportive virgins tread the flow'ry green;
Here by the Moon full oft in cheerful May,
The merry bride-maids at the dance are seen.

But who these nymphs that through the copse appear,
In robes of white adorn'd with violet blue?
Fondly with purple flow'rs they deck yon bier,
And wave in solemn pomp the bows of yew.

Supreme in grief, her eye confus'd with woe,
Appears the lady of th' aërial train,
Tall as the sylvan goddess of the bow,
And fair as she who wept Adonis slain.

Such was the pomp when Gilead's virgin-band,
Wand'ring by Judah's flow'ry mountains, wept,
And with fair Iphis, by the hallow'd strand
Of Siloe's brook, a mournful sabbath kept.

By the resplendent cross with thistles twin'd,
'T is Mary's guardian Genius lost in woe:
"Ah, say, what deepest wrongs have thus combin'd
To heave with restless sighs thy breast of snow?

"Oh, stay, ye Dryads, nor unfinish'd fly
Your solemn rites! Here comes no foot profane:
The Muse's son, and hallow'd is his eye,
Implores your stay, implores to join the strain.

"See, from her cheek the glowing life-blush flies!
Alas! what falt'ring sounds of woe be these?
Ye nymphs, who fondly watch her languid eyes,
Oh, say what music will her soul appease?"

"Resound the solemn dirge," the nymphs reply,
"And let the turtles moan in Mary's bow'r;
Let grief indulge her grand sublimity,
And melancholy wake her melting pow'r;

"For art has triumph'd—Art, that never stood
On honour's side, or gen'rous transport knew,
Has dy'd its haggard hands in Mary's blood,
And o'er her fame has breath'd its blighting dew.

"But come, ye nymphs, ye woodland spirits come,
And with funereal flow'rs your tresses braid,
While in this hallow'd bower we raise the tomb,
And consecrate the song to Mary's shade.

"O sing what smiles her youthful morning wore,
Her 's ev'ry charm, and ev'ry loveliest grace,
When nature's happiest touch could add no more,
Heav'n lent an angel's beauty to her face.

"Oh! whether by the moss-grown bushy dell,
Where from the oak depends the misletoe,
Where creeping ivy shades the Druids' cell,
Where from the rock the gurgling waters flow:

"Or, whether sportive o'er the cowslip beds,
You, through the fairy dales of Teviot glide,
Or brush the primrose banks, while Cynthia sheds
Her silv'ry light o'er Esk's translucent tide:

"Hither, ye gentle guardians of the fair,
By virtue's tears, by weeping beauty, come,
Unbind the festive robes, unbind the hair,
And wave the cypress bough at Mary's tomb.

"And come, ye fleet magicians of the air,"
The mournful lady of the chorus cry'd;
"Your airy tints of baleful hue prepare,
And through this grove bid Mary's fortunes glide:

"And let the songs, with solemn harpings join'd,
And wailing notes, unfold the tale of woe!"
She spoke, and, waking through the breathing wind,
From lyres unseen the solemn harpings flow.

The song began—"How bright her early morn!
What lasting joys her smiling fate portends!
To wield the awful British sceptres born!
And Gaul's young heir her bridal-bed ascends.

"See, round her bed, light floating on the air,
The little Loves their purple wings display;
When sudden, shrieking at the dismal glare
Of funeral torches, far they speed away.

"Far with the Loves each blissful omen speeds,
Her eighteenth April hears her widow'd moan,
The bridal bed the sable hearse succeeds,
And struggling factions shake her native throne.

"No more a goddess in the swimming dance,
May'st thou, O queen! thy lovely form display;
No more thy beauty reign the charm of France,
Nor in Parisian bow'rs outshine the day.

"For the cold north the trembling sails are spread;
Ah, what drear horrours gliding through thy breast!
While from thy weeping eyes fair Gallia fled,
Thy future woes in boding sighs confess'd[1]!

"A nation stern, and stubborn to command,
And now convuls'd with faction's fiercest rage,
Commits its sceptre to thy gentle hand,
And asks a bridle from thy tender age."

As weeping thus they sung, the omens rose,
Her native shore receives the mournful queen;
November wind o'er the bare landscape blows,
In hazy gloom the sea-wave skirts the scene.

The House of Holy-rood, in sullen state,
Bleak in the shade of rude-pil'd rocks appears;
Cold on the mountain's side, type of her fate,
Its shatter'd walls a Romish chapel rears.

No nodding grove here waves the shelt'ring bough
O'er the dark vale, prophetic of her reign:
Beneath the curving mountain's craggy brow
The dreary echoes to the gales complain.

Beneath the gloomy clouds of rolling smoke,
The high pil'd city rears her Gothic tow'rs;
The stern brow'd castle, from his lofty rock,
Looks scornful down, and fix'd defiance low'rs[2].

[1] The unhappy Mary, in her infancy, was sent to France to the care of her mother's family, the house of Guise. The French court was at that time the gayest and most gallant of Europe. Here the princess of Scotland was educated with all the distinction due to her high rank; and as soon as years would allow, she was married to the dauphin, afterwards Francis II. and on the death of this monarch, which closed a short reign, the politics of the house of Guise required the return of the young queen to Scotland. She left France with tears, and the utmost reluctance; and on her landing in her native kingdom, the different appearance of the country awakened all her regret, and affected her with a melancholy which seemed to forebode her future misfortunes.

[2] These circumstances, descriptive of the environs of Holy-rood House, are local; yet, however dreary

Domestic bliss, that dear, that sov'reign joy,
Far from her heart was seen to speed away;
Straight dark-brow'd factions ent'ring in, destroy
The seeds of peace, and mark her for their prey.

No more by moonshine to the nuptial bow'r
Her Francis comes, by love's soft fetters led;
Far other spouse now wakes her midnight hour[3],
Enrag'd, and reeking from the harlot's bed.

"Ah! draw the veil!" shrill trembles through the air:
The veil was drawn—but darker scenes arose,
Another[4] nuptial couch the Fates prepare,
The baleful teeming source of deeper woes.

The bridal torch her evil angel wav'd,
Far from the couch offended prudence fled;
Of deepest crimes deceitful faction rav'd,
And rous'd her trembling from the fatal bed.

The hinds are seen in arms, and glitt'ring spears,
Instead of crooks, the Grampian shepherds wield;
Fanatic rage the ploughman's visage wears,
And red with slaughter lies the harvest field.

From Borthwick-field, deserted and forlorn,
The beauteous queen, all tears, is seen to fly;
Now through the streets[5] a weeping captive borne,
Her woe the triumph of the vulgar eye.

Again, the vision shifts the woeful scene;
Again, forlorn, from rebel arms she flies,
And, unsuspecting, on a sister queen
The lovely injur'd fugitive relies.

When wisdom, baffled, owns th' attempt in vain,
Heav'n oft delights to set the virtuous free;
Some friend appears and breaks affliction's chain:
But, ah, no gen'rous friend appears for thee!

A prison's ghastly walls and grated cells
Deform'd the airy scenery as it pass'd;
The haunt where listless melancholy dwells,
Where ev'ry genial feeling sinks aghast.

No female eye her sickly bed to tend[6]!
"Ah, cease to tell it in the female ear!
A woman's stern command! a proffer'd friend!
Oh, gen'rous passion, peace, forbear, forbear!

"And could, oh, Tudor! could thy heart retain
No soft'ning thought of what thy woes had been,
When thou, the heir of England's crown, in vain
Didst sue the mercy of a tyrant queen?

"And could no pang from tender mem'ry wake,
And feel those woes that once had been thine own;
No pleading tear to drop for Mary's sake,
For Mary's sake, the heir of England's throne?

"Alas! no pleading touch thy mem'ry knew;
Dry'd were the tears which for thyself had flow'd;
Dark politics alone engag'd thy view;
With female jealousy thy bosom glow'd!

"And say, did wisdom own thy stern command?
Did honour wave his banner o'er the deed?
Ah!—Mary's fate thy name shall ever brand,
And ever o'er her woes shall pity bleed.

"The babe that prattled on his nurse's knee,
When first thy woeful captive hours began,
Ere Heav'n, ah, hapless Mary! set thee free,
That babe to battle march'd in arms—a man."

An awful pause ensues——With speaking eyes,
And hands half-rais'd, the guardian wood-nymphs wait;
While, slow and sad, the airy scenes arise,
Stain'd with the last deep woes of Mary's fate.

With dreary black hung round the hall appears,
The thirsty saw-dust strews the marble floor,
Blue gleams the axe, the block its shoulders rears,
And pikes and halberts guard the iron door.

The clouded Moon her dreary glimpses shed,
And Mary's maids, a mournful train, pass by;
Languid they walk, and pensive hang the head,
And silent tears pace down from ev'ry eye.

Serene, and nobly mild, appears the queen;
She smiles on Heav'n, and bows the injur'd head:
The axe is lifted——from the deathful scene
The guardians turn'd, and all the picture fled—

It fled: the wood-nymphs o'er the distant lawn,
As rapt in vision, dart their earnest eyes;
So when the huntsman hears the rattling fawn,
He stands impatient of the starting prize.

The sov'reign dame her awful eye-balls roll'd,
As Cuma's maid when by the god inspir'd;
"The depth of ages to my sight unfold,"
She cries, "and Mary's meed my breast has fir'd.

"On Tudor's throne her sons shall ever reign,
Age after age shall see their flag unfurl'd,
With sov'reign pride, wherever roars the main,
Stream to the wind, and awe the trembling world.

"Nor Britain's sceptre shall they wield alone,
Age after age, through length'ning time, shall see
Her branching race on Europe's ev'ry throne,
And either India bend to them the knee.

"But Tudor, as a fruitless gourd, shall die!
I see her death scene:—On the lowly floor
Dreary she sits; cold grief has glaz'd her eye,
And anguish gnaws her, till she breathes no more.

the unimproved November view may appear, the connoisseur in gardening will perceive that plantation, and the efforts of art, could easily convert the prospect into an agreeable and most romantic summer landscape.

[3] Lord Darnley, the handsomest man of his age, but a worthless debauchee of no abilities.

[4] Her marriage with the earl of Bothwell, an unprincipled politician of great address.

[5] When she was brought prisoner through the streets of Edinburgh, she suffered almost every indignity which an outrageous mob could offer. Her person was bedaubed with mire, and her ear insulted with every term of vulgar abuse. Even Buchanan seems to drop a tear when he relates these circumstances.

[6] This is according to the truth of history.

"But, hark!—loud howling through the midnight gloom,
Faction is rous'd, and sends the baleful yell!
Oh, save! ye gen'rous few, your Mary's tomb;
Oh, save her ashes from the baleful spell!

"And, lo, where time, with brighten'd face serene,
Points to yon far, but glorious op'ning sky;
See Truth walk forth, majestic awful queen!
And party's black'ning mists before her fly.

"Falsehood, unmask'd, withdraws her ugly train;
And Mary's virtues all illustrious shine——
Yes, thou hast friends, the godlike and humane
Of latest ages, injur'd queen, are thine[7]."

The milky splendours of the dawning ray
Now through the grove a trembling radiance shed;
With sprightly note the wood-lark hail'd the day,
And with the moonshine all the vision fled.

LIBERTY.

AN ELEGY.

TO THE MEMORY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERIC, LATE PRINCE OF WALES.

Carmina tum melius cum venerit ipse canemus.
Virg.

The wood-lark wakes, the throstle hails the dawn,
The lambkins bleating pour along the green;
In festive pomp, advancing o'er the lawn,
The nymphs of Liberty surround their queen.

Embosom'd in a grove her temple rose,
Where oaks and laurels form'd a grateful shade;
Her walks adorn'd with ev'ry flow'r that blows,
Her walks where with the Loves the Muses play'd.

In awful state, on Parian columns rais'd,
With silver palms entwin'd, appear'd the throne,
In Heav'n's own colours, where the altars blaz'd,
The glories of her reign illustrious shone.

The first of times their native joys display;
Beneath his vine the rural patriarch sleeps;
The cattle o'er the boundless common stray,
And nature one unblemish'd sabbath keeps.

There o'er the landscape dark ambition low'rs;
From council deep the awful patriots rise,
Their sudden vengeance blasts the traitors tow'rs,
And prostrate in the dust the tyrant lies.

Here shone thy heroes, Greece, thy fathers, Rome!
Ere Persian luxe your better times defac'd;
But shone not all whose deeds your pride would
plume,
Here Brutus lower'd in shades ambiguous cast.

A gloomy horrour there invests the skies:
'T is there your polish'd chiefs their trophies raise:
With mingled grief and rage the native eyes
Wide o'er his fields the hostile standards blaze.

His wife, his altars, babes, and hoary sire,
Rush on his thoughts—the battle fires his breast,
Thus glows, Caractacus, thy noble ire,
With all the goddess in thy mien confess'd.

With holy mitre crown'd, and awful eye,
There Mattathias frowns, and points the place
Where low on earth his country's altars lie,
And bids his sons revenge the foul disgrace.

The barbed spears seem trembling in their hands
While ardour kindling in their eye-balls glows;
With sword half drawn the godlike Judas stands,
And vict'ry fires his soul, and marks the foes.

Fair o'er the rest the shrine of Alfred shone,
From gothic night the Muses guard his tolls;
There juries sit; the laws support his throne,
And freedom o'er the piece triumphant smiles.

High o'er the dome the festive standard flows,
The nymphs obey the sign, and leave the dells
Where blooms the lilac, where the wild rose blows,
Where hermit peace with mild contentment
dwells.

Sublime as Pallas, arm'd with helm and spear,
(The tyrant's dread) the goddess march'd along:
Bare was one knee, one snowy breast was bare,
The bow and quiver o'er her shoulder hung.

Her woodland train in solemn pomp she led,
(The Muse beheld them trip the sacred ground)
Fair freedom o'er their mien its graces shed,
Their brows with oak and purple blossoms bound.

The rocky cliffs and winding dales reply,
While to their queen they raise the votive strain:
"Wide o'er the world," they sung, "from sky to sky
Extend, O goddess, thy benignant reign.

"Though constant summer clothes the Indian soil,
Though Java's spicy fields embalm the gale,
Though Ganges sees unbidden harvests smile,
All, all these sweets without thee unsought avail.

"The fainting native eyes with dumb despair
The swelling clusters of the bending vine,
The fruitful lawns confess his toilful care,
Alas! the fruits his languid hopes resign!

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7 The author of this little poem to the memory of an unhappy princess, is unwilling to enter into the controversy respecting her guilt or her innocence. Suffice it only to observe, that the following facts may be proved to demonstration:—The letters, which have always been esteemed the principal proofs of queen Mary's guilt, are forged; Buchanan, on whose authority Francis and other historians have condemned her, has falsified several circumstances of her history, and has cited against her public records which never existed, as has been lately proved to demonstration. And to add no more, the treatment she received from her illustrious cousin was dictated by a policy truly Machiavelian—a policy which trampled on the obligations of honour, of humanity, and morality. From whence it may be inferred, that, to express the indignation at the cruel treatment of Mary, which history must ever inspire, and to drop a tear over her sufferings, is not unworthy of a writer who would appear in the cause of virtue.

On Tigris' banks still rise the palmy groves,
And still Euphrates boasts his fertile plains;
Ah! vain the boast—'t is there the murd'rer roves,
'T is there wild terrour solitary reigns!

"On Tadmore's site the lonely shepherd stands,
And as he views the solemn waste around,
With eager watch explores the Turkish bands,
And dreads the plund'rer's rage in ev'ry sound.

"Return, O queen, O patroness of joy!
With ancient splendour to thy Greece return:
Ignoble slaves thy once lov'd seats destroy,
On Pindus, thee, the silent Muses mourn!

"Nor Po's fair banks, nor Baia's sands invite;
Fall'n Genius there her broken urns deplores;
Nor Gallia's fairest landscapes please the sight,—
Thy dictates exil'd from her hostile shores.

"But o'er the realms, where thy mild influence beams,
O'er Britain's plains, the Muse delighted roves,
Delighted wanders o'er the banks of Thames,
Or rests secure in Clifden's rural groves.

"There by the dawn, elate with lightsome glee,
The joyous shepherd and the hind are seen,
The voice of mirth, when ev'ning shades the lea,
Heard loud and nat'ral o'er the village-green.

"No tyrant there the peasant's field invades,
Secure the fold, his labour's all his own;
No ravisher profanes his osier shades,
His labours wealth and independence crown."

'T was thus the chorus struck the Muse's ear
As through Elysian shades she sportive rov'd—
The British nymphs in mournful pomp appear,
The British nymphs to freedom best belov'd.

Loose to the wind their snow-white vestments flow,
The cypress binds their locks with darksome green;
Yet grateful raptures mid their sorrows flow,
While thus with Fred'ric's praise they hail their queen.

"'T was not in vain thy dictates swell'd his breast,
'T was not in vain he vow'd his heart to thee;
Fair, midst thy heroes, stands his name confess'd,
The friend of men, the patron of the free.

"Though cypress now his lowly bed adorns,
Though long ere eve at life's bright noon he fell,
Yet shall the song, oft as this day returns,
At freedom's shrine his happy labours tell.

"The drooping spirit of a downward age,
Beneath his smile with ancient splendour rose,
Corruption blasted, fled his virtuous rage,
And Britain triumph'd o'er her bosom foes.—

"Oh! whether, sportive o'er the cowslip beds,
You through the haunted dells of Mona glide,
Or brush the upland lea when Cynthia sheds
Her silver light on Snowdon's hoary side.

"Hither, ye British Muses, grateful come,
And strew your choicest flow'rs on Fred'ric's bier!
'T is Liberty's own nymphs that raise the tomb,
While o'er her son the goddess drops a tear.

"Fair to his name your votive altars raise;
Your bow'rs he rear'd, to him your strains belong;
Ev'n virtue[1] joins to gain the Muse's praise,
Him loves the Muse whose deeds demand the song!"

ON THE DEATH OF

THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

Aspers'd by malice and unmanly rage,
Disgraceful stamp on this flagitious age,
In conscious innocence secur'd from blame,
She sigh'd—but only sigh'd o'er Britain's shame:
She saw her children throng their early tomb,
Disease slow wasting fade her Glo'ster's bloom!
She saw—but Death appear'd a friendly guest,
His arrow pointing to the realms of rest!
Calmly she views him, dauntless and resign'd,
Yet drops one tear for those she leaves behind.
Warm from the heart these honest numbers flow,
Which honour, truth, and gratitude bestow.

EPITAPH

ON GENERAL WOLF.

Briton, approach with awe this sacred shrine,
And if the father's sacred name be thine,
If thou hast mark'd thy stripling's cheeks to glow
When war was mention'd, or the Gallic foe,
If shining arms his infant sports employ,
And warm his rage—here bring the warlike boy,
Here let him stand, whilst thou enrapt shalt tell
How fought the glorious Wolf, how glorious fell:
Then, when thou mark'st his bursting ardours rise,
And all the warrior flashing in his eyes,
Catch his young hand, and while he lifts it here,
By Wolf's great soul the future Wolf shall swear
Eternal hate against the faithless Gaul,
Like Wolf to conquer, or like Wolf to fall.
What future Hannibal's shall England see
Rais'd and inspir'd, O gallant Wolf, by thee!

EPITAPH

ON MR. MORTIMER.

O'er Angelo's proud tomb no tear was shed;
Pleas'd was each Muse, for full his honours spread:
To bear his genius to its utmost shore,
The length of human days could give no more.
Oh, Mortimer! o'er thy untimely urn
The Arts and all the gentle Muses mourn;
And shades of English heroes gliding by,
Heave o'er thy shrine the languid hopeless sigh.
Thine all the breathing rage of bold design,
And all the poetry of painting thine.
Oh! long had thy meridian sun to blaze,
And onward hov'ring in its magic rays

[1] Guadet enim virtus testes sibi jungere musas;
Carmen amat quisquis carmine digna geri.
Ovid.

What visions rose!—Fair England's patriots old,
Monarchs of proudest fame, and barons bold,
In the fir'd moments of their bravest strife,
Bursting beneath thy hand again to life!
So shone thy noon—when one dim void profound
Rush'd on, and shapeless darkness clos'd around.
Alas! while ghosts of heroes round thy tomb,
Robb'd of their hope, bewail the artists' doom,
Thy friend, O Mortimer, in grief sincere,
Pours o'er the man sad memory's silent tear;
And in the fond remembrance of thy heart,
Forgets the honours of thy wondrous art.

TO THE

MEMORY OF COMMODORE JOHNSTONE.

George Johnstone was one of the younger sons of sir William Johnstone, bart. Dumfriesshire, and early devoted himself to the sea service. After passing through the subordinate stations, he was, on the 6th of February, 1760, appointed master and commander; and on the 11th of August, 1762, was advanced to be a captain in his majesty's service. On the peace, which soon after succeeded, he was nominated governor of West Florida, where he resided for some time. Returning to England, he took a very active part in the affairs of the East-India Company, particularly in opposition to lord Clive. In 1766 he was supposed to have contributed very materially to a pamphlet, entitled, A Letter to the Proprietors of East-India Stock, from John Johnstone, esq. late one of the Council at Calcutta, Bengal, 8vo.; and in 1771 he is known to have written Thoughts on our Acquisitions in the East Indies, particularly respecting Bengal, 8vo. In 1773 he was a candidate for the directorship, in which he did not succeed. He was chosen into parliament, through the interest of sir James Lowther, for Cockermouth, and in 1774 for Appleby. In the course of his parliamentary duty, he threw out some reflections on lord George Germaine, which occasioned a duel between them on the 17th of December, 1770. He afterwards was named one of the commissioners to treat with America, and went there, but without success. In 1779 he resumed his naval employment, and distinguished himself by his bravery and conduct. He died May 24, 1787.

When Mr. Mickle had composed the following poem, he sent a copy of it to lord Rodney, begging his lordship's opinion and correction of the first note, to which he received the following answer:

"My dear sir, Albemarle-street, May 16, 1788.

"Nothing can give me more real pleasure than the affection and gratitude shown by you to the memory of our worthy friend, George Johnstone. It is impossible for me not to approve of the verses of the translator of The Lusiad, which, without flattery, in my poor opinion, are equal, if not superior, to Pope's translation of the Iliad. It is impossible not to be pleased with both. Both instil in our minds the glorious idea of doing our duty to our country, and that life without honour is but a burden.

"Your note relative to the intelligence sent me, 1761, I think is not full enough. The intelligence was of that consequence, that without every Spanish province in the West Indies had been prepared, as I did not receive orders from England till Martinique was taken, and I had sailed to attack St. Domingo; in which time my cruizers had taken every Spanish packet that had sailed from Spain with their declaration of war. And the very day I received Mr. Johnstone's dispatches, I sent them to Jamaica, desiring the governor to lay an embargo, and the admiral to seize all Spanish ships; which was done accordingly, and the Spanish governors totally ignorant of war, till sir George Pococke and the British fleet came in sight some months after off the Havannah. Mr. Johnstone, therefore, may be properly said to have taken the Havannah.

"With infinite pleasure I beg you will put me down as a subscriber to your works, and beg you will do me the honour of calling upon me when you come to town. I am, with real truth and sincerity,

yours, &c.

RODNEY."

Through life's tempestuous sea to thee 't was giv'n
Thy course to steer, yet still preserv'd by Heav'n;
As childhood clos'd thy ceaseless toils began,
And toils and dangers ripen'd thee to man:
Thy country's cause thy ardent youth inspir'd,
Thy ripen'd years thy country's dangers fir'd;
All life to trace the councils of the foe,
All zealous life to ward the lifted blow.

When dubious peace, in gilded clouds array'd,
Fair o'er Britannia threw her painted shade,
Thy active mind illiberal ease disdain'd;
Forth burst the senator unaw'd, unstain'd!
By private aim unwarp'd as gen'rous youth,
Thy ear still list'ning to the voice of truth,
That sacred pow'r thy bursting warmth controll'd,
And bade thee at her side be only bold.
Nor toils of state alone thy cares employ'd;
The Muses in thy sunshine glow'd and joy'd.

When filial strife unsheath'd the ruthless brand,
And discord rioted on Salem's strand,
Thy hands to Salem's strand the olive bore,
Alas! deny'd——and lib'ral peace no more
Smil'd on the crest of hope; thy country's weal
Again to action wak'd thy patriot zeal;
Old Tagus saw the British red cross stream
O'er Gallia's lilies and the tawny gleam.

The commodore was remarkably happy in procuring intelligence. He sent the first notice of the Spanish declaration of war in 1761 to admiral Rodney, then commanding in the West Indies, in consequence of which the Havannah was taken. He sent also the first account of the sailing and destination for the West Indies of the grand Spanish fleet in 1780 to admiral Rodney, then also commander on that station. Both messages were carried from Lisbon by the same person, captain M'Laurin. In consequence of this intelligence, many of the Spanish transports were taken, and the operations of the combined force of France and Spain in the West Indies retarded for that season.

Of proud Iberia's castles; Belgia mourn'd
Her broken faith, and Afric's shores return'd [2]
Her Lisboan groans for British friendship spurn'd.
Again life's tempest beaten ocean roar'd,
And round thy head the mists of faction pour'd;
Dark lower'd the storm; but Heaven's own light rose mild,
And rescu'd honour on thy death-bed smil'd [3],
Soft shedding peaceful joy; the blissful sign,
That Heaven's forgiveness and its balm were thine.
All hail, sooth'd shade! The Muse that own'd thy care
Hails thee, and blesses Heav'n that heard her pray'r.
For ever green the laurel o'er thy tomb
Shall flourish, ever white its flow'ry bloom;
And gratitude, oh Johnstone, round thy shrine,
And friendship, heave the sigh, and thy fair wreath entwine!

AN INSCRIPTION

ON AN OBELISK AT LANGFORD, IN WILTS,

THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF RADNOR, COMMEMORATING THE UNFORTUNATE FATE OF MR. SERVINTON, WHO WAS FORMERLY IN POSSESSION OF THAT ESTATE.

While o'er these lawns thine eye delighted strays,
Allow a pause to hear the tale of woe;
Here stood the parent helm in elder days,
Here o'er its lord slow wav'd the wither'd bough,
While pale and cold his famish'd cheek full low,
On the rude turf in death's last swooning lay.

Ev'n now methinks his anguish'd look I see,
As by the menials taunted from the door;
Fainting he wander'd—then beneath the tree [tore,
Sunk down—sweet Heav'n, what pangs his bosom
When o'er yon lordly dome, his own no more,
He roll'd his dying eyes.—Ah! what compare
To this the lessons taught of sages hoar?
By his mad revels, by the gilded snare,
By all thy hopes of joy, *oh, fortune's child*, beware!

SACRED TO

THE HEIRS OF RADNOR CASTLE.

O thou, whose hopes these fair domains inspire,
The awful lesson here bestow'd attend,
With pensive eye here let thy steps retire,
What time rapt fancy's shadowy forms descend.
Hark! from yon hall as headlong waste purveys,
What Bacchanalian revels loud resound,
With festive fires the midnight windows blaze;
And fever'd tumult reels his giddy round.

'T is past—the mansion owns another lord,
The ousted heir, so riotous erewhile,
Now sits a suppliant at his wonted board,
Insulted by the base-born menials' smile.

By the base menials taunted from the door,
With anguish'd heart resistless of his woe,
Forlorn he strays those lawns, his own no more,
Unknowing where, on trembling knees and slow:

Till here, beneath an aged elm's bleak shade,
Fainting he sinks—Ah! let thy mind descry,
On the cold-turf, how low his humbled head,
On yon fair dome how fix'd his ghastly eye.

By his mad revels, by his last heart-sigh,
Oh, thou, of these proud tow'rs the promis'd heir,
By ev'ry manly virtue's holy tie, [BEWARE!
By honour's fairest bloom, oh, *fortune's child*,

[2] Alluding to the French and Dutch prizes he sent into the Tagus in 1779 and 1780, and to his capture of four Dutch Indiamen in Saldanna-bay in 1781.

[3] Alluding to the sentence against him in the cause of captain Sutton, being reversed by the house of lords, the account of which he received about twenty-four hours before his death.

ODES.

ODE I.

KNOWLEDGE.

S. ANN. ÆT. AUCTOR 18.

Ducit in errorem variorum ambage viarum.
Ovid.

High on a hill's green bosom laid,
At ease, my careless fancy stray'd,
And o'er the landscape ran:
Reviv'd, what scenes the seasons show;
And weigh'd, what share of joy or woe
Is doom'd to toiling man.

The nibbling flocks around me bleat;
The oxen low beneath my feet,
Along the clover'd dale;
The golden sheaves the reapers bind,
The ploughman whistles near behind,
And breaks the new-mown vale.

"Hail, Knowledge, gift of Heaven!" I cried,
"Ev'n all the gifts of Heaven beside,
Compar'd to thee, how dow!
The blessings of the Earth and air
The beasts of fold and forest share,
But godlike beings *know*.

"How mean the short-liv'd joys of sense;
But how sublime the excellence
Of wisdom's sacred lore!
In Death's deep shades what nations lie,
Yet still can wisdom's piercing eye
Their mighty deeds explore.

"She sees the little Spartan band,
With great Leonidas, withstand
The Asian world in arms;
She hears the heav'nly sounds that hung
On Homer's and on Plato's tongue,
And glows at Tully's charms.

"The wonders of the spacious sky
She penetrates with Newton's eye,
And marks the planets roll:
The human mind with Locke she scans;
With Cambray, virtue's fame she fans,
And lifts to Heaven the soul.

"How matter takes ten thousand forms
Of metals, plants, of men and worms,
She joys to trace with Boyle.
This life she deems an infant state,
A gleam, that bodes a life complete,
Beyond this mortal toil.

"What num'rous ills in life befall!
Yet wisdom learns to scorn them all,
And arms the breast with steel:
Ev'n Death's pale face no horrour wears;
But ah! what horrid pangs and fears
Unknowing wretches feel!

"That breast excels proud Ophir's mines,
And fairer than the morning shines,
Where wisdom's treasures glow:
But ah! how void yon peasant's mind,
His thoughts how darken'd and confin'd,
Nor cares he more to know.

"The last two tenants of the ground,
Of ancient times his history bound;
Alas! it scarce goes higher:
In vain to him is Maro's strain,
And Shakspeare's magic powers in vain;
In vain is Milton's fire.

"Nor Sun by day, nor stars by night,
Can give his soul the grand delight
To trace Almighty pow'r:
His team thinks just as much as he
Of nature's vast variety,
In animal and flower."

As thus I sung, a solemn sound
Accosts mine ear; I look'd around,
And, lo! an ancient sage
Hard by an ivy'd oak stood near,
That fenc'd the cave, where many a year
Had been his hermitage.

His mantle grey flow'd loose behind,
His snowy beard wav'd to the wind,
And added solemn grace;
His broad bald front gave dignity,
Attention mark'd his lively eye,
And peace smil'd in his face.

He beckon'd with his wrinkl'd hand;
My ear was all at his command,
And thus the sage began:
"Godlike it is to know, I own;
But, oh! how little can be known
By poor short-sighted man.

"Go, mark the schools where letter'd pride,
And star-crown'd science boastful guide,
Display their fairest light;
There, led by some pale meteor's ray,
That leaves them oft, the sages stray,
And grope in endless night.

"Of wisdom proud, yon sage exclaims,
Virtue and vice are merely names,
And changing every hour;
Ashley! how loud in virtue's praise!
Yet Ashley with a kiss betrays,
And strips her of her dower.

"Hark! Bolingbroke his God arraigns;
Hobbes smiles on vice; Descartes maintains
A godless passive cause:
See Bayle, oft slily shifting round,
Would fondly fix on sceptic ground,
And change, O Truth, thy laws.

"And what the joy this lore bestows?
Alas! no joy, no hope it knows
Above what bestials claim:
To quench our noblest native fire,
That bids to nobler worlds aspire,
Is all its hope, its aim.

"Not Afric's wilds, nor Babel's waste,
Where ignorance her tents hath plac'd,
More dismal scenes display:
A scene where virtue sickening dies,
Where vice to dark extinction flies,
And spurns the future day.

"Wisdom, you boast, to you is giv'n;
At night then mark the fires of Heav'n,
And let thy mind explore;
Swift as the lightning let it fly
From star to star, from sky to sky,
Still, still are millions more.

"Th' immense ideas strike the soul
With pleasing horrour, and controul
Thy wisdom's empty boast:
What are they?—Thou canst never say:
Then silent adoration pay,
And be in wonder lost.

"Say how the self-same roots produce
The wholesome food and pois'nous juice;
And adders, balsams yield?
How fierce the lurking tiger glares,
How mild the heifer with thee shares
The labours of the field?

"Why, growling to his den, retires
The sullen pard, while joy inspires
Yon happy sportive lambs?
Now scatter'd o'er the hill they stray;
Now weary of their gambling play,
All single out their dams.

"Instinct directs—But what is that?
Fond man, thou never canst say what:
Oh, short thy searches fall!
By stumbling chance, and slow degrees,
The useful arts of men increase,
But this at once is all.

"A trunk first floats along the deep,
Long ages still improve the ship,
Till she commands the shore;
But never bird improv'd her nest,
Each all at once of pow'rs possess'd,
Which ne'er can rise to more.

"That down the steep the waters flow,
That weight descends, we see, we know,
But why, can ne'er explain:
Then humbly weighing nature's laws,
To God's high will ascribe the cause,
And own thy wisdom vain.

"For still the more thou knowest, the more
Shalt thou the vanity deplore
Of all thy soul can find.
This life a sickly woeful dream,
A burial of the soul will seem,
"A palsy of the mind.

"Though knowledge scorns the peasant's fear,
Alas! it points the secret spear
Of many a nameless woe.
Thy delicacy dips the dart
In rankling gall, and gives a smart
Beyond what he can know.

"How happy then the simple mind
Of yon unknown and labouring hind,
Where all is smiling peace!
No thoughts of more exalted joy
His present bliss one hour destroy,
Nor rob one moment's ease.

"The stings neglected merit feels,
The pangs the virtuous man conceals,
When crush'd by wayward fate;
These are not found beneath his roof,
Against them all securely proof,
Heav'n guards his humble state.

"Knowledge or wealth to few are given,
But mark how just the ways of Heaven;
True joy to all is free:
Nor wealth, nor knowledge, grant the boon;
'T is thine, O conscience, thine alone,
It all belongs to thee.

"Bless'd in thy smiles the shepherd lives;
Gay is his morn; his evening gives
Content and sweet repose:
Without them—ever, ever cloy'd,
To sage or chief, one weary void
Is all that life bestows.

"Then would'st thou, mortal, rise divine,
Let innocence of soul be thine,
With active goodness join'd:
My heart shall then confess thee bless'd,
And, ever lively, joyful taste
The pleasures of the mind."

So spake the sage——my heart reply'd,
"How poor, how blind, is human pride;
All joy how false and vain;
But that from conscious worth which flows,
Which gives the death-bed sweet repose,
And hopes an after reign!"

ODE II.

MAY-DAY; OR, THE DRUIDICAL FESTIVAL.

"Awake, my sons, the milky dawn
Steals softly gleaming o'er the eastern lawn:
Already from their oaken bowers,
Scattering magic herbs and flowers,
That scent the morning gale,
With white and purple blossoms crown'd,
From every hill and dell around,
The druids hasten to the sacred vale."

'T was thus the hoary Cadwell rais'd the strain;
Cadwell, the master of the lyric band,
The sacred bards, who join'd the druid's train,
When solemn feasts their hallow'd rites demand.

"Awake, my sons!" he cried, and struck his lyre;
When, swelling down old Snowdon's side,
A thousand harps the note reply'd:
And soon a thousand white-rob'd bards
March'd round their hoary sire.
The birds of song in every grove
Awoke, and rais'd the strain of love;
The lark sprung joyous from his grassy nest,
And, fluttering round, their pow'rs confess'd,
And join'd the tuneful choir.

And now the mutter'd spell
Groan'd solemn to the sky:
And soon the dark dispersing shades
And night's foul demons with the twilight fly:
And soon the bleating race the fold forsook,
And o'er the thyme-clad mountain hoar with dew,
And o'er the willow-shaded brook,
The floating mists withdrew.

When hastening to the sacred grove,
With white and purple blossoms crown'd,
Their mystic staves with wreaths of oak enwove,
The choral bands their sov'reign chief surround.

'T was thus while yet Monasses liv'd,
While hoary Cadwell yet surviv'd,
Their solemn feasts the blameless druids held:
Ere human blood their shrines distain'd,
Ere Hell-taught rites their lore profan'd,
'T was thus o'er Snowdon's brow their sacred anthems swell'd.

Their chief, Monaeses, march'd before;
Monaeses, sprung from Heber's line,
Who, leaving Midian's fertile shore,
When sceptr'd Belus challeng'd rites divine,
When tyranny his native fields defac'd,
Far to the peaceful west
His kindred led——Phœnicia spread the sail,
Till where the groves of Albion rise,
Where Snowdon's front ascends the skies,
He bade his mates their happy mansions hail.

And now the sacred morn appears,
That through the depth of rolling years
To celebrate creation claims the lay;
The morn that gave the Heavens their birth,
That saw the green, the beauteous Earth,
All blooming rise beneath the smiles of May.

"Then loud the hallow'd anthem raise,
And bid the mountain-summits blaze"——
The hallow'd song the bards and druids rais'd,
Glad Echo caught the sound,
And on the mountain-tops far round,
The sacred altars blaz'd [1].

[1] May-day by the druids, according to Dr. Stukeley, was observed as the day of the creation; and on that morn they kindled what they called holy fires on the tops of the mountains.

" And hail, auspicious morn!
Still may the lively pulse of joy
Confess thy glad return;
Still may the harp and song employ
The sacred hour when first thy trembling beams
The nodding groves and purling streams,
And shady grots adorn."

'T was thus the hoary druids rais'd the song,
While by the sacred hill and grove,
Where misletoe the oaks enwove,
All clad in snowy white, august, they march'd along.

The fawns came trooping o'er the furrow'd land,
On Snowdon's cliffs the kids attentive stand,
While to Creation's morn, the opening May,
The master druid thus resum'd the lay:
" Awake, ye gales, your fragrance shed;
Ye mountain cedars, bend the head;
Ye clouds of incense, from Arabia rise;
Balmy, as after vernal rains,
Display, fair East, thy beauteous plains,
As one great altar fuming to the skies!
'T is Nature's birth demands the lay,
Ye western isles, the grateful tribute pay;
Ye flocks, that clothe with fleecy white
The steep ascending mountain's height,
Or round the hamlet bleat along the lea,
Your voices raise;—ye heifers, low,
And from the furzy dells below,
Ye falling riv'lets, swell the harmony!

" Retain, ye hills, the solemn sound,
Till Echo through her fairy round
Repeat it to the silent list'ning vale;
Raise, raise, ye bards, the melody,
Wide spread the hands, low bend the knee,
And on Creation's morn the great Creator hail!"

" Attend," they sung, " ye aërial bands—
O from the blood-polluted East,
Hither, ye guardian spirits, haste!
Here each flow'r of fragrant smell,
Each plant that aids the druid's spell
Your fostering care demands.

" For you the blossom'd boughs embow'r
The craggy glittering steep,
Along whose rifts the cowslips creep,
And dashing fountains pour:
For you the sweet-briar clothes the bank,
For you, along the bord'ring mead,
The white and yellow flow'rs that love the dank,
Their wat'ry carpets spread.
O come, propitious, and our rites befriend,
Till o'er the nodding tow'rs the silent night descend!
O join the song, and far shall fly
Each demon, who beneath the midnight sky
Rides on the screech-owl's wing, and far around
Scatters disease, and strife, and friendship's rankling wound.

" Then happy o'er our blissful bowers,
Here shall the peaceful day decline,
While fled from scenes of blood and woe,
Th' aërial friendly powers
In ev'ry stream's melodious flow,
In ev'ry concert of the grove shall join,
Shall lightly touch the shadowy lyre,
While with the dawn our joyous choir
Renew the holy rites from Heav'n receiv'd,
When with the sons of God our godlike father liv'd.

" Wave, my sons, the misletoe;
Wave the sacred branch on high:
Round our steps the spring-flow'rs strew,
Flow'rs of bright and cheerful dye,
Symbols of untainted youth,
Of glowing love and holy truth.

" Strew, my sons, the mystic grove."
He spake—and instant round they spread
Chaplets, where the yellow hue
Was mix'd with flow'rs of lively blue,
Where snow-white lilies with the blossoms red,
The apple boughs enwove.

" All hail, ye venerable shades!"
Thus rose the hallow'd strain,
Ye cloudy steeps, and winding glades,
All hail! and by your silver rills,
Your rosy dells, and thymy hills,
SHALL LASTING FREEDOM REIGN."

ODE III.

VICISSITUDE.

—RAPT in thought, that bids thee rise
In all thy forms before mine eyes,
I glow with joy to see thee come
In rosy health and youthful bloom:
And now, cold horrour trembles o'er my soul,
When thou in blank uncertainty array'd,
With iron-hearted deaf control
Throw'st all around thy awful, dubious shade.

Oh, give my song, mysterious pow'r,
The joys and terrours of thy sway to tell,
Thy sway o'er universal nature spread,
The sweetest hope of man, and darkest dread!
Behold, where shiv'ring in the rattling hail,
While drizzling black clouds o'er him lower,
Bent o'er his staff, with livid visage fell,
Dull Winter stays his creeping step to pause,
And wishful turns his icy eyes
On April's meads. Beck'ning on flow'ry May,
With gentle shadowy hand thou mov'st away
The ling'ring churl. Swift o'er the primrose dale
The new-wak'd bee his humming labour plies;
And sudden from each budding grove,
Incense to Heav'n, the songs of love
Attest rejoicing Nature's glad applause.

Glist'ning with dew the green-hair'd Spring
Walks through the woods, and smiling in her train,
Youth flutters gay on cherub wing,
And life exulting lifts the eye to Heaven.
And crown'd with bearded grain,
And hay-grass breathing odours bland,
Bold Summer comes in manhood's lusty prime.
Anon his place is given
To veteran Autumn: yellow glows
His waving robe: with conscious mien sublime
He proudly lifts his sun-brown'd brows
High o'er the loaded clime.
For him the full-orb'd Moon with orange rays
Gilds mild the night; for him her course delays;
And jolly wealth lies wide beneath his hand,
But soon decrepit age he shows,
And all his golden honours past,
Naked before October's blast,
He flies the plunder'd land.

With hoary-bearded cheek and front severe,
Of angry fretful scowl, from forest wild,
Now rheum-ey'd Winter hastens to the plain;
The hollow blast low groaning in his ear:
Round his bald head the brown leaves drift amain;
And soon his snowy mantle wide he throws
O'er vale and hill, and isicles he weeps.
The Sun withdraws his golden rays,
And short his cold diurnal visit pays
With faint and silvery beam,
As listless to disturb the deep repose,
While languid nature sleeps.
Anon to social mirth beguil'd,
Safe from the tempest breme
That howls without, and beating rain,
The tyrant bids the friendly hearth to blaze;
And with the feats of former days,
Of battles dread, and heroes slain,
And valiant deeds of many a knight,
And loves of ladies passing bright,
The long-contented evening sweet he cheers;
While from his day-sport on the ice-bound stream,
Weary return'd, with wonder and delight,
Unrazor'd youth the various legend hears.

These are thy grateful changes, mighty power,
Vicissitude! But far more grateful still
When now from nature's frozen sleep profound,
Invigour'd vegetation wakes,
And Spring with primrose garland crown'd,
The seeds of plenty o'er the fuming ground,
From her green mantle shakes.

BALLADS.

BALLAD I.

HENGIST AND MEY.

Hæc novimus esse nihil.

In ancient days when Arthur reign'd,
Sir Elmer had no peer;
And no young knight in all the land
The ladies lov'd so dear.

His sister Mey, the fairest maid
Of all the virgin train,
Won every heart at Arthur's court;
But all their love was vain.

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,
Her heart they could not move;
Yet at the ev'ning hour of prayer
Her mind was lost in love.

The abbess saw—the abbess knew,
And urg'd her to explain;
"O name the gentle youth to me,
And his consent I 'll gain."

Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair Mey reply'd,
"His name—how can I say?
An angel from the fields above
Has rapt my heart away.

"But once, alas! and never more,
His lovely form I spied;
One evening by the sounding shore,
All by the green wood side.

"His eyes to mine the love confess'd,
That glow'd with mildest grace;
His courtly mien and purple vest
Bespoke his princely race.

"But when he heard my brother's horn,
Fast to his ships he fled;
Yet while I sleep, his graceful form
Still hovers round my bed.

"Sometimes, all clad in armour bright,
He shakes a warlike lance;
And now, in courtly garments dight,
He leads the sprightly dance.

"His hair, as black as raven's wing;
"His skin—as Christmas snow;
His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,
"His lips like rose-buds glow.

"His limbs, his arms, his stature, shap'd
By Nature's finest hand;
His sparkling eyes declare him born
To love, and to command."

The live-long year fair Mey bemoan'd
Her hopeless pining love:
But when the balmy spring return'd,
And summer cloth'd the grove;

All round by pleasant Humber's side
The Saxon banners flew,
And to sir Elmer's castle gates
The spear-men came in view.

Fair blush'd the morn, when Mey look'd o'er
The castle walls so sheen;
And lo! the warlike Saxon youth
Were sporting on the green.

There Hengist, Offa's eldest son,
Lean'd on his burnish'd lance,
And all the armed youth around
Obey'd his manly glance.

His locks, as black as raven's wing,
Adown his shoulders flow'd;
His cheeks outvy'd the blush of morn,
His lips like rose-buds glow'd.

And soon the lovely form of Mey
Has caught his piercing eyes;
He gives the sign, the bands retire,
While big with love he sighs;

"Oh! thou for whom I dar'd the seas,
And came with peace or war;
Oh, by that cross that veils thy breast,
Relieve thy lover's care!

"For thee I 'll quit my father's throne;
With thee the wilds explore;
Or with thee share the British crown;
With thee the cross adore."

Beneath the timorous virgin blush,
With love's soft warmth she glows;
So blushing through the dews of morn,
Appears the opening rose.

'T was now the hour of morning pray'r,
When men their sins bewail,
And Elmer heard king Arthur's horn,
Shrill sounding through the dale.

The pearly tears, from Mey's bright eyes,
Like April dew-drops fell,
When with a parting dear embrace
Her brother bade farewell.

The cross with sparkling diamonds bright,
That veil'd her snowy breast,
With prayers to Heav'n, her lily hands
Have fix'd on Elmer's vest.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,
He 's march'd across the plain;
Till with his gallant yeomandrie
He join'd king Arthur's train.

Full forty thousand Saxon spears
Came glitt'ring down the hill,
And with their shouts, and clang of arms,
The distant valleys fill.

Old Offa, dress'd in Odin's garb,
Assum'd the hoary god;
And Hengist, like the warlike Thor,
Before the horsemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns,
The captains shout amain;
And Elmer's tall victorious spear
Far glances o'er the plain.

To stop its course young Hengist flew
Like lightning o'er the field;
And soon his eyes the well-known cross
On Elmer's vest beheld.

The slighted lover swell'd his breast,
His eyes shot living fire;
And all his martial heat before,
To this, was mild desire.

On his imagin'd rival's front
With whirlwind speed he press'd,
And glancing to the Sun, his sword
Resounds on Elmer's crest.

The foe gave way, the princely youth
With heedless rage pursu'd,
Till trembling in his cloven helm,
Sir Elmer's javelin stood.

He bow'd his head—slow dropp'd his spear;
The reins slipt through his hand,
And stain'd with blood—his stately corse
Lay breathless on the strand.

" O, bear me off," sir Elmer cried;
" Before my painful sight
The combat swims—yet Hengist's vest
I claim, as victor's right."

Brave Hengist's fall the Saxons saw,
And all in terrour fled;
The bowmen to his castle gates
The brave sir Elmer led.

" O wash my wounds, my sister dear;
O pull this Saxon dart,
That whizzing from young Hengist's arm
Has almost pierc'd my heart.

" Yet in my hall his vest shall hang,
And Britons yet unborn
Shall with the trophies of to day
Their solemn feasts adorn."

All trembling, Mey beheld the vest,
" Oh, Merlin!" loud she cried,
" Thy words are true—my slaughter'd love
Shall have a breathless bride!

" Oh, Elmer, Elmer, boast no more
That low my Hengist lies!
O Hengist, cruel was thine arm!
My brother bleeds and dies!"

She spake—the roses left her cheeks,
And life's warm spirits fled:
So, nipt by winter's withering blasts,
The snowdrop bows the head.

Yet parting life one struggle gave,
She lifts her languid eyes;
" Return, my Hengist! oh, return,
My slaughter'd love!" she cries.

" Oh—still he lives—he smiles again,
With all his grace he moves;
I come—I come where bow nor spear
Shall more disturb our loves."

She spake—she died. The Saxon dart
Was drawn from Elmer's side,
And thrice he call'd his sister Mey,
And thrice he groan'd, and died.

Where in the dale, a moss-grown cross
O'ershades an aged thorn,
Sir Elmer's and young Hengist's corse
Were by the spear-men borne.

And there, all clad in robes of white,
With many a sigh and tear,
The village maids to Hengist's grave
Did Mey's fair body bear.

And there, at dawn and fall of day,
All from the neighb'ring groves,
The turtles wail, in widow'd notes,
And sing their hapless loves.

BALLAD II.

THE PROPHECY OF QUEEN EMMA.

O'er the hills of Cheviot beaming
Rose the silver dawn of May;
Hostile spears and helmets gleaming
Swell'd along the mountains gay.

Edwin's warlike horn resounded
Through the winding dales below,
And the echoing hills rebounded
The defiance of the foe.

O'er the downs like torrents pouring
Edwin's horsemen rush'd along,
From the hills like tempests low'ring
Slowly march'd stern Edgar's throng.

Spear to spear was now portended,
And the yew bows half were drawn,
When the female scream ascended,
Shrilling o'er the crowded lawn.

While her virgins round her weeping
Wav'd aloft their snowy hands,
From the wood queen Emma, shrieking,
Ran between the dreadful bands.

"Oh, my sons, what rage infernal
Bids you grasp th' unba low'd spear?
Heaven detests the war fraternal;
Oh, the impious strife forbear!

"Ah, how mild and sweetly tender
Flow'd your peaceful early days!
Each was then of each defender,
Each of each the pride and praise.

"O my first-born Edwin, soften,
Nor invade thy brother's right;
O my Edgar, think how often
Edwin dar'd for thee the fight.

"Edgar, shall thy impious fury
Dare thy guardian to the field?
Oh, my sons, let peace allure ye;
Thy stern claims, O Edwin, yield.

"Ha! what sight of horrour waving,
Sullen Edgar, clouds thy rear?
Bring'st thou Denmark's banners braving
Thy insulted brother's spear?

"Ah! bethink how through thy regions
Midnight horrour fearful howl'd,
When, like wolves, the Danish legions
Through thy trembling forest prowl'd;

"When, unable of resistance,
Denmark's lance thy bosom gor'd——
And shall Edwin's brave assistance
Be repaid with Denmark's sword?

"With that sword shalt thou assail him
From whose point he set thee free,
While his warlike sinews fail him,
Weak with loss of blood for thee?

"Oh, my Edwin, timely hearken,
And thy stern resolves forbear!
Shall revenge thy councils darken,
Oh, my Edgar, drop the spear!

"Wisdom tells and Justice offers
How each wound may yet be balm'd:
O, revere these holy proffers;
Let the storms of Hell be calm'd.

"Oh, my sons!"——But all her sorrows
Fir'd their impious rage the more:
From the bow-strings sprung the arrows;
Soon the valleys reek'd with gore.

Shrieking wild, with horrour shiv'ring,
Fled the queen, all stain'd with blood,
In her purple bosom quiv'ring,
Deep a feather'd arrow stood.

Up the mountain she ascended,
Fierce as mounts the flame in air;
And her hands, to Heav'n extended,
Scatter'd her uprooted hair:

"Ah, my sons! how impious cover'd
With each other's blood," she cried:
While the eagles round her hover'd,
And wild scream for scream replied—

"From that blood around you steaming,
Turn, my sons, your vengeful eyes;
See what horrours o'er you streaming,
Muster round th' offended skies.

"See what burning spears portended,
Couch'd by fire-ey'd spectres glare,
Circling round you both, suspended
On the trembling threads of air!

"O'er you both Heav'n's lightning vollies,
Wither'd is your strength, ev'n now;
Idly weeping o'er your follies,
Soon your heads shall lowly bow.

"Soon the Dane, the Scot, and Norman,
O'er your dales shall havoc pour,
Ev'ry hold and city storming,
Ev'ry herd and field devour.

"Ha! what signal new arising
Through the dreadful group prevails?
'T is the hand of Justice poising
High aloft th' eternal scales.

"Loaded with thy base alliance,
Rage and rancour all extreme,
Faith and honour's foul defiance,
Thine, O Edgar, kicks the beam!

"Opening mild and blue, reversing
O'er thy brother's wasted hills,
See the murky clouds dispersing,
And the fertile shower distils.

"But o'er thy devoted valleys
Blacker spreads the angry sky;
Through the gloom pale lightning sallies,
Distant thunders groan and die.

"O'er thy proudest castles waving,
Fed by Hell and magic power,
Denmark towers on high her raven,
Hatch'd in freedom's mortal hour.

"'Cursed be the day detested,
Cursed be the fraud profound,
When on Denmark's spear we rested,'
Through thy streets shall loud resound.

" To thy brother sad imploring,
Now I see thee turn thine eyes—
Ha, in settled darkness low'ring,
Now no more the visions rise!

" But thy ranc'rous soul descending
To thy sons from age to age,
Province then from province rending,
War on war shall bleed and rage.

" This thy freedom proudly boasted,
Hapless Edgar," loud she cried—
With her wounds and woes exhausted,
Down on earth she sunk and died.

BALLAD III.

THE SORCERESS;

OR, WOLFWOLD AND ULLA [1].

Prisca fides.—Virg.

" Ou, low he lies! his cold pale cheek
Lies lifeless on the clay;
Yet struggling hope—O day-spring break,
And lead me on my way.

" On Denmark's cruel bands, O Heav'n!
Thy red-wing'd vengeance pour;
Before my Wolfwold's spear be driven—
O rise, bright morning hour!"

Thus Ulla wail'd, the fairest maid
Of all the Saxon race;
Thus Ulla wail'd, in nightly shade,
While tears bedew'd her face.

When sudden, o'er the fir-crown'd hill,
The full orb'd Moon arose;
And o'er the winding dale so still,
Her silver radiance flows.

No more could Ulla's fearful breast
Her anxious care delay;
But deep with hope and fear impress'd,
She holds the moonshine way.

She left the bower, and all alone
She trac'd the dale so still;
And sought the cave with rue o'ergrown,
Beneath the fir-crown'd hill.

Black knares of blasted oak, embound
With hemloc, fenc'd the cell:
The dreary mouth, half under ground,
Yawn'd like the gate of Hell.

Soon as the gloomy den she spy'd,
Cold horrour shook her knee;
" And hear, O prophetess," she cry'd,
" A princess sue to thee."

Aghast she stood! athwart the air
The dismal screech-owl flew;
The fillet round her auburn hair
Asunder burst in two.

Her robe, of softest yellow, glow'd
Beneath the Moon's pale beam;
And o'er the ground, with yew-boughs strew'd,
Effus'd a golden gleam.

The golden gleam the sorceress spy'd,
As in her deepest cell,
At midnight's magic hour she try'd
A tomb-o'erpow'ring spell.

When, from the cavern's dreary womb,
Her groaning voice arose,
" O come, my daughter, fearless, come,
And fearless tell thy woes."

As shakes the bough of trembling leaf,
When whirlwinds sudden rise;
As stands aghast the warrior chief,
When his base army flies;

So shook, so stood, the beauteous maid,
When from the dreary den
A wrinkled hag came forth, array'd
In matted rags obscene.

Around her brows, with hemloc bound,
Loose hung her ash-grey hair;
As from two dreary caves profound
Her blue-flam'd eye-balls glare.

Her skin, of earthy red, appear'd
Clung round her shoulder bones;
Like wither'd bark, by lightning sear'd,
When loud the tempest groans.

A robe of squalid green and blue
Her ghostly length array'd,
A gaping rent, full to the view,
Her furrow'd ribs betray'd.

" And tell, my daughter, fearless tell,
What sorrow brought thee here?
So may my power thy cares expel,
And give thee sweetest cheer."

" O mistress of the powerful spell,
King Edric's daughter see,
Northumbria to my father fell,
But sorrow fell to me.

" My virgin heart lord Wolfwold won;
My father on him smil'd:
Soon as he gain'd Northumbria's throne,
His pride the youth exil'd.

" Stern Denmark's ravens o'er the seas
Their gloomy black wings spread,
And o'er Northumbria's hills and leas
Their dreadful squadrons sped.

" 'Return, brave Wolfwold,' Edric cried,
'O gen'rous warrior, hear,
My daughter's hand, thy willing bride,
Awaits thy conq'ring spear.'

[1] Written at the request of a friend, who possessed Mortimer's picture of the Incantation, as a story to the painting.

" The banish'd youth, in Scotland's court,
Had pass'd the weary year;
And soon h heard the glad report,
And soon he grasp'd his spear.

" He left the Scottish dames to weep;
And, wing'd with true love speed,
Nor day, nor night, he stopp'd to sleep,
And soon he cross'd the Tweed.

" With joyful voice, and raptur'd eyes,
He press'd my willing hand;
'I go, my fair, my love,' he cries,
'To guard thy father's land.

" ' By Edon's shore, in deathful fray,
The daring foe we meet,
Ere three short days I trust to lay
My trophies at thy feet.'

" Alas! alas! that time is o'er,
And three long days beside,
Yet not a word from Edon's shore
Has cheer'd his fearful bride.

" O mistress of the powerful spell,
His doubtful fate decide;"—
" And cease, my child, for all is well,"
The grizzly witch replied.

" Approach my cave, and where I place
The magic circle, stand;
And fear not aught of ghastly face,
That glides beneath my wand."

The grizzly witch's powerful charms
Then reach'd the lab'ring Moon,
And cloudless at the dire alarms,
She shed her brightest noon.

The pale beam struggled through the shade,
That black'd the cavern's womb,
And in the deepest nook betray'd
An altar and a tomb.

Around the tomb, in mystic lore,
Were forms of various mien,
And efts, and foul-wing'd serpents, bore
The altar's base obscene.

Eyeless a huge and starv'd toad sat
In corner murk aloof,
And many a snake and famish'd bat
Clung to the crevic'd roof.

A fox and vulture's skeletons
A yawning rift betray'd;
And grappling still each other's bones,
The strife of death display'd.

" And now, my child," the sorceress said,
" Lord Wolfwold's father's grave,
To me shall render up the dead,
And send him to my cave.

" His skeleton shall hear my spell,
And to the figur'd walls
His hand of bone shall point and tell
What fate his son befalls."

O cold, down Ulla's snow-like face,
The trembling sweat-drops fell,
And borne by sprites of gliding pace,
The corpse approach'd the cell.

And thrice the witch her magic wand
Wav'd o'er the skeleton;
And slowly, at the dread command,
Up rose the arm of bone.

A cloven shield, and broken spear,
The finger wander'd o'er,
Then rested on a sable bier,
Distain'd with drops of gore.

In ghastly writhes, her mouth so wide
And black the sorceress throws,
" And be those signs, my child," she cried,
" Fulfil'd on Wolfwold's foes.

" A happier spell I now shall try;
Attend, my child, attend,
And mark what flames from altar high
And lowly floor ascend.

" If of the roses softest red
The blaze shines forth to view,
Then Wolfwold lives—but Hell forbid
The glimm'ring flame of blue!"

The witch then rais'd her haggard arm,
And wav'd her wand on high;
And, while she spoke the mutter'd charm,
Dark lightning fill'd her eye.

Fair Ulla's knee swift smote the ground;
Her hands aloft were spread,
And ev'ry joint, as marble bound,
Felt horrours darkest dread.

Her lips, erewhile so like the rose,
Were now as vi'let pale,
And, trembling in convulsive throes,
Express'd o'erwhelming ail.

Her eyes, erewhile so starry bright,
Where living lustre shone,
Were now transform'd to sightless white,
Like eyes of lifeless stone.

And soon the dreadful spell was o'er,
And glimm'ring to the view,
The quiv'ring flame rose through the floor,
A flame of ghastly blue.

Behind the altar's livid fire,
Low from the inmost cave,
Young Wolfwold rose in pale attire,
The vestments of the grave.

His eye to Ulla's eye he rear'd,
His cheek was wan as clay,
And half cut through, his hand appear'd,
That beckon'd her away.

Fair Ulla saw the woeful shade;
Her heart struck at her side,
And burst—low bow'd her listless head,
And down she sunk and died.

SONGS.

SONG I.

THE SHEPHERD IN LOVE.

Were Nancy but a rural maid,
And I her only swain,
To tend our flocks in rural mead,
And on the verdant plain;
Oh, how I 'd pipe upon my reed
To please my only maid,
While from all sense of fear we 're freed
Beneath an oaken shade.

When lambkins under hedges bleat,
And clouds do black the sky,
Then to our oaken safe retreat
We 'd both together hie:
There I 'd repeat my vows of love
Unto the charming fair,
Whilst her dear flutt'ring heart should prove
Her love like mine sincere.

When Phœbus bright sinks in the west,
And flocks are pent in fold,
Beneath an oaken tree we 'd rest
In joys not to be told.
And when Aurora's beams set free
The next enliv'ning day,
We 'd turn our flocks at liberty,
And down we 'd sit and play.

SONG II.

THE LINNETS.

As bringing home the other day
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The pretty warblers seem'd to pray
For liberty again.
Unheedful of their plaintive notes
I sprung across the mead,
In vain they tun'd their downy throats,
And warbled to be freed.

As passing through the tufted grove
In which my cottage stood,
I thought I saw the queen of love
When Chlora's charms I view'd.
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay
To hear my tender tale,
But all in vain, she fled away,
Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon through the wounds that love had made
Came pity to my breast,
And thus I, as compassion bade,
The feather'd pair address'd:
"Ye little warblers, cheerful be,
Remember not ye flew;
For I, who thought myself so free,
Am caught as well as you."

SONG III.

THERE 'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

And are you sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he 's weel?
Is this a time to think of wark!
Mak haste, lay by your wheel;
Is this the time to spin a thread,
When Colin's at the door!
Reach me my cloak, I 'll to the quay
And see him come ashore.
For there 's nae luck about the house,
There is nae luck at aw;
There 's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman 's awa.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin 's come to town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockings pearly blue;
'T is aw to pleasure my gudeman,
For he 's baith leel and true.
For there 's nae, &c.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fire side,
Put on the muckle pot,
Gie little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw,
It 's aw to please my ain gudeman,
For he 's been lang awe.
For there 's nae, &c.

There 's twa fat hens upo' the bauk
Been fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And mak the table neat and clean,
Let ev'ry thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa?
Ah, there's nae, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like cauler air,
His very foot has music in 't
As he comes up the stair!
And shall I see his face again,
And shall I hear him speak?
I 'm downright dizzy wi the thought,
In troth I 'm like to greet.
For there 's nae, &c.

"The caul blasts of the winter wind,
That thrilled through my heart,
They 're aw blawn by, I hae him safe,
Till death we 'll never part:
But why should I of parting tauk,
It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw'."
For there 's nae, &c.

' The lines inclosed in inverted commas were inserted by Dr. James Beattie.

If Colin 's weel, and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave—
And gin I live to keep him sae,
I 'm blest aboon the lave.
And shall I see his face again,
And shall I hear him speak?
I 'm downright dizzy wi the thought,
In troth I 'm like to greet.
For there 's nae, &c.

SONG IV.

ESKDALE BRAES[1].

By the banks of the crystal-stream'd Esk,
Where the Wauchope her yellow wave joins,
Where the lambkins on sunny braes bask,
And wild woodbine the shepherd's bower twines.

Maria, disconsolate maid,
Oft sigh'd the still noon-tide away,
Or by moonlight all desolate stray'd,
While woeful she tun'd her love-lay:

Ah! no more from the banks of the Ewes
My shepherd comes cheerly along,
Broomholm[2] and the Deansbanks refuse
To echo the plaints of his song:

No more from the echoes of Ewes,
His dog fondly barking I hear;
No more the tir'd lark he pursues,
And tells me his master draws near.

Ah! woe to the wars and the pride,
Thy heroes, O Esk, could display,
When with laurels they planted thy side,
From France and from Spain borne away.

Oh! why did their honours decoy
My poor shepherd lad from the shore?
Ambition bewitch'd the vain boy,
And oceans between us now roar.

Ah! methinks his pale corse floating by,
I behold on the rude billows toss'd;
Unbury'd his scatter'd bones lie,
Lie bleaching on some desert coast!

By this stream and the May-blossom'd thorn,
That first heard his love-tale and his vows,
My pale ghost shall wander forlorn,
And the willow shall weep o'er my brows.

With the ghosts of the Waas will I wail,
In Warblaw[3] woods join the sad throng,
To *Hallow E'en's* blast tell my tale,
As the spectres, ungrav'd, glide along.

Still the Ewes rolls her paly blue stream,
Old Esk still his crystal tide pours,
Still golden the Wauchope waves gleam,
And still green, oh Broomholm, are thy bowers!

No: blasted they seem to my view,
The rivers in red floods combine!
The turtles their widow'd notes coo,
And mix their sad ditties with mine!

Discolour'd in sorrow's dim shade,
All nature seems with me to mourn,—
Straight the village-bells merrily play'd,
And announc'd her dear Jamie's return.

The woodlands all May-blown appear,
The silver streams murmur new charms,
As, smiling, her Jamie drew near,
And all eager sprung into her arms.

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[1] The scene is laid on the banks where the two rivers of the Wauchope and Ewes join the Esk; on the banks of the former was anciently a castle belonging to the knights templars, on the ruins of which was built the house at which Mr. Mickle's father resided, and where the poet was born. It was composed at the request of Mr. Ballantyne, and was to have been set to music by Mr. commissioner Balmaine, of the Scotch excise, had not death prevented him. Both these gentlemen were born in this district.

[2] The seat of John Maxwell, esq. author of the celebrated Essay on Tune; Deansbanks, so called from the dean of the knights templars.

[3] The skirts of this very picturesque mountain form a bank for the Esk and the Wauchope, and are covered with a beautiful and romantic wood.

FRAGMENTS.

Tell me, gentle Echo, tell,
Where and how my lover fell?
On the cold grass did he lie,
Crown'd with laurels did he die?
Echo twice gave swift reply, [did die."
" Crown'd with laurels, crown'd with laurels, he
His snow-white breast was stain'd with gore,
A cruel sword his bosom tore.
Say, with his parting vital flame,
Did he sigh Ophelia's name?
Was he constant, still the same?
Echo sigh'd " Ophelia's name."
When in honour's bed he lay,
And breath'd his gallant soul away,
Ye gentler spirits of the air,
Why was not Ophelia there?
Echo answer'd her despair,
" Why was not Ophelia there?"
While the full Moon's paly ray
Sleeping on the hill-side lay,
Thus to Echo through the glade
The lovely maniac talk'd and stray'd:
Straight on fancy's wild wing borne,
By the glimpse of op'ning morn
She saw—or thought she saw, her love
Lie bleeding.....

Come, gentle peace, on ev'ry breathing gale,
O come, and guard the slumbers of the vale;
Awake, gay mirth and glee, with playful wile,
Wake with the morn, and o'er the landscape smile!

" Upbraid me not, nor thankless fly
The grace I would bestow;"
(Sir Cadwal sat in window high,
King Edward stood below.)

" But friendly to thyself receive
The bounties I intend;—
A knight among my knights to live,
And be my table friend."
" Yestreen, at midnight's solemn hour,
When deep the darkness lay,
I rose my orisons to pour
Before the op'ning day:
When horrid yells my ears astound,
And screams of dismal cry
Echo'd from ev'ry hill far round,
Howl on the winds and die.
And wake again:—And far and wide,
With yellow glimm'ring light,
The scatter'd flames on ev'ry side
Strike horrour on the sight.
Ah! what a scene the Sun survey'd,
When o'er yon lake he rose!
Our villages in ashes laid,
And prone in dust our brows;
Our manly brows, form'd to command,
Low bend beneath thy rage:
Insult me not—from thy dire hand
No off'ring can assuage!"
" Unbar, proud Cadwal," Edward cried,
" Unbar thy gates of steel——"
.....
Black rose the smoke with dust inflate,
And red sparks darted through;
With brain benumb'd, and faltering gait,
King Edward slow withdrew.
The gilded roofs and towers of stone
Now instant all around,
With sudden crash and dreadful groan
Rush thund'ring to the ground.
Sir Cadwal's harp his hand obey'd,
He felt a prophet's fire;
And mid the flames, all undismay'd,
He struck the sacred lyre.
.....

ON HIS BROTHER'S DEATH.

Hence, ye vain nymphs, that in th' Aonian shade
Boast to inspire the fancy's raptur'd dream,
Far other powers my wounded soul invade,
And lead me by the banks of other stream.
Ye, that beheld when Salem's bard divine
On Chebar's willows hung his silent lyre,
While Judah's yoke, and Zion's ruin'd shrine,
Did ev'ry thought with bleeding woe inspire,
From Siloe's banks or Carmel's lonely dells,
O come, ye angels of the melting heart;
O come, with ev'ry gen'rous pang that dwells
In friendship's bitterest tender bleeding smart!
Still to my eyes the dear lov'd form appears,
But ah! how chang'd; the prey of fell disease!
Cold gleams the eye, the cheek pale languor wears,
And weakness trembles in the wasted knees.
Ah! what dear plans with future action fraught,
With beauteous prospect rose in friendship's eye:
And must, oh Heaven, can nature bear the thought?
Must these dear views like morning shadows fly?
Yes, nature weeps, and virtue joins her flame,
And, mourning o'er the woes herself inspir'd,
Repeats the friend's, the brother's, sacred name,
And fondly views each scene herself desir'd.
Yes, friendship cannot quit her darling field,
Still bids each hope display its fairest bloom,
Then sick'ning sees each promis'd joy withheld,
And sink with Cassio to the dreary tomb.

ALMADA HILL.

AN EPISTLE FROM LISBON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Though no subjects are more proper for poetry than those which are founded upon historical retrospect, the author of such a poem lies under very particular disadvantages: every one can understand and relish a work merely fictitious, descriptive, or sentimental: but a previous acquaintance, and even intimacy, with the history and characters upon which the other poem is founded, is absolutely necessary to do justice to its author. Without such previous knowledge, the ideas which he would convey pass unobserved, as in an unknown tongue; and the happiest allusion, if he is fortunate enough to attain any thing worthy of that name, is unfelt and unseen. Under these disadvantages, the following epistle is presented to the public, whose indulgence and candour the author has already amply experienced.

In the twelfth century, Lisbon, and great part of Portugal and Spain, were in possession of the Moors. Alphonso, the first king of Portugal, having gained several victories over that people, was laying siege to Lisbon, when Robert, duke of Gloucester, on his way to the Holy Land, appeared upon the coast of that kingdom. As the cause was the same, Robert was easily persuaded to make his first crusade in Portugal. He demanded that the storming of the castle of Lisbon, situated on a considerable hill, and whose ruins show it to have been of great strength, should be allotted to him, while Alphonso was to assail the walls and the city. Both leaders were successful; and Alphonso, among the rewards which he bestowed upon the English, granted to those who were wounded, or unable to proceed to Palestine, the castle of Almada, and the adjoining lands.

The river Tagus, below and opposite to Lisbon, is edged by steep grotesque rocks, particularly on the south side. Those on the south are generally higher and much more magnificent and pituresque than the cliffs of Dover. Upon one of the highest of these, and directly opposite to Lisbon, remain the stately ruins of the castle of Almada.

In December, 1779, as the author was wandering among these ruins, he was struck with the idea and formed the plan of the following poem; an idea which, it may be allowed, was natural to the translator of the Lusiad; and the plan may, in some degree, be called a Supplement to that work.

The following poem, except the corrections and a few lines, was written in Portugal. The descriptive parts are strictly local. The finest prospect of Lisbon and the Tagus (which is there about four miles broad) is from Almada, which also commands the adjacent country from the rock of Cintra to the castle and city of Palmela, an extent of about fifty miles. This magnificent view is completed by

the extensive opening at the mouth of the Tagus, about ten miles below, which discovers the Atlantic ocean.

While you, my friend, from low'ring wintry plains,
Now pale with snows, now black with drizzling rains,
From leafless woodlands, and dishonour'd bowers
Mantled by gloomy mists, or lash'd by showers
Of hollow moan, while not a struggling beam
Steals from the Sun to play on Isis' stream;
While from these scenes by England's winter spread,
Swift to the cheerful hearth your steps are led,
Pleas'd from the threat'ning tempest to retire,
And join the circle round the social fire;
In other climes through sun-bask'd scenes I stray,
As the fair landscape leads my thoughtful way,
As upland path, oft winding, bids me rove
Where orange bowers invite, or olive grove,
No sullen phantoms brooding o'er my breast,
The genial influence of the clime I taste;
Yet still regardful of my native shore,
In ev'ry scene my roaming eyes explore,
Whate'er its aspect, still, by mem'ry brought,
My fading country rushes on my thought.
While now perhaps the classic page you turn,
And warm'd with honest indignation burn,
Till hopeless, sicklied by the climate's gloom,
Your gen'rous fears call forth Britannia's doom,
What hostile spears her sacred lawns invade,
By friends deserted, by her chiefs betray'd,
Low fall'n and vanquish'd!—I, with mind serene
As Lisboa's sky, yet pensive as the scene
Around, and pensive seems the scene to me,
From other ills my country's fate foresee.
Not from the hands that wield Iberia's spear,
Not from the hands that Gaul's proud thunders bear,
Nor those that turn on Albion's breast the sword,
Beat down of late by Albion, when it gor'd
Their own, who impious doom their parent's fall
Beneath the world's great foe, th' insidious Gaul;
Yes, not from these the immedicable wound
Of Albion—other is the bane profound
Destin'd alone to touch her mortal part;
Herself is sick and poison'd at the heart.
O'er Tago's banks where'er I roll mine eyes,
The gallant deeds of ancient days arise;
The scenes the Lusian Muses fond display'd
Before me oft, as oft at eve I stray'd;
By Isis' hallow'd stream. Oft now the strand
Where Gama march'd his death-devoted [1] band,
While Lisboa, aw'd with horrour, saw him spread
The daring sails that first to India led;
And oft Almada's castled steep inspires
The pensive Muse's visionary fires;
Almada Hill to English mem'ry dear,
While shades of English heroes wander here.
To ancient English valour sacred still
Remains, and ever shall, Almada Hill;
The hill and lawns to English valour given,
What time the Arab Moors from Spain were driven,
Before the banners of the cross subdu'd,
When Lisboa's towers were bathed in Moorish blood
By Glo'ster's lance.—Romantic days that yield
Of gallant deeds a wide luxuriant field,
Dear to the Muse that loves the fairy plains,
Where ancient honour wild and ardent reigns.
Where high o'er Tago's flood Almada lowers,
Amid the solemn pomp of mouldering towers
Supinely seated, wide and far around
My eye delighted wanders. Here the bound
Of fair Europa o'er the ocean rears
Its western edge; where dimly disappears
The Atlantic wave, the slow descending day
Mild beaming pours serene the gentle ray
Of Lusitania's winter, silvering o'er
The tower-like summits of the mountain shore;
Dappling the lofty cliffs, that coldly throw
Their sable horrours o'er the vales below.
Far round the stately-shoulder'd river bends
Its giant arms, and sea-like wide extends
Its midland bays, with fertile islands crown'd,
And lawns for English valour still renown'd;
Given to Cornwallia's gallant sons of yore,
Cornwallia's name the smiling pastures bore;
And still their lord his English lineage boasts
From Rolland, famous in the croisade hosts.
Where sea-ward narrower rolls the shining tide
Through hills by hills embosom'd on each side,
Monastic walls in ev'ry glen arise
In coldest white fair glist'ning to the skies
Amid the brown-brow'd rocks; and, far as sight,
Proud domes and villages array'd in white [2]
Climb o'er the steeps, and through the dusky green
Of olive groves, and orange bowers between,
Speckled with glowing red, unnumber'd gleam—
And Lisboa, tow'ring o'er the lordly stream,
Her marble palaces and temples spreads
Wildly magnific o'er the loaded heads
Of bending hills, along whose high-pil'd base
The port capacious, in a moon'd embrace,
Throws her mast-forest, waving on the gale
The vanes of ev'ry shore that hoists the sail.
Here, while the Sun from Europe's breast retires,
Let fancy, roaming as the scene inspires,
Pursue the present and the past restore,
And Nature's purpose in her steps explore.
Nor you, my friend, admiring Rome, disdain
Th' Iberian fields and Lusitanian Spain.
While Italy, obscur'd in tawdry blaze,
A motley modern character displays,
And languid trims her long exhausted store,
Iberia's fields, with rich and genuine ore

[1] The expedition of Vasco de Gama, the discoverer of the East Indies, was extremely unpopular, as it was esteemed impracticable. His embarkation is strongly marked by Osorius the historian. Gama, before he went on board, spent the night along with the crews of his squadron, in the chapel of our Lady at Belem, on the spot where the noble Gothic church now stands, adjoining the convent of St. Jerome.

In the chapel they bound themselves to obedience to Gama, and devoted themselves to death. "On the next day, when the adventurers marched to their ships, the shore of Belem presented one of the most solemn and affecting scenes perhaps recorded in history. The beach was covered with the inhabitants of Lisbon. A numerous procession of priests, in their robes, sung anthems, and offered up invocations to Heaven. Every one beheld the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dreadful execution, as rushing upon certain death." Introduction to the Lusiad.

[2] The houses in Portugal are generally whitened on the outside, white being esteemed as repulsive of the rays of the Sun.

Of ancient manners woo the traveller's eye;
And scenes untrac'd in ev'ry landscape lie.
Here ev'ry various dale with lessons fraught
Calls to the wanderer's visionary thought
What mighty deeds the lofty hills of Spain
Of old have witness'd.—From the ev'ning main
Her mountain tops the Tyrian pilots saw
In lightnings wrapp'd, and thrill'd with sacred awe,
Through Greece the tales of gorgons, hydras spread,
And Geryon dreadful with the triple head;
The stream of Lethe[3], and the dread abodes
Of forms gigantic, and infernal gods.
But soon, by fearless lust of gold impell'd,
They min'd the mountain, and explor'd the field;
Till Rome and Carthage, fierce for empire, strove,
As for their prey two famish'd birds of Jove.
The rapid Durius then and Bœtis' flood
Were dy'd with Roman and with Punic blood,
While oft the lengthening plains and mountain sides
Seem'd moving on, slow rolling tides on tides,
When from Pyrene's summits Afric pour'd
Her armies, and o'er Rome destruction lower'd.

Here while the youth revolves some hero's fame,
If patriot zeal his British breast inflame,
Here let him trace the fields to freedom dear,
Where low in dust lay Rome's invading spear;
Where Viriatus[4] proudly trampled o'er
Fasces and Roman eagles steep'd in gore;
Or where he fell, with honest laurels crown'd,
The awful victim of a treacherous wound;
A wound still bath'd in honour's gen'rous tear,
While freedom's wounds the brave and good revere;
Still pouring fresh th' inexpiable stain
O'er Rome's patrician honour, false and vain!

Or should the pride of bold revolt inspire,
And touch his bosom with unhallow'd fire;
If merit spurn'd demand stern sacrifice,
O'er Ev'ra's[5] fields let dread Sertorius rise,
Dy'd in his country's blood, in all the pride
Of wrongs reveng'd, illustrious let him ride
Enshrin'd, o'er Spain, in victory's dazzling rays,
Till Rome looks pale beneath the mounting blaze.
But let the British wand'rer through the dales
Of Ev'ra stray, while midnight tempest wails:
There, as the hoary villagers relate,
Sertorius, Sylla, Marius, weep their fate.
Their spectres gliding on the lightning blue,
Oft doom'd their ancient stations to renew;
Sertorius bleeding on Perpenna's knife,
And Marius sinking in ambition's strife:

As forest boars entangled in a chain,
Dragg'd on, as stings each leader's rage or pain;
And each the furious leader in his turn,
Till low they lie, a ghastly wreck forlorn.

And say, ye tramplers on your country's mounds,
Say, who shall fix the swelling torrent's bounds?
Or who shall sail the pilot of the flood?
Alas, full oft, some worthless trunk of wood
Is whirl'd into the port, blind fortune's boast,
While noblest vessels, founder'd, strew the coast!

If wars of fairer fame and old applause,
That bear the title of our country's cause
To humanise barbarians, and to raise
Our country's prowess, their asserted praise;
If these delight, Hispania's dales display
The various arts and toils of Roman sway.
Here jealous Cato[6] laid the cities waste,
And Julius[6] here in fairer pride replac'd,
Till ages saw the labours of the plough
By ev'ry river, and the barren bough
Of laurel shaded by the olive's bloom,
And grateful Spain the strength of lordly Rome;
Her's mighty bards[7], and her's the sacred earth
That gave the world a friend in Trajan's birth.

When Rome's wide empire, a luxurious prey,
Debas'd in false refinement nerveless lay,
The northern hordes on Europe's various climes
Planted their ruling virtues and their crimes.
Cloister'd by Tyber's stream the slothful stay'd,
To Seine and Loire the gay and friv'lous stray'd,
A sordid group the Belgian marshes pleas'd,
And Saxony's wild forests freedom seiz'd,
There held her juries, pois'd the legal scales:—
And Spain's romantic hills and lonely dales
The pensive lover sought; and Spain became
The land of gallantry and am'rous flame.
Hail, favour'd clime! whose lone retreats inspire
The softest dreams of languishing desire,
Affections trembling with a glow all holy,
Wildly sublime, and sweetly melancholy;
Till rapt devotion to the fair, refine
And bend each passion low at honour's shrine.
So felt the iron Goth when here he brought
His worship of the fair with valour fraught.
Soon as Iberia's mountains fix'd his home
He rose a character unknown to Rome;
His manners wildly colour'd as the flowers
And flaunting plumage of Brazilian bowers:
New to the world as these, yet polish'd more
Than e'er the pupil of the attic lore
Might proudly boast. On man's bold arm robust
The tender fair reclines with fondest trust:
With Nature's finest touch exulting glows
The manly breast which that fond aid bestows:
That first of gen'rous joys on man bestow'd,
In Gothic Spain in all its fervour glow'd.
Then high burn'd honour; and the dread alarms
Of danger then assum'd the dearest charms.
What for the fair was dar'd or suffer'd, bore
A saint-like merit, and was envy'd more;
Till led by love-sick fancy's dazzled flight,
From court to court forth roam'd adventure's knight
And tilts and tournaments, in mimic wars,
Supply the triumphs and the honour'd scars
Of arduous battles for their country fought,
Till the keen relish of the marv'llous wrought

[3] The river of Lima, in the north of Portugal, said to be the Lethe of the ancients, is thus mentioned by Cellarius in his Geographia Antiqua. "Fabulosus Oblivionis fluvius Limia, ultra Lusitaniam in septentrione." It runs through a most romantic and beautiful district; from which circumstance it probably received the name of the river of Oblivion, the first strangers who visited it forgetting their native country, and being willing to continue on its banks. The same reason of forgetfulness is ascribed to the Lotos by Homer, Odys. ix. There is another Lethe of the ancients in Africa.

[4] This great man is called by Florus, the Romulus of Spain. What is here said of him is agreeable to history.

[5] Ebora, now Evora, was the principal residence of Sertorius.

[6] According to history, this different policy is strikingly characteristic of those celebrated names

[7] Lucan, Martial, Seneca.

All wild and fever'd; and each peaceful shade,
With batter'd armour deck'd, its knight display'd,
In soothing transport list'ning to the strain
Of dwarfs and giants, and of monsters slain;
Of spells all horrour, and enchanters dire,
And the sweet banquet of the am'rous fire,
When knights and ladies chaste, reliev'd from thrall,
Hold love's high holiday in bower and hall.
'T was thus, all pleasing to the languid thought,
With magic power the tales of magic wrought;
Till by the Muses arm'd, in all the ire
Of wit, resistless as electric fire,
Forth rode La Mancha's knight; and sudden fled
Goblins and beauteous nymphs, and pagans dread,
As the delirious dream of sickness flies,
When health returning smiles from vernal skies.
But turn we now from chivalry deceas'd,
To chivalry when honour's wreath she seiz'd
From wisdom's hand. From Taurus' rugged steep,
And Caucasus, far round with headlong sweep,
As wolves wild howling from their famish'd den,
Rush'd the devouring bands of Saracen:
Their savage genius, giant-like and blind,
Trampling with sullen joy on human kind;
Assyria lay its own uncover'd grave,
And Gallia trembled to the Atlantic wave:
In awful waste the fairest cities moan'd,
And human liberty expiring groan'd
When chivalry arose:—her ardent eye
Sublime, that fondly mingl'd with the sky,
Where patience watch'd, and stedfast purpose frown'd,
Mix'd with devotion's fire, she darted round,
Stern and indignant; on her glitt'ring shield
The cross she bore, and proudly to the field
High plum'd she rush'd, by honour's dazzling fir'd,
Conscious of Heaven's own cause, and all inspir'd
By holy vows, as on the frowning tower
The lightning vollies, on the crested power
Of Saracen she wing'd her javelin's way,
And the wide-wasting giant prostrate lay.
Let supercilious wisdom's smiling pride
The passion wild of these bold days deride;
But let the humbler sage with reverence own
That something sacred glows, of name unknown,
Glows in the deeds that Heav'n delights to crown;
Something that boasts an impulse uncontroll'd
By school-taught prudence, and its maxims cold.
Fir'd at the thought, methinks on sacred ground
I tread, where'er I cast mine eyes around,
Palmela's[8] hill and Cintra's summits tell
How the grim Saracen's dread legions fell;
Turbans and scimitars in carnage roll'd,
And their moon'd ensigns torn from every hold:
Yes, let the youth whose gen'rous search explores
The various lessons of Iberia's shores,
Let him as wand'ring at the Muse's hour
Of eve or morn, where low the Moorish tower,
Fallen from its rocky height and tyrant sway,
Lies scatter'd o'er the dale in fragments grey,
Let him with joy behold the hills around,
With olive forests and with vineyards crown'd,
All grateful pouring on the hands that rear
Their fruit, the fruitage of the bounteous year.

Then let his mind to fair Ionia turn,—
Alas! how waste Ionia's landscapes mourn;
And thine, O beauteous Greece, amid the towers
Where dreadful still the Turkish banner lowers;
Beneath whose gloom, unconscious of the stain
That dims his soul, the peasant hugs his chain.
And whence these woes debasing human kind?
Eunuchs in heart, in polish'd sloth reclin'd,
Thy sons, degenerate Greece, ignobly bled,
And fair Byzantium bow'd th' imperial head;
While Tago's iron race, in dangers steel'd,
All ardour, dar'd the horrours of the field.
The towers of Venice trembl'd o'er her flood,
And Paris' gates aghast and open stood;
Low lay her peers on Fontarabia's[9] plains;
And Lisboa groan'd beneath stern Mah'met's chains:
Vain was the hope the north might rest unspoil'd;
When stern Iberia's spirit fierce recoil'd.
As from the toils the wounded lion bounds,
And tears the hunters and the sated hounds;
So smarting with his wounds th' Iberian tore,
And to his sun-scorch'd regions drove the Moor:
The vengeful Moors, as mastiffs on their prey,
Return'd; as heavy clouds their deep array
Blacken'd o'er Tago's banks. As Sagrez[10] braves
And stems the furious rage of Afric's waves,
So brav'd, so stood the Lusitanian bands,
The southern bulwark of Europa's lands.
Such were the foes by chivalry repell'd,
And such the honours that adorn'd her shield.
And ask what Christian Europe owes the high
And ardent soul of gallant chivalry,
Ask, and let Turkish Europe's groans reply!
As through the pictur'd abbey window gleams
The evening Sun with bold though fading beams,
So through the reverend shade of ancient days
Gleam these bold deeds with dim yet golden rays.
But let not glowing fancy as it warms
O'er these, high honour's youthful pride in arms,
Forget the stern ambition and the worth
Of minds mature, by patriot kings call'd forth;
That worth which rous'd the nation to explore
Old Ocean's wildest waves and furthest shore.
By human eye untempted, unexplor'd,
An awful solitude, old Ocean roar'd:
As to the fearful dove's impatient eye
Appears the height untry'd of upper sky;
So seem'd the last dim wave, in boundless space
Involv'd and lost, when Tago's gallant race,
As eagles fixing on the Sun their eyes,
Through gulfs unknown explor'd the morning skies,
And taught the wond'ring world the grand design
Of parent Heav'n, that shore to shore should join
In bands of mutual aid, from sky to sky,
And ocean's wildest waves the chain supply.
And here, my friend, how many a trophy woos
The Briton's earnest eye, and British Muse!

[8] Palmela's hill and Cintra's summits are both seen from Almada, and were principal forts of the Moors. They were stormed by Alphonso I. about the time of the conquest of Lisbon.

[9] The irruption of the Mohammedans into Europe gave rise to that species of poetry called romance. The Orlando Furioso is founded upon the invasion of France,

When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia —— Milton.

[10] The promontory of Sagrez, where Henry, duke of Viseo, resided and established his naval school, is on the southern part of Portugal, opposite to Africa.

Here bids the youthful traveller's care forego
The arts of elegance and polish'd show;
Bids other arts his nobler thoughts engage,
And wake to highest aim his patriot rage;
Those arts which rais'd that race of men, who shone
The heroes of their age on Lisboa's throne.
What mighty deeds in filial order flow'd,
While each still brighter than its parent glow'd,
Till Henry's naval school its heroes pour'd
From pole to pole where'er ocean roar'd!
Columbus, Gama, and Magellan's name,
Its deathless boast; and all of later fame
Its offspring—kindling o'er the view, the Muse
The naval pride of those bright days reviews;
Sees Gama's sails, that first to India bore,
In awful hope, evanish from the shore;
Sees from the silken regions of the morn
What fleets of gay triumphant vanes return!
What heroes, plum'd with conquest, proudly bring
The eastern sceptres to the Lusian king!
When sudden, rising on the evening gale,
Methinks I hear the ocean's murmurs wail,
And every breeze repeat the woeful tale,
How bow'd, how fell proud Lisboa's naval throne—
Ah Heaven, how cold the boding thoughts rush on!
Methinks I hear the shades that hover round
Of English heroes heave the sigh profound,
Prophetic of the kindred fate that lowers
O'er Albion's fleets and London's proudest towers.

Broad was the firm-bas'd structure, and sublime,
That Gama fondly rear'd on India's clime:
On justice and benevolence he plac'd
Its pond'rous weight, and warlike trophies grac'd
Its mountain turrets; and o'er Asia wide
Great Albuquerk[11] renown'd, its gen'rous pride.
The injur'd native sought its friendly shade,
And India's princes bless'd its powerful aid;
Till from corrupted passion's basest hour
Rose the dread demon of tyrannic power.
Sampayo's heart, where dauntless valour reign'd,
And counsel deep, she seiz'd and foul profan'd.
Then the straight road where sacred justice leads,
Where for its plighted compact honour bleeds,
Was left, and holy patriot zeal gave place
To lust of gold and self-devotion base:
Deceitful art the chief's sole guide became,
And breach of faith was wisdom; slaughter, fame.
Yet though from far his hawk-eye mark'd its prey,
Soon through the rocks that cross'd his crooked way,
As a toil'd bull fiercely he stumbled on,
Till low he lay, dishonour'd and o'erthrown.

Others, without his valour or his art,
With all his interested rage of heart,
Follow'd, as blighting mists on Gama's toil,
And undermin'd and rent the mighty pile;
Convulsions dread its deep foundations tore;
Its bending head the scath of lightning bore:
Its fallen turrets desolation spread;
And from its faithless shade in horrour fled
The native tribes—yet not at once subdued;
Its pristine strength long storms on storms withstood:
A Nunio's justice, and a Castro's sword,
Oft rais'd its turrets, and its dread restor'd.
Yet, like the sunshine of a winter's day
On Norway's coast, soon died the transient ray.

A tyrant race, who own'd no country[12], came,
Deep to intrench themselves their only aim;
With lust of rapine fever'd and athirst,
With the unhallow'd rage of gain accurs'd;
Against each spring of action, on the breast,
For wisest ends, by Nature's hand impress'd,
Stern war they wag'd; and blindly ween'd, alone
On brutal dread, to fix their cruel throne.
The wise and good, with indignation fir'd,
Silent from their unhallow'd board retir'd;
The base and cunning stay'd, and, slaves avow'd,
Submiss to ev'ry insult smiling bow'd.
Yet while they smil'd and bow'd the abject head,
In chains unfelt their tyrant lords they led;
Their avarice, watching as a bird of prey,
O'er every weakness, o'er each vice held sway;
Till secret art assum'd the thwarting face,
And dictate bold; and ruin and disgrace
Clos'd the unworthy scene. Now trampled low
Beneath the injur'd native, and the foe
From Belgia lur'd by India's costly prey,
Thy glorious structure, Gama, prostrate lay;
And lies in desolated awful gloom,
Dread and instructive as a ruin'd tomb.

Nor less on Tago's than on India's coast
Was ancient Lusian virtue stain'd and lost:
On Tago's banks, heroic ardour's foes,
A soft, luxurious, tinsel'd race, arose;
Of lofty boastful look and pompous show,
Triumphant tyrants o'er the weak and low:
Yet wildly starting from the gaming board
At ev'ry distant brandish of the sword;
Already conquer'd by uncertain dread,
Imploring peace with feeble hands out-spread;—
Such peace as trembling suppliants still obtain,
Such peace they found beneath the yoke of Spain;
And the wide empires of the east no more
Pour'd their redundant horns on Lisboa's shore.

Alas, my friend, how vain the fairest boast
Of human pride! how soon is empire lost!
The pile by ages rear'd to awe the world,
By one degenerate race to ruin hurl'd!
And shall the Briton view that downward race
With eye unmov'd, and no sad likeness trace!
Ah, Heaven! in ev'ry scene, by mem'ry brought,
My fading country rushes on my thought.

From Lisboa now the frequent vesper bell
Vibrates o'er Tago's stream with solemn knell.
Turn'd by the call my pensive eye surveys
That mighty scene of hist'ry's shame and praise.
Methinks I hear the yells of horrour rise
From slaughter'd thousands shrieking[13] to the skies,

[11] Albuquerk, Sampayo, Nunio, Castro, are distinguished characters in the Lusiad, and in the history of Portuguese Asia.

[12] Before the total declension of the Portugese in Asia, and while they were subject to Spain, the principal people, says the historian Faria, who were mostly a mixed race born in India, lost all affection for the mother country, nor had any regard for any of the provinces, where they were only sons of strangers: and present emolument became their sole object.

[13] Besides the total slaughter of the Moors at the taking of Lisbon, other massacres have bathed the streets of that city in blood. King Fernando, surnamed the Careless, was driven from Lisbon by a bloody insurrection, headed by one Velasquez, a tailor. Some time after, on the death of Fernando, Adeyro, the queen's favourite, was stabbed in her presence, the bishop of Lisbon was thrown from

As factious rage or blinded zeal of yore [gore.
Roll'd their dire char ot wheels through streams of
Now throbs of other glow my soul employ;
I hear the tr umph of a nation's joy [14],
From bondage resou'd and the foreign sword,
And independence and the throne restor'd!
Hark, what low sound from Cintra's rock! the air
Trembles with horrour; fainting lightnings glare;
Shrill crows the cock, the dogs give dismal yell;
And with the whirlwind's roar full comes the swell;
Convulsive staggers rock th' eternal ground,
And heave the Tagus from his b d profound;
A dark red cloud the towers of Lisboa veils;
Ah Heaven, what dreadful groan! the rising gales
Bring light; and Lisboa smoking in the dust
Lies fall'n.—The wide-spread ruins, still august,
Still show the footsteps where the dreadful God
Of earthquake, cloth'd in howling darkness, trod;
Where mid foul weeds the heaps of marble tell
From what proud height the spacious temples fell;
And penury and sloth of squalid mien
Beneath the roofless palace walls [15] are seen
In savage hovels, where the tapst'ried floor
Was trod by nobles and by kings before:
How like, alas! her Indian empire's state!
How like the city's and the nation's fate!
Yet time points forward to a brighter day;
Points to the domes that stretch their fair array
Through the brown ruins, lifting to the sky
A loftier brow and mien of promise high;
Points to the river-shore, where wide and grand
The courts of commerce and her walks expand,
As an imperial palace [16] to retain
The universal queen, and fix her reign;
Where pleas'd she hears the groaning oar resound;
By magazines and ars'nals mounded round,
Whose yet unfinished grandeur proudly boasts
The fairest hope of either India's coasts,
And bids the Muse's eye in vision roam
Through mighty scenes in ages long to come.
Forgive, fair Thames, the song of truth, that pays
To Tago's empress-stream superior praise;
O'er every vauntful river be it thine
To boast the guardian shield of laws divine;
But yield to Tagus all the sov'reign state
By Nature's gift bestow'd and partial fate,
The sea-like port and central sway to pour
Her fleets, by happiest course, on ev'ry shore.
When from the sleep of ages dark and dread,
Thy genius, Commerce, rear'd her infant head,
Her cradle bland on Tago's lap she chose,
And soon to wond'ring childhood sprightly rose;
And when to green and youthful vigour grown,
On Tago's breast she fix'd her central throne;
Far from the hurricane's resistless sweep
That tears with thund'ring rage the Carib deep;
Far from the foul-wing'd winter that deforms
And rolls the northern main with storms on storms;
Beneath salubrious skies, to summer gales
She gives the vent'rous and returning sails:
The smiling isles, named Fortunate of old,
First on her Ocean's bosom fair unfold:
Thy world, Columbus, spreads its various breast,
Proud to be first by Lisboa's waves caress'd;
And Afric woos and leads her easy way
To the fair regions of the rising day.
If Turkey's drugs invite or silken pride,
Thy straits, Alcides, give the ready tide;
And turn the prow, and soon each shore expands
From Gallia's coast to Europe's northern lands.
When Heav'n decreed low to the dust to bring
That lofty oak [17], Assyria's boastful king,
Deep, said the angel-voice, the roots secure
With bands of brass, and let the life endure,
For yet his head shall rise.—And deep remain
The living roots of Lisboa's ancient reign;
Deep in the castled isles on Asia's strand,
And firm in fair Brazilia's wealthy land.
And say, while ages roll their length'ning train,
Shall Nature's gifts to Tagus still prove vain,
An idle waste!—A dawn of brightest ray
Has boldly promis'd the returning day
Of Lisboa's honours, fairer than her prime
Lost by a rude unletter'd age's crime—
Now Heaven-taught science and her liberal band
Of arts, and dictates by experience plann'd,
Beneath the smiles of a benignant queen
Boast the fair opening of a reign serene [18],
Of omen high.—And Camoens' ghost no more
Wails the neglected Muse on Tago's shore;
No more his tears the barb'rous age upbraid [19]:
His griefs and wrongs all sooth'd, his happy shade

the tower of his own cathedral, and the massacre of all the queen's adherents became general; and many were murdered under that pretence, by those who had an enmity against them. In 1505 between two and three thousand Jews were massacred in Lisbon in the space of three days, and many Christians were also murdered by their private enemies under a similar pretence that they were of the Hebrew race. Thousands flocked in from the country to assist in their destruction, and the crews of some French and Dutch ships then in the river, says Osorious, were particularly active in murdering and plundering.

[14] When the Spanish yoke was thrown off, and the duke of Braganza ascended the throne under the title of John IV. This is one of the most remarkable events in history, and does the Portuguese nation infinite honour.

[15] This description is literally just. Whole families, of all ages, are every where seen among the ruins, the only covering of their habitations being ragged fragments of sail cloth; and their common bed dirty straw. The magnificent and extensive ruins of the palace of Braganza contain several hundreds of these idle people, much more wretched in their appearance than the gipsies of England.

[16] The Praza de Commercio, or Forum of Commerce, is one of the largest and most magnificent squares in Europe. Three sides consist of the Exchange and the public offices; the fourth is formed by the Tagus, which is here edged by an extensive and noble wharf, built of coarse marble.

[17] See Daniel, c. iv.

[18] Alludes to the establishment of the Royal Academy of Lisbon in May 1780, under the presidency of the most illustrious prince don John of Braganza, duke of Lafoens, &c. &c. &c. The author was present at the ceremony of its commencement, and had the honour to be admitted a member.

[19] Camoens, the first poet of Portugal, published his Lusiad at a time of the deepest declension of public virtue, when the Portuguese empire in India was falling into rapid decay, when literature was

Beheld th' Ulysses [20] of his age return
To Tago's banks; and earnest to adorn
The hero's brows, he weaves the Elysian crown,
What time the letter'd chiefs of old renown,
And patriot heroes, in the Elysian bowers
Shall hail Braganza! Of the fairest flowers
Of Helicon, entwin'd with laurel leaves,
From Maxen field, the deathless wreath he weaves;
Anxious alone, nor be his vows in vain,
That long his toil unfinish'd may remain!
The view how grateful to the liberal mind,
Whose glow of heart embraces human kind,
To see a nation rise! But ah, my friend,
How dire the pangs to mark our own descend!
With ample pow'rs from ruin still to save,
Yet as a vessel on the furious wave,
Through sunken rocks and rav'nous whirlpools tost,
Each pow'r to save in counter-action lost,
Where, while combining storms the decks o'erwhelm,
Timidity slow faulters at the helm,
The crew, in mutiny, from ev'ry mast
Tearing its strength, and yielding to the blast;
By faction's stern and gloomy lust of change,
And selfish rage inspir'd and dark revenge—
Nor ween, my friend, that favouring fate forebodes
That Albion's state, the toil of demi-gods,
From ancient manners pure, through ages long,
And from unnumber'd friendly aspects sprung,
When poison'd at the heart its soul expires,
Shall e'er again resume its gen'rous fires:
No future day may such fair frame restore:
When Albion falls, she falls to rise no more!

STANZAS.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY STUDIOUS OF BOTANY.

Say, gentle lady of the bower,
For thou, though young, art wise,
And known to thee is ev'ry flower
Beneath our milder skies:

Say, which the plant of modest dye,
And lovely mien combin'd,
That fittest to the pensive eye
Displays the virtuous mind?

I sought the groves where innocence
Methought might long reside;
But April's blossoms banish'd thence,
Gave summer, Flora's pride.

I sought the garden's boasted haunt,
But on the gay parterre
Carnations glow, and tulips flaunt,
No humble flow'ret there.

"The flow'r you seek," the nymph replies,
"Has bow'd the languid head;
For on its bloom the blazing skies
Their sultry rage have shed.

"'T is now the downward withering day
Of winter's dull presage,
That seeks not where the dog-star's ray
Has shed his fiercest rage.

"Yet search yon shade, obscure, forlorn,
Where rude the bramble grows;
There, shaded by the humble thorn,
The lingering primrose blows."

ON

PASSING THE BRIDGE OF ALCANTRA,

NEAR LISBON,

WHERE CAMOENS IS REPORTED TO HAVE CHOSEN HIS STATION, WHEN AGE AND NECESSITY COMPELLED HIM TO BEG HIS DAILY SUSTENANCE.

Oft as at pensive eve I pass the brook
Where Lisboa's Maro, old and suppliant, stood,
Fancy his injur'd eld and sorrows rude
Brought to my view. 'T was night: with cheerless look
Methought he bow'd the head in languid mood,
As pale with penury in darkling nook
Forlorn he watch'd. Sudden the skies partook
A mantling blaze, and warlike forms intrude.
Here Gama's semblance braves the boiling main,
And Lusitania's warriors hurl the spear;
But whence that flood of light that bids them rest
Their lofty brows? From thy neglected strain,
Camoens, unseen by vulgar eye it flows; [owes
That glorious blaze, to thee, thy thankless country

STANZAS ON MR. GARRICK.

Fair was the graceful form Prometheus made,
Its front the image of the god display'd:
All Heav'n approv'd it ere Minerva stole
The fire of Jove, and kindled up the soul.

[20] This title is given by the Portuguese historians to don John, one of the younger sons of John I. of Portugal, who had visited every court of Europe. The same title is no less due to the present illustrious descendant of his family, the duke of Lafoens. His grace, who has within these few years returned to his native country, was about twenty-two years absent from it. During the late war, he was a volunteer in the army of the empress queen, in which he served as lieutenant-general, and particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Maxen, where the Prussians were defeated. After the peace, he not only visited every court of Europe, most of whose languages he speaks fluently, but also travelled to Turkey and Egypt, and even to Lapland. His grace is no less distinguished by his taste for the belles lettres, than for his extensive knowledge of history and science.

So Shakspeare's page, the flow'r of poesy,
Ere Garrick rose, had charms for ev'ry eye:
'T was Nature's genuine image wild and grand,
The strong mark'd picture of a master's hand.

But when his Garrick, Nature's Pallas, came,
The bard's bold painting burst into a flame:
Each part new force and vital warmth receiv'd,
As touch'd by Heav'n—and all the picture liv'd.

SYR MARTYN:

A POEM, IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This attempt in the manner of Spenser was first published in 1767, since which time it has passed through some editions under the title of The Concubine; a title which, it must be confessed, conveyed a very improper idea both of the subject and spirit of the poem. It is now more properly entitled Syr Martyn, and the author is happy to find that the public approbation of the work has given him an opportunity to alter its name so much to advantage.

The first publication was not accompanied with any prefatory address, by which either the intention of the writer might be explained, or the candour of the reader solicited. To solicit candour for the poetical execution he still declines, for taste is not to be bribed; but perhaps justice to himself may require some explanation of his design, and some apology for his use of the manner of Spenser.

It is an established maxim in criticism, that an interesting moral is essential to a good poem. The character of the man of fortune is of the utmost importance both in the political and moral world: to throw, therefore, a just ridicule on the pursuits and pleasures which often prove fatal to the important virtues of the gentleman, must afford an interesting moral, but it is the management of the writer which alone must render it striking. Yet however he may have failed in attaining this, the author may decently assert, that to paint false pleasure as it is, ridiculous and contemptible, alike destructive to virtue and to happiness, was, at least, the purpose of his poem.

It is also an established maxim in criticism, that the subject of a poem should be one; that every part should contribute to the completion of one design, which, properly pursued, will naturally diffuse itself into a regular beginning, middle, and end. Yet in attaining this unity of the whole, the necessary regularity must still be poetical, for the spirit of poetry cannot exist under the shackles of logical or mathematical arrangement. Or, to use the words of a very eminent critic, "As there must needs be a connection, so that connection will best answer its end; and the purpose of the writer, which, whilst it leads by a sure train of thinking to the conclusion in view, conceals itself all the while, and leaves to the reader the satisfaction of supplying the intermediate links, and joining together, in his own mind, what is left in a seeming posture of neglect and inconnection."

If therefore the delineation of the character of the man of birth, who, with every advantage of natural abilities and amiable disposition, is at once lost to the public and himself; if this character has its beginning, middle, and end, the poem has all the unity that propriety requires: how far such unity is attained, may perhaps be seen at one view in the following argument:

After an invocation to the genius of Spenser, and proposition of the subject, the knight's first attachment to his concubine, his levity, love of pleasure, and dissipation, with the influence over him which on this she assumes, are parts which undoubtedly constitute a just beginning.

The effects of this influence, exemplified in the different parts of a gentleman's relative character—in his domestic elegance of park, gardens, and house—in his unhappiness as a lover, a parent, and a man of letters—behaviour as a master to his tenants, as a friend, and a brother—and in his feelings in his hours of retirement as a man of birth, and a patriot, naturally complete the middle, to which an allegorical catastrophe furnishes the proper and regular end.

Some reasons, perhaps, may be expected for having adopted the manner of Spenser. To propose a general use of it were indeed highly absurd; yet it may be presumed there are some subjects on which it may be used with advantage. But not to enter upon any formal defence, the author will only say, that the fulness and wantonness of description, the quaint simplicity, and above all, the ludicrous, of which the antique phraseology and manner of Spenser are so happily and peculiarly susceptible, inclined him to esteem it not solely as the best, but the only mode of composition adapted to his subject.

CANTO I.

The mirthful bowres and flowry dales
Of pleasures faerie land,
Where virtues budds are blighted as
By foul enchanters wand.

AWAKE, ye west windes, through the lonely dale,
And, fancy, to thy faerie bowre betake!
Even now, with balmie freshnesse, breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faultering whispers wake,
And evening comes with locks bedropt with dew;
On Desmonds[1] mouldering turrets slowly shake
The trembling rie-grass and the hare-bell blue,
And ever and anon faire Mullas plaints renew.

O for that namelesse powre to strike mine eare,
That powre of charme thy naiads once possest,
Melodious Mulla! when, full oft whyleare,
Thy gliding murmurs soothd the gentle brest
Of haplesse Spenser; long with woes opprest,
Long with the drowsie patrons smyles decoyd,
Till in thy shades, no more with cares distrest,
No more with painful anxious hopes accloyd,
The sabbath of his life the milde good man enjoyd:

[1] The castle of the earl of Desmond, on the banks of the river Mulla in Ireland, was sometime the residence of Spenser, the place where he wrote the greatest part of the Faerie Queene.

Enjoyd each wish; while rapt in visions blest
The Muses wooed him, when each evening grey
Luxurious fancy, from her wardrobe drest,
Brought forth her faerie knights in sheen array
By forrest edge or welling fount, where lay,
Farre from the crowd, the carelesse bard supine:
Oh, happy man! how innocent and gay,
How mildly peacefull past these houres of thine!
Ah! could a sigh avail, such sweete calme peace
were mine!

Yet oft, as pensive through these lawns I stray,
Unbidden transports through my bosome swell;
With pleasing reverence awd mine eyes survey
The hallowed shades where Spenser strung his shell,
The brooke still murmurs through the bushy dell,
Still through the woodlands wild and beauteous rise
The hills green tops; still from her moss-white cell
Complayning echoe to the stockdove sighs,
And fancy, wandering here, still feels new extacies.

Then come, ye Genii of the place! O come,
Ye wilde-wood Muses of the native lay!
Ye who these baneks did whilom constant roam,
And round your Spenser ever gladsome play!
Oh, come onee more! and with your magick ray
These lawns transforming, raise the mystick scene—
The lawns already own your vertual sway,
Proud citys rise, with seas and wildes atweene;
In one enchanted view the various walks of men.

Towrd to the sky, with cliff on cliff ypild,
Fronting the Sunne, a rock fantastic rose;
From every rift the pink and primrose smild,
And redd with blossoms hung the wildings boughs;
On middle cliff each flowry shrub that blows
On Mayes sweete morne a fragrant grove displayd,
Beauteous and wilde as ever druid chose;
From whence a reverend wizard through the shade
Advaunst to meet my steps; for here me seemd I
strayd.

White as the snow-drop round his temples flowd
A few thin hairs; bright in his eagle eye, [glowd;
Meint with Heavens lightning, social mildnesse
Yet when him list queynt was his leer and slie,
Yet wondrous distant from malignitie;
For still his smyle did forcibly disclose
The soul of worth and warm hart-honestie:
Such winning grace as age but rare bestows [rose.
Dwelt on his cheeks and lips, though like the withering

Of skyen blue a mantling robe he wore,
A purple girdle loosely tyd his waist
Enwove with many a flowre from many a shore,
And half conceald and half reveald his vest,
His vest of silk, the faerie queenes bequest
What time she wooed him ere his head was grey;
A lawrell bough he held, and now addrest
To speech, he points it to the mazy way
That wide and farre around in wildest prospect lay.

"Younkling," quoth he, "lo, where at thy desire
The wilderness of life extensive lies;
The path of blustering fame and warlike ire,
Of scowling powre and lean-boned covetise,
Of thoughtlesse mirth and follys giddy joys;
And whither all those paths illusive end,
All these at my command didactick rise,
And shift obedient as mine arm I bend."
He said, and to the field did straight his arm extend.

"Well worthy views," quoth I, "rise all around,
But certes, lever would I see and hear,
How, oft, the gentle plant of generous ground
And fairest bloom no ripend fruit will bear:
Oft have I shed, perdie, the bitter tear
To see the shoots of vertue shrink and dy,
Untimely blasted in the soft greene eare:
What evil blight thus works such villany, [try."
To tell, O reverend seer, thy prompt enchantment

"Ah me! how little doe unthinking youth
Foresee the sorrowes of their elder age!
Full oft," quoth he, "my bosom melts with ruth
To note the follies of their early stage,
Where dissipations cup full deepe they pledge;
Ne can the wizards saws disperse to flight
The ills that soon will warre against them wage,
Ne may the spells that lay the church-yarde spright,
From pleasures servile bands release the luckless
wight.

"This truth to tell, see yonder lawnskepe rise,
An ample field of British clime I ween,
A field which never by poetick eyes [scene
Was viewd from hence. Thus, though the rural
Has by a thousand artists peneild beene,
Some other may, from other point explore,
A view full different, yet as faire beseene:
So shall these lawns present one lawnskepe more;
For certes where we stand stood never wight before.

"In yonder dale does wonne a gentle knight"—
Fleet as he spake still rose the imagerie
Of all he told depeinten to the sight;
It was, I weet, a godlie baronie:
Beneath a greene-clad hill, right faire to see,
The castle in the sunny vale ystood;
All round the east grew many a sheltering tree,
And on the west a dimpling silver flood [wood.
Ran through the gardins trim, then crept into the

"How sweetly here," quoth he, "might one employ
And fill with worthy deed the fleeting houres!
What pleasaunce mote a learned wight enjoy
Emong the hills and vales and shady bowres,
To mark how buxom Ceres round him poures
The hoary-headed wheat, the freckled corne,
The bearded barlie, and the hopp that towres
So high, and with his bloom salews the morne,
And with the orchard vies the lawnskepe to adorn.

"The fragrant orchard, where her golden store
Pomona lashes on everie tree,
The velvet-coated peach, the plumb so hore,
The neetrines redd, and pippins sheene to see,
That nod in everie gale with wanton glee:
How happy here with Woodstocks laughing swain
And Avons bard of peerlesse memorie
To saunter through the dasie-whitened plain, [traine
When fancys sweetest impe Dan Spenser joins the

"Ne to syr Martyn hight were these unknown;
Oft by the brooke his infant steps they led,
And oft the fays, with many a warbling tone
And laughing shape, stood round his morning bed:
Such happiness bloomd fair around his head.
Yet though his mind was formd each joy to taste,
From him, alas! dear homefelt joyaunce fled,
Vain meteors still his cheated arms embraced;
Where all seemd flowrie gay, he found a drery waste.

"Just when he had his eighteenth summer seen,
Lured by the fragrance of the new-mown hay,
As carelesse sauntering through the elm-fenced green,
He with his book beguild the closing day,
The dairy-maid hight Kathrin frisk'd that way;
A roguish twinkling look the gypsie cast,
For much she wishd the lemmans part to play;
Nathlesse unheeding on his way he past,
Ne enterd in his heart or wish or thought unchast.

"Right plump she was, and ruddie glow'd her cheek,
Her easie waste in milch-white boddice dight,
Her golden locks curld down her shoulders sleek,
And halfe her bosome heaving met the sight,
Whiles gayly she accosts the sober wight:
Freedom and glee blythe sparkling in her eye,
With wanton merrimake she trips the knight,
And round the younkling makes the clover flye:
But soon he starten up, more gamesome by and by.

"'I ween,' quoth she, 'you think to win a kiss,
But certes you shall woo and strive in vain.'
Fast in his armes he caught her then ywis;
Yfere they fell; but loud and angry then
Gan she of shame and haviour vild complain,
While bashfully the weetlesse boy did look:
With cunning smyles she viewd his awkward pain;
The smyle he caught, and eke new courage took,
And Kathrine then a kiss, perdie, did gentlie brook.

"Fleet passd the months eye yet the giddy boy
One thought bestowd on what would surely be;
But well his aunt perceiv'd his dangerous toy,
And sore she feard her auncient familie
Should now be staind with blood of base degree:
For sooth to tell, her liefest hearts delight
Was still to count her princely pedigree,
Through barons bold all up to Cadwall hight,
Thence up to Trojan Brute ysprong of Venus bright.

"But, zealous to forefend her gentle race
From baselie matching with plebeian blood, [grace,
Whole nights she schemd to shonne thilk foull dis-
And Kathrins bale in wondrous wrath she vowd:
Yet could she not with cunning portaunce shroud,
So as might best succede her good intent,
But clept her lemman and vild slut aloud;
That soon she should her gracelesse thewes repent,
And stand in long white sheet before the parson shent."

So spake the wizard, and his hand he wavd,
And prompt the sceneric rose, where listless lay
The knight in shady bowre, by streamlet lavd,
While Philomela soothd the parting day:
Here Kathrin him approachd with features gay,
And all her store of blandishments and wiles;
The knight was touchd—but she with soft delay
And gentle teares yblends her languid smiles,
And of base falsitie th' enamourd boy reviles.

Amazd the boy behelde her ready teares,
And, faultring oft, exclaims with wondring stare,
"What mean these sighs? dispell thine ydle feares;
And, confident in me, thy griefes declare."
"And need," quoth she, "need I my heart to bare,
And tellen what untold well knowne mote be?
Lost is my friends good-will, my mothers care—
By you deserted—ah! unhappy me! [eltie."
Left to your aunts fell spight, and wreakfull cru-

"My aunt!" quoth he, "forsooth shall she command?
No; sooner shall yond hill forsake his place,"
He laughing said, and would have caught her hand;
Her hand she shifted to her blubberd face
With prudish modestie, and sobd, "Alas!
Grant me your bond, or else on yonder tree
These silkin garters, pledge of thy embrace,
Ah, welladay! shall hang my babe and me, [thee."
And everie night our ghostes shall bring all Hell to

Ythrilld with horror gapd the wareless wight,
As when, aloft on well-stored cherrie-tree,
The thievish elfe beholds with pale affright
The gardner near, and weets not where to flee:
"And will my bond forefend thilk miserie?
That shalt thou have; and for thy peace beside,
What mote I more? housekeeper shalt thou be"—
An awfull oath forthwith his promise tied, [bride.
And Kathrin was as blythe as ever blythesome

His aunt fell sick for very dole to see
Her kindest counsels scornd, and sore did pine
To think what well she knew would shortly be,
Cadwallins blood debasd in Kathrins line;
For very dole she died. Oh sad propine,
Syr knight, for all that care which she did take!
How many a night, for coughs and colds of thine,
Has she sat up, rare cordial broths to make,
And cockerd thee so kind with many a daintie cake!

Soft as the gossamer in summer shades
Extends its twinkling line from spray to spray,
Gently as sleep the weary lids invades,
So soft, so gently pleasure mines her way:
But whither will the smiling fiend betray,
Ah, let the knights approaching days declare!
Though everie bloome and flowre of buxom May
Bestrew her path, to deserts cold and bare
The mazy path betrays the giddy wight unware.

"Ah!" says the wizard, "what may now availe
His manlie sense that fairest blossoms bore,
His temper gentle as the whispering gale,
His native goodnesse, and his vertuous lore!
Now through his veins, all uninflamd before,
Th' enchanted cup of dissipation hight
Has shedd, with subtil stealth, through everie pore,
Its giddy poison, brewd with magicke might,
Each budd of gentle worth and better thought to blight.

"So the Canadian, traind in drery wastes
To chase the foming bore and fallow deer,
At first the traders beverage shylie tastes;
But soon with headlong rage, unfelt whyleare,
Inflamd he lusts for the delitious cheer:
So bursts the boy disdainful of restrent,
Headlong attonce into the wylde career
Of jollitie, with all his mind unbent, [spent.
And dull and yrksome hangs the day in sports un-

"Now fly the wassal seasons wingd with glee,
Each day affords a floode of roring joy;
The springs green months ycharmd with cocking flee,
The jolly horce-race summers graud employ,
His harvest sports the foxe and hare destroy;
But the substantial comforts of the bowl
Are thine, O Winter! thine to fire the boy
With Englands cause, and swell his mightie soul,
Till dizzy with his peres about the flore he rowl.

" Now round his dores ynail'd on cloggs of wood
Hang many a badgers snout and foxes tail,
The which had he through many a hedge persewd,
Through marsh, through meer, dyke, ditch, and
delve and dale: [pale;
To hear his hair-breadth scapes would make you
Which well the groome hight Patrick can relate,
Whileas on holidays he quaffs his ale;
And not one circumstance will he forgett,
So keen the braggard chorle is on his hunting sett.

" Now on the turf the knight with sparkling eyes
Beholds the springing racers sweep the ground;
Now lightl'e by the post the foremost flies,
And thondring on, the rattling hoofs rebound;
The coursers groan, the cracking whips resound:
And gliding with the gale they rush along
Right to the stand. The knight stares wildly round,
And, rising on his sell, his jocund tongue
Is heard above the noise of all the noisie throng.

" While thus the knight persewd the shaddow joy,
As youthful spirits thoughtlesse led the way,
Her gilden baits, ah, gilded to decoy!
Kathrin did eve and morn before him lay,
Watchfull to please, and ever kindlie gay;
Till, like a thing bewitchd, the carelesse wight
Resigns himself to her capricious sway:
Then soon, perdie, was never charme-bound spright
In necromancers thrail in halfe such pitteous plight.

" Her end accomplishd, and her hopes at stay,
What need her now, she recks, one smyle bestow;
Each care to please were trouble thrown away,
And thriftlesse waste, w th many maxims moe,
As, What were she the better did she so?
She conns, and freely sues her native beat;
Yet still can she to guard his thralidom know,
Though grimd with snuff in tawdrie gown she went;
Though peevish were her spleen and rude her jolliment.

" As when the linnett hails the balmie morne,
And roving through the trees his mattin sings,
Lively with joy, till on a lucklesse thorne
He lights, where to his feet the birdlime clings;
Then all in vain he flapps his gaudie wings;
The more he flutters still the more foredone:
So fares it with the knight: each morning brings
His deeper thrall; ne can he brawling shun,
For Kathrin was his thorne and birdlime both in one.

" Or, when atop the hoary western hill
The ruddie Sunne appears to rest his chin,
When not a breeze disturbs the murmuring rill,
And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
The gamesome trout then shows her silverie skin,
As wantonly beneath the wave she glides,
Watching the buzzing flies, that never blin,
Then, dropt with pearle and golde, displays her sides,
While she with frequent leape the ruffled streame divides.

" On the greene banck a truant schoolboy stands;
Well has the urchin markt her merry play,
An ashen rod obeys his guilefull hands,
And leads the mimick fly across her way;
Askaunce, with wistly look and coy delay,
The hungrie trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
Semblaunt of life, with speckled wings so gay;
Then, slylie nibbling, prudish from it flies, [prize.
Till with a bouncing start she bites the truthless

" Ah, then the younker gives the fatefull twitch;
Struck with amaze she feels the hook ypight
Deepe in her gills, and, plonging where the beech
Shaddows the poole, she runs in dred affright;
In vain the deepest rock, her late delight,
In vain the sedgy nook for help she tries;
The laughing elfe now curbs, now aids her flight,
The more entangled still the more she flies,
And soon amid the grass the panting captive lies.

" Where now, ah pity! where that sprightly play,
That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,
That lately welcomd the retourning ray,
When by the riv'ett banckes, with blushes coy,
April walkd forth—ah! never more to toy
In purling streame, she pants, she gasps, and dies!
Aye me! how like the fortune of the boy,
His days of revel and his nights of noise [prize.
Have left him now, involvd, his lemmans hapless

" See now the changes that attend her sway;
The parke where rural elegance had placed
Her sweet retreat, where cunning art did play
Her happiest freaks, that nature undefaced
Receivd new charmes; ah, see, how foul disgrac'd
Now lies thilke parke so sweetlie wylde afore!
Each grove and bowery walke be now laid waste;
The bowling-greene has lost its shaven flore, [dore.
And snowd with washing suds now yawns beside the

" All round the borders where the pansie blue,
Crocus, and polyanthus speckld fine,
And daffodils in fayre confusion grew
Emong the rose-bush roots and eglantine;
These now their place to cabbages resign,
And tawdrie pease supply the lillys stead;
Rough artichokes now bristle where the vine
Its purple clusters round the windows spread,
And laisie concumbers on dung recline the head.

" The fragrant orchard, once the summers pride,
Where oft, by moonshine, on the daisied greene,
In jovial daunce, or tripping side by side,
Pomona and her buxom nymphs were seene;
Or, where the clear canal stretchd out atweene,
Deftly their locks with blossomes would they brede:
Or, resting by the primrose hillocks sheene,
Beneath the apple boughs and walnut shade,
They sung their loves the while the fruitage gaily spread:

" The fragrant orchard at her dire command
In all the pride of blossome strewd the plain;
The hillocks gently rising through the land
Must now no trace of natures steps retain;
The clear canal, the mirrour of the swain,
And bluish lake no more adorn the greene,
Two durty watering ponds alone remain;
And where the moss-floord filbert bowres had been
Is now a turnip field and cow yarde nothing clean

" An auncient crone, ycl'epd by housewives Fru
All this devisd for tvim oeconomie;
But certes ever from her birth bereft
Of elegance, ill fitts her title high:
Coarse were her looks, yet smoothe her courtesi
Hoyden her shapes, but grave was her attyre,
And ever fixt on trifles was her eye;
And still she plodden round the kitchen fyre, [sy
To save the smallest crombe her pleasure and

" Bow-bent with eld, her steps were soft and slow,
Fast at her side a bounch of keys yhong,
Dull care sat brood ng on her jealous brow,
Sagacious proverbs dropping from her tongue:
Yet sparing though she beene her guestes emong,
Ought by herself that she mote gormandise,
The foul curmudgeon would have that ere long,
And hardly could her witt her gust suffice;
Albee in varied stream, still was it covetise.

" Dear was the kindlie love which Kathrin bore
This crooked ronyon, for in soothly guise
She was her genius and her counsellor:
Now cleanly milking-pails in careful wise
Bedeck each room, and much can she despise
The knights complaints, and thriftlesse judgment ill:
Eke versed in sales, right wondrous cheap she buys,
Parlour and bedroom too her bargains fill;
Though useless, cheap they beene, and cheap she purchasd still.

" His tenants whilom been of thriftie kind,
Did liketo sing and worken all the day,
At seedtime never were they left behind,
And at the harvest feast still first did play;
And ever at the terme their rents did pay,
For well they knew to guide their rural geer:
All in a row, yclad in homespun gray,
They marchd to church each Sunday of the year,
Their imps yode on afore, the carles brought up the rear.

" Ah, happy days! but now no longer found!
No more with social hospitable glee
The village hearths at Christmas tide resound,
No more the Whitsun gamboll may you see,
Nor morrice daunce, nor May daye jollitie,
When the blythe maydens foot the deawy green;
But now, in place, heart-sinking penurie
And hopelesse care on every face is seen,
As these the drery times of curfeu bell had been.

" For everie while, with thief-like lounging pace,
And dark of look, a tawdrie villain came,
Muttering some words with serious-meaning face,
And on the church dore he would fix their name;
Then, nolens volens, they must heed the same,
And quight those fieldes their yeomen grandsires plowd [fame;
Eer since black Edwards days, when, crownd with
From Cressie field the knights old grandsire prowd
Led home his yeomandrie, and each his glebe allowd.

" But now the orphan sees his harvest fielde
Beneath the gripe of laws stern rapine fall,
The friendlesse widow, from her hearth expelld,
Withdraws to some poor hutt with earthen wall:
And these, perdie, were Kathrins projects all;
For, sooth to tell, grievd was the knight full sore
Such sinful deeds to see: yet such his thrall,
Though he had pledgd his troth, yet nathemore
It mote he keep, except she willd the same before.

" Oh wondrous powre of womans wily art,
What for thy witchcraft too secoure may be!
Not Circes cup may so transform the heart,
Or bend the will, fallacious powre, like thee;
Lo manly sense, of princely dignitie,
Witchd by thy spells, thy crowching slave is seen;
Lo, high-browd honour bends the groveling knee,
And every bravest virtue, sooth I ween,
Seems like a blighted flowre of dank unlovely mien.

" Ne may grim Saracene, nor Tartar man,
Such ruthlesse bondage on his slave impose,
As Kathrin on the knight full deftly can;
Ne may the knight escape, or cure his woes:
As he who dreams he climbs some mountains brows,
With painful struggling up the steep height strains,
Anxious he pants and toils, but strength foregoes
His feeble limbs, and not a step he gains; [chains.
So toils the powrelesse knight beneath his servile

" His lawyer now assumes the guardians place;
Learnd was thilk clerk in deeds, and passing slie;
Slow was his speeche, and solemn was his face
As that grave bird which Athens rankt so high;
Pleasd Dullness basking in his glossie eye,
The smyle would oft steal through his native phlegm;
And well he guards syr Martyns propertie,
Till not one peasant dares invade the game:
But certes, seven yeares rent was soon his own just claim.

" Now mortgage follows mortgage: cold delay
Still yawns on everie long-depending case.
The knights gay bloome the while slid fast away;
Kathrin the while brought bantling imps apace;
While everie day renews his vile disgrace,
And straitens still the more his galling thrall:
See now what scenes his household hours debase,
And rise successive in his cheerlesse hall." [call.
So spake the seer, and prompt the scene obeyd his

" See," quoth the wizard, " how with foltering mien,
And discomposd yon stranger he receives;
Lo, how with sulkie look, and moapt with spleen,
His frowning mistresse to his friend behaves;
In vain he nods, in vain his hand he waves,
Ne will she heed, ne will she sign obay;
Nor corner dark his awkward blushes saves,
Ne may the hearty laugh, ne features gay:
The hearty laugh, perdie, does but his pain betray.

" A worthy wight his friend was ever known,
Some generous cause did still his lips inspire;
He begs the knight by friendships long agone
To shelter from his lawyers cruel ire
An auncient hinde, around whose cheerlesse fire
Sat grief, and pale disease. The poor mans wrong
Affects the knight: his inmost harts desire
Gleams through his eyes; yet all confus'd, and stung
With inward pain, he looks, and silence guards his tongue.

" See, while his friend entreats and urges still,
See, how with sidelong glaunce and haviour shy
He steals the look to read his lemmans will,
Watchfull the dawn of an assent to spy.
Look as he will, yet will she not comply.
His friend with scorn beholds his awkward pain;
From him even pity turns her tear-dewd eye,
And hardlie can the bursting laugh restrain,
While manlie honour frowns on his unmanlie stain.

" Let other scenes now rise;" the wizard said:
He wavd his hand, and other scenes arose.
" See there," quoth he," the knight supinely laid
Invokes the household houres of learnd repose;
An auncient song its manly joys bestows:
The melting passion of the nut-brown mayde
Glides through his breast; his wandering fancy glows;
Till into wildest reveries betrayd, [shade.
He hears th' imagind faire, and wooes the lovely

" Transported he repeats her constant vow,
How to the green wode shade, betide whateer,
She with her banishd love would fearlesse goe,
And sweet would be with him the hardest cheer.
'O Heaven!' he sighs, 'what blessings dwell sincere
In love like this!'—But instant as he sighd,
Bursting into the room, loud in his ear
His lemman thonders, 'Ah! fell dole betide
The girl that trusts in man before she bees his bride!

" 'And must some lemman of a whiffling song
Delight your fancy?' she disdainful cries; [throng,
When straight her imps all brawling round her
And, bleard with teares, each for revenge applies:
Him cheife in spleene the father means chastise,
But from his kindlie hand she saves him still;
Yet for no fault, anon, in furious wise
Yon yellow elfe she little spares to kill; [will.
And then, next breath, does all to coax its stubborn

" Pale as the ghoste that by the gleaming Moon
Withdraws the curtain of the murderers bed,
So pale and cold at heart, as halfe aswoon
The knight stares round; yet good nor bad he sed.
Alas! though trembling anguish inward bled,
His best resolve soon as a meteor dies:
His present peace and ease mote chance have fled,
He deems; and yielding, looks most wondrous wise,
As from himself he hop'd his grief and shame disguise.

" Woe to the wight whose hated home no more
The hallowd temple of content may be!
While now his days abroad with groomes he wore,
His mistresse with her liefest companie,
A rude unletterd herd! with dearest glee,
Enjoys each whisper of her neighbours shame;
And still anon the flask of ratafie
Improves their tales, till certes not a name [dame.
Escapes their blasting tongue, or goody, wench, or

" One evening tide as with her crones she sate,
Making sweete solace of some scandall new,
A boistrous noise came thondring at the gate,
And soon a sturdie boy approachd in view;
With gold far glitteraund were his vestments blue
And pye-shapd hat, and of the silver sheen
An huge broad buckle glaunst in either shoe,
And round his necke an India kerchiefe clean,
And in his hand a switch: a jolly wight I ween.

" Farre had he saild, and roamd the foamy deepe,
Where ruddie Phœbus slacks his firie team;
(With burning golde then flames th' ethereal steepe,
And oceans waves like molten silver seem)
Eke had he seen, with dimond glittering beam,
The starre of morn awake the roseate day,
While yet beneath the Moone old Nilus stream
Pale through the land reflects the gleamy ray,
As through the midnight skyes appeares the milky way.

" Through the Columbian world, and verdant isles
Unknown to Carthage, had he frequent sped:
Eke had he beene where flowry sommer smiles
At Christmas tide, where other heavens are spred,
Besprent with starres that Newton never red,
Where in the north the sun of noone is seene:
Wherever Hannos bold ambition led,
Wherever Gama saild, there had he beene, [queene.
Gama[1], the dearling care of beautys heavenly

[1] See The Lusiad.

" Eke had he plied the rivers and the coast
Where bold Nearch young Ammons fleet did guide;
A task so dred the world-subduing host
Could not another for such feats provide:
And often had he seen that ocean wide
Which to his wearie bands thilke youth did say
None but th' immortal gods had ever spyd;
'Which sight,' quoth he, 'will all your toils repay;
That none mote see it more als he the gods did pray[2].'

" Through these outlandish shores and oceans dire
For ten long seasons did the younkling toil,
Through stormes, through tempests, and the battels fire,
Through cold, through heat, cheerd by the hope the while
Of yet revisiting his natal soil:
And oft, when flying in the monsoon gale,
By Æthiopias coast or Javas ile,
When glauncing over oceans bosom pale,
The ship hung on the winds with broad and steadie sail:

" Hung on the winds as from his ayrie flight,
With wide-spred wing unmovd, the eagle bends,
When, on old Snowdons brow prepard to light,
Sailing the liquid skye he sheer descends:
Thus oft, when roving farre as wave extends,
The scenes of promist bliss would warm the boy;
To meet his brother with each wish yblends,
And friendships glowing hopes each thought employ;
And now at home arrivd his heart dilates with joy.

" Around the meadows and the parke he looks,
To spy the streamlett or the elm tree shade,
Where oft at eve, beneath the cawing rooks,
He with his feres in merry childhoode playd:
But all was changd!—Unweetingly dismayd
A cold foreboding impulse thrills his breast:
And who but Kathrin now is dearnly frayd
When entering in she kens the stranger guest:
Then with sad mien she rose, and kindlie him embrest.

" Great marvell at her solemn cheer he made;
Then, sobbing deepe, 'Glad will syr Martyn be,
Faire syr, of your retourne,' she gently said;
'But what mishap! our infant familie,
The dearest babes, though they were nought to me
That ever breathd, are laid in deadly plight:
What shall we do!—great were your courtesie
To lodge in yonder tenants house to night;
The skilfull leache forbids that noise my babes should fright.'

" Blunt was the boy, and to the farme-house nigh
To wait his brother, at her bidding fares,
Conducted by a gossip pert and sly:
Kathrin the while her malengines prepares.
Now gan the duske suspend the plowmans cares
When from his rural sportes arrives the knight;
Soon with his mates the jovial bowl he shares,
His hall resounds!—amazd the stranger wight
Arreads it all as done to him in fell despight.

[2] For this speech to his army, and prayer of Alexander, see Q. Curtius.

" Late was the houre, whenas the knight was tould
Of stranger guest: ' Go, bid him welcome here;
What seeks he there?' quoth he. ' Perdie, what would
You seek?' says to the boy the messenger.
' To see the knight,' quoth he, ' I but requere.'
Syr knight, he scornes to come,' the servant said.
' Go, bid him still,' quoth he, ' to welcome cheer:'
But all contrarywise the faytor made, [fed.
Till rage enflamd the boy; and still his rage they

" ' Your brother,' quoth the hostesse, ' soon will
His faire estate; and certes, well I read, [waste
He weens to hold your patrimonie fast.'
Next morne a lawyer beene ybrought with speed,
And wise he lookt, and wisely shook his hede.
Him now impowrd, the youth with rage-ybrent
Vows never to retourne; then mounts his steed,
And leaves the place in fancy hugely shent:
All which to Kathrus mind gave wondrous great
content."

CANTO II.

In museful stound syr Martyn rews
His youthedes thoughtlesse stage;
But dissipation haunts him to
The blossomes of old age.

With gracefull pause awhile the wizard stood,
Then thus resumd.—" As he whose homeward way
Lies through the windings of some verdant wood;
Through many a mazy turn and arbour gay
He sues the flowery steps of jollie May.
While through the openings many a lawnskepe new
Bursts on his sight; yet, never once astray,
Still home he wends: so we our theme pursue,
Through many a bank and bowre close following
still our cue.

" Soothd by the murmurs of a plaintive streame,
A wyld romantic dell its fragrance shed;
Safe from the thonder showre and scorching beame
Their faerie charmes the summer bowres displaid;
Wyld by the bancks the bashfull cowslips spread,
And from the rock above each ivied seat
The spotted foxgloves hung the purple head,
And lowlie vilets kist the wanderers feet: [sweet.
Sure never Hyblas bees roovd through a wilde so

" As winds the streamlet surpentine along,
So leads a solemn walk its bowry way,
The pale-leaved palms and darker limes among,
To where a grotto lone and secret lay;
The yellow broome, where chirp the linnets gay,
Waves round the cave; and to the blue-streakd
skyes
A shatterd rock towrés up in fragments gray:
The she-goat from its height the lawnskepe eyes,
And calls her wanderd young, the call each banck
replies.

" Here oft the knight had past the summers morne
What time the wondering boy to manhood rose,
When fancy first her lawnskepes gan adorne,
And reasons folded buddes their flowres disclose,
What time young transport through the spirits flows,
When nature smyles with charmes unseen before,
When with th' unwonted hopes the bosome glows,
While wingd with whirlwind speed the thoughts explore
The endlesse wylde of joys that youth beholds in store.

" The Dryads of the place, that nurst the flowres,
And hung the dew-drop in the hyacinths bell,
For him employd their virtue breathing powres,
And Cambrias genius bade his worth excell:
His youthful breast confess'd the wondrous spell;
His generous temper warmd with fayre design,
The friend and patriot now his bosome swell,
The lover and the father now combine, [join.
And smyling visions form, where bliss and honour

" Of these loyd soothings this the loyd retreat
Must now no more with dreams of bliss decoy;
Yet here be liken still himself to meet,
Though woes, a gloomy train, his thoughts employ:
' Oh lost to peace,' he sighs, unhappy boy!
' Oh lost to every worth that life adorns!'
' Oh lost to peace, to elegance, and joy!'
Th' aërial genius of the cave returns, [mourns."
Whiles in the bubbling rill the plaintive Naiade

Thus as he spake the magic lawnskepe rose,
The dell, the grotto, and the broome-clad hill;
" See," quoth the wizard, " where the knight bestows
An houre to thought and reasons whispers still;
Whiles, as a nightly vision boding ill,
Seen with pale glymps by lonely wandering swayne,
Truth, gleaming through the fogs of biast will,
Frowns on him sterne, and honest shame gins fayne
In her reflective glass his lifes ignoble straine."

" His earlie hopes she shews and shews againe:
' How oft hast thou,' she cries, ' indignant viewd
The titled cypher and his solemn traine,
The busie face, and dull solicitude,
That, ever plodding in important mood,
Has not a soul to reach one noble aim,
Nor soul, nor wish—whose vacant mind endewd
With not one talent, yet would lewdly claim
For his vile leaden bust the sacred wreath of fame:

" ' Who to the patrons lawrells would aspire,
By labouring in the British clime to rear
Those arts that quencht prowd Romes partrician
fire,
And bowd her prone beneath the gothick spear;
Illustrious cares! befitting patriot peer!
Italian sing-song and the eunuchs squall!
Such arts as soothd the base unmanly ear
Of Greece and Persia bending to their fall;
When freedome bled upwept, and scornd was
glorys call.

" ' While these thy breast with scorn indignant fird,
What other views before thee would disclose!
As fancy painted and thy wish inspird
What glorious scenes beneath thy shades arose!
Britannias guardians here dispell her woes,
Forming her laws, her artes, with godlike toil;
There Albion, smyling on their learnd repose,
Sees manly genius in their influence smile, [ile.
And spread the hallowd streames of virtue round the

" ' How blest, ah Heaven! such selfe-approving houres,
Such views still opening, still extending higher,
Cares whence the state derives its firmest powres,
And scenes where friendship sheds her purest fire;
And did, ah shame! these hopes in vain expire
A morning dreame!—As lorn the spendthrift stands,
Who sees the fieldes bequeathd him by his sire,
His own no more, now reap'd by strangers hands;
So languid must I view faire honours fertile lands.'

" Silence would then ensue; perhaps reclind
On the greene margin of the streame he lay,
While softlie stealing on the languid mind
Th' ideal scene would hold a mouents sway,
And the domestick houre all smyles display,
Where fixt extreme the fond discourse inspires:
Now through his heart would glide the sprightlie ray
Where married love bids light his purest fires,
Where elegance presides, and wakes the young desires.

" Strait to his brawling lemman turns his mind;
Shock'd he beholds the odious colours rise,
Where selfishnesse, low pride and spleen combind,
Bid every anguishd thought his mate despise,
His mate unformd for sweete affections ties:
Grovling, indelicate—Stung to the heart
His indignation heaves in stifled sighs;
But soon his passion bursts with sudden start:
His children strike his thoughts with lively piersant smart.

" The mothers baseneesse in their deeds he sees,
And all the wounded father swells his breast:
Suddein he leaves the cave and mantling trees,
And up the furzie hill his footsteps haste,
While sullenly he soothes his soul to rest:
Meantime the opening prospect wide he gains,
Where, crownd with oake, with meadow flowres ydrest,
His British chaplet, buxom summer reigns,
And waves his mantle greene farre round the smyling plains.

" Still as he slow ascends, the bounteous farms,
And old grey towres of rural churches rise,
The fieldes still longthening shew their crowded charms,
In fayre perspective and in richest guise:
His sweeping seythe the white-sleevd mower plies,
The plowman through the fallow guides his teame,
Acrosse the wheaten fielde the milkmayde hies,
To where the kine, foreby the reedy streame,
With frequent lowe to plaine of their full udders seeme.

" See, now the knight arrives where erst an oak
Dan Æols blustering stormes did long repell,
Till witchd it was, when by an headlong shock,
As the hoar fathers of the village tell,
With horrid crash on All Saints eve it fell:
But from its trunk soon sprouting saplings rose,
And round the parent stock did shadowy swell;
Now, aged trees, they bend their twisted boughs,
And by their moss-greene roots invite the swains repose.

" Here on a bending knare he pensive leans,
And round the various lawnskepe raunge his eyes:
There stretch the corney fieldes in various greens,
Farre as the sight: there, to the peaceful skyes
The darkning pines and dewy poplars rise:
Behind the wood a dark and heathy lea,
With sheep faire spotted, farre extended lies,
With here and there a lonlie blasted tree;
And from between two hills appears the duskie sea.

" Bright through the fleeting clouds the sunny ray
Shifts oer the fieldes, now gilds the woody dale,
The flockes now whiten, now the ocean bay
Beneath the radiance glistens clear and pale;
And white from farre appears the frequent sail
By traffick spread. Moord where the land divides,
The British red-cross waving in the gale,
Hulky and black, a gallant warre ship rides,
And over the greene wave with lordly port presides.

" Fixt on the bulwark of the British powre
Long gazd the knight, with fretfull languid air;
Then thus, indulging the reflective houre,
Pours fourth his soul: 'Oh, glorious happy care!
To bid Britannias navies greatly dare,
And through the vassal seas triumphant reign,
To either India waft victorious warre,
To join the poles in trades unbounded chain,
And bid the British throne the mighty whole sustain.

" ' With what superior lustre and command
May stedfast zeal in Albions senate shine!
What glorious laurells court the patriots hand!
How base the hand that can such meed decline!
And was, kind fate! to snatch these honours mine?
Yes! greene they spred, and fayre they bloomd for me;
Thy birth and duty bade the chief be thine;
Oh lost, vain trifler, lost in each degree!
Thy country never turnd her hopeful eyes to thee.

" ' Yet, how the fielde of worth luxurious smiles!
Nor Africk yeilds, nor Chilys earth contains
Such funds of wealth as crown the plowmans toils,
And tinge with waving gold Britannias plains;
Even on her mountains cheerful plenty reigns,
And wildly grand her fleecy wardrobe spreads:
What noble meed the honest statesman gains,
Who through these publique nerves new vigour sheds,
And bids the useful artes exalt their drooping heads.

" ' Who, founding on the plough and humble loome
His countrys greatnesse, sees, on every tide,
Her fleets the umpire of the world assume,
And spread her justice as her glories wide—
Oh wonder of the world, and fairest pride,
Britannias fleet! how long shall pity mourn
And stain thy honours? from his weeping bride
And starving babes, how long inhuman torn
Shall the bold sailor mount thy decks with heart forlorn!

" ' Forlorn with sinking heart his task he plies,
His brides distresse his restlesse fancy sees,
And fixing on the land his earnest eyes,
Cold is his breast and faint his manly knees.
Ah! hither turn, ye sons of courtlie ease,
And let the brave mans wrongs, let interest plead;
Say, while his arme his countrys fate decrees,
Say, shall a fathers anguish be his meed;
His wrongs unnerve his soul, and blight each mighty deed?

" 'Whatever party boasts thy glorious name,
O thou reservd by Heavens benign decree
To blast those artes that quench the British flame,
And bid the meanest of the land be free;
Oh, much humanity shall owe to thee!
And shall that palm unenvyd still remain!
Yet hear, ye lordlings, each severitie,
And every woe the labouring tribe sustain,
Upbraids the man of powre, and dims his honours vain.'

" While thus the knights long smotherd fires broke forth,
The rousing musicke of the horne he hears
Shrill echoing through the wold; and by the north
Where bends the hill, the sounding chase appears;
The hounds with glorious peal salute his ears,
And wood and dale rebound the swelling lay;
The youths on coursers fleet as fallow deers
Pour through the downs, while foremost of the fray;
'Away!' the jolly huntsman cries; and echoe sounds, 'Away!'

" Now han the beagles scourd the bushy ground,
Till where a brooke strays hollow through the bent,
When all confusd, and snuffling wyldlie round,
In vain their fretfull haste explord the scent:
But Reynards cunning all in vain was spent;
The huntsman from his stand his arts had spyd,
Had markt his doublings and his shrewd intent,
How both the bancks he traced, then backward plyd
His track some twentie roods, then bounding sprong aside.

" Eke had he markt where to the broome he crept,
Where, hearkening everie sound, an hare was laid;
Then from the thickest bush he slylie lept,
And wary scuds along the hawthorne shade,
Till by the hills slant foot he earths his head
Amid a briarie thickett: emblem meet
Of wylie statesman of his foes adred;
He oft misguides the peoples rage, I weet,
On others, whilst himself winds off with slie deceit.

" The cunning huntsman now cheers on his pack,
The lurking hare is in an instant slain:
Then opening loud, the beagles scent the track
Right to the hill; while thundring through the plain
With blythe huzzas advance the jovial train:
And now the groomes and squires, cowherds and boys,
Beat round and round the brake; but all in vain
Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and noise,
Till plunging in his den the terrier fiercely joys.

" Expell'd his hole, upstarts to open sky
The villain bold, and wildly glares around;
Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fly,
As oft recoils to guard from backward wound,
His frothie jaws he grinds—with horrid sound
The pack attonce rush on him: foming ire,
Fierce at his throte and sides hang many a hound;
His burning eyes flash wylde red sparkling fire,
Whiles weltering on the sword his breath and strength expire.

" Straight to syr Martyns hall the hunters bend,
The knight perceives it from his oak-crownd hill;
Down the steep furzie height he slow gan wend,
With troublous thoughts keen ruminating still;
While grief and shame by turns his bosom fill.
And now, perchd prowdlie on the topmast spray,
The sootie blackbird chaunts his vespers shrill;
While twilight spreads his robe of sober grey,
And to their bowres the rooks loud cawing wing their way:

" And bright behind the Cambrian mountains hore
Flames the read beam; while on the distant east
Led by her starre, the horned Moone looks o'er
The bending forest, and with rays increast
Ascends; while trembling on the dappled west
The purple radiance shifts and dies away;
The willows with a deeper green imprest
Nod o'er the brooks; the brooks with gleamy ray
Glide on, and holy peace assumes her woodland sway.

" All was repose, all but syr Martyns breast;
There, passions tearing gusts tempestuous rise:
'Are these,' he murmurs, 'these my friends! the best
That croud my hall! the sonnes of madning noise,
Whose warmest friendship with the revel dies?
Whose glee it were my dearest peace destroy,
Who with my woes could sport, my wrongs despise;
Could round my coffin pledge the cup of joy,
And on my crimes even then their base tongued witt employ?

" 'Whose converse, oft as fulsom baudrie falls,
Takes up the barkings of impiety,
The scepticks wild disjointed dreams retails,
These modern ravings of philosophy,
Made drunk; the cavil, the detected ly,
The witt of ignorance, and gloss unfair,
Which honest dullness would with shame deny;
The hope of baseness vaumpt in candours air:
Good Heaven! are such the friends that to my hearth repair?

" 'The man of worth shuns thy reputelesse dore;
Even the old peasant shakes his silverd head,
Old saws and stories babbling evermore,
And adding still, Alas, those dayes be fled!'
Here indignation pausd, when, up the glade,
Pale through the trees his household smoke ascends;
Wakd at the sight, his brothers wrongs upbraid
His melting heart, and grief his bosome rends:
And now the keene resolve its gleaming comfort lends.

" Perdie, now were I bent on legends fine
My knight should rise the flowre of chivalrie,
Brave as syr Arthegal or Valentine,
Another Saint George England then should see,
Britannias genius should his Sabra bee,
Chaind to the rock by dragon to be slain;
But he the virgin princesse soon should free,
And stretch the monster breathless on the plain;
Bribery, the dragon huge, should never rise again.

" Eke should he, freed from foul enchanters spell,
Escape his false duessas magicke charms,
And folly quaid, yclepd an hydra fell,
Receive a beauteous lady to his arms;
While bardes and minstrales chaunt the soft alarms
Of gentle love, unlike his former thrall:
Eke should I sing, in courtly cunning terms,
The gallant feast servd up by seneschall,
To knights and ladies gent in painted bowre and hall.

" But certes, while my tongue fayre truth indites,
And does of human frailtie soothly tell,
Unmeet it were indulge the daintie flights
Of phantasie, that never yet befell:
Uneath it is long habits to expell,
Ne may the best good heart its bliss secure,
Ne may the lively powre of judging well,
In arduous worthy deed long time endure,
Where Dissipation once has fixt her footing sure.

" Such was the powre that angrie Jove bestowd
On this faire nymph: the legend thus is told:
To Dians care her life her mother owd;
Faire Dian found her naked on the wold,
Some peasants babe, exposed to deadlie cold,
And to a favourite satyr gave to rear:
Then, when the nymph was fifteen springtimes old,
Equipt her with the bow and huntresse spear,
And of her woodland traine her made a welcome fere.

" But ill her mind received chast Phœbes lore,
Fain would she at the chase still lag behind:
One sultry noone, as Phœbe sped afore,
Beneath a leafy vine the nymph reclind,
And, 'Fan my breast,' she cried, 'oh western wind!'
Soon at the wishd-for word Favonius came,
From that day forth the conscious nymph declind
The near inspection of the sovereign dame;
Till mid the chase, one morne, her throes betrayd her shame.

" Her throes with scorne the taunting Dryads eyd,
The nymph changd colour, and hung down her head;
'Still change thy blushing hue,' the goddess cryd:
Forthwith a freezing languor gan invade
Her limbs; and now, with suddein leaves arrayd,
A Russian poppey she transmewd remains:
The various colours ever rise and fade,
The tints still shifting mock the painters pains;
And still her drowsie mood the beauteous nymph retains.

" Meanwhile his new-born elfe Favonius bore,
Soft lapt, on balmy pinions farre away;
And with the fawns, by Peneus flowry shore,
From earliest youth the laughing imp did play,
For ever fluttering, debonair, and gay,
And restlesse, as the dove Deucalion sent
To spy if peering oake did yet bewray
Its braunching head above the flooded bent;
But ydlie beating round the day in vain was spent.

" When now the nymph to riper years gan rise,
To fayre Parnassus groves she took her flight;
There, culling flowretts of a thousand dyes,
Still did her head with tawdry girlonds dight;
As soon the wreath ill sorted would she quight:
Ne ever did she climb the twyforkt hill,
Ne could her eyen explore its lofty height,
Ne did she ever taste the sacred rilf
From inspirations fount that ever doth distill.

" Her sprightly levitie was from her syre,
Her drowsy dulness from her mother sprong;
This never would allow her mind aspyre,
That never would allow her patience long,
Thus as she slightly rovd the lawns among,
High Jove beheld her from his starry seat.
And calld her Dissipation: 'Wylde and young
Still shalt thou be,' he said; 'and this thy fate,
On man thy sleights employ, on man that prowd ingrate.

" 'All happinesse he claims his virtues due,
And holds him injurd when my care denies
The fondling wish, whence sorrow would ensue;
And idle still his prayers invade my skies;
But bold and arduous must that virtue rise
Which I accept, no vague inconstant blaze.
Then be it thine to spread before his eyes
Thy changing colours, and thy wyid-fire rays,
And fruitlesse still shall be that virtue thou canst daze.'

" So swore the god, by gloomy Styx he swore:
The Fates assented, and the demon flew
Right to the seats of men. The robe she wore
Was starrd with dew-drops, and of palest blue;
Faire round her head playd many a beauteous hue,
As when the rainbow through the bean-flowres plays;
The fleeting tints the swaynes with wonder view,
And ween to snatch a prize beneath the rays;
But through the meadows dank the beauteous meteor strays.

" So shone the nymph, and prankt in pleasures guize
With wylie traines the sonnes of Earth besett;
Goodnesse of heart before her yawns and dies,
And Friendship ever feels the drowsie fitt
Just when its powre to serve could serve a whitt.
And still behind her marche Remorse and Shame,
That never will their yron scourge remitt,
Whenso the fiend resigns her thralls to them:
Sad ease, I weet, where still oneselfe oneselfe must blame.

" Long had the knight to her his powres resignd;
In wanton dalliance first her nett she spred,
And soon in mirthfull tumult on his mind
She softlie stole: yet, while at times he sped
To contemplations bowre, his sight she fled;
Ne on the mountainett with him durst bide;
Yet homewards still she mett him in the glade,
And in the social cup did slily glide,
And still his best resolves eftsoons she scatterd wide.

" And now, as slowly sauntering up the dale
He homeward wends, in heavie musefull stowre,
The smooth deceiver gan his heart assail;
His heart soon felt the fascinating powre:
Old Cambrias genius markt the fatal houre,
And tore the girlond from her sea-greene hair;
The conscious oakes above him rustling lowre,
And through the branches sighs the gloomy air,
As when indignant Jove rejects the flamens prayer.

" The Dryads of the grove, that oft had fird
His opening mind with many a rapturd dream,
That oft his evening wanderings had inspird,
All by the silent hill or murmuring stream,
Forsake him now; for all as lost they deem:
So home he wends; where, wrapt in jollitie,
His hall to keepen holiday mote seem,
And with the hunters soon full blythe was he,
The blythest wight of all that blythesome companie.

" As when th' autumnal morne with ruddy hue
Looks through the glen besprent with silver hore,
Across the stubble, brushing off the dew,
The younkling fowler gins the fieldes explore,
And, wheeling oft, his pointer veres afore,
And oft, sagacious of the tainted gale,
The fluttering bird betrays; with thondring rore
The shott resounds, loud echoing through the dale;
But still the younkling kills nor partridge, snipe, nor quail.

" Yet still the queint excuse is at command;
The dog was rash, a swallow twitterd by,
The gun hung fire, and keenness shook his hand,
And there the wind or bushes hurt his eye.
So can the knight his mind still satisfye:
A lazie fiend, Self-Imposition hight,
Still whispers some excuse, some gilden lye,
Himselfe did gild to cheat himselfe outright:
God help the man bewitchd in such ungracious plight!

" On Dissipation still this treachor waits,
Obsequiously behind at distance due;
And still to Discontents accursed gates,
The house of sorrow, these ungodly two,
Conduct their fainty thralls—Great things to do
The knight resolvd, but never yet could find
The proper time, while still his miseries grew:
And now these demons of the captive mind
Him to the dreary cave of Discontent resignd.

" Deep in the wyldes of Faerie Lond it lay;
Wide was the mouth, the roofe all rudely rent;
Some parts receive, and some exclude the day,
For deepe beneath the hill its caverns went:
The ragged walls with lightning seemd ybrent,
And loathlie vermin ever crept the flore:
Yet all in sight, with towres and castles gent,
A beauteous lawnskepe rose afore the dore,
The which to view so fayre the captives grieved sore.

" All by the gate, beneath a pine shade bare,
An owl-frequented bowre, some tents were spred;
Here sat a throng, with eager furious stare
Rattling the dice; and there, with eyes halfe dead,
Some drowsie dronkards, looking black and red,
Dozd out their days: and by the path-way green
A sprightlie troupe still onward heedlesse sped,
In chace of butterflies alert and keen;
Honours, and wealth, and powre, their butterflies ween.

" And oft, disgustfull of their various cares,
Into the cave they wend with sullen pace;
Each to his meet apartment dernly fares:
Here, all in raggs, in piteous plight most bace,
The drunkard sitts; there, shent with foul disgrace,
The thriftlesse heir; and o'er his reeking blade
Red with his friends heart gore, in woefull cace
The duellist raves; and there, on vetchie bed,
Crazd with his vaine pursuits, the maniack bends his head.

"Yet round his gloomy cell, with chalk he scrawls;
Ships, touches, crownes, and eke the gallow tree
All that he wishd or feard his ghastlie walls;
Present him still, and mock his miserie.

And there, self-doomd, his cursed selfe to flee,
The gamester hangs in corner murk and dread;
Nigh to the ground bends his ungrations knee;
His drooping armes and white-reclining head
Dim seen, cold horrour gleams athwart th' unhallowd shade.

" Near the dreare gate, beneath the rifted rock,
The keeper of the cave all haggard sate,
His pining corse a restlesse ague shook,
And blistering sores did all his carkas frett:
All with himselfe he seemd in keen debate;
For still the muscles of his mouthe he drew
Ghastly and fell; and still with deepe regrate
He lookd him round, as if his heart did rew
His former deeds, and mournd full sure his sores to view.

" Yet not himselfe, but Heavens great king he blamd,
And dard his wisdom and his will arraign;
For boldly he the ways of God blaspheme,
And of blind governaunce did loudly plain,
While vild self-pity would his eyes distain;
As when an wolfe, entrapt in village ground,
In dread of death ygnaws his limb in twain,
And views with scalding teares his bleeding wound:
Such fierce selfe-pity still this wights dire portaunce crownd.

" Near by there stood an hamlet in the dale,
Where, in the silver age, Content did wonne;
This now was his; yet all mote nought avail,
His loathing eyes that place did ever shun;
But ever through his neighbours lawns would run,
Where every goodlie fielde thrice goodlie seemd,
Such was this weary wight all woe-begone;
Such was his life; and thus of things he deemd;
And suchlike was his cave, that all with sorrowes teemd.

" To this fell carle gay Dissipation led,
And in his dreary purlieus left the knight.
From the dire cave fain would the knight have fled,
And fain recalld the treachrous nymphe from flight:
But now the late obtruder shuns his sight,
And dearly must be wooed: hard by the den,
Where listless Bacchus had his tents ypight,
A transient visit sometimes would he gain,
While wine and merry song beguild his inward pain.

" Yet, ever as he reard his slombering head,
The ghastly tyrant at his couch stood near;
And ay with ruthless clamour gan upbraid,
And words that would his very heartstrings tear:
'See now,' he sayes, 'where setts thy vain career;
Approching elde now wings its cheerlesse way,
Thy fruitlesse autumn gins to blanch thy heare,
And aged winter asks from youth its stay;
But thine comes poore of joy, comes with unhonourd gray.

" 'Thou hast no friend!—still on the worthlesse traine
Thy kindnesse flowd, and still with scorne repaid;
Even she on whom thy favours heapt remain,
Even she regards thee with a bosome dead
To kindly passion, and by motives led
Such as the planter of his negroe deems;
What profit still can of the wretch be made
Is all his care, of more he never dreams:
So, farre remote from her, thy troubles she esteems.

" ' Thy children too! Heavens! what a hopeless sight!
Ah, wretched syre!'—But ever from this scene
The wretched syre precipitates his flight,
And in the bowls wylde fever shuns his teene.
So pass his dayes, while what he might have beene
Its beauteous views does every morne present:
So pass his dayes, while still the raven Spleen
Croaks in his eares, ' The brightest parts mispent
Beget an hoarie age of griefe and discontent.'

" But boast not of superiour shrewd addresse,
Ye who can calmly spurn the ruind mayd,
Ye who unmov'd can view the deepe distresse
That crushes to the dust the parents head,
And rends that easie heart by you betrayd,
Boast not that ye his numerous woes eskew;
Ye who unawd the nuptial couch invade,
Boast not his weaknesse with contempt to view;
For worthy is he still compard, perdie, to you."

GLOSSARY.

Accloyd, disgusted, cloyed.
Adred, frightened. Anglo Sax. *adrædan.*
Agone, ago.
Albee, although.
Als, also.
Arread, interpret.
Attonce, at once, together.
Atweene, between.
Ay, always.

Bale, harm, sorrow.
Beene, frequently used by the old poets for the indicative imperfect of the verb *to be.*
Beseene, becoming.
Blin, cease, blinnan. Sax.
Brede, to knit, plait, *bredan.*

Carle, old man.
Certes, certainly, truly.
Chorle, a peasant.
Clept, named, called.
Covetise, avarice.

Dan, a prefix, *quasi* Mr.
Dearling, darling.
Defly, neatly, finely.
Depeinten, figured, displayed.
Dearnly, sadly, secretly.
Dight, adorned, clad.
Dreare, dismal, frightful.

Eftsoons, by and by, forthwith.
Eke, also.
Eld, age.
Elfe, young one, child.
Erst, formerly.
Eyen, eyes.

Fay, fairy.
Faytor, villain, deceiver.
Fere, companion.
Forby, beside, near to.
Fordone, undone, ruined.
Forefend, to guard beforehand.
Fray, tumult, bustle.
Frayd, afraid.

Geer, furniture, tackle.
Gent, fine, noble.
Gin, gan, begin, began:
Glen, a dell, a hollow between two hills.
Goody, a countrywoman.

Han, preterite plural of the verb *to have.*
Heare, hair. Often used by Spenser.
Hight, called, is called, was called, or named.
Hoyden, slattern, coarse

Imp, infant, child.

Jolliment, merriment.

Ken, v. to see.
Knare, a knotty arm of a tree. *Dryd.*

Leache, physician.
Lemman, mistress, concubine.
Lever, rather.
Lewdly, basely, foolishly.
Liefest, dearest.

Malengines, persons villainously employed, toad-eaters.
Meint, mingled.
Merrimake, pastime.
Mery, pleasant.
Moe, more.
Mote, v. might, *mot.* Sax.
Murk, dark.

Nathemore, not the more.
Nathlesse, nevertheless, *nathles.* Sax.
Native, natural.
Ne, nor.
Nolens volens, willing or unwilling.

Perdie, an asseveration, *quasi* verily.
Piersant, piercing.
Portaunce, behaviour, manner.
Prankt, adorned.
Propine, recompense.

Quaid, quelled, conquered.
Quight, to quit, leave.

Read, to warn, to prophesy.
Recks, heeds, cares for.
Requere, require. Often used by Spenser.
Rew, to repent.
Ruth, ruthless, pity, pityless.

Salews, salutes.
Sell, saddle.
Semblaunce, appearance.
Seneschall, master of ceremonies, steward.
Sheen, bright, shining, fine.
Shent, disgraced, *scende, scen did.* Sax.
Skyen, adj. sky.
Sooth, soothly, truth, truly.
Stownd, stowre, emotion, fit, stir, *seyrian.* Sax.
Straine, tenor.
Sues, pursues, follows.

Teen, grief, sorrow.
Thewes, habits, manners.
Thilk, this, that.

Traines, devices, traps.
Transmewed, changed, transformed.
Trecher, traitor, deceiver.
Troublous, troublesome.

Vild, vile.

Uneath, not easy, difficult.

Wareless, unsuspecting.
Wassal, festive.
Ween, weend, or *wend*, think, deemed.
Wend, move, go.
Weet, much the same as *ween*.
Weetless, thoughtless.
Whilom, formerly *hwilum*. Sax.
a *Whitt*, a jot, any thing, a *hwit*. Sax. *aliquid*.
Whyleare, erewhile, *hwilæn*. Sax.
Wight, person *wiht*. Sax.
Wilding, the crab-tree.
Wonne, to dwell.
Wreakfull, revengeful.

Yblends, mixes.
Yblent, blinded.
Ybrent, burnt.
Yclept, called, named.
Yfere, together.
Ygoe, formerly.
Yode, went.
Youthhede, *quasi* youthhood.
Youthly, lively, youthful.
Ypight, placed, fixed.
Ywis, truly, verily.

The letter *y* in all the old English poets is frequently prefixed to verbs and verbal adjectives, but without any particular signification. The use of it is purely Saxon, though after the conquest the *ge* gave place to the Norman *y*. It is always to be pronounced as the pronoun *ye*.

Spenser has also frequently followed the Saxon formation, in adding the letter *n* to his verbs, as *tellen*, *worken*, &c. When affixed to a substantive, it forms the plural number, as *eyen*, eyes, &c.

ON

THE NEGLECT OF POETRY.

AN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

Hence, vagrant Minstrel, from my thriving farm;
Far hence, nor ween to shed thy poison here:
My hinds despise thy lyre's ignoble charm;
Seek in the sluggards bower thy ill-earn'd cheer:
There while thy idle chanting soothes their ear,
The noxious thistle choaks their sickly corn;
Their apple boughs, ungraff'd, sour wildlings bear,
And o'er the ill-fenced dales with fleeces torn
Unguarded from the fox, their lambkins stray forlorn.

Such ruin withers the neglected soil
When to the song the ill-starr'd swain attends—
And well thy meed repays thy worthless toil;
Upon thy houseless head pale want descends
In bitter shower: and taunting scorn still rends,
And wakes thee trembling from thy golden dream:
In vetchy bed, or loathly dungeon ends
Thy idled life——What fitter may beseem!
Who poisons thus the fount, should drink the poison'd stream.

"And is it thus," the heart-stung minstrel cry'd,
While indignation shook his silver'd head;
"And is it thus, the groos-fed lordling's pride,
And hind's base tongue the gentle bard upbraid?
And must the holy song be thus repaid
By sun-bask'd ignorance, and churlish scorn?
While listless drooping in the languid shade
Of cold neglect, the sacred bard must mourn,
Though in his hallow'd breast Heaven's purest ardours burn.

Yet how sublime, O bard, the dread behest,
The awful trust to thee by Heaven assign'd!
'T is thine to humanize the savage breast,
And form in virtue's mould the youthful mind;
Where lurks the latent spark of generous kind,
'T is thine to bid the dormant ember blaze:
Heroic rage with gentlest worth combin'd
Wide through the land thy forming power displays:
So spread the olive boughs beneath Dan Phœbus' rays.

When Heaven decreed to soothe the feuds that tore
The wolf-ey'd barons, whose unletter'd rage
Spurn'd the fare Muse; Heaven bade on Avon's shore
A Shakspeare rise, and soothe the barbarous age:
A Shakspeare rose; the barbarous heats asswage—
At distance dew how many bards attend!
Enlarg'd and liberal from the narrow cage
Of blinded zeal new manners wide extend,
And o'er the generous breast the dews of Heaven descend.

And fits it you, ye sons of hallow'd power,
To hear, unmov'd, the tongue of scorn upbraid
The Muse neglected in her wintery bower;
While proudly flourishing in princely shade
Her younger sisters lift the laurel'd head—
And shall the pencil's boldest mimic rage,
Or softest charms, fore-doom'd in time to fade,
Shall these be vaunted o'er th' immortal page,
Where passion's living fires burn unimpair'd by age?

And shall the warbled strain or sweetest lyre,
Thrilling the palace roof at night's deep hour;
And shall the nightingales in woodland choir
The voice of Heaven in sweeter raptures pour?
Ah, no! their song is transient as the flower
Of April morn: in vain the shepherd boy
Sits listening in the silent autumn bower;
The year no more restores the short-liv'd joy;
And never more his harp shall Orpheus' hands employ.

Eternal silence in her cold deaf ear
Has clos'd his strain; and deep eternal night
Has o'er Appelles' tints, so bright while-ere,
Drawn her blank curtains—never to the sight
More to be given—But cloth'd in Heaven's own light
Homer's bold painting shall immortal shine;
Wide o'er the world shall ever sound the might,
The raptur'd music of each deathless line: [vine.
For death nor time may touch their living souls di-

And what the strain, though Perez swell the note,
High though its rapture, to the Muse of fire!
Ah! what the transient sounds, devoid of thought,
To Shakspeare's flame of ever-burning ire,
Or Milton's flood of mind, till time expire
Foredoom'd to flow; as Heaven's dread energy,
Unconscious of the bounds of place——

PSALM LXVIII. PARAPHRASE.

THE MAJESTY, THE POWER, THE JUSTICE, AND THE MERCY OF GOD.

Arise, O God, assume thy might!
Shall proud oppressors still unaw'd devour,
Still trample on the poor man's right,
And lewdly scorn thy pow'r?

When roaring from the western deep
The black-wing'd tempests rush,
When o'er the hills with headlong sweep
The inundations gush;
As then the whirling chaff is driven,
So swept away shall be
All who despise the laws of Heaven,
Nor honour pay to thee.

But, O ye just, with rapture raise
Your cheerful voices in his praise;
With sacred awe and holy mirth
Resound the God of Heaven and Earth;
The God whose mercy knows no end,
The poor man's and the widow's friend,
The helpless orphan's sire;
Who round the meek afflicted just,
Though crush'd and humbled in the dust,
Is still a wall of fire.

When thou, O God, didst march before
Thy people to the promis'd shore,
Then shook old Earth: the sky
Shot lightnings from on high;
The rapid Jordan bar'd his bed,
The ocean saw his God and fled,
The lofty cliffs of Sinai nod,
And tremble at the presence of their thund'ring God.

The Lord Jehovah gave the word,
And loud the tribes resound,
And mighty kings and mighty hosts
Lay scatter'd o'er the ground:
Dispers'd as snow in Salmon's plain
So fell, so lay the mighty slain,
And with their purple spoils are crown'd
The tender virgin train.

Thousands of angels at thy gate,
And great archangels stand,
And twenty thousand chariots wait,
Great Lord, thy dread command!
Through all thy great, thy vast domains,
With godlike honours clad,
Captivity in captive chains
Triumphing thou hast led.
That thou might'st dwell with men below,
And be their God and King,
From Bashan and the land of woe
Shalt thou thy people bring:
From Bashan and the desert shore
To blooming fields, and cities fair,
While sacred songsters march before,
And Jacob's princes faint no more,
Shalt thou the way prepare.

Lo! Egypt's kings and wisest men
Shall bend the duteous knee,
And Ethiopia, wide and great,
Through all her vast extended state,
Shall stretch her hands to thee.

But, awful sov'reign! who can stand
Before the terrours of thy hand,
When thy right hand impends the blow
To strike a proud obdurate foe?
Yet to thy saints, O God of pray'r,
How mild thy mercies shine!
The tenderest father's ardent care
But ill resembles thine:
Thy mercies far, oh, far above
Thy other wonders shine,
A mother's ever watchful love
But ill resembles thine!

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

WRITTEN IN HEBREW BY ABRAM DEPAS, ON THE MARRIAGE OF JACOB BRANCO, ESQ. TO MISS ABIGAIL D'AGUILAR, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE BARON D'AGUILAR.

The voice of joy this happy *day* demands;
Resound the song and in our God confide:
Beneath his canopy the bridegroom stands,
In all her beauty shines the lovely bride.
O may their joys still blossom, ever new,
Fair as a garden to the ravish'd view!

Rejoice, O youth, and if thy thoughts aspire
To Heaven's pure bliss, the sacred law revere;
The stranger's wants, the needy soul's desire
Supply, and humbly with thy neighbour bear:
So shall thy father's grateful heart rejoice,
And thy fair deeds inspire thy people's voice.

Sing from your bowers, ye daughters of the song,
Behold the bride with star-like glory shine;
May each succeeding day still glide along
Fair as the first, begirt with grace divine:
Far from her tent may care and sorrow fly,
While she o'erjoy'd beholds her numerous progeny.

Ye happy parents, shout with cheerful voice,
See, o'er your son the canopy unfold;
And thou, O hoary rev'rend sire, rejoice,
May thy glad eyes thy grandson's son behold.
The song of joy, ye youthful kindred raise,
And let the people join, the living God to praise!

SONNET TO VASCO DE GAMA.

FROM TASSO.

Vasco le cui felici, &c.

Vasco, whose bold and happy bowsprit bore
Against the rising morn; and homeward caught,
Whose sails came westward with the day, and
The wealth of India to thy native shore; [brought

Ne'er did the Greek such length of seas explore,
The Greek, who sorrow to the Cyclops wrought;
And he, who, victor, with the Harpies fought,
Never such pomp of naval honours wore.

Great as thou art, and peerless in renown,
Yet thou to Camoens ow'st thy noblest fame;
Farther than thou didst sail, his deathless song
Shall bear the dazzling splendour of thy name;
And under many a sky thy actions crown,
While Time and Fame together glide along.

SONNET.

FROM PETRARCH.

Ah! how, my friend, has foul gorg'd luxurie,
And bloated slumber on the slothful down,
From the dull world all manly virtue thrown,
And slaved the age to custom's tyrannie.

The blessed lights so lost in darkness be,
Those lights by Heaven to guide our minds bestown.
Mad were he deem'd who brought from Helicon
The hallow'd water, or the laurel tree.

"Philosophy, ah! thou art cold and poor,"
Exclaim the crowd, on sordid gain intent;
Few will attend thee on thy lofty road;
Yet, I, my friend, would fire thy zeal the more:
Ah, gentle spirit! labour on unspent,
Crown thy fair toils, and win the smile of God.

THE SIEGE OF MARSEILLES.

A TRAGEDY.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

He who offers his writings to the public, tacitly confesses that he believes them to deserve its attention. Though to deny this were an affectation of modesty which would obtain no credit, yet it will easily be allowed, that at a time when the stage is so indulgent to dramatic writers, no man would venture to publish a rejected play without some better test of its value than his own judgment. The author of The Siege of Marseilles may truly assert, that in this publication he is influenced and guided by some who hold no ordinary rank in the republic of letters. From their favourable opinion (a circumstance not unknown to Mr. Garrick) he had once every reason to hope that his play would be honoured with representation. He also flattered himself, that the novelty of a drama, no part whereof was borrowed from a foreign stage, and a moral, designedly pointed against a vice, which at present may be said to characterise the age, might have proved circumstances in his favour. But he now finds that an author, in writing a play, however well he may execute it, has done very little: that if he me[illegible]t to write for the stage, his most necessary qualification was an acquaintance with the politics and temporary arts of the green-room.

It is not long since that a friend of mine, having an inclination to write a tragedy, applied himself for some instruction to a gentleman who had often composed for the theatre. "My dear sir," says the author, "you conceive not half the trouble and vexation you must undergo to bring your play upon the stage. Believe a man who has learned, by too much experience, that

> Between the acting of a tragedy
> And the first writing, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.

"You must cabal with the players, you must attend upon the manager, you must flatter him, and perhaps write verses upon him; you must suffer a hundred little indignities besides, and after all your play may be rejected. For you are mistaken if you think that literary merit is a passport to representation. The manager must serve himself first, and he has always some pieces on his hands, seldom so few as half a dozen, which are his own property. Besides, you are a stranger to the management of the theatre: do you know what is the *trim of the stage?*"—"So far from it," replied my friend, "that I do not remember to have heard the phrase before, nor am I able to comprehend what it means."—"The meaning," says the old author, "contains nothing critical, has nothing to do with the unities; but however the scholar may affect to despise it, let me assure you, that unless you are acquainted with the character and capacity of each actor and actress in the house, and know something too of the scenery and dresses, you can't write a play worth a farthing."

The unequalled abilities of Mr. Garrick, as an actor, fill us at once with pleasure and admiration; which, improved by the feelings of the generous mind, rise into a sort of general esteem and prepossession in his favour. When I bear this testimony to Mr. Garrick's excellence, I trust the public will not take offence, and that Mr. Garrick himself will forgive me, if I say that, as a manager, he has been generally unhappy or ill-advised in his choice of the dramas exhibited in Drury Lane.

But I cannot speak of the pieces themselves. It is cruel to insult the memory of the departed; it is ungenerous to attack the dead. These, alas! have no patron, no defender. Mr. Garrick, their friend, as long as he could keep them alive, even Garrick has deserted them. Let them rest in their obscurity; and let me assure their sometime protector, that I have too much humanity to drag them thence, with any view of comparison or competition. Not that I mean to impute to Mr. Garrick's want of taste, all the despised and forgotten plays which have appeared on his stage. Some of them he was obliged to introduce through gratitude, through friendship, sometimes through generosity; and though he could not give them a lasting reputation, the indulgence of the public usually favoured the representation. But gratitude, friendship, and even generosity, however favourite virtues, cannot have been with Mr. Garrick his only principle of action. His judgment, unbiased by any interest, must frequently have directed his choice. Yet by some, not unaccountable, ill fortune, these select pieces have generally shared the fate of the others; and at this day you may as well hope to trace them in the closets of the ingenious, as you may the former in the memory of the playhouse critic.

In a letter to the author, professing his desire to serve him, Mr. Garrick gave his opinion, that though his play contained "many, many beautiful passages," it would be necessary to new model it, and for that purpose referred the author to the judgment of a gentleman well known in the literary world, and particularly for his excellence in poetry and criticism. The author, after altering his play, and receiving the approbation of this gentleman, sent it again to Mr. Garrick, and it was again rejected, as impossible to be adapted to the present taste, or the trim of the stage.

Let me not be thought too bold if I seem to censure the public upon this head. The managers of the theatres themselves confess, and affect to lament, that they are frequently obliged to represent plays which have no other merit than that of being written in the reigning taste. As if, like children or holiday 'prentices, the public are only to be taken by glare and noise; by the eye, and not by the heart. Yet in this opinion perhaps Mr. Garrick is in an errour. If, in the tragedies which he presents to the public, a few poetical and passionate lines shine through the dullness of five tedious acts, these few are immediately distinguished by the audience, and received with applause. A demonstration that their taste is not so degenerate as some may pretend.

Supported by the shining abilities of a Mrs. Barry, and set off with a rich display of scenery, we have known plays which no man can read, which no man will suffer in his closet, well received on the theatre of Drury Lane. If, therefore, the excellence of a Mrs. Barry can support those dull and insipid dramas, where the satisfaction of the audience arises chiefly from the merit of the actress, with how much greater eclat must those pieces appear, where the poet, by that most powerful spring of tragedy, the pathetic, opens a worthy scene for the display of such admirable talents? To suppose that such plays would fail for want of dramatic art, that is, for want of such nice circumstances as make our modern plays as regular as a lawyer's pleading, and almost as dull, is an injury to the abilities of good actors, and an insult on the common sense of the public.

Nor is this assertion unconfirmed by experience. The Douglas was by Mr. Garrick rejected; not from any prejudice, we ought to suppose, but because it was not conformable to his ideas of dramatic art. The Douglas, however, has been, and continues to be acted with universal approbation; while many of Mr. Garrick's *models of dramatic art*, under the leaden weight of their insipidity, have sunk into almost instant oblivion. The secret is, the Douglas is addressed to the heart: the Douglas therefore will please, so long as interesting situation and tender passion have any influence on the human breast.

We have lately seen a reformation in one walk of the drama attempted with success. Genuine nature and Dr. Goldsmith's comedies have triumphed over prudery and emasculated sentiment. May genuine nature and tender passion in tragedy likewise triumph over those little adjustments and scenical tricks which seem congenial, and only adapted to an art, at once unmeaning and unnatural!

After all, the manager, as his property is chiefly concerned, has an undoubted right to receive or reject what he pleases; but as a servant of the public, he must allow them to determine on the merits of what he offers for their entertainment; and, if from him an author appeal to their tribunal, on the merit also of what he withholds. To this tribunal The Siege of Marseilles is submitted, and should it be found superior in merit to many of those plays which Mr. Garrick has exhibited in Drury Lane, in that case, Mr. Garrick has neither dealt impartially with the author, nor justly with the public.

THE SIEGE OF MARSEILLES.

THE CHARACTERS.

Francis I. *king of France.*
Raymond, *count of Chateaubriant, governor of Marseilles.*
Bramville, *an old officer, his uncle.*
Ronsard, *a young officer, his friend.*
The Lord Admiral *of France.*
Guise, *a nobleman of the court.*

Feminia, *countess of Chateaubriant.*
Eemoine, *countess of Guise.*

Officers, Attendants, &c.

THE SCENE. RAYMOND'S *castle, and adjoining woods, near Marseilles.*

THE TIME. *Less than twenty-four hours.*

The historical period—When the duke of Bourbon, having renounced his allegiance to Francis I. of France, at the head of a Spanish army invaded his native country, and laid siege to Marseilles.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Count* RAYMOND'S *castle. After sunset.*

Count RAYMOND *and* RONSARD *advancing.*

Ray. YES, Ronsard, ere to morrow noon my country
Shall triumph o'er her foes. But whence these sounds
Of feast and joy, that echo from my towers?
Whence round my gate these soldiers fil'd in rank?
Ron. The Admiral of France, my lord, commands them,
And, see, he beckons us.
Ray. Yes, I perceive him.
Forgive my lord——th' unexpected blaze
[*To the Adm.*
And voice of revelry has stunn'd my thoughts.
——Alas, my lord,
Ill suits this sacred house with guardless riot!
In times like these, beneath the open sky,
The night dew dropping from his dangling curls,
The soldier should out-watch the peeping stars
Of chilly dawn. But here, O shame to manhood!
Perfum'd and shuddering at the drizzly shower,
Beneath the gilded roof, the silken warrior
Of these degenerate days in wanton luxury
Unstrings his feeble sinews! Oh, my country!
Forgive my wandering passions——haste, my lord,

If, as my heart misgives me, if my sovereign
Here lost in revel wastes th' unvalu'd hours,
Haste lead me to him; Bourbon's, my country's fate,
Hang on my lips.
Lord Adm. Bourbon, my lord,
Is fled, confus'd as from a total rout. [country
Ray. Ha! Bourbon fled——Destruction to my
Follows that thin delusion—Where is my sovereign—
Lord Adm. Mark me, my lord; this keen impa-
Your present danger. [tience suits not
Ray. Danger to me peculiar!
Yet say, where lies it.
Lord Adm. In the king's displeasure,
For this your disobedience, which your foes
May vaump in treason's garb.
Ray. Be plain, my lord,
You speak a language to my heart unknown.
Lord Adm. And plain then be it:
Here, my lord, your presence
Is disobedience: your commanded duty
Calls you to other station.
Ray. Darker still
Are these ambiguous words——a soldier's duty,
My king's command I never disobey'd.
Lord Adm. The king, when Bourbon fled, sent
his command [walls,
That Raymond still should guard Marseilles' torn
Lest Bourbon's flight be only stratagem,
Till he himself to morrow noon relier'd him.
Such the command: and Raymond now stands here
In act of daring disobedience.
Ray. Ah! now the dreary gleam,
As of a funeral torch, breaks through the darkness
That veil'd your words. But Raymond were a
traitor
Were he not *here*, and earnest to demand [mond
An audience of his sovereign; tell him count Ray-
Has left Marseilles; tell him his crown depends
On my immediate audience——No, myself
Shall bring conviction.
Lord Adm. That my lord were treason
In me, in these, not to prevent.
Ray. What madness this! what thriftless waste
of time!
The sword has nobler work——And instantly
I will have audience.
Lord Adm. Yet, brave Raymond, hear.
First, let me tell him that important reasons
Have brought you here: but as you love your
country,
First let me urge the reasons that persuade
Myself, ere to your sovereign unprepar'd,
Unthank'd I bring you.
Ray. Thankless it shall not be;
And speed, Lord Admiral, as you would spurn
The name of traitor—— [*Exit Lord Adm.*
Ronsard, in your eye [*To Ronsard.*
I read amazement——In myself I feel
An unform'd horrour, and ill-boding darkness——
Oh, my Erminia——All gracious Heaven,
Where am I lost!
Ron. My friend, my bitter father!
O good my lord, far from your generous heart
Be these vile terrours.
Ray. Ere the sacred altar
Witness'd her plighted faith, my lov'd Erminia
Plighted her troth, and I esteem'd it sacred,
For by *her* love she vow'd never to grace
The court of Valois. When the ecstasy
Of love's completion was a new existence,
When all the passion of that generous time
Fires the affections, and each melting wish
But glows to please, she read my secret thought,
And fondly promis'd never in my absence
To give her presence to the passing guest.
Yet this dread night——
Ron. To night, my lord, the king
Commands your castle.
Ray. And I know him well.
I feel some leaden hand, invisible, [hovers,
Weigh down my freezing heart——Where the kite
The quarry lies in view——Soon Bourbon's thunder
Shall sound another peal than that which now
Kindles this lust inspiring revelry.
Yet ere I warn my sovereign of his danger,
Ere for my country I can draw my sword,
My heart's sole treasure, my Erminia's safety,
Must to my heart be firm assur'd——Till then
The king I see not. In the bower that shades
My chapel wall I wait, till you, good Ronsard,
Bring me my aged uncle, honour'd Bramville;
His words I 'll trust. Oh speed! my spouse, my
country,
Urge violent speed. [*Exit Ronsard.*
——Base world, how dost thou teem
With foul events! Justice and every service
Are all mere cobweb films to bind the hands
Of lust and tyranny! Good Heaven, what dangers
Frown dreadful on me! O Erminia,
Wilt thou prove false? Away, the thought is treason.
Their witch like creeping arts affect not thee,
Yet oft with pain and fear have I beheld
A little, wayward, giddy levity,
Show its capricious features in the midst
Of thy endearments, while the languid sigh,
And eye dissatisfy'd, would tell the wish
For courtly grandeur. Ah, my boding heart!
Away, these cruel and ungenerous thoughts——
Yet fear gnaws deep——the king; ay that admits
No hesitation——

SCENE II. *A room in* RAYMOND'S *castle.*

The KING, *the* LORD ADMIRAL, *and duke of* GUISE.

King. And Raymond here in breach of our com-
mand?
My lords beware, the vengeance of a king
Falls heavy on deceivers. You have told me
Of Raymond's beauteous lady——All you told
Drew but a faded picture of her charms:
So lovely she outshines description.
But you have added, that she might be won.
You give me sweetest poison, and you promise
Its rapturous antidote. The poison kindles
A wild delirium; but the blissful cure
Exceeds all art to compass. All she feels
Is passion for her husband. I have seen her,
And hopeless rage is mine.
Guise. All tenderness,
Melting with grief she seem'd, but the keen taste
Of joy is sister to the soft enthusiasm
Of melting sorrow; open is her temper;
Lively and delicate her fancy glows.
Then doubt it not, but sprightly levity
Pants in her breast. If I know aught of woman,
Such one is to be wrought on.
King. You have told me
Raymond's proud heart might by a king be soften'd,
And high advancement next to sovereign rank
Shall bribe his patience. If you here deceive me,

Dreadful shall burst the storm. And Raymond's pride
I dread alike as his Erminia's hate,
Invincible.

Lord Adm. Yet hear, my liege;
Ambition is the raging fire that burns
The heart of Raymond.

King. Honour lives in his breast; piness
His soul is more than Roman. Though my hap-
Be plac'd perhaps at mortal strife with his,
My heart delights to pause upon his virtues;
What his bold sword has done, what wounds he bears,
Young as he is, earn'd nobly in my battles!
Long have the shatter'd walls of lorn Marseilles
Defy'd the traitor Bourbon's fiercest rage.
And had not Raymond thus oppos'd his course,
Paris ere now had seen the daring rebel
Camp'd at her gates. Fierce Bourbon now is fled
To Italy; such circumstance we owe
To Raymond's bold defence.

Lord Adm. Yet has he left
His shatter'd walls, in breach of his'd command,
And as a spy comes lurking here.

King. Lord Admiral,
I read your untold counsel; punish that crime.
Yes, I will punish it: but he who first
Advises favours as the way to conquer,
Then fearful of his promise urges rigour,
To me seems deep in guilt. Each various art
Of war is Bourbon's: and perhaps his flight
Is only feign'd. Were sudden injury
Pour'd now on Raymond—Ah, beneath my banners
Blunted were many a spear; so well esteem'd,
So lov'd he reigns in ev'ry soldier's heart.
Yet shall I yield the dearest happiness?
And shall my soul, that never knew to humble,
Coldly and humbly too resign the hope
Of all I wish?——Alas! my fever'd heart sence,
With anguish'd longings seeks the fair one's pre-
Though not a smile repay my ardent love.
Here wait our will—— [*Exit King.*

Lord Adm. Your plots, young lord, are turn'd
Like arrows on their masters. Raymond's valour
Is now the king's sole theme of praise and wonder;
And Raymond's power portends our hopeless fall.
Was it for this, my Guise, we rooted out
The haughty Bourbon from the king's affections,
That ere they cool'd, his place might be supply'd
By this affected Roman?

Guise. Every failure
That jealousy's prophetic eye may dread,
Our care has shunn'd——

Lord Adm. When comes a smooth-faced boy,
Squeamish with honesty, vaumpt with the feathers
By thoughtless courage gain'd; and, oh disgrace!
Tears from the hoary politician's brow
The civic wreath, and plants it on his own.

Guise. No, fortune ever is the slave of wisdom;
Bold, let us hope.

Lord Adm. Loud and audaciously,
'T is said, he brands the court: Bourbon he calls
A gallant man much injur'd.

Guise. And may silence
Still close that strain.
Raymond bears every gallant virtue's semblance
So taking with the king. But wound his honour,
Unbridled as the northern storm, his rage
Bursts headlong, nor subsides till justice soothe
His rankled pride.

Lord Adm. Oh hence, that hope of women,
That builds its trust on what another's honour
May please to do; give sov'reign power to Raymond,
And ev'n to grooms, he yields his lovely countess.
What works we fondly thought to raise against him,
Serve but as steps to lift him up to greatness.

Guise. My lord, there is a wisdom cold and watchful;
Much of itself approv'd, that calmly triumphs
O'er what the simple name the gen'rous passions.
This wisdom headlong Raymond never knew.
Oft in the camp I 've read his furious madness;
Calm prudence never veil'd his mind's affection.
If the fierce lioness unmov'd will slumber,
While from her side her howling whelps are torn
By shepherds' curs, then will the heart-chang'd
Calmly resign his countess. [Raymond

Lord Adm. But the king,
As wildly great in generous nobleness,
Will never——cannot thus o'erwhelm in ruin
The man his soul admires.

Guise. By cool design
Perhaps he cannot: but he little dream
How female charms o'erpower him. All he feels
Is wild delirium then; and his high spirit fire.
Disdains each bound which then would check his
From viewing Bourbon's camp this morn I led him
To Raymond's gates: the wood-embosom'd castle
Presented to his mind the gallant lovers
And ladies of romance. "Here 's some adventure,"
Cry'd the pleas'd king.

Lord Adm. And did not you extol
The lady of the mansion's wondrous charms?

Guise. I named her passing beauty; but I named it
With careless voice. Th' unexpected blaze
Strikes to the soul——Fair as the blush of morn,
We found her walking pensive in the garden;
She, far the loveliest flow'r that flourish'd there;
Sorrow was in her eye and melting sweetness;
And unsuspicious innocence beam'd round her.
O'erpower'd till lost in pausing awkwardness,
The king gaz'd on her charms,
But when her husband
Was named——
Cold at the heart methought it struck him,
With vacant looks as hopeless of his wish;
He paus'd and sigh'd; then sudden o'er his cheek
The blush of love rush'd out. I mark'd his eye,
It brighten'd and it languish'd every moment
While roving o'er her charms.

Lord Adm. And was her sorrow
The net of love, display'd to catch the lover
Who fondly soothes it?

Guise. No; 't was innocence,
Artless, yet easy to be gently won.
Some fearful dreams about her husband's safety
Prey'd on her heart; but when the king declar'd
Danger was o'er, as angels smile, she smil'd.
And when he talk'd of courtly joys, of grandeur,
And beauty's empire, Heaven's! how the deep sigh
Betray'd her fluttering heart!

Lord Adm Your spouse, my lord,
Comes with the looks of care.

Guise. Why, my Eemoine, why that pensive eye,
Where love should only reign?

Em. My lord, I know not.
What means the king? to me he talks of honour,
That all his wish is but to favour Raymond;
To see the countess happy at the court,
The fairest ornament of Fontainbleau.

Pity, indeed, that here amidst these wilds,
Such charms, such virtues, as adorn the countess,
Should to the world be lost. But if the king
Do plan delusion, gracious angels guard me——
No; never shall my conscious lips betray
Such innocence, such sacred spousal love.
'T was not in vain, my lord, you brought me here;
Here shall I better learn, though well I knew
From thee before, to tend the flowers that shed
Their soft endearments o'er the sacred bowers
Of wedded love. [ship
Guise. And long and happy be your sacred friend-
With Raymond's countess! from these dull retirements
Urge her to follow you to courtly splendour;
And as your friendship strengthens, be the wish
Still melting on your lips, that gallant Raymond
Would join strict friendship with your prosp'rous
I then were fully happy. [husband.
Een. Ever shalt thou be happy,
My wedded lord, if aught my cares avail.
The countess flies the king; I go to soothe her
By his command, and bring her to the mask-room.
Guise. Such was thy smile, my fair, when at the altar
I seiz'd thy yielding hand—— [*Exit Eemoine.*
Lord Adm. Great in the future tales
Of state intrigue, I hail thee, prudent Guise.
Thy spouse, a stranger to thy heart, will act
Her part from simple nature, unoppos'd
By female scruples.
Guise. Think not ever woman
Shall fathom this deep breast: but well I know,
When woman's faith is tamper'd with,
Woman must be employ'd: a woman's presence
Lulls fear to sleep: a woman's friendly smile
Gives silent approbation to the thoughts,
As to themselves unknown they warm to passion.
Lord Adm. Cautious, yet fearless too, must we hold on.
Where fear prevails no bold emprise succeeds.
I hasten to the king: do thou find Raymond,
And fire him to the mood of our desires.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An arbour by an old chapel.*

RAYMOND *and* BRAMVILLE.

Ray. The King and Guise this morning at my
Bram. Yet hear, my lord—— [castle——
Ray. Saw my Erminia! and now are with her
Holding their revelry. O woman's honour,
Poor glittering vapour, bursting at the touch
Of first intruder!
Bram. 'T was the King, my lord,
'T was he intruded: in the cypress grove
By chance he met her: to the silent shade
Mournful she fled, to give her bleeding heart
The fainting ease and luxury of sorrow.
For thee, brave Raymond, bled her faithful heart
In each sad life-throb. Fearful images
Of thee, stretch'd pale and breathless on the ground,
Haunted her tortur'd fancy: when the King
Affirmed your safety—as an April Sun [glow'd
Smiles through the weeping clouds, she smil'd and
With sudden joy. But soon the pale-lipt sigh
Confess'd the cold return of doubtful fear.
The King's officious kindness seem'd ungrateful
To her pain'd heart: and soon indeed she left him.
All noon she linger'd pensive by the window,
Whence seen in distant view Marseilles' grey towers,
And Bourbon's camp held her attentive eye:
Loud roar'd the war, and hissing through the air
The bombs shower'd on the city. At the burst
Of ev'ry groaning volley were her eyes
And hands held up to Heaven; "Oh, spare my husband!"
Wildly she cry'd, in all the strength of terrour;
Then would have swoon'd; but waken'd by another,
And still another roar of Bourbon's thunder.
"Oh, spare my Raymond, Heaven!" she still exclaim'd;
Till silence with the evening sudden clos'd
The dreadful day—— [mine!
Ray. Oh, what a treasure, gracious Heaven, is
Yes; I could weep, and all my heart is pour'd
O'er my Erminia's generous pain——my heart
Upbraids itself for its dishonest fears.
But speed thee, Bramville, bring my tender fair one
Where, unprofan'd by these gay revellers' eyes,
Here in the sacred chapel, I may fold her
In my enraptur'd arms, and vow my love,
Ere on the battle-field I meet the foe, [turn.
From whence Heaven knows if e'er my steps re-
Bram. I speed, my lord.
Ray. Hah, what ill-boding omen!
My heart's dire dread——

Enter the KING, GUISE, *and* LORD ADMIRAL.

King. What councils hold you here in these lone shades?
Raymond, thy brave protection of Marseilles
Receives our thanks; but our command bade Raymond
Guard well his shatter'd walls against surprise;
Nor leave Marseilles till we ourself reliev'd him.
But thou art here: how stands thy loyalty?
Our will was never disobey'd in vain. [loyalty
Ray. My presence here, my liege, attests my
More than the numerous wounds thy battles gave me.
Two months has Bourbon pour'd his rage upon me;
Two months my walls have stopp'd his march through France:
Three nights and days successive has his thunder
Pour'd on my city, when at last your highness
Came to the rescue of Marseilles and France.
Then Bourbon fled; and rushing from my towers,
I dar'd the column where his ensign stream'd,
Himself I took not, though my spear was near him:
Yet some I made my prisoners; one of these
Carried this letter.
[*Gives it to the King, who soon gives it to Guise.*
——To Marseilles I sent
My brave lieutenant: to my sovereign's camp,
(Other command of duty unreceiv'd)
I sped to warn him of to morrow's war.
Though wild confusion mark'd the flight of Bourbon,
The rising Sun shall see his army marshall'd
In dread array offering their iron front.
Off with these silken robes and cap of velvet;
The vest of steel, my liege, and brazen helmet,
Were fitter now.
King. Raymond, such zeal we need not. [him.
What Bourbon means we know; our camp expects
Marseilles demands your presence.
——Every moment
You tarry here upbraids the king who honours you.
[*Raymond retires.*
Good Heaven, what mutiny of struggling passions

Rag'd in his eyes, and shook his ling'ring steps,
Foreboding dreadful issue!
Lord Adm. On himself
Will ever fall the evil.
Guise. This the order
[*Holding the letter in his hand.*
Of Bourbon to his generals may be wrought
By jealous Raymond: his ill-boding care
Secludes his countess with such jealousy,
As if he meant these lonely shades should guard
The wanton rays of summer's genial suns
From playing round her.
King. Yet, much care behoves us,
Speed to the camp, Lord Admiral, and give
Our fix'd command; let all in silent care
Lie under arms to night. No sudden danger
Forbids the gay festivity, ordain'd
To win the angel countess. 'T were impiety
To love's coy god to slip so fair a season.
Guise. Behold, my liege, with what a pleasing lustre
The star of Venus twinkles o'er the bowers
Inspiring love, as if she bade the lover
Steal to his mistress.
King. Every thought presents me
The lovely fair one——Ah, what tenderness,
What warmth of soul, beneath her innocence,
Artless appear'd!
Guise. If such dear scenes of transport
Rise in enamour'd fancy, think what transport,
While now the Moon gleams through the lonely grove
Making the primrose paler, while the gale
Whispers love sighs, to wander with the goddess,
Who gives the inspiration.
King. Oh, name it not:
I am all fire——Yes, I shall die or conquer.

ACT II.

Scene I. *A room in the castle.*

Erminia *and* Eemoine.

Erm. Ah, name not brilliant show and courts to me!
These peaceful shades, and holy calm retirements,
Where'er my gallant Raymond's presence glads them,
Have every charm: delights how far superior
To gaudy flutter and encumber'd grandeur!
On yon green bank, lav'd by the murm'ring rill,
How have I sat enraptur'd, while my hero
Renew'd his joyful vows, and prais'd his happiness!
Th' envious Sun has stolen away unnotic'd,
And the melodious warbler of the evening
Has sung unheard beside me while he talk'd;
For all my ear was love. O Raymond, Raymond,
When shall these dreadful wars again restore thee!
When shall our wonted bowers hear thee again
Display the raptures of thy faithful heart!
Oh, Heaven restore my Raymond to my arms!
Eem. Heaven hears the prayer. Still on Marseilles' proud wall
Waves the red banner, and still lives my lord,
The governor.
Erm. He lives—perhaps he does not.
If yet he live, to morrow brings new danger.
Oh, I am full of fearful apprehensions!
I fear, alas!—what thousand fleeting phantoms!
I fear his valorous thoughtless scorn of danger
More than a thousand foes.
Eem. A brave man only, lady,
Had charms for you; and would you wish your lord
To shun the toils that give him all his charms?
And ever sacred be this wood-land castle
And these lone bowers, to love, to happiest love!
And soon may Raymond cheer his lone retreat!
Yet sprightly youth by nature's powerful motion
Asks other scenes; would mingle in the walks
Where other peers lead forth their fairest dames.
Erm. I cannot love the scene my Raymond loves not:
All the endearments of th' expecting lover
Still seem more tender; yet should I but hint
Of leaving these retreats, and name the court,
Serious he looks, then smiling says; the world
Is all false show, and full of real trouble;
That a calm haven, like ours, is all the wish
Of courts and camps; the pole star of ambition.
Love makes me say so too, when sparkling rapture
His eyes confess his dearest wish accomplish'd;
The while he labours to express his joy,
And tells me I have freely granted him
The only point he could refuse to yield me.
Eem. Yet the full tide of Raymond's rising honours
Now swell so high, it cannot, will not leave him
To these lone shades—Talk'd not the king this morn
As if he wish'd the count would change his life,
And show the court his countess?
Erm. Ah, Eemoine!
Raise not that hope; away! it shall not please me.
Eem. And most auspiciously occasion offers,
Bourbon is fled, by Raymond's valour baffled;
And France is sav'd. This night the joyful king,
With many a lady from the neighbouring castles,
In Raymond's castle means to celebrate
The nation's joy in honour of your husband.
Should Raymond's countess sullen then refuse
To grace the public joy, her husband's honour
Were tainted by the deed.
Erm. Three dreadful nights and days
Has Bourbon pour'd his thunder on Marseilles.
No sleep the while my woeful eyelids clos'd.
My fever'd thoughts at last, in gentle slumber,
Methought were sooth'd, when on the ground before me
A pale and blood-stain'd corpse my husband lay.
'T was not a dream, I saw him—— [gufs
Eem. The sick man's dreams of dismal yawning
Cleaving beneath his feet, and volleying fire,
Are real all, compar'd to what fond love
Conceives, when fear, as on the whirlwind's wing,
Tosses the fancy——Ah, bethink you, lady,
How ill your fears become your op'ning fortunes.
Whom Fortune once forsakes, him almost never
She visits more; but when her various bounty
Flows on her favourites, the spring's gay blossoms
Crowd not so plenteous on the May-day thorn;
So full she comes, where she delights to come.
She now, your better angel, smiles upon you,
And bids you follow her; see, where she leads
To courtly brilliancy, and royal favour! [me,
Erm. Ah, didst thou feel like me, and hadst, like
The husband of thy love three days in battle!
Perhaps, ev'n now, torn from my widow'd arms,
On the rude earth his cold pale cheek reclines!

Didst thou fear this, alas, thou couldst not talk
Of Fortune's smiles, and Grandeur's gaudy baubles!

Enter the KING, GUISE, *and* OFFICERS.

King.—Ah! still in tears?—Let winter's dismal gloom
O'ercloud the smiles of May, but let not sorrow
Dim these bright eyes.
Erm.—Forgive, my liege—Hither, for pity's sake!
Support me, lady. [*Retiring.*
King.—What, and fly me too!
And can so fair a bosom veil such rigour?
Erm.—Oh, pity my distress, my woman's fears!
King. The brave count Raymond lives, and crown'd with glory! [war
Erm. Oh Heaven! repeat it—Does the rage of
Threaten no more?—Here, from the camp, I see,
Are other peers; but what detains my Raymond?
Alas, deceive me not, nor mock my fears!
Eem. Thy fears are but the terrour of a dream,
That soon will vanish.
Erm. Ah, the dreadful battle
Is past; and these return'd from victory;
But death detains my Raymond! Never, till now,
Was he the last to hasten to my arms.
Thy Guise is here, Eemoine; but my Raymond
Lies bleeding on the field. I know his ardour:
The dearest joy he felt in war's proud triumph
Was to behold my transport, when my arms
Receiv'd him from the fields of death, restor'd
To life, to love——But now, oh Heaven! he comes
Though others come: [not,
King. By the king's sacred honour!
Thy Raymond lives; and ev'ry tongue delights
To name his gallant deeds. To night is sacred
To his renown, which you will more adorn.
The court of Charlemagne, in all its pomp
Of beauteous ladies, when they sat to judge
Their knights at martial Tournay, yields to mine
The palm of beauty. War's confus'd alarms
Are now expell'd our realm—Festivity
Now claims the heart—Then might I thus to night,
For one short night, thus beg your hand, and call
Queen of the mask. [you
Erm. Alas, my liege, my terrours
O'erpower my soul!——Hither, Eemoine, aid me.
King. Ah, madam!——Yes, indeed, had you re-
All dull impertinence the face of joy [fus'd me—
Had seem'd to me——
[*Eemoine retires, the countess as lost in hesitation.*
The cares of war, now like my humble vassals,
Stand off at servile distance, while I give
My heart to riot in the sweetest joys
That victory affords; the sovereign joys
That beauty's captivating power inspires,
When beauty smiles with all the dear distinctions
That valour gains from woman——
[*Guise taking the countess by the hand.*
Guise. Here, my liege,
The fairest gem that ever France acquir'd
From all her wars, to grace her splendid court.
Erm. Ha, what! forbear——I know not what you said.
My spirits hurry me, I know not whither!
[*Withdrawing.*
I break my plighted honour while I talk
And linger here——Whate'er my Raymond means,
I would not wound him in his earnest wish,
So oft repeated, were the world to give
[*Eemoine returns.*

All it admires to bribe me. Why, Eemoine,
Why leave me thus? Hither, my childhood's friend
[*Offering to retire.*
King. Yet hear how vain is your oppressing sorrow.
Eem. The gallant Raymond, crown'd with fresh blown honours,
Safe from the war this instant glads his castle.
His country's cause commands his present care,
And soon the honours of to night's festivity
Shall give him to your arms with doubled joy.
Highly elated with the royal favour,
He means to meet you at the happy mask;
Such duteous honour to his king he owes,
And longs to pay——
Erm. Oh, not an angel's voice
Could thus have darted through my lifted heart
So bright a glow of transport. Oh, my Raymond!
What have I suffer'd from the dreams of fear!
Yes; thy love-smiles shall fondly brighten o'er me
While I in sweet remembrance tell my fears.
King. Now, by my crown! these looks of happy
Repay the hardships of a whole campaign. [beauty
The ladies and the peers already crowd
The joyful mask room, and attend their king;
But happiness delays her inspiration,
Lady, till you appear. [*Exeunt together.*

SCENE II. *An apartment in the castle.*

Enter BRAMVILLE *and* RONSARD *meeting.*

Bram. Say, have you found him?—Deaf to all my prayers,
He spurns when I urge his instant safety:
Here, here, he lingers in the act of treason.
Ron. And vain is all I urge of hope and patience;
Vain as his earnest wish to see the countess.
He well perceives she 's guarded. But this instant
He sprung away, and vow'd that not the king
Should guard the door that plac'd its bar between them.

Enter GUISE *and* LORD ADMIRAL.

Guise. And know'st thou, Bramville, how thy furious nephew
Defies the king's high will, deserts his station
Even in the foe's proud face? His fate is mark'd
In bloody characters.
Bram. My, and his foes
Will speed the blow——Alas! I know it well——
[*Exeunt Bram. and Ron.*
Lord Adm. Now is the moment, Guise. Tell me no more
What Raymond's love will do, and boasted honour;
Speed! instant to the king! and bring commission
To seize the ling'ring traitor.
Guise. On ourselves
Thus shall we call destruction. Raymond's countess
Yet loves her husband with a bride's devotion;
And should his fate even wound her with a sigh,
The love-intoxicated king would spurn us,
Degraded from his presence. Yes, my lord,
I 'll trust the workings of the count's fierce honour.

Enter EEMOINE.

Eem. My lord, oh speed!——Fierce Raymond, on the instant,
Will burst into the mask room——

Guise. Ay, and there,
Fierce as a tiger, let him meet his spouse!
The kingly lion will not yield his prey:
Yes, let the monarch curse his rude intrusion,
And from the ferment of their mounting passions
Our's be the gain.——Ha! while I speak it hap-
Uproar and wild confusion at the mask [pens.
Seal what I hop'd. They bring the fainting lady:
Let us withdraw, my lord——
[*Exeunt Guise and Lord Adm.*

ERMINIA, *supported by attendants,* EEMOINE *advancing.*

Eem. Hah, yet she lives!——and have I basely done it?——
Mercy, sweet Heaven!——am I the blinded agent
Of adamantine hearted treachery?
Ah, these pale looks upbraid my ministry!
Yet, yet I knew not——Oh, my friend Erminia!
Cast not the look of terrour thus around thee;
Here each awaits to soothe thy sudden woe
Whate'er its grief.

Erm. Oh, how severely did his look upbraid
My breach of promise! Fiercest indignation
Lower'd in his eye, and wither'd in his heart,
Each soft, each dear remembrance! whither shall I,
Oh, whither turn me!

Eem. All around you, lady,
Shall yet smile gay. The king, the gen'rous Francis,
Shall guard your happiness.

Erm. The king——Ah me!
Piercing with coldest horrour comes the voice
That bids me hope that kindness from another
I only wish from Raymond——Oh, ungenerous
Have I requited him——one test of love.
Oft he implor'd with all the rage of earnestness,
And I, unworthy of a love like his,
Have carelessly neglected that poor test.
Yet to my Raymond shall I only fly;
E'en though he spurn me with a stemer look,
Yet will I hold him to my trembling breast,
My foe and only friend, my dread and refuge.
Where has my Raymond fled me——

Enter GUISE.

Guise. Weep not, lady;
Other resentments, noble ones, should heave
The indignant sigh——and Raymond shall lament.

Erm. Raymond lament! Oh, pitying Heaven defend him!
My careless breach of promise has involv'd him
In death's dark paths. Ay, death was in the frowns
The king and Raymond lower'd upon each other.
Yet will I now repeat my breach of promise,
And humbly grasp the frowning monarch's knees,
Till his high dignity forgive my husband.

Guise. Generous lady,
Thou art thy Raymond's better angel, sent
From Heaven to save him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another apartment.*

GUISE *and his* LADY.

Eem. Thus, on my knees, by Heaven's eternal grace,
My Guise, my husband, I adjure thee tell me,
Tell me, what means this earnestness to win
Erminia to the court?—beneath this kindness
Lurks an ambiguous darkness; whence the horrour
That shakes ev'n Raymond's knees, and chills his
As death's cold touch? [countess'

Guise. Stern Raymond's wayward humour
Thus beats the air, and o'er his hapless spouse
Acts the dread lord; to save his gentle lady
From this wild tyranny, were Heaven's own kindness,
Were worthy noblest friendship.

Eem. Ah, my lord,
Her woes are all the woes of tenderest love,
And shall I act the part which you impose,
And add despair to anguish? No; forbid it,
Oh gracious Heaven!

Guise. And thus a woman's weakness
Must blight the fairest harvest of my hopes.
Distraction, madness——

Eem. Yet, my lord, yet hear;
I dread——Alas——

Guise. Few be my words——The king
In wildest admiration views the bravery
Of gallant Raymond: Raymond soon will shine
The first high-favour'd subject of the world;
And Raymond is my foe——Unless your friend-
With his lov'd countess win me into favour, [ship
Disgrac'd and banish'd from the court, our castle
In Normandy's wild hills, to you, to me,
Will soon become a lonely gloomy prison——
You tremble at the thought—Be wise; prevent it;
Be the bold friend of Raymond's injur'd countess.
Give her the noblest gift a friend can give;
Teach her to vindicate her independence,
Leave to her gratitude the rest; and thou
Be grateful too: remember the lone cloister
From which my youthful love brought thee to grandeur. [*Exit Guise.*

Eem. I well remember it: thy dreary castle
In Normandy needs only to be nam'd,
And the dark cloister's wintry shades return,
Where, lost to hope, my mounting soul seem'd fix'd
To a condition rooted to the earth
As the base weed that creeps on the cold rock;
Where, if at times my gen'rous mind presag'd
The courtly scenes of grandeur and of joy,
Dependence, like a stern stepmother, blotted
The beauteous prospect, and sunk down my heart
In cold despair——Yes, I remember these;
And, were I sponse to Raymond, would not yield
To his ungen'rous thraldom! Be my friendship
To Raymond's countess then, such as myself,
In her lorn hours, would wish. [*Exit*

SCENE IV. *Another apartment.*

BRAMVILLE *and* RAYMOND.

Bram. Indeed, my lord, indeed your headlong passion
Has rudely injur'd the most faithful spouse.

Ray. My breast was torn with fierce conflicting passions,
And still is torn. Oh, Bramville! speed again,
Tell my Erminia——

Bram. Bourbon, my lord,
Perhaps ev'n now, ranges his host for battle;
Your country asks your sword.

Ray. And witness, Heav'n,
I tremble for her fate! yet, yet I will not,
I will not leave defenceless innocence
Beneath the wolf's hot eye. If you would arm me
To fight my country's battles, find me access
To my Erminia.

Bram. I speed, my lord. [*Exit. Bramville.*

Ray. Oh woman, woman, what may fix thy liking!
Good Heav'n, what tenderness, what ardent passion
The yielding virgin's honest blush betrays!
But ah, how soon that honesty expires!
And to the first gross flatterer that assails,
Wanders her poison'd fancy; in affliction,
As light and changeful as the gaudy fly
Which hastens to the rose with eager speed,
And on its damask leaves, with fond embrace,
Flutters her painted wings a little while.
A little while, for lift she but her eyes,
And the first thistle flower that catches them
Catches her fancy too, and thither speeds she.
Oh Heaven, what haggard imperfection blots
Thy fairest work!

Enter RONSARD.

Ron. The troops, my lord, you sent me to prepare,
Are all on fire to think you 'll lead them——Ha,
How dark and wild that look!

Ray. Give me your hand.
Is this an honest hand?

Ron. Unstain'd, my lord.

Ray. Away! the world is false.

Ron. Good Heaven, my friend!

Ray. An old hag once told me,
That my friend's hands should tear my heart, should rend,
Each string, and while it wrung the master-cord,
With sleek adulterous smiles should mock my woes.

Ron. Oh, Heaven, let me confront the daring traitor,
Whose poisonous tongue——

Ray. Alas, Ronsard! thy manners roving,
Have beauteous innocence. My thoughts were
Were warm, my friend, warm with an ancient tale,
A noble one: brave Cyrus had a captive,
The pride of beauty; for the king's own bed
The chiefs reserv'd her: mark, she was a captive
Taken in war, the very flow'r of beauty.
But she was chaste, pure as the snow-rob'd angel
That guards the holy altar: every thought
Glow'd with her husband; cold as Death's chill hand
To all the world beside. Yet she was woman;
And love might hope. But Cyrus made no revel,
No midnight mask, no flatt'ring amorous fondling
To fan her pride, or melt her guardless heart.
Ay, and her husband was the foe of Cyrus,
In arms against him; mark, he was an enemy,
But gallant Cyrus reverenc'd his love,
And to his arms restor'd the beauteous maid,
Pure as th' ethereal blushes of the dawn.

Enter BRAMVILLE.

Bram. My lord, the keen impatience of your fears
Is the worst foe that wars against your spouse,
Eemoine soon will soothe your mind to peace.

Ray. Eemoine, not Erminia! [minia

Bram. Your fiery glances struck your fond Er-
As with'ring lightning; by Eemoine's lips
She begg'd some little space for slow recovery;
But to the chapel: here your stay is treason;
Here may some spy betray you.

Ray. Struck her, said you?
Sweet Heaven, what hope dwells here!
Guilt lifts the harden'd front against the injur'd.
[*As slowly retiring.*
She 's innocent! then hence——
——Yet this Eemoine
Is spouse of Guise——A courtier, who could calmly
To death and infamy consign the friend
Who stood in his ambition's darkling way,
And smile too while he stabb'd him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another apartment.*

The KING, GUISE, *and the* LORD ADMIRAL.

King. My lords, my happiness demands your service.
The countess——Oh, what charms! but go, my
I left her trembling on the giddy whirl [Guise,
Of various passions. Fan her, least suspicions
Of Raymond's hatred—Tell her his dread revenge
Should bid her delicate resentment blaze.
Then let the powers of music soothe her spirits:
I 'll follow you: when the dissolving soul
Glows in her eyes, the melting melody
Shall softly whisper what my looks would say.
[*Exit. Guise.*
And you, Lord Admiral, in every passage
Plant armed soldiers: have a watchful eye
On Raymond.

Lord Adm. And in iron chains secure him.

King. No, by my crown: to seize him yet were death
To the most lovely fair one. I have promis'd,
Though with affected shyness, to forgive him.
Heavens, how my feign'd reluctance fir'd her earnestness,
And fix'd her keen imploring eyes upon me!
Though to my love her words spoke cold despair,
'T was luxury to read her asking eyes
Thus languishing on me. And again,
Soon shall they woo me, while my ling'ring favour
Shall be the trammel of the god of love.
Her husband must be purchas'd. Hither, Lord Admiral. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *An apartment in* RAYMOND'S *castle.*

GUISE *and* LORD ADMIRAL.

Lord Adm. By all we wish, my lord, your boasted arts
Have weigh'd us down. The king decrees the height
Of power and favour to the haughty Raymond.
Distraction! death! mild as the April eve
Soon shall the tempest of his dreadful rage
Gently subside; and we fallen, fallen low——

Guise. When Bourbon drove your proud superior host
In headlong rout before him; when brave Raymond,
With but a van-guard on Marseilles' torn walls
Stopp'd the fierce torrent of his forward course;
Then were we plac'd on ruin's giddy brink;
Yet shall my arts to firmest ground restore us.
Such giddy madness shall my arts inspire,
That not three little days on power's high column
Shall Raymond stand. You to the king, my lord.
My spouse, why thus distress'd, my fair Eemoine?
[*Exit. Lord Admiral.*

Enter EEMOINE.

Why these sad dubious looks?

Eem. Alas, my Guise—— [trust,
Guise. 'T is thus the fearful, trembling with dis-
Unfit to snatch her gifts, turn fortune from them.
The bold command her favours.
Eem. Gracious powers!
What am I doing? Where will these plots end?
I told count Raymond how severely struck,
By his fierce eyes, his faithful countess lay
In death-like swoonings at the neighb'ring convent,
And by his wishes for her life, adjur'd him
Not to intrude again till I had sooth'd her.
And have my lips, by thee instructed, Guise,
Utter'd dark falsehood?—Horrid is the darkness
Where treachery dwells, where ev'ry glimpse of light
Is dreadful as the thunder flash.
Guise. Hail, blessed saint!
O, well these passions suit the cloister's cells.
Thus when the holy sisters chant their vespers
Beneath the dark ail'd abbey's gloomy roofs,
What time the grass-grown crevic'd window pours
The sullen evening's melancholy rays
O'er the surrounding tombs; there, fitting place,
There shall you chant these holy notes, till age
Furrow these blooming cheeks with sallow wrinkles,
The churchyard ravens on the blasted elms
Nightly responsive to the holy song!
Eem. Oh good, my lord, forbear the dreadful
My life-blood freezes. [prospect!
Guise. Dreadful though it be
To youth and beauty, form'd like thine to shine
Amid the world's applause and courtly splendour;
Yet, if perversely you reject my wish
That springs from love, and fondly hopes to save you
From living burial in a cloister's walls,
A cloister's dismal haunts must waft your sighs
On ev'ry evening gale.
Eem. And must your love
Be purchas'd with the crimes of treachery?
Oh, Heaven, where am I lost!
Guise. You talk of crimes;
I offer virtues; but you want ambition.
'T is the peculiar virtue taught in courts
To serve a stubborn friend by kind deceit.
Such the deceit that to the court would bring
The sullen Raymond's countess.
——————All the grandeur
By Bourbon lost shall soon be worn by Raymond:
His jealousy and love are both to madness.
If still Erminia in these castle walls
Remain the prisoner of his jealous love,
What friend shall with the potent Raymond plead
For falling Guise?—Your tongue has utter'd false-
Now to retreat—— [hood.
Eem. The world would curse that falsehood,
That dark unfinish'd kindness. To complete it,
The world shall praise the boldness of my friendship.
Erminia shall be taught to vindicate
The gen'rous freedom which is now deny'd her.
Trust me, my lord, I 'll fan each secret wish
That to herself unknown aspires to grandeur.
The spark shall flame——
Guise. By all our hopes and loves. [*Exit Guise.*
Eem. Ay, by my hopes! you said, I want ambition:
'T is now awake, and you shall mark its powers.
Thy patrimony, Guise, requires the mines
Of place and power to give the splendid pomp
Which I aspire to. These shall be my gift,
The noble dowry which my heart shall bring.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *An apartment in the castle.*

ERMINIA *and* EEMOINE.

Erm. Musie in vain has pour'd its sweetest charms;
In vain to me. The bland tranquillity
That oft has wrapt me in its downy bosom,
When but some shepherd tun'd the rustic lay,
Came not as wont; and melody but rais'd
My struggling passions. What a dreadful war
Tears my tempested bosom! Raymond's hatred,
Loftily dreadful and ungen'rous,
Fires my resentment; when a sickly horrour
Freezes my heart. Ah, once my Raymond lov'd me!
Once lov'd me!—What a painful weight of anguish
This struggle to repay his scorn with scorn
Pours o'er my spirits. Tell me where, Eemoine,
Where is my husband?
Eem. I have seen stern Raymond.
I trembled to behold his writhing lip,
And fierce red eye, that as it roll'd shot gleams
Of purple lightning. Some dread purpose fills him.
I heard him mutter death, revenge, and honour.
Erm. Oh, Heaven, befriend me! I have wak'd
Where will it end! [his rage;
Eem. And would you tamely stoop
To his wild tyranny?—Forbid it honour.
The honour of the king forbids it, lady;
No dark revenge, no deed of jealous madness,
For wrongs ne'er given, shall mark the day with horrour,
The day when gen'rous Francis with his presence
Honour'd stern Raymond's castle.
Erm. Bounteous Heav'n,
Oh seal these words! But slow and unresolv'd
Appear'd the king, when I implor'd forgiveness
For Raymond's headlong rage.
Eem. Yet, fear not, lady;
The generous love a generous confidence;
Aught less is insult where we hope for friendship.
Give to the monarch then the welcome care
To soothe your husband, and to make you bless'd.
Bourbon's high office courts the haughty Raymond;
His rage alone delays his lofty grandeur.
Two various fortunes, lady, wait before you:
One, in this lonely castle to wear out
Your cheerless years; this night's wild jealousy
Ever in your husband's mind, and you a prisoner
Under severest watch; and visited,
Perhaps one day in many a lonely month,
By your stern husband, when the toils of state
Allow the hurry'd respite; or, perhaps
When old affection wakes; for beauty reigns
At Fountainbleau in all its various features.
Ah, why that sudden paleness o'er these cheeks!
Assume the gen'rous independence, madam,
Your noble birth's due right; and Fountainbleau
Offers thee all its joys, and crown of all,
Lasting security of independence.
To night these various fortunes are thy vassals,
Which to reject or choose—But ah, to morrow
They wait thy will no more.
Erm. My heart to Raymond
Was open as the noon-day face of Heaven:
No dark recess was from his eye conceal'd.
But Raymond's love, e'en in its softest hours,
Like his proud eye, wore something awful.—Man,
Stern lordly man ne'er in perfect union
Joins his superior heart with humbler woman,
Though all her heart's affections worship him.

The wives of other peers have liberty.
For what dark cause am I alone excluded
From the fair paradise of Fountainbleau?
Why am I here forbidden to behold
The face of strangers?

Eem. Let the dark veil'd cause [lence;
Dare the bold light, though wrapp'd in gloomy si-
That speechless cause must waken in the heart
Such uniorm'd thoughts as ne'er can sleep with peace. [Eemoine.

Erm. That gloomy cause shall dare the light,
Alas, with smiles I met him; all my heart
Melting and glowing for the mutual smiles
That mingle on the looks of dear affection.
But he felt other passions; from my arms
Half open'd, from my smiles he started back
In rage and horrour.

Eem. And again that rage,
As the black thunder cloud, will burst upon you
Its gather'd storm. Ah, hapless lady, hear me:
Thy honour, happiness, and reconcilement,
The king's protection can alone secure.
Then trust the generous monarch. [substance!

Erm. Ah, were thy words cloth'd in an unseen
I felt them touch my soul with icy finger;
My heart bleeds at the touch: my heart remembers
Th' unmeasur'd fulness of the confidence
With which, in all its griefs, it fled to Raymond.
And shall I, from Raymond, to another
Fly for protection? No—I cannot, cannot.
Though doubled rage burn in his looks, to him,
To him alone my heart feels its attraction.
Yes, in his presence, the soft sleep of death
Shall gently shed its dimness o'er the frowns
That kill me; and his pity-melted eyes
O'er my cold ashes yet shall shed the tear.

Eem. Ah, think you, lady, how the finer spirits
Are torn and fever'd by the violence
Of love, of grief, and fear, like your's, unbounded.
Imagination then in wildest transport
Is all alive; but reason sleeps the while.
Would you to Raymond, and beneath his sword
Die in a fine delirium, and consign him
To everlasting woe? Your love to Raymond,
Did reason guide, would fly him, till his sovereign
Soothe his mis-taken pride, and lift him up
To highest power and grandeur.

Erm. Oh, Eemoine,
Pity my troubled mind! my soul, indeed,
Is sick and fever'd.

Enter the KING.

King. Gracious Heaven! and shall
That lovely bosom bleed? No, by my knighthood!
Each courtly honour shall be heap'd on Raymond
For your sake, lady—all, except the throne,
Shall fill his wish.

Erm. Ah me, what gratitude
I owe——Yet now, O leave me to my tears
And Heaven, awhile!

King. Leave thee to tears?—to all
The sovereign joys of empire I decree
Thy future hours, if these sad tears prevent not.
A nobler love than ever glow'd in shades,
And lonely bowers, shall bless thy future days.

Enter GUISE.

Guise. Tidings, my liege;
The fleet of England rides before the coast
Of Normandy.

King. Curs'd be thy ill-tim'd message.
Find the Lord Admiral, Guise. One moment, lady.
[*Exeunt King and Guise.*

Erm. Raymond forgiven, and rais'd to highest honour!
The sudden joy o'erpowers me. Much I owe
The generous monarch.

Eem. Thus at Fountainbleau
Still happier than the last each day shall rise.

Enter LORD ADMIRAL *and* GUISE.

Lord Adm. Though France beholds us high in royal favour,
High in the state, to your protection, lady,
We recommend ourselves.

Erm. How you amaze me!

Lord Adm. Smile when you name us, and our
Our gratitude unbounded. [power is fix'd,

Guise. Other danger
Than of your frown the hoary statesman fears not.
[*Exeunt Lord Adm. and Guise.*

Enter an old Officer.

Officer. To beauty, half assur'd of fair success,
The soldier sues. Forty cold falling harvests
Have seen me in the field, and forty summers
Have scorch'd this silver'd head in camps and marches.
But now, ah, madam, this big heart refuses
To tell what now I feel—old and neglected;
The base mechanic, at his smoky forge,
Eyes me with scorn, and boasts an independence
Unknown to me. My heart, my soul, is sick
With hoping for redress.

Erm. Alas, could I command,
Your griefs should yet be heal'd.

Officer. Our generous monarch
Needs but to hear my tale; and should my sorrows
Melt on your lips——ah, Heaven!——

Erm. I will repeat them,
Good, brave old man, I will.

Officer. Oh, happy France,
Whose court can boast an interceding angel!
[*Exit Officer.*

Erm. Are we alone, Eemoine? How my heart
Flutters amid this group of crowding joys,
So new it scarcely knows them; oft, when wandering
Our lonely meadows, has the languid sigh
Heav'd my dull bosom, while my thoughts would
How sweet it were t' assume the dignity [whisper
Of courtly rank.

Eem. The nestling eagle thus,
Ere yet his pinions serve him, longs to soar
To the bright Sun.

Erm. And can I still remain insensible,
Deaf or unmov'd to hear even reverend office
Sue for protection, and to see pale sorrow
Turning for help as to a guardian angel!
And to bestow that help! Oh, these be joys
That never enter'd in my lone retirements.
Yet should my Raymond still averse——

Eem. The king
Will bend thy Raymond's will beneath the load
Of highest favours, if thy keen impatience
To see him, ere his rage be sooth'd, prevent not.
The ladies and the peers, the courtly train,
Who grace to night's festivity, will blame
Our ill-tim'd absence, madam.

Erm. Well, let us honour them,—But, O sweet Heaven,
What sudden bodings, cold and imageless,
Glide through my breast! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The chapel.*

Ray. Either my mind has lost its energy,
Or the unbodied spirits of my fathers,
Beneath this night's dark wings, pass to and fro,
In doleful agitation, hovering round me.
Methought my father, with a mournful look,
Beheld me. Sudden from an unconscious pause
I wak'd, and but his marble bust was here.
Woman, thou slave of gaudy vanity,
What trifles win thee! O had Heav'n but made thee
Constant as lovely.

Enter RONSARD.

Ron. Where the mind, my lord,
Seeks its own woe, that woe will ever come,
And e'en blank nothingness, when brooded o'er
By its creative power, will teem with sorrow.
Twice to the spouse of Guise you hurried me.
Again she comes t' upbraid your causeless fears.

Enter EEMOINE.

Eem. Your causeless rage, my lord, will be the herald
Of death to your Erminia. Your frown
Once more were instant death.
Ray. Oh, Heav'n, and has my rash unbridled rage
Thus torn the gentlest bosom while it glow'd
With love and me? Oh, 't was foul sacrilege;
Yet 't was the untam'd force of love that fir'd me.
Ay, and I knew the king—Good Heaven! and has my frown
Thus torn her heart? Bring me, Eemoine, to her,
And I with vows will beg my fault's forgiveness.
Haste, instant bring me to her. What, refuse me!
Eem. My lord, you cannot see her in the convent.
Ray. Not see her? not the grave shall hide her from me.
In this I will be heard. The plunderer,
For dread of whom, in these lone shades, I ween'd
To hide her from the world—that cruel plunderer
Is now beneath my roof. Haste, bring me to her.
'T was not on her I frown'd: 't is more than cruel
To misinterpret thus my honest passion.
Eem. Deeply, my lord, your generous pain affects me;
But if you love your sad Erminia, tarry
Till I prepare her. Be assur'd your fears
Are all in vain. Expect me soon, my lord.
[*Exit Eemoine.*
Ray. O, speed thee on the wings of generous friendship.

Enter LORD ADMIRAL.

Ha! hast thou found me here?
Lord Adm. The sullen gloom
Of this sepulchral haunt but ill becomes
The heir of Bourbon's grandeur. Gallant Raymond,
I hail you lord constable of France.
Ray. 'T is now blind midnight——
Lord Adm. Much the king esteems you.
Ray. And the adulterers softly steal along,
Shunning the Moon's chaste beam.
Lord Adm. My lord high constable——
Ray. That is not me.
Lord Adm. Not you, brave Raymond! 't is to your sovereign's pleasure,
Do you accept it then, and thank his grace?
Ray. Is that indeed all the return he hopes?
Ha, what, surpris'd!—Ah, thou know'st more than I do.

Enter BRAMVILLE.

Lord Adm. Here comes your friend, my lord, his counsel
May yet prevail. [*Lord Adm. offering to speak, then exit.*
Ray. No more——Farewell——
——And to my peace farewell.
Oh, torture of suspense! One smiling moment,
The clouds that blacken o'er my nuptial shrine
Disperse, and instant with a darker frown
They lower again——
Oh, my Erminia, where thy wonted love
That oft has sped thee fondly to my arms,
Ere from the chase my foot has left the stirrup;
Now, now thou fleest me.
Bram. Heavens, good my lord,
Is this the time to act the fearful lover,
Pensive and idle while your prostrate country
Demands the vigour of your arm?—Away
This pining jealousy! Our monarch's crown
Now totters on his head, and you can save him.
Ray. Had you a bride so flush'd with ev'ry charm,
And did you love her to idolatry,
You could not leave her on the giddy brink
Where but one step and she is lost for ever.
The king——can I be blind to his dark purpose?
And shall I fight his battles, oh distraction!
While he ascends my bed?
Bram. Disdain, my lord,
The ungenerous thought: Erminia's virtue sully'd!
Never, my lord—and shall you sheath your sword
Though Bourbon's fate hangs on it?
Ray. This ill-omen'd revelry
Has sheath'd my sword, and France will bleed for this.
Alas, my country!
Ron. Bourbon's stratagem
Of mimic'd flight is, by the festive king,
Scorn'd, disregarded. But from his wild riot
Bourbon will rouse him soon. Then France is conquer'd.
By the pale dawn the thunder of his battle
Will give new music to the dancer's whirls.
The hour in which your arm would save your country,
That sacred hour, now, like an idle tale,
Passes away; 't is gone.
Ray. No; yet I 'll seize it.
The sacred treasure of my wedded love
Is Heav'n's own care.
Bram. Erminia's virtue tainted!
Impossible. Gods, had I your green youth——
Ray. The king shall on the instant know his danger.
Let me command, and Bourbon's stratagem
Shall whelm himself in ruin. Oh, to morrow
Shall shine a glorious day! to morrow noon
The emperor Charles shall see his laurels wither'd
My soul is up in arms to save my country
And on the instant I will have an audience.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *An apartment in the castle.*

The KING, LORD ADMIRAL, *and* ERMINIA.

Lord Adm. Indeed, my liege, with proud contempt he spurn'd
The royal favour, and with stern command
Impos'd upon me silence.
Erm. Oh, my liege,
By Heaven's sweet mercy———
Lord Adm. When the sovereign stands
On unseen danger's brink, he 's the best subject
Who boldly dares, though with a voice unwelcome,
To rouse him from his blind security.
My liege, while furious Raymond is unchain'd,
Your nation's happiness, your sacred life——
Erm. By Heaven's eternal truth, the faithful Raymond
Would die to save his monarch. Let his victories,
O let the wounds which mark his faithful breast
In this unhappy moment, plead forgiveness!
King. The duty to myself I owe, forgives him;
But that dread care I owe my nation, cannot.
Erm. Then welcome death.
[*Sinks down on the couch.*
King. He must not yet be seiz'd.
[*To the Lord Admiral, who retires.*
Again the roses to her cheeks return.
[*Placing himself by her.*

Enter at a distance, RAYMOND, BRAMVILLE, *and* RONSARD.

Ray. And is it thus?——O mighty God!
Bram. Soft, burst not in; yet hear,
Her faith may yet shine glorious. [shades
King. Thus in his tent, beneath the fragrant
Of Lebanon, while through the list'ning wood
The turtle's voice was heard, the sapient king
Attain'd the summit of his rapt'rous love.
Erm. [*recovering.*] His love—forget not what you vow'd; his rage
Is terrible——Alas! I am no Roman.
Bram. O yet, my lord——
[*Ray. offering to draw, prevented by Bram.*
King. Nor in magnificence
To dazzle round my fair, nor in the warmth
Of love's exalted passion, will I yield
To Judah's monarch.
Erm. Oh! my liege, remember
What honour's voice inspires, when helpless woman
Implores and pleads the sacredness of promise.
Ray. She yields, oh Hell, with hearty choice!
She yields [*To Bramville.*
Your hand, my lord—cold horrour weakens me.
King. To night his rage is dreadful; but to morrow,
For your sake, lady, all, except the throne,
Shall soothe his better mind; and should he still
Rage on in madness, yet secure protection
Shall ever smile around you
Ray. [*advancing.*] Am I sold then?
But cursed be the terms: thy throne, proud tyrant,
Were but a gilded toy, if given to bribe
My soul's affections, and with scorn rejected.
Yet feed, she-wolf, feed on to loathing surfeit.
[*To Erminia, who swoons.*
O burning indignation prop me! save me.
King. Proud peer, your duty to your prince remember.
Ron. Heavens, 't was an angel's fall.
[*As Raymond, Bramville, &c. retire.*
Bram. Astonishment
Hardens my joints; oh, hence unhappy Raymond.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another apartment.*

RAYMOND, RONSARD, *and* BRAMVILLE *enter.*

Ron. Alas, brave count!
Ray. Methinks the solid earth
Trembles beneath me; yes, let earthquakes yawn,
And in the dark abyss ingulf mankind.
And am I, am I then that dreadful tyrant
'Gainst whom she calmly stipulates protection?
Oh, lost Erminia!
Oh, for the heat of madness to possess me,
While I tore off and trampled on the ensigns
Of service to the man who has for ever
Murder'd my peace!—Then thus, and thus—yet prostrate [*Tearing his sash.*
My country lies. Ah, Heaven, and could I save her!
Oh dreadful—But for whom, for whom to save her?
For him whose raging lust——
Oh, sacred Nature, be thy untaught impulse
My only law, my peace thy pious fury.

Enter GUISE.

Guise. Such storm of rage, my lord, ill fits the duty
You owe your royal guest.
Ray. Does this disturb him?
Thinks he to slumber on my nuptial couch?
Amidst his wanton revels he shall know
My honour and my wrongs shall yet have vengeance.
Bourbon will soon revenge me. I have seen—
Oh, Heaven, had rather Hell's deep gulf before me
Open'd its horrours!
Guise. Yet may time, my lord——
'T is true your monarch acts the happy lover.
Yet time, my lord——
Ray. And dar'st thou thus insult me,
Wrong'd as I am?—But this shall quit thy services.
[*Draws his sword.*
Guise. O good, my lord——
Ray. Defend thy heart.
Guise. Hither, this instant seize him—
[*Calling in soldiers, after whom enter Lord Adm.*
Ray. Dare you your general's frown?
——— ——At distance, varlets.
Lord Adm. Not yet, my lord—I bring the king's
Let him retire. [command;
Ray to Guise. And thou, pale dastard, live
Some little hours, then curse thyself and die.
Bram. Oh villany, behold thy horrid triumphs!
With noble Raymond falls my country too.
[*Exeunt Ray. Ron. and Bram.*
Guise. Now are my hopes of Raymond's wild blind honour, [Admiral,
And headlong rage, accomplish'd; trust me, Lord
The tales we told him of his lov'd Erminia
Sicken'd his pride of grandeur. But when now
Bo'dly he threatens that the traitor Bourbon
Shall soon revenge his wrongs; now to dismiss him—
Lord Adm. Francis, my lord, would e'en resign his crown
To win the shy bewitching fair one's smile;
And were her Raymond seiz'd, and she to hear it,

Her instant death he deems the consequence.
The king thus wills a splendid train to morrow,
Soon as the dawn, o'er these wide dales shall rouse
The slumbering deer; Erminia must be won
To join the band; a feign'd alarm of danger
From Bourbon shall afford the apology,
Kindly to bear her off to Fountainbleau.
Then shall proud Raymond meet the traitor's fate.
Eemoine's aid, my lord——
Guise. Shall seal our purpose,
Though now Erminia's gentle love to Raymond
Be all live tenderness, yet she is woman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *An apartment in the castle.*

ERMINIA *reclined on a sopha,* EEMOINE.

Erm. The gentle ministers of Heaven's bless'd care
Have left me; and an unform'd load of horrour
Spreads an inactive darkness o'er my soul.
What dreadful madness fires thee, O my Raymond?
Eem. Unseen, just now I mark'd his fierce demeanour;
'Tis madness tears him: a wild mutiny
Tempests his bosom; now in dreadful pause
His thoughts seem lost; then springing suddenly
He stamps the ground; then jealously casts round
His burning eyes, as if he fear'd his thoughts
Were listen'd to; then snatches at his sword,
And mutters vengeance for his wounded honour.
Erm. I am the victim, and will meet his rage—
My evil demon sent him in the moment,
The only hapless moment of my life
That ever wish'd, or could have thank'd the care
Of explication——Oh, just Heaven, fulfil
The last poor hope that to my heart remains!
Give me some moments speech, while cold death
On my pale lips. [trembles

Enter the KING.

King. Why thus, oh gentlest lady,
Why thus in love with deepest wretchedness?
Bold is the pride, and lofty the ambition,
Of Raymond's soul: these shall be satisfied;
I... but a few short days restore his reason.
Erm. Your goodness flies before my boldest wish,
Accept my gratitude; 'tis all ——
King. How bless'd were I
Could ev'ry wish this bosom heaves for you
Succeed so well, you should be more than happy.
Ah, need I tell? ——Have not my eyes ere now
Told you I love?
Erm. Good Heaven! what did I hear?
Forbear, repeat it not. [*Erminia retiring.*
King. Forbear to love you!
Impossible——and have I then——alas!
Erm. Oh, gentle peace, where shall I fly to find
Yet let me fly from danger; where, Eemoine, [thee?
Where hast thou fled?
King. Yet hear, my lovely charmer.
Oh Heaven restrain my ardour of affection!
Boundless it rises, boundless as the charms
Of its dear goddess——Have you now forgot
You talk'd of gratitude? then view me, lady,
As your protector. Ah, what transport this!
[*Embracing her.*
Erm. Ha, hence, presume not. Anguish so distracts me, [dants?
I heard not what you said. Where are my attenHave I said ought? if ought, to give you hope?
Oh, Heaven, I knew it not.
King. Never, O thou fairest,
Did beauty's sweet enchantment thus possess me:
I am all eye to dwell on these thy charms,
All heart to feel their power.
Erm. Oh Raymond, Raymond!
Even my soul weeps to think how I ungenerous
Have wrong'd thy fond affection's pious care.
Ah, now I see, and bitterly I mourn,
The secret cause thy gentle delicacy
Would ne'er reveal, why thou detainest me here
Far from the courtly walks of Fountainbleau,
Too well thou knewest——Oh, whither are ye fled,
Ye pitying angels?
King. Angels of love surround you.
Ah, kill me not with these forbidding frowns.
Yes, I 'll presume to name a monarch's grandeur,
And offer all my kingdom's lofty pomp.
Erm. Forbear, nor dare to offer the pollution
Even of your touch again. Unfavouring Heaven,
I deem'd, had given me more than female weakness.
Now I behold what arts are try'd to tear me
From my poor Raymond's dear affection—now,
Now, I 'm a Roman, and demand you give me
My injur'd husband. O'er his dreadful mien
Soon shall my tale restore the smiles of joy.
King. Confusion, ruin to my hopes! Ah, madam,
For daring actions, but some moments old,
To you unknown, the state demands his blood:
And ponder this, I, I alone can save him.
Erm. Your impious passion asks the blood of Raymond;
But Fraſice demands his gallant sword to save her.
Your wish now known, no more I am a suppliant,
By that which dearer than his life he holds,
My wedded faith, his life shall ne'er be purchas'd.
If stripp'd of these his fair domains, and banish'd
His native land, his virtue still will give him
Sweeter repose than ever tyrant knew;
But if his blood must stain the guilty scaffold,
Eternal infamy shall blot the memory
Of generous Francis, and the latest ages
Shall view the shining virtues which emblaze
His boasted name as but the rays of tinsel,
In generous glow of mind, which cost him nothing,
He was a hero; but when selfish passion
Whisper'd its tyrant claim, the basest slave
Ne'er sacrific'd his neighbour's happiness
With more stone-hearted colder cruelty.
Such will the heart that warms in honour's cause
In latest times pronounce thee.
King. Gentle lady,
Though thus you wound my honour, by my sceptre,
My kingdom's welfare touches not my heart
With such an earnest zealous care as yours.
O give me then the power, and thou and Raymond
Shall yet be happy.
Erm. Firmly I demand
The duteous justice which the Heaven's dread sovereign
Exacts from proudest kings. Dark fraud, and art
Of foulest stain, alone have fix'd on Raymond
What lightest colour of offence he bears.
King. My honour to thy arms shall give thy Raymond.
O yet believe thy happiness inspires
My dearest wish—— [*Exit.*
Erm. O Raymond, how my heart
Bleeds o'er thy wrongs!—But Heav'n now gives me courage,
And I will vindicate thy injur'd honour. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Scene I. *An apartment in the castle.*

Erm. Thy tidings, O Eemoine! chill my breast
As Death's cold touch. O rash impatient Raymond,
Why hast thou fled thy castle? One short hour
Had made us ever happy——Ah, how couldst thou
Unkindly leave me in the robber's pow'r?
Alas, my heart——
Eem. The purpos'd robbery, madam,
Shall now defeat itself. Indeed the sov'reign
Rages with blindest passion, and will seize
His hapless prey, perhaps, if art prevent not.
Our art shall do it; from the chase we 'll fly
To Bourbon's host, and find the injur'd Raymond.
O happy shall I be to lend my aid
To blight the frandful purpose, which till now
Conceal'd its horrid front.
Erm. And art thou true?
Eem. Amazement, lady!
All, all my heart feels is the wish to serve you.
Oh, madam, forfeit not your happiness
By doubting my attachment! [soul
Erm. Though Raymond love me not, yet all my
Weeps o'er the thought that Raymond loves me not.
My heart still loves him with a painful anguish.
Oh, Raymond, Raymond, didst thou feel as I do,
This, this would melt thee.
Eem. To the chase, Erminia,
And seize the golden moments ere the hand
Of envious time debase them.
Erm. This perhaps
May save my honour, and appease my Raymond.
[*Snatching up a dagger, and concealing it in her dress.*
Some ghostly being, by the mortal eye
Unseen, and by human nerves unfelt,
Lays its cold hand upon my inmost soul,
And chills me with an horrour mix'd with boldness.
Eem. And let the spirit of your sires inspire you.
Be bold, and trust in Heaven——
Erm. Thrice happy he
On whom kind Heaven bestows a faithful friend!
Though danger leagued with darkness hover over him,
And every step seem on a gulf's dread edge,
Yet on his friend's kind arm he safely leans,
And safely passes through the beating storm.
Thus, leaning on thy friendship, to the chase
I go Eemoine.
Eem. And gay happiness
Shall close the evening of this doubtful morn.
[*Exeunt together.*

Scene II. *A cave in a wood.*

Bramville *and* Raymond *in peasants cloaks.*

Bram. This cave, my lord, will give us friendly shelter,
While to th' embattled field the purple morn
Calls forth each army.
Ray. Hail, ye solemn shades,
Ye gloomy haunts! I feel your genius soothe me.
Here my fast sigh shall heave; my sudden absence,
So Ronsard warn'd me, has alarm'd the tyraut.
This peasant's cloak may shroud me from his rage
One wretched hour, while yet his cruel scorn
Might pierce my heart. I charge thee, leave me, Bramville.
Bram. Alas, my lord! here will we stay till night
Provide us safety: friendly silence here
Will best indulge, perhaps will soothe your woes.
Ray. Will soothe my woes! vain hope! Erminia's name,
Like a damn'd spell, calls up the dreary fiends
Of horrour and despair in arms against me.
O wounding sight!—lo, floating through the dusk,
My household smoke curls o'er the waving trees.
And does, oh horrid! does another lover
Riot in unhallow'd dalliance by my hearth,
While I am driven from my paradise
To wander here. O false, ungenerous woman!

Enter Ronsard.

Ron. Tremendous justice, look from Heav'n, and bare
Thy red right arm!—O best, O bravest peer,
Are these thy fitting honours?
Ray. Never more
Shall I again put on the state of greatness.
Wrap me, ye dismal shades, from yonder Sun
That rises hateful on me——— [ling
Heard you that groan? 't was the wind sadly rust-
Through the dark shade of yonder dreary pines——
There shall I rest——The busy bustling world
Seems a base crowd to me, scrambling at toys
With such blind rage, that o'er their brothers' necks
They tread to catch them. Never shall I more
Mix in that impious crowd. Leave me, my friends.
Ron. I owe my life to thy undaunted valour.
My life is thine, brave count, my life shall serve thee.
Ray. What canst thou hope with me! and canst thou bear
To view the hideous aspect of misfortune?
The heart is chill'd and feels a disesteem
Rising at its approach.
A friend at first may feel; for kindly nature
Will give one pang: but soon he learns to view
His friend through the dim shade his fate casts o'er him,
A shade that spreads its evening darkness o'er
His brightest virtues, while it shows his foibles
Crowding and obvious as the midnight stars,
Which in the sunshine of prosperity
Never had been descried.
Ron. So your false friends, the sun-flowers of your fortune, [bolt
Will now shrink from you; but may Heaven's dread
Blast this right-arm when it deserts your cause!
Respect your name, your peace, let vengeance rouse you. [hope.
Bram. Yet, let to morrow's thoughts mature each
Ron. This instant is the time. Your manly rage,
When you renounc'd allegiance to the tyrant,
The tyrant knows and holds as daring treason.
A price is on your head: then rouse my lord;
The king has urg'd your countess by the dawn
Through these wild forest walks, and bordering heath, [geance—
To rouse the slumbering deer. Then let full ven-
Bram. Fond youth, beware: vain were the dread attempt,
And but a prelude to the dreadful scaffold;
Let other means———
Ray, To give my rage the rein,
And pour my vengeance on the sovereign's head,
Were but to give the victory to Bourbon.
See, O my country, what a sacrifice

I give to thee, my injuries for thee
Rest unaton'd.
Bram. Thus time will bring calm peace,
And virtue triumph o'er the pangs of woe
As o'er the griefs of childhood. Happiness
Is a coy plant, my lord; 't is not a native
Of this cold world; the delicate fair stranger
Demands all sunshine, and a constant tendance;
And oft when the gay bloom gives boastful promise
Of golden fruit, of ever-during fruit,
The lovely plant low drops the blasted head.
Yet there 's a joy that blooms amid the storms
Of fortune's coldest winter; a calm joy
That stays behind, when ev'n the last tir'd friend,
The lingering brother, from the sick man's head
Withdraws his weary arm.
Ray. Tell the pale gasping asthma to breathe
And tell the burning fever to allay [free,
Its frantic rage, but tell not woes like mine
To have no feeling —— Erminia has begg'd
To be protected from me; not one thought
Sprung in this breast but melted with affection;
Every idea serv'd her; still my fancy
Rov'd on her graces—her bewitching smiles
My heart's sole sunshine; yet I heard her beg
To be protected from me. Hell's worst poison
Burns in the wound given by a dear lov'd friend,
By such a friend—oh burst, ye flashing lightnings,
Burst round my head and wrap me——
Ron. Let your trampled honour
Fire you, my lord; let no soft tear unman you.
Respect your name, brave count, and injur'd ho-
And form some resolution to defend them. [nour,
Ray. How, how! O tell me: he that soothes my soul
In death, will do but secondary kindness.
Ron. Leave vain complaint; Bourbon has turn'd his march,
A few hours more will see him rouse the king
From his adulterous revels. Gallant Bourbon
Is still your friend; then join his prosp'rous cause.
Ray. Now am I low indeed, when thou, fond boy,
Thus dar'st insult me.
Ron. Would to Heaven your eyes,
That now lower on me, saw what cruel pain
Your fate gives here!—Oh Heaven, and must your blood
Spout o'er the scaffold, while the racking wheel
And burning torture, ev'n in these bold eyes,
Shall bring the sullen drop, that spite of courage
Will rise, prevent my lord——
Ray. The view of this
Has breath'd a steady calmness through my soul,
And passion speaks not this; indeed, O Ronsard,
I fear the rack, my soul shrinks back from torment,
And I will fly it: but it is the torment,
The dreadful rack of my own mind's upbraiding,
'T is that alone I fear, alone will fly.
Bourbon has rais'd his foot to trample on
My prostrate country; and shall my deep wrongs
Cry vengeance in his camp, and nerve his arm
To parricide! No; let the silent grave
Bury my wrongs ere thus they be reveng'd
Upon my country ——— Never ——— know, fond youth,
I am no Atticus to smile on him [
Who stabs my country.
Bram. O my lord, while thus,
Unknowing what unhappy course to take,
We linger here unfix'd and unresolv'd,
The tyrant's bands——
Ray. I am resolv'd——Alive,
His bands shall never take me; never shall I
Be brought in chains before the exulting tyrant,
To see my traitress fondly smile on him,
And scowl disdain on me. No, death shall save
From that worst Hell. Down, down, imagination,
Hence with the horrid scene: down, busy thought.
O Bramville, give my limbs a decent grave.
Bram. Mercy, kind Heav'n——Is Raymond's noble soul
Vanquish'd at last and fallen! Oh, had Marseilles
Beheld you in ignoble flight, desert
Her firmest ramparts, ere my eyes had seen you
Desert your mind's firm valour!
Ray. Talk of valour
To him who fears: I fear not. All I valued,
My heart's sole joy is now for ever lost:
Not Heaven can spotless to my arms restore
The lost Erminia: my soul is now
Familiar with horrour, and would woo
Its dreadful shades—if oft at times o'erwhelm'd
Beneath its woes an unprogressive vacancy
Absorb my faculties, 't is but more livingly
To feel my first, my constant recollection,
Erminia's falsehood. In each nerve, each thought,
My heart is wounded: to restrain its rage,
Its lust of grief, were torment: let its rage
Then swell, till weary nature sink oppress'd
Beneath its burden, then may sullen peace
Come with her awful gloom, while from my breast
The life-blood fails——
Ha, death, distraction! must the tyrant's triumphs
Pursue me here? heardst thou the huntsman's horn?
Ron. This way they drive: the sound draws near.
Ray. Is lust so soon
Crawl'd out of bed? fie on 't, fie on 't, my heart
Is sick of this base world! Erminia
Be false, and yet endure the light! Erminia
Be false, and cheerful too! O haste, my friends,
And mark their rout: 't were well I knew——
Bram. Alas!
I fear you mean to leave this thickest shade,
And rush on danger.
Ray. Here I 'll wait, believe me:
I 'll never leave this thicket to be plung'd
In deeper miseries——
[*Exeunt Bramville and Ronsard.*
——— What an awful silence
Surrounds me now! thus life's poor noisy bustle
Goes off at last. Soft gliding through my breast
I feel a peaceful foretaste of the rest
That soon will come. Perhaps to these lone shades
Some noble patriot, fled from Cæsar's sword,
Here wept his country's woes, then sunk to rest
Like a tir'd babe, while death's cold heavy slumbers
Crept on his yielding heart. Perhaps yon stone,
That grey with moss just peers above the weeds,
Points to his bones that fifteen hundred years
Have slept in peace. O Death, thou silent angel,
Soon be my rest like his. Then come, my sword;
My wrongs shall thunder in my ears no more——
Yet anxious nature asks, whilst holy silence
Wraps the cold ashes, and calm peace invites
Ev'n the wild deer to harbour at his tomb,
Is all as peaceful with the conscious mind?
Ah, what a depth of uncreated night
Hangs here! yet reason through the awful gloom
Shoots her pale beams, and casts a feeble ray
On virtue's triumph, on a shore beyond
The darksome grave. Dies that pure spirit, thought,

Which shares the nature of th' eternal mind?
Sleeps that in dust? Are guilt's convulsive pangs,
That oft in death begin to wake their horrours,
All hush'd in death? Who can demonstrate this?
Ah, this wrings confession ev'n from obstinacy,
That death which brings foul guilt along with it
May bring no rest. Who flies from life confesses
He flies from something that appears so dreadful,
He dares not face it. Is it guilt or virtue
That thus shrinks back and trembles at to morrow?
Yes, this is meanness, and alone regards
Its selfish ease; virtue is never leagued
With its base dictates. Is it then such meanness
To fly that point where pain and anguish shower
Their burning arrows! Oh distraction, where,
Where am I lost, each feeling longs for death,
But death invited by a coward's guilt.
Oh Hell——to live, perhaps to die to morrow
On an assassin's knife———
Ha, what ungracious foot
Disturbs these shades! O fury, vengeance fire me,
My murderer!

Enter the KING *armed with a boar spear.*

——Indignant Heaven, proud tyrant,
Has sent thee here to pour its vengeance on thee.
Thou com'st to rouse the boar in this lone thicket;
But thou hast found a wounded lion here.
Now shall my sword———
King. Off, sacrilegious peasant,
And dread thy fate for daring to approach
My sacred person.
Ray. Oh indignity!
Is black unmanly lurking cruelty,
Is dark adultery sacred? But my sword
Shall do me right.
King. Thee right! base slave, thy king did never wrong thee. [Raymond?
Ray. And know'st thou not the deeply injur'd
King. Oh mercy, Heav'n!
Ray. Does thy deep guilt unman thee?
The wrongs which thou hast basely heap'd upon me,
To me unking thee. Thou art now to me
But duke of Valois, I a peer thine equal,
In all but guilt thy equal; there thou art,
As the vile worm, below me———Ha, where now
The eye that scowl'd like Jove's!—but guard thy heart. [guardless,
Though thou hast stabb'd my heart when it was
And glowing in thy service, yet I feel
I cannot be so base as do thee justice;
My wrongs demand, while thou stand'st like a sacrifice [Yielding and trembling.
King. Thy wrongs shall have full justice.
Ray. Yes, by Heaven!
This sword shall have it.
Thy power, thy titles, all thy pageant tinsel,
The indignant hand of reason shuffles by,
And shows, in the true colours of thy mind,
Thy naked self———Ah, blushing honour turns
From that poor sight———Good Heaven! and is my sword
Now pointed at the man it lately guarded?
I cannot view myself but every part
Wakes the remembrance of my loyalty.
This breast, this faithful breast, where thou hast planted
The horns of Hell, is furrow'd with the wounds
Receiv'd for thee. Away, this milkiness;
My wrongs, my wrongs, cry vengeance!
King. Strike it home then. [*Dropping his spear.*
Ray. What, I attack thee guardless! I attack thee
Like an assassin!——No——Prostrate, yet awful,
My country meets my view. Alas, vain man!
Thou thinkest that Bourbon's fled———The cruel sword [o'er thee;
Of Bourbon hangs like Heaven's own vengeance
Hangs o'er the land that gave my father birth.
And I, no more her soldier, must stand by,
Like palsied age, and see my country bleed.
Yet tyrant as thou art, yet thou her king,
May'st save my country: live then, haughty plunderer!
And be thy own stung heart my wrongs revenger.
My wrongs———Valois, I fly thee ere my wrongs
Burst into raging madness—— [*Exit Raymond.*
King. How dreadful is the frown of injur'd merit!
Not Heaven's red lightning volley'd at my head
Could thus have aw'd me. Death! and did I tremble
Before the daring traitor! Ample vengeance
Shall yet atone——His crime against my royalty
Shall now give full possession to my love.

Enter GUISE *hastily.*

Why thus alarm'd? Where, where the beauteous prize
I charg'd you here to bring, that here my vows
Of faithful love might lend a healing balm
Ere she was borne to Fountainbleau———
Guise. My liege, [Bourbon
Your crown——your life——the haughty rebel
Has meant no flight. From the surrounding woods
He pours his legions, like a sudden flood
Bursting upon us.
King. Tenfold vengeance strike him!
And must this sacred hour be stain'd and blighted
By his dire treason? But my tenfold fury
Shall thunder on his crest.

Enter LORD ADMIRAL *hastily with attendants.*

Lord Adm. O to the camp, my liege,
Our troops are all in tumult and dismay,
And on the step to fly. Each common soldier
Reminds his fellow of old prophecies, [bon
And wizard-rhymes, which say, the house of Bour-
Shall wear the crown of France.
King. Bring me my steed, [*To the attendants.*
And bid our trumpets sound to arms, to battle.
Lord Adm. 'T is echoed through the camp, that gallant Raymond
Now fights for Bourbon: consternation trembles
On every knee; speechless they eye each other.
But your bold fire, my liege, will chase the paleness
From their cold cheeks.
King. And has the name of Raymond
So dread a charm? Speed to the camp of dastards,
Lord Admiral, and let the coldest know,
The shadow has not mov'd upon the dial
Since Raymond's sword was brandish'd at their sovereign,
And dar'd his breast. Away, and on the instant
Ourself shall lead the battle———
[*Exit Lord Admiral.*
——Where, my Guise,
My heart's best treasure, where the dearest fair one?
Guise. Safe in the deepest thicket of the wood,
My spouse, in trust of my return, delays her.
King. Oh Heaven, her charms are irresistible!
And Heaven gave me the power to make them mine,
And by Heaven's charter I will riot in them!

Behold these lofty towers, these lordly forests,
And these wide lawns, my Guise——these shall re-
ward thee. [*Pointing to the castle, &c.*
Raymond lurks near—and be it thine to seize him!
But hide the deed from the bewitching fair one.
Her, swift to Fountai. bleau, howe'er reluctant,
With smoothest art and kindest mien convey.
The royal promise grants thee these domains;
These bands obey thy nod.
Guise. These deeds, my liege,
Fierce Raymond seiz'd, and fair Erminia thine,
Shall crown the triumph of thy victory. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The wood.*

RAYMOND *and* BRAMVILLE.

Bram. The chase, my lord, now sounds among
the hills,
That bound the forest on the western edge;
But other toils will soon demand the field:
The van of Bourbon's host draws on to battle.
The camp is all in tumult, and the king
Prepares to meet him. [something
Ray. Now, now, my heart: oh how it pants for
That might relieve it. That poor wildfire, reason,
Mocks me; it glimmers now on this side, now
Flits to the other, ever vanishing
As I approach it! What an awful gloom
Surrounds me! not a choice left to my action,
Not one my heart approves. Dreadful condition!
Where every principle that stirs within me
Burns to act nobly, yet some act of meanness,
Turn where I will, of madness or of meanness,
Obtrudes upon me! a stern judge that never
Will pardon me, myself, bids me beware ——
Ron. Away these doubts: when prudence weighs
an action,
Her cold blood slumbers o'er it till the time
Of action flies. Your awful sword was brandish'd
At the king's breast. I saw him join his bands.
I heard your fate pronounc'd. This is the moment
To shun the dreadful scaffold. Let the rage
Of injur'd honour guide you: mark the tyrant,
And meet him in the flight with sword to sword,
And leave the event to Heaven.
Ray. It was my country,
'T was her great cause disarm'd me, when my sword
Was pointed at the trembling heart! then what
Alone remains I 'll do. Leave me, my friends;
I am mark'd out for vengeance: would you give
New tortures to my woes by falling with me?
Ron. Thy blood must soon secure the tyrant's
rapine,
Unless——Ah me, and shall I leave thee now!
No; by thy wrongs I will not——Give the rein
To manly indignation, and atone [geance.
Thy wounded honour: let thy wrongs have ven-
Heavens, were thy wrongs but mine!—Yes; they
are mine,
They are my friends. The moment flies, my lord.
Bram. O my fall'n country! Raymond's gallant
arm
Guards thee no more: upon the king's own valour
Rests all thy hope: and shall my Raymond's wrongs
In these most sacred moments cry for vengeance,
And blunt the sword that guards his native land?
Should the king fall——
Ray. The king!——My vengeance rouses,
My sword plung'd in his heart were not to wrong
Bram. But it would stab your country. [him
Ray. Gracious Heaven!
This, this at last must heal my woes——
[*Drawing his sword.*
Ron. What! die!
And leave th' adulterer in triumphant riot
In your love bed, drunk with Erminia's charms?
Ray. Speak it no more—— Oh 't is a glimpse of
Shown to the damn'd. [Heaven
Ron. Then o'er the tyrant's Heaven [lord,
Pour Hell's black shades. But speak the word, my
Then let her die.
Ray. O God! the dreadful issue
My thoughts avoided—Let her die!——O tyrant,
What horrid ruin hast thou brought on me!
Yes; let her die——
Ron. Now at the chase we 'll find her.
Hark! 'tis the horn: the chase draws near. Amidst
His triumph, heavy shall our vengeance fall.
Ray. Then shall my trampled honour yet erase
My name's disgrace, and tear hot-breath'd pollution
From its rank soil; then shall th' exulting tyrant,
Amid the triumph of his pride, behold
His lustful bed chang'd for her ghastly shroud,
Horrour now has steel'd me!
Yes, I could smile, then drop the yearning tear,
To see Erminia breathless at my feet.
But to behold her in th' adulterer's bed,
To see her but in fancy there——O Hell,
It strikes with madness!
Ron. We 'll tear her thence, my lord. [sword
Ray. My hand shall strike the blow: no other
Shall touch her faithless breast. I cannot leave
That dreadful office to another's rage.
Yes; I shall drop the tear in luxury
Of raging grief, and kiss the hands that mangle
Her faithless bosom. O my friends, how lovely,
How flush'd with ev'ry graceful seeming virtue,
Shone my Erminia! and shall this hand——
Oh burning anguish! still the dear idea
Obtrudes upon me, when each happy moment
Led on another happier, till at last
Came one curst hour, and darken'd all the rest,
And lost the world to me.
Bram. Heard you that echo?
It is the huntsman's voice: the chase turns hither.
Ron. Then stand to arms.
Ray. And thus an happy death
May close my woes. But should I fall, my wish
Unsatisfy'd, by all your dearest hopes,
Oh soothe my ghost, and blast the tyrant's revels!
Ron. I swear, my lord, my sword waits the fair
time. [*Exit Ronsard.*
Bram. And mine, my lord.
Ray. Oh, my friends, indulge me!
I have been rudely waken'd from a dream
Of more than human bliss and ecstasy,
To all the horrours of the madman's cell.
Heaven try'd on me what bliss a man could know,
But gave the keeping of it to a woman;
And that false-hearted woman has betray'd it
To one who boasts of faithlessness to woman;
To one who holds the character of woman
Worthless and vain; despising what he conquers.
O I could weep for that unhappy man
Whose heart's sole treasure is embark'd in woman;
Just when he thinks his halcyon days are come,
When on the smooth calm tide of life his joys
Securely glide, poor man, what storms rush in!
What dreadful ruin! and oh cruel wound!
He feels that flaunting baseness, thinly gilded

With gallantry, gay trifling, oaths, and flattery,
Have had more graceful charms than all his merit.
Alas, this is but weeping for myself!
What now, brave youth?——
[*Ronsard re-enters hastily.*
Ron. The moment sacred to thy injur'd honour
Is now on wing.——The royal camp
Is all in tumult: thither the king has sped;
The ladies with the huntsmen chase the deer
On yon nigh dale: ere now by the forests edge
May we surprise them, and achieve our purpose.
Ray. My spirit rises as the dreadful hour;
Rises in horrour!
Ron. Righteous Heaven, my lord,
Itself is party in our just attempt,
And on my sword, I swear——
Bram. And on my sword, I swear,
All that an old man's wither'd arm can do,
This arm shall do! I will not boast, my lord; [ly.
Yet still there's warm blood here that shall flow free-
Ray. From yonder dark brow'd glade the prospect opens
In wide extent. Thither with speed, my friends.
Ron And mark the lady in the silk of white,
Arm'd like the sylvan goddess of the chase,
With bow and quiver——
Ray. Hah! the false Erminia——
Ron. Erminia's graceful port, and noble mien
Seem'd to adorn her; but the distance veil'd
Her smiles accurs'd——
Ray. Horrour now strengthens me.
Eternal justice, be my sword thy minister,
To pour thy vengeance on triumphing guilt!
Yes; Heaven's own vengeance points my thirsty sword.
Hither with speed, my friends! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A thicket in a wood near the mouth of a cave.*

RAYMOND *and* BRAMVILLE.

Ray. HERE Ronsard was to meet us——What a horrour
Coldly glides through me! like a lurking felon
Must I approach my castle, while the robbers
Revel within——Oh parent Heaven, how awful
What now I feel! that solemn pleasing dread
Unspeakable! the grave's chill invitation
Sent to the good man's heart when verging on it.
That unnam'd touch, which man, ordain'd to live,
Did never feel, now thrills me: and inspiring
A drear affection for the darksome gulf,
Whose shore was never seen by human eye,
Shows smiling peace prepar'd to waft me through.
Bram. When grief's hot fever has burn'd out its rage
Comes melancholy, and with gentle hand
Throws a soft slumber o'er the weary'd passions;
And then, while reason sleeps, bending the vigour
Of manly action down, through mournful shades
Of listless pleasing woe, she impious leads [you:
The dreamful fancy.——Thus, my lord, she leads
The touch you feel is melancholy's soothing:
But rouse your nobler temper to the deeds
Your honour and your wrongs impose upon you.
Ray. Yes, I will rouse me——Hark! the sounds
Struggle on the forest's edge—— [of tumult
Bram. Bourbon, I deem,
Disturbs the tyrant's revels; and on speed
Comes Ronsard——

Enter RONSARD.

Ron. Deeper to the cave, my lord,
Let us retire——
Ray. Say, where my joyful traitress?
Ron. Just when I mark'd her party, and the route,
The hounds pursued, the shout of Bourbon's army
Echo'd along the dales, and his bold van
Gave their first thunder. Instant o'er the downs,
Raging as burning Hercules, the king
Led forth his trembling host. In wild dismay
The hunters fled, some to the castle, some
Plung'd into the wood——
Ray. Oh Heaven, and is my vengeance,
And thy dread justice, yet again delay'd!
Ron. Erminia's party to the castle sped:
There may we seize her. Let one little hour
But half expire, then will the battle rage
In its full strength; then may our purpose fear
Wayward delay no more——
Bram. Hah, 't is the sound [glades;
Of horsemen rushing through the neighbouring
Retire, my lord; a price is on your blood.
Ere to full meeting flame the battle rise,
I 'll arm your faithful servants to assist
Our honour's cause——
Ray. Oh speed thee—— [*Exit Bramville.*
——Here to lurk;
Here watch the time, to poniard that fair bosom
Where yesterday my soul was all enshrin'd!
Dreadful necessity! O living horrour!
Good Heaven, couldst thou restore me yesterday!
[*Exeunt Ray. and Ron. into the cave.*

SCENE II. *A lawn on the edge of a forest. An encampment at a distance.*

Enter the KING, *followed by the* LORD ADMIRAL, *and other attendants.*

King. Distraction, fury! blinded by my passion,
I have disgrac'd the warlike name, have suffer'd
The rebel to surprise me. Oh, dishonour!
Yet shall both traitors mourn; the traitor Raymond,
So fame reports, commands proud Bourbon's right,
And drives our mercenary troops before him,
Who tremble at his name——
Guise. To seize his castle, [tess——
Doubt not he deems, and bear away the coun-
King. The goddess of my heart! Heavens, if I yield her, [talion
May Bourbon triumph!——Lord Admiral, thy bat-
Shall reinforce my Guise to guard the fair one,
For whom my crown now trembles on my head.
Guise. Be confident; our zeal shall be successful.
Lord Adm. Oh to the field, my liege——
King. Yes; there the astonish'd dastards
Require my rage to fire them——
Oh Raymond, had I now a general
As brave, as honest!—Heavens, am I thus reduced?
No; this is mine—— [*Drawing his sword.*
——to this I 'll trust my kingdoms.
Guise. And wonted victory attend that sword!
[*Exit King.*
Lord Adm. Now, now, my lord, our power expires or triumphs;
Our hope's sole anchor is not yet secur'd:

The wayward fair one means to fly the king:
Haste, search these wild wood thickets, and secure
The castle be my care. [her;
Guise. To search the forest
Were now to lose her: every moment seems
A long slow hour till my Eemoine's page
Tell where she hides or flies.—O frowning Heaven!
And shall the stern-brow'd Raymond yet again
Enter these walls in triumph, and exact
His great revenge?
Lord Adm. No; he shall gnaw the dust
Beneath the meanest spear of my battalion
Ere there he triumph. Instant, O my lord!
Plant round these wild wood glades thy trustiest bands,
And give her wish'd escape its doom'd defiance.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III. *A deep gloomy thicket.*

Erminia, Eemoine, a Page and other attendants.

Erm. You told me Bramville was to meet me
Alas, he comes not!—Of my innocence, [here.
You said, you told him, how with tears of joy
He heard the tale. Alas! his faithful steps
Never, till now, thus linger'd—
Eem. Patience, lady,
Is Heaven's own balm— [darkness
Erm. Oh fly, ye gloomy hours! what boding
Rests on these moments—
Eem. 'T is the busy working
Of fear's keen lively sense that leads your thoughts
Through waking dreams, where jealous terrour shifts
The dim illusive scenery.
Erm. Fear and terrour
Become my lorn condition well—Ere yet
The matin bell has toll'd its holy summons,
The impious tyrant may perhaps for ever
Divorce the noble Raymond from my arms.
Oh Heaven protect him from my loath'd betrayers!
Oh give me back my husband—
Eem. Utmost prudence, lady,
Becomes us now: Bramville will soon relieve
Thy load of woes. Again I 'll urge his coming.
[*She dismisses the Page.*
O yield not thus to unavailing passion!
Alas, a fever of the sickly mind
O'erpowers thee, lady! hear thy weeping friend,
Yield me the poniard.
Erm. Yield my honour's safeguard!
No; by my wrongs—
Eem. Oh Heaven, bethink thee, lady,
What vain repentance may for ever weep
O'er one rash moment.
Erm. Yes; no vain repentance
Shall weep my honour's stain; with impious rage
The tyrant burns; but this, perhaps, shall change
The fatal object that impassions him
Into a form of horrour; or perhaps,
So guide me Heaven,—shall reek in his hot breast.
This, this were worthy gallant Raymond's spouse,
And not a coward's flight—
A coward's flight, through self-given death, but ill
Becomes the mind that feels its dignity
In vigorous health, and smiles upon itself.
And mine with joy reviews each wish, each thought
That ere liv'd here— [*Concealing a dagger.*
Eem. While Bramville tarries, lady,
Yon shepherd's bower, where o'er the verdant bank
The roses and the woodbine emulate
The pinks and cowslips of the floor below;
Yon bower invites us to its safe retreat.
Erm. Oh Bramville, Bramville, speed thee!—this delay
Ill suits that generous friendly warmth which marks
Thy hoary age— [*They retire.*
[*The scene closes.*

SCENE IV. *A glade in a wood.*

Enter RAYMOND, BRAMVILLE, *and armed peasants.*

Bram. Your faithful servants offer
Their lives, my lord, to give your wish success.
This is the moment: on the field the king
Now greets the foe with dreadful salutation.
Ray. Then on my friends—Good Heaven, why shake my knees
With sudden faltering! why this chilly tremour!
That never seiz'd me in the eve of battle!
Oh judge not you, who never felt my passion;
Ye leaden-hearted lord, whose cold base temper
Takes no impression but of sordid stamp,
Judge not my feelings—Oh Erminia!
Go I to murder thee!—Oh horrour! horrour!
Yet Heaven's own justice fires me.

Enter RONSARD *in haste.*

Ron. Not, my lord,
Not to the castle—In a flowery arbour,
By yonder glade, the sylvan goddess rests
Her wearied limbs—
Ray. Waiting her paramour
When crown'd with victory. Eternal justice!
This, this is thy tremendous hour—
—Ou, on my friends!
Dark are the paths of fate; but, led by honour,
Firm is our footing, and our peace secure. [say'd
Ron. Now, now, my lord, that life you bravely
When I was down in battle, when you rush'd
Between me and the lifted pole-ax, now
That life shall serve you— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Woodland glades.*

Enter RAYMOND *and* BRAMVILLE.

Ray. Here wide the prospect opens. Ronsard watches [Leave me
The other glade—Here rests my traitress—
To this dread scene—
Bram. Gladly I turn, my lord,
From such sad view—O gracious Heaven prevent
Whate'er offends thee— [*Exit Bram.*
Ray. Ah, whence this sudden gloom which shoots athwart
The conscious forest! As if wailing ghosts
Were gliding through the trembling leaves, the sigh
Glides sullen on. 'T is nature's conscious horrour
When the stern robber holds his impious feast,
Bought with the wretchedness of innocence.
Oh cruel Francis, what unfeeling heart
Rages in thy dark bosom! Oh inhuman!
Hast thou no pang that whispers what I feel?
Canst thou sit down and grossly feast thy appetite,
Whilst the just master of the plunder'd banquet,
Stabb'd by thy knife, lay bleeding in thy sight?
Oh Heaven, I could not do it—but thou stern tyrant—
[*He turns and sees Erminia at some distance.*
Ha! now horrour steels me.
[*Exit and immediately re-enters.*

SCENE VI. *Another woodland scene.*

ERMINIA *in view and* EEMOINE.

Erm. How long, ah me, his tardy steps delay!
Ray. And longs she thus to meet him! burning Hell,
What other torment hast thou yet to strike me?
Erm. Saw'st thou stray through these shades——
Ray. Saw'st thou! saw whom!
The king! and dar'st thou ask thy injur'd husband.
[*Throwing his peasant's cloak aside, Eemoine retires, Raymond brandishes his sword.*
Erm. Oh save me Heaven, my lord——
[*Going to embrace him.*
Ray Cruel apostate——
Away these woman's arts——Thou, thou has damn'd
My frantic soul.
Erm. Oh yet, my lord, yet hear me. [bed
Ray. And dar'st thou think I 'll leave thee in the
Of rank pollution——Pour your tears to Heaven!
Let one short prayer——And horrour brace my arm.
Erm. Oh, what thou wilt——Yet spare me till my tongue
Save thee from deepest woes, my injur'd Raymond.
Ray. Spare thee! for whom! for the adulterer's arms!
No; by my wrongs——This for thy faithless heart.
[*She faints.*
Hah, do I grasp my traitress! rousing vengeance
May now atone——Yet let me one dread moment
Contemplate that fair face, where once all Heaven
Open'd its smiles upon me——Ah, how woeful!
What energy of deepest penitence
[*Drops his sword.*
Tells its severe distress in these pale features!
Yes; these are virtue's looks, when generous virtue
Bares her repenting bosom to the darts
Of terrible remorse——
How pure the innocence that once was thine!
That was, but is not now——And art thou now
My horrour, freezing my blood at touch of thee.
O gracious powers, what anguish trembles there
On these pale lips of death! Yes; every feature
Speaks innocence betray'd——Sure angels wept
When thou——Oh fallen! Oh lost Erminia——
Yet wake and tell me—— [*Recovering.*
Erm. Canst thou weep for me!
Oh generous Raymond, how was I betray'd!
Yet, oh forgive my ashes when the dust——
Yet, while I live, oh take, for pity snatch me
Far from my loath'd betrayer's hateful arms.
Ray From thy loath'd betrayer!
Erm. Yes; O witness Heaven!
I was betray'd to view thee as resolv'd
On my destruction, and that all your love
Was turn'd to raging hatred.
Ray. And, oh horrour!
O'erwhelm thy speech, in woman's blind revenge
Gave all——But turn your eyes to Heaven——
[*He lifts and brandishes his sword.*
Erm. Yet hear,
My lord, my husband hear me; death will then,
If thou canst give it, death will then be all
My heart can wish——
Ray. Heaven's! can I hope——O speak——
Erm. Oh! couldst thou yet
Forgive, and love me.
Ray. Haste, speak, though thy words
Strike me with death.
Erm. 'T was on his promise safely to restore,
And reconcile me to you, I accompanied
The chase this morning.
Ray. Was the villain's purpose
Then unaccomplish'd? Speak——
Erm. I was deceiv'd ——
Ray. Oh Heaven——
Erm. Yet, yet, my lord,
Yet hear; Oh Heaven bear witness how my soul
With sudden impulse trembled at the thought
When I perceiv'd his purpose.
Ray. Can I hope then!
Speak, and relieve me.

Enter EEMOINE.

Erm. I hear the tumult
Of the king's train. O bear me hence, my lord,
O pity me, and let not violence
Complete what all his art in vain essay'd.
O much have I to tell what arts they try'd,
Yet all in vain——When I beheld their snares,
Stern though thy frown, my heart all raging vehemence
Burn'd thus to throw me in my Raymond's arms.
Ray. And art thou pure indeed!——O boundless rapture!
From Hell's deep gulf methinks I spring to Heaven!
Erminia spotless to my arms restor'd!
Eem. Yet fly not hence: as fiercest beasts of prey,
The cruel fugitives of either host
Pour round the forest edge——
Erm. O generous Raymond!
What rapturous burst of ecstasy o'erpowers thee
To hear my innocence! Yes; all thy rage
Was love; an endless theme of love through all
Our future smiling days.
Ray. Ah! what dire horrours [ger?
Have torn thy gentle breast——But why this dag-
Erm. I left the chase in trust to fly to thee,
And lest the loath'd betrayer might surprise me,
This should perhaps have recompens'd his crimes.
Now I resign it——
Eem. To my care——Ah, madam——
[*Receives the dagger.*
Ray. Oh, my Erminia! this shall ever make
My love a generous debtor with itself
Displeas'd, for never can its zeal repay
Thy matchless virtues.
Erm. O my lord, my lord——

Enter GUISE *and armed attendants.*

Ray. Detested villain—— [*To Guise.*
Oh for Heaven's dear sake,
At distance—— [*To Erminia, held by Eemoine.*
——Now this for thy treach'rous heart.
[*To Guise, drawing his sword. Guise retires; Raymond, followed by Ronsard, Bramantie, and men in arms, pursue him and his party. Scene changes.*

SCENE VII. *Edge of the wood, clashing of swords.*

RAYMOND *enters pursuing* GUISE.

Ray. Now, now I have thee in the grasp of ven-
Lurking assassin! [geance,
Guise. Wilt thou stain thy sword,
O generous Raymond, in a heart that pants
With its last pangs? What, can thy boasted honour
Enjoy the cruel triumph o'er a wretch

Whose feeble arm, unstung by death, can cope
With thine no more?
Ray. Oh, was it all too little,
All thou hast done, but when one gleam of hope
To tear my countess from the tyrant's arms
Shed the last beam of comfort on my soul,
That thou must also blot and trample down!
O stain of manhood! where are now thy ruffians,
Thy lurking murderers? But guard thee, villain.
Guise. Oh fame, report it, how the mighty soul
Of noble Raymond, raging with the lust
Of groveling vengeance, gave his sword to mangle
The corse already shivering in the arms
Of swift approaching death. Oh yes, bold hero,
Yes; stain thy honour with the unmanly rage
Of giving wound on wound when faint and dying
Thy foe resists no more.
Ray. I thank thee caitiff,
For warning me. I would not stain my sword
To rob thee only of a dying moment.
Thy cowardice has purchas'd thee some minutes
Of longer gasping——O, thou art so bloated
With basest guilt, I cannot bear to view thee.
My happiness, which never was the fruit
Of other's woe, spread wide its blooming honours
In a kind soil, when thou, a brutal plunderer,
Hast thrown its fairest blossoms in the dust——
My life-blood fails; thy lurking ruffian's swords
Have found the mortal part: yet, thanks to Heaven,
Thy purpose shall be blighted.
Guise. And art thou wounded?
Ye powers of death assist me! [*Drawing his sword.*
Ray. Villain! [*They fight, Guise falls.*
There lie, detested coward!
Cold in my bosom smarts the murdering sword
That kill'd my last fond hope.
Guise. Oh this is terrible!
He that receives a wrong—he, he is happy,
Compar'd to him who gave it!
My crimes, oh horrible, and death's hand on me!

Enter BRAMVILLE, RONSARD *and servants, with* EEMOINE *veiled.*

Ron. Still not in vain, my lord, is our attempt.
[*To Raymond.*
We rescued her from Guise's ruffian bands:
But let us haste from hence. Ah Heaven, you bleed.
[*Bramville and Ronsard support Raymond.*
Ray. Death gently beckons me: Oh speed my friends
To Sicily, and place my rescu'd spouse——
[*Eemoine drops the veil.*
Heavens, is it thee! O now my heart is vanquish'd!
My last fond wish, my last fond hope destroy'd!
[*Sinking down, Bramville and Ronsard support him.*
Guise. O cursed woman, see the bitter fruits
[*To Eemoine.*
Of thy intrigues, and curst advice——
Some demon drags me hence, dark settling horrour—— [*Dies.*
Eem. Dreadful, O dreadful, all my hopes are blasted! [*Looking at Guise.*
O injur'd Raymond, trembling I approach thee:
Much-injur'd Raymond, thy countess overlov'd thee;
'T was I attempted to seduce her virtue,
Which mid the darkness of these plotful hours
Shone with redoubled lustre; loud and awfully
Thy wrongs cry vengeance; and behold their victim
Kneeling before thee. Mark me, great thy wrongs,
And this their fruits——
[*Stabs herself, the dagger snatched from her.*
——Yet life seems slow to fly.
Oh, while it lingers bear me to the countess:
Pursue and snatch her from the slaves of Guise.
Yet let me ask forgiveness.
Ray. Bramville, thy friendly arms
Were the kind shelter of my infant years.
Yet, yet, my friends, by all your dearest cares,
Oh soothe my ghost, save my Erminia.
What pleasing indolence——O death, I come!
[*Dies.*
Bram. Peace to thy noble soul!
Oh gentleness,
That fortune's giddy height could never change!
Oh nobleness of every gallant virtue,
Is this the best acquittance the base world
Could give to thee?

Enter the COUNTESS, *looking at* EEMOINE.

Coun. Hast thou again betray'd me! if my ser-
Had not now rescued me—— [vants
My evil angel, why thus glar'st thou at me!
Eem. The treacherous flow of spirits
That gave the blow has left me: deep, oh deep,
[*Sinking down.*
And deeper still I sink. Oh black'ning horrours,
Is there no help?—Alas, no gleam of hope!
How dreadful is your silence! Mercy Heaven,
Injur'd Erminia, canst thou forgive me?
Thy husband lov'd thee, ever fondly lov'd thee.
Hence, hence, ye hissing adders——Ah, it flashes!
Now, now 't is darkness —— [*Dies.*
Erm. My husband did she say! O yes, he lov'd me.
Ha, what—— [*Turning to Raymond.*
——My husband murder'd!
[*Kneeling down by him——a pause.*
Arise, my noble Raymond, rise,
And let us fly——
Bram. Assume the sacred veil,
The holy cloister's walls shall then protect you,
And melancholy peace may shed her balm
On life's cold evening——
Erm. Take my child away——
Oh Heaven, how dreadful these upbraiding looks
From my own infant! Ask me not, I know not
Who slew thy father——Gracious Heaven!
No child is here; but here my murder'd husband!
[*Faints.*
Bram. Ha!——what resounding tumult!
Lord Adm. Oh, my lord,
'T is treason's triumph o'er our country's fall.
Few moments since I saw the warlike Bourbon
Grasping the victory, ride through the field,
His eye-balls fir'd with joy.
Bram. Alas the king!
A prisoner!

Enter the KING, *guarded by Spanish soldiers.*

King. Off——your base hands, you slaves——
Bram. Amidst thy bitter feelings for thyself,
Look here, fallen king——
[*Pointing to the Countess and Raymond.*
Low lies thy faithfullest,
Thy bravest peer——These are the horrid triumphs
Of thy lewd revels!
King. These——Oh Heaven, couldst thou
Restore me yesterday!

Ron. When gallant injur'd Raymond
Sheath'd his good sword, then thou and France were conquer'd.

Bram. Lord Admiral, deep were your state intrigues,
Yet mark this truth: the favourite care of Heaven,
Though fortify'd with all the brazen mounds
That art can rear, and watch'd by eagle's eyes,
Still will some rotten part betray the structure
That is not bas'd by simple honesty.

Lord Adm. Patience, my liege, were now becoming grandeur.

King. Insidious villain, in a baser slavery
Than this thou long hast held me. Oh, Disgrace!
Left friendless in the field! me, and my cause,
So hated, none to back me! Hah! and must I
Be led to Bourbon? Must that haughty traitor,
Avengeful Heaven! must he pronounce my fate?
O had I died a monarch in the field!
Deeply, O Raymond, deeply art thou reveng'd!
Now I 'm no king indeed!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

POEMS

OF

SOAME JENYNS.

THE

LIFE OF SOAME JENYNS,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

This elegant and ingenious writer was born in Great Ormond Street, London, at twelve o'clock at night, 1703—4. The day of his birth he could not ascertain, and, considering himself at liberty to choose his birth-day, he fixed it on new year's day.

His father, sir Roger Jenyns, knt. was descended from the ancient family of the Jenyns's, of Churchill, in Somersetshire. His country residence was at Ely; where his useful labours as a magistrate, and his loyal principles, procured him the honour of knighthood from king William. He afterwards removed to Bottisham Hall, which he had purchased, a seat not far from Cambridge. Our author's mother was one of the daughters of sir Peter Soame, of Hayden, in the county of Essex, baronet; a lady of great beauty, and highly esteemed for her piety, understanding, and elegance of manners.

Mr. Jenyns received the first part of his education at home, under the care of the rev. Mr. Hill, and afterwards of the rev. Stephen White, who became rector of Holton, in Suffolk. In the year 1722, he was removed to Cambridge, and admitted as a fellow-commoner of St. John's, under Dr. Edmondson, at that time one of the principal tutors of the college. Here he pursued his studies, with great industry, for three years, and found so much satisfaction in the regular discipline and employments of a college life, that he was often heard to say, he accounted the days he had lived there among the happiest in his life.

He left the university, however, without taking a degree, in consequence, probably, of his marriage, which took place when he was very young. His first wife was the natural daughter of his uncle, colonel Soame, of Deerham Grange, in Norfolk. With this lady he received a very considerable fortune; but in all other respects the union was unhappy. After some years, she eloped from him with a Leicestershire gentleman; and a separation being agreed upon in form, Mr. Jenyns consented to allow her a maintenance, which was regularly paid until her death, in 1753 [1].

This affair, it may be conjectured, interrupted the plan of life he had formed after leaving Cambridge. If we may judge from his poetical efforts, his turn was gay, lively

[1] Cole's MSS. in Brit. Mus. C.

and satirical. His songs, and other amatory pieces, were probably written when young, and bespeak a mind sufficiently at ease to trifle with the passions, and not always attentive to delicacy where it interfered with wit. His first publication, and perhaps his best, was The Art of Dancing; printed in 1730, and inscribed to lady Fanny Fielding, one of the daughters of the earl of Denbigh, and afterwards countess of Winchelsea. He did not put his name to this poem; but, when discovered, it was considered as the prelude to greater performances. It must be confessed there is an ease and elegance in the versification, which brought him near to the most favourite poets of his day. In 1735, he wrote the Epistle to Lord Lovelace; and this was followed by other pieces of poetry which he contributed to Dodsley's collection, and afterwards printed in a volume, in 1752. He wrote also some occasional essays on political topics, the precise dates of which cannot now be ascertained, as he never put his name to any of his works. They have, however, been since collected by Mr. Cole, in that edition of his works which was published in four volumes, 8vo. 1790, and again in 1793.

Soon after his father's death, at the general election in 1742, he was unanimously chosen one of the representatives for the county of Cambridge. From this time he continued to sit in parliament, either for the county or borough of Cambridge, until the year 1780, except on the call of a new parliament in 1754, when he was returned for the borough of Dunwich. In 1755, he was appointed one of the lords commissioners of the board of trade and plantations, at which he sat during all changes of administration, until the business of the board, which was not great, was removed into another department. At the time of its abolition, it consisted of our author, the present earl of Carlisle, the late lord Auckland, and Gibbon, the historian. Mr. Cumberland, the well-known dramatic poet, was secretary.

His parliamentary conduct was more uniform than is supposed to be consistent with freedom of opinion, or the usual attachments of party. When he was first elected a member, he found sir Robert Walpole on the eve of being dismissed from the confidence of the house of commons; and he had the courage, unassisted and unknown, to give his support to the falling minister, as far as he could without contributing his eloquence, for Mr. Jenyns seldom spoke, and only in reply to a personal question. He was conscious that he could make no figure as a public speaker, and early desisted from the attempt. After the dismissal of sir Robert Walpole, he constantly ranked among the friends of government. Without giving a public assent to every measure of the minister for the day, he contrived to give him no offence, and seems very early to have conceived an abhorrence of systematic oppositions. What his opinions were on great constitutional questions may be found in his writings, where, however, they are not laid down with much precision, and seem at no time of his life to have been steady. In his attendance at the board of trade, he was very assiduous, and bestowed much attention on the commercial interests of his country. He has not left any thing in print expressly on this subject, but his biographer has given some of his private opinions, which are liberal and manly.

In 1757, he published his Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil, which brought him into notice, as one of the most elegant writers of English prose that had appeared since the days of Addison. But the charms of style could not protect this singular work from objections of the most serious kind. It produced from Dr. Johnson, who was then editor of The Literary Magazine, a critical dissertation, or *review*, which

is, perhaps, the first of his compositions for strength of argument, keenness of reply, and brilliancy of wit. That Mr. Jenyns felt the force of this powerful refutation may be readily supposed; but it were to be wished he had not retained his resentment for so many years, and then given it vent in a paltry epitaph on Dr. Johnson, which his biographer thought worthy of a place in his works.

Other answers appeared to his Inquiry, of less consequence. Johnson's, after having been read with eagerness in the Magazine, was printed in a small volume, of which two editions were very soon sold. To a subsequent edition of the Inquiry, Mr. Jenyns prefixed a preface, containing a general answer to his opponents, but without retracting any of his positions. In 1761, he reprinted it, along with his poems, in two vols. 12mo. and added the papers he had contributed to The World, which are among the first in a collection written by the first wits of their time. There are points in them which prove either the natural purity of his style, and delicacy of his humour, or that he must have "given his days and nights to Addison." It was in one of those papers that he first expressed an opinion in favour of the doctrine of a pre-existent state, which he afterwards insisted upon more seriously in the third letter on the Origin of Evil.

In 1767, he published a small pamphlet, entitled Thoughts on the Causes and Consequences of the present high Price of Provisions. Various writers at that time had employed their pens on this subject, some arraigning the bounties on corn, and others blaming the practices of forestallers and monopolizers. Mr. Jenyns imputes the high price of provisions to the increase of the national debt, and the increase of our riches, that is, to the poverty of the public, and the wealth of private individuals. These positions are maintained with much ingenuity; but experience has shown that the influence of such causes has not increased proportionally, and that with ten times more debt and more wealth than the nation had at that time, the price of provisions is found to rise and fall in fluctuations which cannot be explained by his theory. If provisions were dear with the national debt and private wealth of 1767, they ought in 1807 to be inaccessible to all but the most opulent classes. The newspapers were filled with answers to Mr. Jenyns's pamphlet, and the return of plenty made it be forgotten.

But the performance which excited most attention was published by our author in 1776, and seems, indeed, to form an important era in his life. In his younger days he had imbibed the principles of infidelity, and, it has been said, was not sparing in his avowal of them. Time and reflection brought him to a sense of his folly. He studied the holy scriptures with care, and probably called to his aid some of the able defences of Christianity which the infidels in the eighteenth century had provoked. It is certain, however, that he had now adopted the common creed, although with some singular refinements of his own, and determined to avow his sentiments in justice to the cause he had neglected or injured.

With this honourable resolution, he published A View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, which was at first read as an able defence of Christianity, and the accession of an ingenious layman to the supporters of religion was welcomed by the clergy at large. Others, however, could not help being suspicious of its tendency, and regarded the author as in many points proving himself to be an insidious enemy to the cause he pretended to plead. Those who call themselves *rational Christians* thought he yielded too much to the orthodox believer, and the orthodox believer was shocked that he had conceded the possibility of certain miracles being forgeries.

A controversy[2] immediately took place, and continued for some time, greatly to the advantage of Mr. Jenyns's book, which sold most extensively, while the controversy was kept alive, and disappeared with the last answer. During its circulation, it excited the attention of persons of rank, and probably did good. The great errour is his neglect of the external evidences, and his admitting the use of reason in some instances, while he refuses it in others.

But whatever difference of opinion was excited by this performance, it would be unjust to question the author's sincerity, or in this, however short, sketch of his life to omit the very explicit declaration he has made of his belief. "Should my work ever have the honour to be admitted into such good company (persons of fashion) they will immediately, I know, determine that it must be the work of some enthusiast or methodist, some beggar, or some madman. I shall therefore beg leave to assure them, that the author is very far removed from all these characters; that he once perhaps believed as little as themselves; but having some leisure, and more curiosity, he employed them both in resolving a question, which seemed to him of some importance—Whether Christianity was really an imposture, founded on an absurd, incredible, and obsolete fable, as many suppose it? or whether it is what it pretends to be, a revelation, communicated to mankind by the interposition of some supernatural power? On a candid inquiry, he soon found that the first was an absolute impossibility; and that its pretensions to the latter were founded on the most solid grounds. In the further pursuits of his examination, he perceived at every step new lights arising, and some of the brightest from parts of it the most obscure, but productive of the clearest proofs, because equally beyond the power of human artifice to invent, and human reason to discover. These arguments, which have convinced him of the divine origin of this religion, he has here put together in as clear and concise a manner as he was able, thinking they might have the same effect upon others; and being of opinion that, if there were a few more true Christians in the world, it would be beneficial to themselves, and by no means detrimental to the public."

In 1782, appeared another volume of doubtful tendency, and certainly more abounding in wild paradoxes, which he entitled Disquisitions on several Subjects. These are metaphysical, theological, and political, and in all of them he advances, amidst much valuable matter, a number of fanciful theories, to which he seems to have been prompted merely by a love of novelty, or a desire to show by what ingenuity opinions that contradict the general sense of mankind may be defended. This volume, like the former,

[2] The following are the titles of the principal pamphlets written on this occasion. A Letter to Soame Jenyns, esq. wherein the Futility and Absurdity of some Part of his Reasoning in his View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, is set forth and expressed. By a Clergyman of the Church of England.—Observations on S. J.'s View, &c. addressed to its almost Christian Author. By W. Kenrick, LL. D.—A Letter to Soame Jenyns, esq. occasioned by an assertion contained in his View, &c. by G. U. —Short Strictures on certain Passages in a View, &c. By a Layman.—A Series of Letters addressed to S. J. on occasion of his View, &c. By A. Maclaine, D. D. Minister of the English Church at the Hague.—An Examination of the Arguments contained in Dr. Maclaine's Answer to S. J. esq. on his View, &c. with general Thoughts and Reflections thereon. By the rev. Edward Fleet, jun. B. A. of Oriel College, Oxford.—A full Answer to a late View, &c. In a Dialogue between a rational Christian and his Friend. By the Editor (the Rev. Mr. Taylor) of Ben. Mordecai's Letters to Elisha Levi.—Philosophical Disquisitions on the Christian Religion. Addressed to Soame Jenyns, esq.—An Address and Reply, &c. By the rev. Edward Fleet.

produced a few answers, and what perhaps disturbed our author's tranquillity yet more, an admirable piece of humour, entitled The Dean and the Squire, by the author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers[3]. *The dean* was Dr. Tucker, whose opinions on civil liberty approached those of our author. The Disquisitions are however an extraordinary production from a man in his seventy-eighth year. Their style is perhaps more elegant and animated than that of any of his former writings; and if mere eloquence could atone for defect of argument, they would yet continue to be read as models of pure and correct English.

In 1784, while the propriety of a parliamentary reformation was in agitation, he published some Thoughts on that subject, in which he repeated the objections he had already brought forward in his Disquisitions, to any of those innovations which in his opinion tended to anarchy.

This was the last of our author's productions. The infirmities of age were now creeping upon him, and closed his life, Dec. 18, 1787, at his house in Tilney Street, Audley Square[4].

Mr. Cole, his biographer, has drawn his character at great length, and with the partiality of a friend. Yet, if we except the unsettled state of his opinions, much cannot be deducted from it. As the magistrate, and as the head of a family[5], he was exemplary in the discharge of the religious and moral duties, and fulfilled his engagements with the strictest integrity, but with a punctuality which brought on him sometimes the charge of being penurious. As a politician we have seen him giving his uniform support to a succession of ministers; but as he did not conceal his opinions, they could not always be in unison with those of his party, and his integrity at least must have been generally acknowledged, since no party offered to remove him.

In private life he was, says Mr. Cole, a man of great mildness, gentleness, and sweetness of temper: his earnest desire was, as far as possible, never to offend any person. This I find confirmed by the rev. Mr. Cole of Milton, who is not remarkable for the lenity of his opinions respecting his contemporaries. "Mr. Jenyns was a man of lively fancy and pleasant turn of wit, very sparkling in conversation, and full of many conceits and agreeable drollery, which was heightened by his inarticulate manner of speaking through his broken teeth, and all this mixed with the utmost humanity and good-nature, having hardly ever heard him severe upon any one, and by no means satirical in his mirth and good-humour[6]."

Mr. Cumberland, in his Memoirs of his own Life, lately published, gives us some characteristic *traits* of Mr. Jenyns which correspond with the above. "A disagreement about a name or a date will mar the best story that was ever put together. Sir Joshua Reynolds luckily could not hear an interrupter of this sort; Johnson would not hear, or, if he heard him, would not heed him; Soame Jenyns heard him, heeded him, set him right, and took up his tale, where he had left it, without any diminution of its

[3] See Mason's Works in this collection. *C.*

[4] He was interred in Bottisham church, Dec. 27, where, in the parish register, the rev. Mr. Lort Mansel, now master of Trinity College, Cambridge, introduced a very elegant compliment to his memory. *C.*

[5] This alludes to his establishment at Bottisham. He had no issue by either of his wives. *C.*

[6] Cole's MSS. in British Museum. *C.*

humour, adding only a few more twists to his snuff-box, a few more taps upon the lid of it, with a preparatory grunt or two, the invariable forerunners of the amenity that was at the heels of them. He was the man who bore his part in all societies with the most even temper and undisturbed hilarity of all the good companions whom I ever knew. He came into your house at the very moment you had put upon your card; he dressed himself to do your party honour in all the colours of the jay; his lace indeed had long since lost its lustre, but his coat had faithfully retained its cut since the days when gentlemen embroidered figured velvets with short sleeves, boot cuffs, and buckram shirts[7]; as nature cast him in the exact mould of an ill-made pair of stiff stays, he followed her so close in the fashion of his coat, that it was doubted if he did not wear them: because he had a protuberant wen just under his pole, he wore a wig that did not cover above half his head. His eyes were protruded like the eyes of the lobster, who wears them at the end of his feelers, and yet there was room between one of these and his nose for another wen that added nothing to his beauty; yet I heard this good man very innocently remark, when Gibbon published his History, that he wondered any body so ugly could write a book.

"Such was the exterior of a man, who was the charm of the circle, and gave a zest to every company he came into; his pleasantry was of a sort peculiar to himself; it harmonized with every thing; it was like the bread to our dinner; you did not perhaps make it the whole, or principal part of your meal, but it was an admirable and wholesome auxiliary to your other viands. Soame Jenyns told you no long stories, engrossed not much of your attention, and was not angry with those that did; his thoughts were original, and were apt to have a very whimsical affinity to the paradox in them; he wrote verses upon dancing, and prose upon the origin of evil, yet he was a very indifferent metaphysician and a worse dancer[8]; ill-nature and personality, with the single exception of his lines upon Johnson, I never heard fall from his lips: those lines I have forgotten, though I believe I was the first person to whom he recited them; they were very bad, but he had been told[9] that Johnson ridiculed his metaphysics, and some of us had just then been making extempore epitaphs upon each other. Though his wit was harmless, the general cast of it was ironical; there was a terseness in his repartees, that had a play of words as well as of thought, as when speaking of the difference between laying out money upon land, or purchasing into the funds, he said, 'One was principal without interest, and the other interest without principal.' Certain it is he had a brevity of expression, that never hung upon the ear, and you felt the point in the very moment that he made the push. It was rather to be lamented that his lady, Mrs. Jenyns, had so great a respect for his good sayings, and so imperfect a recollection of them, for though she always prefaced her recitals of them with—*as Mr. Jenyns says*—it was not always what Mr. Jenyns said, and never, I am apt to think, *as* Mr. Jenyns said; but she was an excellent old lady, and twirled her fan with as much mechanical address as her ingenious husband twirled his snuff-box."

7 The *costume* of his latter days was a bath beaver surtout, with blue worsted boot stockings. *C.*

8 It has been said he was in his young days a good dancer, and very fond of the amusement. *C.*

9 This is not accurate. He well knew *how* Johnson had ridiculed his metaphysics many years before this period. *C.*

This old lady was the second wife of Mr. Jenyns. His first died July 30, 1753, and in the month of February following he married Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry Grey, esq. of Hackney, Middlesex. She must at this time have been advanced in life, as she died at the age of ninety-four, July 25, 1796.

Mr. Jenyns's poems were added to the second edition of Dr. Johnson's collection in 1790. They are now reprinted from the edition which his biographer published, with considerable additions, and some explanatory notes. As a prose writer, we have few that can be compared to him for elegance and purity. As a poet he has many equals and many superiors. Yet his poems are sprightly and pleasing; and if we do not find much of that creative fancy which marks the true genius of poetry, there is the spirit, sense, and wit which have rendered so many modern versifiers popular, and have made it impossible for a general collector to abide by the stern laws of Phillips and Warton.

POEMS

OF

SOAME JENYNS.

THE ART OF DANCING.

A POEM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1728.

INSCRIBED TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE LADY FANNY FIELDING [1].

Incessu patuit Dea. Virg.

CANTO I.

IN the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,
Easy with care, and sprightly though serene,
To mark th' instructions echoing strains convey,
And with just steps each tuneful note obey,
I teach; be present, all ye sacred choir,
Blow the soft lute, and strike the sounding lyre:
When Fielding bids, your kind assistance bring,
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling;
Oh, may her eyes (to her this verse is due)
What first themselves inspir'd, vouchsafe to view!
Hail, loveliest art! that canst all hearts insnare,
And make the fairest still appear more fair.
Beauty can little execution do,
Unless she borrows half her arms from you;
Few, like Pygmalion, doat on lifeless charms,
Or care to clasp a statue in their arms;
But breasts of flint must melt with fierce desire,
When art and motion wake the sleeping fire.
A Venus, drawn by great Apelles' hand,
May for a while our wond'ring eyes command,
But still, though form'd with all the pow'rs of art,
The lifeless piece can never warm the heart;
So a fair nymph, perhaps, may please the eye,
Whilst all her beauteous limbs unactive lie,
But when her charms are in the dance display'd,
Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid:
This sets her beauty in the fairest light,
And shows each grace in full perfection bright;
Then, as she turns around, from ev'ry part,
Like porcupines, she sends a piercing dart;
In vain, alas! the fond spectator tries
To shun the pleasing dangers of her eyes,
For, Parthian like, she wounds as sure behind,
With flowing curls, and ivory neck reclin'd:
Whether her steps the Minuet's mazes trace,
Or the slow Louvre's more majestic pace,
Whether the Rigadoon employs her care,
Or sprightly Jig displays the nimble fair,
At every step new beauties we explore,
And worship now, what we admir'd before:
So when Æneas in the Tyrian grove
Fair Venus met, the charming queen of love,
The beauteous goddess, whilst unmov'd she stood,
Seem'd some fair nymph, the guardian of the wood;
But when she mov'd, at once her heavenly mien
And graceful step confess bright beauty's queen,
New glories o'er her form each moment rise,
And all the goddess opens to his eyes.

Now haste, my Muse, pursue thy destin'd way,
What dresses best become the dancer, say;
The rules of dress forget not to impart,
A lesson previous to the dancing art.

The soldier's scarlet, glowing from afar,
Shows that his bloody occupation 's war;
Whilst the lawn band, beneath a double chin,
As plainly speaks divinity within;
The milk-maid safe through driving rains and snows,
Wrapp'd in her cloak, and prop'd on pattens goes;

[1] Lady Fanny Fielding was the youngest of the six daughters of Basil, earl of Denbigh and Desmond, by his wife Hester, daughter of sir Basil Firebrass, bart. She was one of the finest dancers of her time, but more distinguished for her beauty and amiable manners. She married Daniel, the seventh earl of Winchelsea, and third earl of Nottingham, in the year 1729, and died in the year 1734.

While the soft belle, immur'd in velvet chair,
Needs but the silken shoe, and trusts her bosom bare:
The woolly drab, and English broad-cloth warm,
Guard well the horseman from the beating storm,
But load the dancer with too great a weight,
And call from ev'ry pore the dewy sweat;
Rather let him his active limbs display
In camblet thin, or glossy paduasoy,
Let no unwieldy pride his shoulders press,
But airy, light, and easy be his dress;
Thin be his yielding sole, and low his heel,
So shall he nimbly bound, and safely wheel.

But let not precepts known my verse prolong,
Precepts which use will better teach than song;
For why should I the gallant spark command,
With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?
Or in his fob enlivening spirits wear,
And pungent salts to raise the fainting fair?
Or hint, the sword that dangles at his side
Should from its silken bondage be unty'd?
Why should my lays the youthful tribe advise,
Lest snowy clouds from out their wigs arise:
So shall their partners mourn their laces spoil'd,
And shining silks with greasy powder soil'd?
Nor need I, sure, bid prudent youths beware,
Lest with erected tongues their buckles stare,
The pointed steel shall oft their stockings rend,
And oft th' approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful fair, I sing to you,
With pleasing smiles my useful labours view;
For you the silkworms fine-wrought webs display,
And lab'ring spin their little lives away,
For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,
Fair as the dyes that paint the heav'nly bow,
For you the sea resigns its pearly store,
And earth unlocks her mines of treasur'd ore;
In vain yet nature thus her gifts bestows,
Unless yourselves with art those gifts dispose.

Yet think not, nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball
One form of dress prescrib'd can suit with all;
One brightest shines when wealth and art combine
To make the finish'd piece completely fine;
When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,
And, rich in native beauties, wants not arts;
In some are such resistless graces found,
That in all dresses they are sure to wound;
Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,
And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes.

Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheeks is seen
A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green;
In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go;
So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow:
The lass whose skin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own;
While maids grown pale with sickness or despair,
The sable's mournful dye should choose to wear;
So the pale Moon still shines with purest light,
Cloth'd in the dusky mantle of the night.

But far from you be all those treach'rous arts
That wound with painted charms unwary hearts;
Dancing's a touchstone that true beauty tries,
Nor suffers charms that Nature's hand denies:
Though for a while we may with wonder view
The rosy blush, and skin of lovely hue,
Yet soon the dance will cause the cheeks to glow,
And melt the waxen lips, and neck of snow:
So shine the fields in icy fetters bound,
Whilst frozen gems bespangle all the ground;
Through the clear crystal of the glitt'ring snow,
With scarlet dye the blushing hawthorns glow;
O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories rise,
And a new bright creation charms our eyes,
Till Zephyr breathes, then all at once decay
The splendid scenes, their glories fade away,
The fields resign the beauties not their own,
And all their snowy charms run trickling down.

Dare I in such momentous points advise,
I should condemn the hoop's enormous size:
Of ills I speak by long experience found,
Oft have I trod th' immeasurable round, [wound.
And mourn'd my shins bruis'd black with many a
Nor should the tighten'd stays, too straitly lac'd,
In whalebone bondage gall the slender waist;
Nor waving lappets should the dancing fair,
Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear;
Oft will the cobweb ornaments catch hold
On th' approaching button rough with gold,
Nor force nor art can then the bonds divide,
When once th' entangled Gordian knot is ty'd.
So the unhappy pair, by Hymen's pow'r,
Together join'd in some ill-fated hour,
The more they strive their freedom to regain,
The faster binds th' indissoluble chain.

Let each fair maid, who fears to be disgrac'd,
Ever be sure to tie her garters fast,
Lest the loos'd string, amidst the public ball,
A wish'd-for prize to some proud fop should fall,
Who the rich treasure shall triumphant show;
And with warm blushes cause her cheeks to glow.

But, yet, (as Fortune by the self-same ways
She humbles many, some delights to raise)
It happen'd once, a fair illustrious dame
By such neglect acquir'd immortal fame.
And hence the radiant star and garter blue
Britannia's nobles grace, if fame says true:
Hence still, Plantagenet, thy beauties bloom,
Though long since moulder'd in the dusky tomb,
Still thy lost garter is thy sovereign's care,
And what each royal breast is proud to wear.

But let me now my lovely charge remind,
Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind;
Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aside,
A toy at once display'd, for use and pride,
A wondrous engine, that, by magic charms,
Cools your own breasts, and ev'ry other's warms.
What daring bard shall e'er attempt to tell
The pow'rs that in this little weapon dwell?
What verse can e'er explain its various parts,
Its num'rous uses, motions, charms, and arts?
Its painted folds, that oft extended wide
Th' afflicted fair-one's blubber'd beauties hide,
When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,
If Strephon is unkind, or Shock is ill:
Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,
When the kind virgin burns with secret shame,
Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame;
Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?

Forbear, my Muse, th' extensive theme to sing,
Nor trust in such a flight thy tender wing;
Rather do you in humble lines proclaim
From whence this engine took its form and name,
Say from what cause it first deriv'd its birth,
How form'd in Heav'n, how thence deduc'd to Earth.

Once in Arcadia, that fam'd seat of love,
There liv'd a nymph the pride of all the grove,
A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
An easy shape, and sweetly-blooming face;

Fanny the damsel's name, as chaste as fair,
Each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair;
To charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,
Blow the soft flute, and wake the trembling string;
For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,
Whilst Fanny's name resounds through ev'ry grove,
And spreads on ev'ry tree, enclos'd in knots of love;
As Fielding's now, her eyes all hearts inflame,
Like her in beauty, as alike in name.
'T was when the summer Sun, now mounted high,
With fiercer beams had scorch'd the glowing sky,
Beneath the covert of a cooling shade,
To shun the heat, this lovely nymph was laid;
The sultry weather o'er her cheeks had spread
A blush, that added to their native red,
And her fair breast, as polish'd marble white,
Was half conceal'd, and half expos'd to sight:
Æolus, the mighty god whom winds obey,
Observ'd the bounteous maid, as thus she lay;
O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,
And suck'd in poison at the dang'rous sight;
He sighs, he burns; at last declares his pain,
But still he sighs, and still he wooes in vain;
The cruel nymph, regardless of his moan,
Minds not his flame, uneasy with her own;
But still complains, that he who rul'd the air
Would not command one Zephyr to repair
Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play
Through the dark glade, to cool the sultry day;
By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
Th' ingenious god contriv'd this pretty toy,
With gales incessant to relieve her flame;
And call'd it Fan, from lovely Fanny's name.

CANTO II.

Now see, prepar'd to lead the sprightly dance,
The lovely nymphs and well-dress'd youths advance;
The spacious room receives each jovial guest,
And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppress'd:
Thick rang'd on ev'ry side, with various dyes
The fair in glossy silks our sight surprise;
So, in a garden bath'd with genial show'rs,
A thousand sorts of variegated flow'rs,
Jonquils, carnations, pinks, and tulips rise,
And in a gay confusion charm our eyes.
High o'er their heads, with numerous candles bright,
Large sconces shed their sparkling beams of light,
Their sparkling beams, that still more brightly glow,
Reflected back from gems and eyes below:
Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair,
With breathing Zephyrs move the circling air;
The sprightly fiddle, and the sounding lyre,
Each youthful breast with gen'rous warmth inspire;
Fraught with all joys the blissful moments fly,
Whilst music melts the ear, and beauty charms the eye.
Now let the youth, to whose superior place
It first belongs the splendid ball to grace,
With humble bow and ready hand prepare
Forth from the crowd to lead his chosen fair;
The fair shall not his kind request deny,
But to the pleasing toil with equal ardour fly.
But stay, rash pair, nor yet untaught advance,
First hear the Muse, ere you attempt to dance:
By art directed o'er the foaming tide [1],
Secure from rocks the painted vessels glide;
By art the chariot scours the dusty plain,
Springs at the whip, and hears the strait'ning rein [2];
To art our bodies must obedient prove,
If e'er we hope with graceful ease to move.
Long was the dancing art unfix'd and free,
Hence lost in errour and uncertainty;
No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,
But ev'ry master taught a different way;
Hence ere each new-born dance was fully try'd,
The lovely product ev'n in blooming dy'd;
Through various hands in wild confusion tost,
Its steps were alter'd, and its beauties lost;
Till Fuillet [3], the pride of Gallia, rose,
And did the dance in characters compose;
Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,
And ev'ry step in lasting volumes wrote:
Hence o'er the world this pleasing art shall spread,
And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read,
By distant masters shall each step be seen,
Though mountains rise, and oceans roar between;
Hence, with her sister arts, shall dancing claim
An equal right to universal fame;
And Isaac's Rigadoon shall live as long,
As Raphael's painting, or as Virgil's song.
Wise Nature ever, with a prudent hand,
Dispenses various gifts to ev'ry land;
To ev'ry nation frugally imparts
A genius fit for some peculiar arts;
To trade the Dutch incline, the Swiss to arms,
Music and verse are soft Italia's charms;
Britannia justly glories to have found
Lands unexplor'd, and sail'd the globe around;
But none will sure presume to rival France,
Whether she forms or executes the dance;
To her exalted genius 't is we owe
The sprightly Rigadoon and Louvre slow,
The Borée, and Courant unpractis'd long
Th' immortal Minuet, and smooth Bretagne,
With all those dances of illustrious fame,
Which from their native country take their name [4];
With these let ev'ry ball be first begun,
Nor Country-dance intrude till these are done.
Each cautious bard, ere he attempts to sing,
First gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing;
And if he finds that with uncommon fire
The Muses all his rapture'd soul inspire,
At once to Heav'n he soars in lofty odes,
And sings alone of heroes and of gods;
But if he trembling fears a flight so high,
He then descends to softer elegy;
And if in elegy he can't succeed,
In past'ral he may tune the oaten reed:
So should the dancer, ere he tries to move,
With care his strength, his weight, and genius prove;
Then, if he finds kind Nature's gifts impart
Endowments proper for the dancing art,
If in himself he feels together join'd
An active body and ambitious mind,
In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,
Or in the Louvre's slow majestic dance;

[1] Arte citæ veloque rates remoque moventur,
Arte leves currus. Ovid.

[2] ..... Nec audit currus habenas. Virg.

[3] Fuillet wrote the art of dancing by characters, in French, since translated by Weaver.

[4] French dances.

If these he fears to reach, with easy pace
Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace:
Is this too hard? this too let him forbear,
And to the Country-dance confine his care.
Would you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
To keep true time be first your thoughts employ'd;
All other errours they in vain shall mend,
Who in this one important point offend;
For this, when now united hand in hand
Eager to start the youthful couple stand,
Let them a while their nimble feet restrain,
And with soft taps beat time to ev'ry strain:
So for the race prepar'd two coursers stand,
And with impatient pawings spurn the sand.
In vain a master shall employ his care,
Where nature has once fix'd a clumsy air;
Rather let such, to country sports confin'd,
Pursue the flying hare or tim'rous hind:
Nor yet, while I the rural 'squire despise,
A mien effeminate would I advise:
With equal scorn I would the fop deride,
Nor let him dance,——but on the woman's side.
And you, fair nymphs, avoid with equal care
A stupid dulness, and a coquet air;
Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,
Asleep, like spinning tops, run round and round,
Nor yet with giddy looks and wanton pride,
Stare all around, and skip from side to side.
True dancing, like true wit, is best express'd
By nature only to advantage dress'd;
'T is not a nimble bound, or caper high,
That can pretend to please a curious eye,
Good judges no such tumblers' tricks regard,
Or think them beautiful, because they 're hard.
'T is not enough that ev'ry stander-by
No glaring errours in your steps can spy,
The dance and music must so nicely meet,
Each note should seem an echo to your feet;
A nameless grace must in each movement dwell,
Which words can ne'er express, or precepts tell,
Not to be taught, but ever to be seen
In Flavia's air, and Chloe's easy mien;
'T is such an air that makes her thousands fall,
When Fielding dances at a birthnight ball;
Smooth as Camilla she skims o'er the plain,
And flies like her through crowds of heroes slain.
Now when the Minuet, oft repeated o'er,
(Like all terrestrial joys) can please no more,
And ev'ry nymph, refusing to expand
Her charms, declines the circulating hand;
Then let the jovial Country-dance begin,
And the loud fiddles call each straggler in:
But ere they come, permit me to disclose
How first, as legends tell, this pastime rose.
In ancient times (such times are now no more)
When Albion's crown illustrious Arthur wore,
In some fair op'ning glade, each summer's night,
Where the pale Moon diffus'd her silver light,
On the soft carpet of a grassy field
The sporting Fairies their assemblies held:
Some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen,
In circling ringlets mark'd the level green,
Some with soft notes bade mellow pipes resound,
And music warble through the groves around;
Oft lonely shepherds by the forest side,
Belated peasants oft their revels spy'd,
And home returning o'er their nut-brown ale,
Their guests diverted with the wondrous tale.
Instructed hence, throughout the British isle,
And fond to imitate the pleasing toil,
Round where the trembling May-pole fix'd on high
Uplifts its flow'ry honours to the sky,
The ruddy maids and sun-burnt swains resort,
And practise ev'ry night the lovely sport;
On ev'ry side Æolian artists stand,
Whose active elbows swelling winds command;
The swelling winds harmonious pipes inspire,
And blow in ev'ry breast a gen'rous fire.
Thus taught, at first the Country-dance began,
And hence to cities and to courts it ran;
Succeeding ages did in time impart
Various improvements to the lovely art;
From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,
Great ones the pleasing exercise approv'd:
Hence the loud fiddle, and shrill trumpet's sounds,
Are made companions of the dancer's bounds;
Hence gems and silks, brocades and ribbons join,
To make the ball with perfect lustre shine.
So rude at first the tragic Muse appear'd,
Her voice alone by rustic rabble heard;
Where twisting trees a cooling arbour made,
The pleas'd spectators sat beneath the shade;
The homely stage with rushes green was strew'd,
And in a cart the strolling actors rode:
Till time at length improv'd the great design,
And bade the scenes with painted landscapes shine;
Then art did all the bright machines dispose,
And theatres of Parian marble rose,
Then mimic thunder shook the canvass sky,
And gods descended from their tow'rs on high.
With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare
To choose a partner from the mingled fair;
Vain would be here th' instructing Muse's voice,
If she pretended to direct his choice:
Beauty alone by fancy is express'd,
And charms in diff'rent forms each diff'rent breast;
A snowy skin this am'rous youth admires,
Whilst nut-brown checks another's bosom fires;
Small waists and slender limbs some hearts insnare,
Whilst others love the more substantial fair.
But let not outward charms your judgment sway,
Your reason rather than your eyes obey,
And in the dance as in the marriage noose,
Rather for merit, than for beauty, choose:
Be her your choice, who knows with perfect skill
When she should move, and when she should be still,
Who uninstructed can perform her share,
And kindly half the pleasing burden bear.
Unhappy is that hopeless wretch's fate,
Who, fetter'd in the matrimonial state
With a poor, simple, unexperienc'd wife,
Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life:
And such is his, with such a partner join'd,
A moving puppet, but without a mind:
Still must his hand be pointing out the way,
Yet ne'er can teach so fast as she can stray;
Beneath her follies he must ever groan,
And ever blush for errours not his own.
But now behold, united hand in hand,
Rang'd on each side, the well-pair'd couples stand!
Each youthful bosom beating with delight
Waits the brisk signal for the pleasing sight;
While lovely eyes, that flash unusual rays,
And snowy bosoms, pull'd above the stays,
Quick busy hands, and bridling heads, declare
The fond impatience of the starting fair.
And see, the sprightly dance is now begun!
Now here, now there the giddy maze they run,
Now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,
Now all confus'd, too swift for sight they spring;

So, in a wheel with rapid fury tost,
The undistinguish'd spokes are in the motion lost.
The dancer here no more requires a guide,
To no strict steps his nimble feet are ty'd,
The Muse's precepts here would useless be,
Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free;
Let him but to the Music's voice attend,
By this instructed he can ne'er offend;
If to his share it falls the dance to lead,
In well-known paths he may be sure to tread;
If others lead, let him their motions view,
And in their steps the winding maze pursue.
In every Country-dance a serious mind,
Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find,
In hunt-the-squirrel thus the nymph we view,
Seeks when we fly, but flies when we pursue:
Thus in round-dances where our partners change,
And unconfin'd from fair to fair we range,
As soon as one from his own consort flies,
Another seizes on the lovely prize;
A while the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
Till the next comer steals her from his arms,
New ones succeed, the last is still her care;
How true an emblem of th' inconstant fair!
Where can philosophers, and sages wise,
Who read the curious volumes of the skies,
A model more exact than dancing name
Of the creation's universal frame?
Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ethereal way
In a bright regular confusion stray;
Now here, now there they whirl along the sky,
Now near approach, and now far distant fly,
Now meet in the same order they begun,
And then the great celestial dance is done.
Where can the mor'list find a juster plan
Of the vain labours, and the life of man?
A while through justling crowds we toil and sweat,
And eagerly pursue we know not what,
Then when our trifling short-liv'd race is run,
Quite tir'd sit down, just where we first begun.
Though to your arms kind Fate's indulgent care
Has giv'n a partner exquisitely fair,
Let not her charms so much engage your heart,
That you neglect the skilful dancer's part;
Be not, when you the tuneful notes should hear,
Still whisp'ring idle prattle in her ear;
When you should be employ'd, be not at play,
Nor for your joys all other steps delay;
But when the finish'd dance you once have done,
And with applause through ev'ry couple run,
There rest a while; there snatch the fleeting bliss,
The tender whisper, and the balmy kiss;
Each secret wish, each softer hope confess,
And her moist palm with eager fingers press;
With smiles the fair shall hear your warm desires,
When music melts her soul, and dancing fires.
Thus mix'd with love, the pleasing toil pursue,
Till the unwelcome morn appears in view;
Then, when approaching day its beams displays,
And the dull candles shine with fainter rays,
Then, when the Sun just rises o'er the deep,
And each bright eye is almost set in sleep,
With ready hand obsequious youths prepare
Safe to her coach to lead each chosen fair,
And guard her from the morn's inclement air:
Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,
And o'er her neck a handkerchief be spread,
Around her shoulders let this arm be cast,
Whilst that from cold defends her slender waist;
With kisses warm her balmy lips shall glow,
Unchill'd by nightly damps or wintry snow,
While gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with ginger warm,
Safely protects her inward frame from harm.
But ever let my lovely pupils fear
To chill their mantling blood with cold small-beer,
Ah, thoughtless fair! the tempting draught refuse,
When thus forewarn'd by my experienc'd Muse:
Let the sad consequence your thoughts employ,
Nor hazard future pains, for present joy;
Destruction lurks within the pois'nous dose,
A fatal fever, or a pimpled nose.
Thus through each precept of the dancing art
The Muse has play'd the kind instructor's part,
Through every maze her pupils she has led,
And pointed out the surest paths to tread;
No more remains; no more the goddess sings,
But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings;
On downy beds the weary'd dancers lie,
And sleep's silk cords tie down each drowsy eye,
Delightful dreams their pleasing sports restore,
And ev'n in sleep they seem to dance once more.
And now the work completely finish'd lies,
Which the devouring teeth of time defies;
Whilst birds in air, or fish in streams we find,
Or damsels fret with aged partners join'd;
As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear
A fiddle rather than a sermon hear:
So long the brightest eyes shall oft peruse
These useful lines of my instructive Muse;
Each belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,
And each bright beau shall read them—if he can.

WRITTEN IN THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF OXFORD'S LIBRARY

AT WIMPLE[1],

AN. 1729.

Who, uninspir'd, can tread this sacred ground,
With all the sons of fame encompass'd round?
Where, crown'd with wreaths of ever-verdant bays,
Each sister art her willing charms displays:
Mellow'd by time, here beauteous paintings glow,
There marble busts illustrious faces show:
And in old coins are little heroes seen,
With venerable rust of ages green.

[1] Wimple Hall, with the estate round it, was formerly the possession of the Cutts family, an ancient family in the county of Cambridge, and a descendant of which was the gallant lord Cutts, who so frequently distinguished himself in the several sieges and battles during the war in which the great duke of Marlborough commanded.—This estate was sold by the Cutts family to the famous sir John Cutler, who settled it on the marriage of his daughter with lord Radnor. Lord Radnor afterwards sold it to John Hollis, duke of Newcastle, in the partition of whose estates it came to the earl of Oxford, who married his only daughter. This he made his country residence, and here was kept his famous library till the time of his death. After his death, it was sold by his family to the chancellor lord Hardwicke, from whom it descended to the present earl Hardwicke.

Around, unwounded by the teeth of age,
By gothic fire, and persecution's rage,
Perfect and fair unnumber'd volumes stand,
By Providence preserv'd for Oxford's hand.
Whilst thus within these magic walls I stray,
At once all climes and ages I survey:
On fancy's wings I fly from shore to shore,
Recall past time, and live whole eras o'er:
Converse with heroes fam'd in ancient song,
And bards, by whom those heroes breathe so long:
Observe the quick migrations learning makes,
How harass'd nations trembling she forsakes,
And hastes away to build her downy nest
In happier climes, with peace and plenty bless'd.
See how, in fam'd Augustus' golden days,
Wit triumphs, crown'd with universal praise!
Approaches thrones with a majestic air,
The prince's mistress, and the statesman's care.
Mecænas shines in ev'ry classic page,
Mecænas, once the Harley of his age.
Nor with less glory she her charms display'd,
In Albion once when royal Anna sway'd.
See Oxford smiles; and all the tuneful train,
In his Britannia's sons revive again;
Prior, like Horace, strikes the sounding strings,
And in harmonious Pope once more great Maro sings.
Again she waves her pinions to be gone,
And only hopes protection from his son:
Chas'd from the senate and the court she flies,
There craft and party zeal her place supplies.
Yet still, since fix'd in Wimple's happy plain,
(Her last retreat) she knows not to complain.
There in great Oxford's converse does engage
Th' instructed ear, and shames a vicious age;
Or in his consort's accents stands confess'd,
And charms with graceful ease each list'ning guest;
Or with her lov'd companions gladly ty'd,
Goodness sincere, and beauty void of pride,
Fixes her throne in Margaretta's[2] face,
And from her lips acquires a new resistless grace.

[2] Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, afterward married to William, the second duke of Portland.

BONFONIUS[1], BAS. XI.

Exoptat se florem illum esse, quo uteretur amica.

Ergo, floscule, tu meæ puellæ
Hoc florente sinu usque conquiesces?
Ergo tu dominæ meæ papillis
Beatus nimis insidebis usque?
O si, floscule, mi tuâ liceret
Ista sorte frui, et meæ puellæ
Incubare sinu, atque desidere
Hos inter globulos papillularum,
Non sic lentus inersque conquiescam,
Non sic insideam otiosus usque.
Sed toto spatio inquietus errem,
Et feram sinui, feramque collo
Mille basia, mille et huic et illi
Impingam globulo osculationes.
Nec mihi satis hæc putes futura:
Namque et discere curiosus optem,
Quid discriminis inter hunc et illum,
Et quantus tumor hujus illiusque;
Quantum albedine præstet hic vel ille;
Quantum duritie hic vel ille vincat;
Sinisterne globus, globusne dexter
Figura placeat rotundiore;
An dexter globus, an globus sinister
Papilla rubeat rubentiore:
Explorem quoque, quo beata ducat
Illa semita, quæ globos gemellos
Sic discriminat, et subesse clamat
Mellitum magis elegansque quiddam:
Indagem quoque, quicquid est latentis,
Et labar tacitus, ferarque sensim,
Usque Cypridis ad beata regna.
At mi Pancharidis meæ papillas
Nec summo licet ore suaviari,
Nec levi licet attigisse palmâ.
O fortem nimis asperam atque iniquam!
Tantillum illa negat mihi petenti,
Tantillum illa negat mihi scienti;
Quæ tantum huic tribuit nec id petenti,
Quæ tantum huic tribuit nec id scienti.

[1] A poet of the sixteenth century, born at Clermont, in Auvergne, lieutenant general of Bar on the Seigne; who, of all the moderns, in his Latin poems approaches the nearest to the grace, ease, and softness of Tibullus.

TO A NOSEGAY

IN PANCHARILLA'S BREAST.

WRITTEN IN 1729.

Must you alone then, happy flow'rs,
Ye short-liv'd sons of vernal show'rs,
Must you alone be still thus bless'd,
And dwell in Pancharilla's breast?
Oh would the gods but hear my pray'r,
To change my form and place me there!
I should not sure so quickly die,
I should not so unactive lie;
But ever wand'ring to and fro,
From this to that fair ball of snow,
Enjoy ten thousand thousand blisses,
And print on each ten thousand kisses.
Nor would I thus the task give o'er;
Curious new secrets to explore,
I 'd never rest till I had found
Which globe was softest, which most round—
Which was most yielding, smooth, and white,
Or the left bosom, or the right;
Which was the warmest, easiest bed,
And which was tip'd with purest red.
Nor could I leave the beauteous scene,
Till I had trac'd the path between,
That milky way so smooth and even,
That promises to lead to Heav'n:
Lower and lower I 'd descend,
To find where it at last would end;
Till fully bless'd I 'd wand'ring rove
O'er all the fragrant Cyprian grove.
But ah! those wishes all are vain,
The fair one triumphs in my pain;
To flow'rs that know not to be bless'd
The nymph unveils her snowy breast;
While to her slave's desiring eyes
The heav'nly prospect she denies:
Too cruel fate, too cruel fair,
To place a senseless nosegay there,
And yet refuse my lips the bliss
To taste one dear transporting kiss.

AN EPISTLE;

WRITTEN IN THE COUNTRY.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD LOVELACE [1] THEN IN TOWN. SEPTEMBER 1735.

In days, my lord, when mother Time,
Though now grown old, was in her prime,
When Saturn first began to rule,
And Jove was hardly come from school,
How happy was a country life!
How free from wickedness and strife!
Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
And thought and did no mortal harm;
On mossy banks fair virgins slept,
As harmless as the flocks they kept;
Then love was all they had to do,
And nymphs were chaste, and swains were true.
But now, whatever poets write,
'T is sure the case is alter'd quite,
Virtue no more in rural plains,
Or innocence, or peace remains;
But vice is in the cottage found,
And country girls are oft unsound;
Fierce party rage each village fires,
With wars of justices and 'squires;
Attorneys, for a barley-straw,
Whole ages hamper folks in law,
And ev'ry neighbour 's in a flame
About their rates, or tythes, or game:
Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
And some for diff'rence in religions:
Some hold their parson the best preacher,
The tinker some a better teacher;
These, to the church they fight for strangers,
Have faith in nothing but her dangers;
While those, a more believing people,
Can swallow all things——but a steeple.
But I, my lord, who, as you know,
Care little how these matters go,
And equally detest the strife
And usual joys of country life,
Have by good fortune little share
Of its diversions, or its care;
For seldom I with 'squires unite,
Who hunt all day and drink all night;
Nor reckon wonderful inviting
A quarter-sessions, or cock-fighting,
But then no farm I occupy,
With sheep to rot, and cows to die:
Nor rage I much, or much despair,
Though in my hedge I find a snare;
Nor view I, with due admiration,
All the high honours here in fashion;
The great commissions of the quorum,
Terrours to all who come before them;
Militia scarlet edg'd with gold,
Or the white staff high sheriffs hold;
The representative's caressing,
The judge's bow, the bishop's blessing;
Nor can I for my soul delight
In the dull feast of neighb'ring knight,
Who, if you send three days before,
In white gloves meets you at the door,
With superfluity of breeding
First makes you sick, and then with feeding:
Or if, with ceremony cloy'd,
You would next time such plagues avoid,
And visit without previous notice,
" John, John, a coach!—I can 't think who 't is,"
My lady cries, who spies your coach,
Ere you the avenue approach;
" Lord, how unlucky!—washing day!
And all the men are in the hay!"
Entrance to gain is something hard,
The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd;
The yard 's with lines of linen cross'd,
The hall door 's lock'd, the key is lost:
These difficulties all o'ercome,
We reach at length the drawing-room;
Then there 's such trampling over-head,
Madam you 'd swear was brought to bed;
Miss in a hurry bursts her lock,
To get clean sleeves to hide her smock;
The servants run, the pewter clatters,
My lady dresses, calls, and chatters;
The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
Pigs squeak, fowls scream, and green geese flutter.
Now after three hours tedious waiting,
On all our neighbours' faults debating,
And having nine times view'd the garden,
In which there 's nothing worth a farthing,
In comes my lady and the pudden:
" You will excuse, sir,—on a sudden"—
Then, that we may have four and four,
The bacon, fowls, and collyflow'r
Their ancient unity divide,
The top one graces, one each side;
And by and by, the second course
Comes lagging like a distane'd horse;
A salver then to church and king,
The butler swears, the glasses ring;
The cloth remov'd, the toasts go round,
Bawdy and politics abound;
And as the knight more tipsy waxes,
We damn all ministers and taxes.
At last the ruddy Sun quite sunk,
The coachman tolerably drunk,
Whirling o'er hillocks, ruts, and stones,
Enough to dislocate one's bones,
We home return, a wondrous token
Of Heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
Afflict us not, ye gods, though sinners,
With many days like this, or dinners!
But if civilities thus tease me,
Nor business, nor diversions please me:
You 'll ask, my lord, how time I spend?
I answer, with a book or friend:
The circulating hours dividing
'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding;
But books are still my highest joy,
These earliest please, and latest cloy.

[1] Nevil lord Lovelace was one of those with whom the author had a friendship on his first coming into the world, uninterrupted till his death, which happened at an early period of his life.—There appear strong marks of his affection for him, in some letters wrote to his lordship's sister, the late lady Harry Beauclerc, now in the possession of her descendants.—He was a man of letters, a friend to the Muses, and highly fashioned according to the breeding of those days.

Sometimes o'er distant climes I stray,
By guides experienc'd taught the way;
The wonders of each region view,
From frozen Lapland to Peru;
Bound o'er rough seas, and mountains bare,
Yet ne'er forsake my elbow chair.
Sometimes some fam'd historian's pen
Recalls past ages back again,
Where all I see, through ev'ry page,
Is but how men, with senseless rage,
Each other rob, destroy, and burn,
To serve a priest's or statesman's turn;
Though loaded with a diff'rent aim,
Yet always asses much the same.
Sometimes I view with much delight,
Divines their holy game-cocks fight;
Here faith and works, at variance set,
Strive hard who shall the vict'ry get;
Presbytery and episcopacy
They fight so long, it would amaze ye:
Here free-will holds a fierce dispute
With reprobation absolute;
There sense kicks transubstantiation,
And reason pecks at revelation.
With learned Newton now I fly
O'er all the rolling orbs on high,
Visit new worlds, and for a minute
This old one scorn, and all that 's in it:
And now with lab'ring Boyle I trace
Nature through ev'ry winding maze,
The latent qualities admire
Of vapours, water, air, and fire:
With pleasing admiration see
Matter's surprising subtilty;
As how the smallest lamp displays,
For miles around, its scatter'd rays;
Or how (the case still more t' explain)
A f—t [2], that weighs not half a grain,
The atmosphere will oft perfume
Of a whole spacious drawing-room.
Sometimes I pass a whole long day
In happy indolence away,
In fondly meditating o'er
Past pleasures, and in hoping more:
Or wander through the fields and woods,
And gardens bath'd in circling floods;
There blooming flowers with rapture view,
And sparkling gems of morning dew,
Whence in my mind ideas rise
Of Cælia's cheeks, and Chloe's eyes.
'T is thus, my lord, I free from strife
Spend an inglorious country life;
These are the joys I still pursue,
When absent from the town and you;
Thus pass long summer suns away,
Busily idle, calmly gay:
Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
Not having much, nor wishing more;
Except that you, when weary grown
Of all the follies of the town,
And seeing, in all public places,
The same vain fops and painted faces,
Would sometimes kindly condescend
To visit a dull country friend:
Here you 'll be ever sure to meet
A hearty welcome though no treat,
One who has nothing else to do,
But to divert himself and you:
A house, where quiet guards the door,
No rural wits smoke, drink, and roar,
Choice books, safe horses, wholesome liquor,
Clean girls, backgammon, and the vicar.

[2] See Boyle's Experiments.

AN ESSAY ON VIRTUE.

TO THE HONOURABLE PHILIP YORKE, ESQ.

Thou, whom nor honours, wealth, nor youth can spoil
With the least vice of each luxuriant soil,
Say, Yorke, (for sure, if any, thou canst tell)
What virtue is, who practice it so well;
Say, where inhabits this sultana queen;
Prais'd and ador'd by all, but rarely seen:
By what sure mark her essence can we trace,
When each religion, faction, age, and place,
Sets up some fancy'd idol of its own,
A vain pretender to her sacred throne?
In man too oft a well-dissembled part,
A self-denying pride in woman's heart,
In synods faith, and in the fields of fame
Valour usurps her honours and her name;
Whoe'er their sense of virtue would express,
'T is still by something they themselves possess.
Hence youth good-humour, frugal craft old-age,
Warm politicians term it party-rage,
True churchmen zeal right orthodox; and hence
Fools think it gravity, and wits prefence;
To constancy alone fond lovers join it,
And maids unask'd to chastity confine it.
But have we then no law besides our will?
No just criterion fix'd to good and ill?
As well at noon we may obstruct our sight,
Then doubt if such a thing exists as light;
For no less plain would Nature's law appear
As the meridian Sun unchang'd and clear,
Would we but search for what we were design'd,
And for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind;
A rule of life we then should plainly see,
For to pursue that end must virtue be.
Then what is that? not want of power or fame,
Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,
But a desire his blessings to diffuse,
And fear lest millions should existence lose;
His goodness only could his power employ,
And an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.
Hence soul and sense, diffus'd through ev'ry place,
Make happiness as infinite as space;
Thousands of suns beyond each other blaze,
Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays;
Each is a world, where, form'd with wondrous art,
Unnumber'd species live through ev'ry part:
In ev'ry tract of ocean, earth, and skies,
Myriads of creatures still successive rise:
Scarce buds a leaf, or springs the vilest weed,
But little flocks upon its verdure feed;
No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our smell,
But on its fragrant bosom nations dwell,
All form'd with proper faculties to share
The daily bounties of their Maker's care:
The great Creator from his heav'nly throne,
Pleas'd, on the wide-expanded joy looks down,
And his eternal law is only this,
That all contribute to the general bliss.
Nature so plain this primal law displays,
Each living creature sees it, and obeys;

Each, form'd for all, promotes through private care
The public good, and justly tastes its share.
All understand their great Creator's will,
Strive to be happy, and in that fulfil;
Mankind excepted, lord of all beside,
But only slave to folly, vice, and pride;
'T is he that 's deaf to this command alone,
Delights in others woe, and courts his own;
Racks and destroys with tort'ring steel and flame,
For lux'ry brutes, and man himself for fame;
Sets superstition high on virtue's throne,
Then thinks his Maker's temper like his own;
Hence are his altars stain'd with reeking gore,
As if he could atone for crimes by more:
Hence whilst offended Heav'n he strives in vain
T' appease by fasts and voluntary pain,
Ev'n in repenting he provokes again.
How easy is our yoke! how light our load!
Did we not strive to mend the laws of God!
For his own sake no duty he can ask,
The common welfare is our only task:
For this sole end his precepts, kind as just,
Forbid intemp'rance, murder, theft, and lust,
With ev'ry act injurious to our own
Or others good, for such are crimes alone:
For this are peace, love, charity enjoin'd,
With all that can secure and bless mankind.
Thus is the public safety virtue's cause,
And happiness the end of all her laws;
For such by nature is the human frame,
Our duty and our int'rest are the same.
"But hold," cries out some puritan divine,
Whose well-stuff'd cheeks with ease and plenty shine,
"Is this to fast, to mortify, refrain,
And work salvation out with fear and pain?"
We own the rigid lessons of their schools
Are widely diff'rent from these easy rules;
Virtue, with them, is only to abstain
From all that nature asks, and covet pain;
Pleasure and vice are ever near a-kin,
And, if we thirst, cold water is a sin:
Heav'n's path is rough and intricate, they say,
Yet all are damn'd that trip, or miss their way;
God is a being cruel and severe,
And man a wretch, by his command plac'd here,
In sunshine for a while to take a turn,
Only to dry and make him fit to burn.
Mistaken men, too piously severe!
Through craft misleading, or misled by fear;
How little they God's counsels comprehend,
Our universal parent, guardian, friend!
Who, forming by degrees to bless mankind,
This globe our sportive nursery assign'd;
Where for a while his fond paternal care
Feasts us with ev'ry joy our state can bear;
Each sense, touch, taste, and smell dispense delight,
Music our hearing, beauty charms our sight;
Trees, herbs, and flow'rs to us their spoils resign,
Its pearl the rock presents, its gold the mine;
Beasts, fowl, and fish their daily tribute give
Of food and clothes, and die that we may live:
Seasons but change, new pleasures to produce,
And elements contend to serve our use:
Love's gentle shafts, ambition's tow'ring wings,
The pomps of senates, churches, courts, and kings,
All that our rev'rence, joy, or hope create,
Are the gay playthings of this infant state.
Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,
But what our follies cause, or mutual wrongs;
Or if some stripes from Providence we feel,
He strikes with pity, and but wounds to heal;
Kindly perhaps sometimes afflicts us here,
To guide our views to a sublimer sphere,
In more exalted joys to fix our taste,
And wean us from delights that cannot last.
Our present good the easy task is made,
To earn superior bliss, when this shall fade:
For, soon as e'er these mortal pleasures cloy,
His hand shall lead us to sublimer joy;
Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,
Calm ev'ry grief, and dry each childish tear;
Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
Where bliss and virtue grow with like increase;
From strength to strength our souls for ever guide
Through wondrous scenes of being yet untry'd,
Where in each stage we shall more perfect grow,
And new perfections, new delights bestow.
Oh! would mankind but make these truths their guide,
And force the helm from prejudice and pride,
Were once these maxims fix'd, that God 's our friend,
Virtue our good, and happiness our end,
How soon must reason o'er the world prevail,
And errour, fraud, and superstition fail!
None would hereafter then with groundless fear
Describe th' Almighty cruel and severe,
Predestinating some without pretence
To Heav'n, and some to Hell for no offence;
Inflicting endless pains for transient crimes,
And favouring sects or nations, men or times:
To please him none would foolishly forbear
Or food, or rest, or itch in shirts of hair,
Or deem it merit to believe or teach
What reason contradicts, within its reach;
None would fierce zeal for piety mistake,
Or malice for whatever tenet's sake,
Or think salvation to one sect confin'd,
And Heav'n too narrow to contain mankind.
No more then nymphs, by long neglect grown nice,
Would in one female frailty sum up vice,
And censure those, who nearer to the right
Think virtue is but to dispense delight[1].
No servile tenets would admittance find,
Destructive of the rights of human kind;
Of power divine, hereditary right,
And non-resistance to a tyrant's might:
For sure that all should thus for one be curs'd,
Is but great nature's edict just revers'd.
No moralists then, righteous to excess,
Would show fair Virtue in so black a dress,
That they, like boys, who some feign'd sprite array,
First from the spectre fly themselves away:
No preachers in the terrible delight,
But choose to win by reason, not affright;
Not, conjurors like, in fire and brimstone dwell,
And draw each moving argument from Hell.
No more our sage interpreters of laws
Would fatten on obscurities and flaws,
But rather, nobly careful of their trust,
Strive to wipe off the long-contracted dust,
And be, like Hardwicke, guardians of the just.
No more applause would on ambition wait,
And laying waste the world be counted great,
But one good-natur'd act more praises gain,
Than armies overthrown, and thousands slain;

[1] These lines mean only, that censoriousness is a vice more odious than unchastity; this always proceeding from malevolence, that sometimes from too much good-nature and compliance.

No more would brutal rage disturb our peace,
But envy, hatred, war, and discord cease;
Our own and others' good each hour employ,
And all things smile with universal joy;
Virtue with Happiness, her consort, join'd,
Would regulate and bless each human mind,
And man be what his Maker first design'd.

THE

MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix. Hor.

Just broke from school, pert, impudent, and raw,
Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
His honour posts o'er Italy and France,
Measures St. Peter's dome, and learns to dance.
Thence, having quick through various countries flown,
Glean'd all their follies, and expos'd his own,
He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,
As never ages past produc'd before;
A monster of such complicated worth,
As no one single clime could e'er bring forth;
Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
Half fidler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.
Next, because bus'ness is now all the vogue,
And who 'd be quite polite must be a rogue,
In parliament he purchases a seat,
To make the accomplish'd gentleman complete.
There safe in self-sufficient impudence,
Without experience, honesty, or sense,
Unknowing in her int'rest, trade, or laws,
He vainly undertakes his country's cause:
Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
Torrents of nonsense burst, like bottled ale, [dull[1];
Though shallow, muddy; brisk, though mighty
Fierce without strength; o'erflowing, though not full.
Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
His neck yok'd down with bag and solitaire,
The liberties of Britain he supports,
And storms at placemen, ministers, and courts;
Now in cropp'd greasy hair, and leather breeches,
He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches;
King, lords, and commons ventures to abuse,
Yet dares to show those ears he ought to lose.
From hence to White's our virtuous Cato flies,
There sits with countenance erect and wise,
And talks of games of whist, and pig-tail pies;
Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break,
Himself unknowingly has help'd to make;
Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,
Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought;
Next morn disowns the losses of the night,
Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.
Devoted thus to politics and cards,
Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women he regards,
So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part;
Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move
His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,
To Figg and Broughton he commits his breast,
To steel it to the fashionable test.
Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend;
Insensible to all that 's good or kind,
Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind;
For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious, knave;
By little actions striving to be great,
And proud to be, and to be thought a cheat.
And yet in this so bad is his success,
That as his fame improves his rents grow less;
On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
And his unpeopled groves admit the light;
With his estate his int'rest too is done,
His honest borough seeks a warmer sun;
For him, now cash and liquor flows no more,
His independent voters cease to roar;
And Britain soon must want the great defence
Of all his honesty and eloquence,
But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious grown
For public liberty than for his own,
Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone;
And boldly, when his country is at stake,
Braves the deep yawning gulf, like Curtius, for its sake.
Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine,
But seeks preferment, as the last resort,
Cringes each morn at levées, bows at court,
And, from the hand he hates, implores support:
The minister, well pleased at small expense
To silence so much rude impertinence,
With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,
And on the venal list enroll'd he stands;
A ribband and a pension buy the slave,
This bribes the fool about him, that the knave.
And now arriv'd at his meridian glory,
He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory;
Of independence now he talks no more,
Nor shakes the senate with his patriot roar,
But silent votes, and, with court-trappings hung,
Eyes his own glitt'ring star, and holds his tongue.
In craft political a bankrupt made,
He sticks to gaming, as the surer trade;
Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,
And grows, in short, the very thing he would:
Hunts out young heirs, who have their fortunes spent,
And lends them ready cash at cent per cent;
Lays wages on his own and others' lives,
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers, and wives,
Till Death at length, indignant to be made
The daily subject of his sport and trade,
Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,
And, groaning for the bets he loses by 't, he dies.

THE MODERN FINE LADY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1750.

.....Miseri quibus
Intentata nites. Hor.

Skill'd in each art that can adorn the fair,
The sprightly dance, the soft *Italian* air,

[1] Parody on these lines of sir John Denham:

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

The toast of quality and high-bred fleer,
Now lady Harriot reach'd her fifteenth year:
Wing'd with diversions all her moments flew,
Each as it pass'd presenting something new;
Breakfasts and auctions wear the morn away,
Each ev'ning gives an opera, or a play;
Then *brag's* eternal joys all night remain,
And kindly usher in the morn again.
For love no time has she, or inclination,
Yet must coquet it for the sake of fashion;
For this she listens to each fop that 's near,
Th' embroider'd colonel flatters with a sneer,
And the crop't ensign nuzzles in her ear.
But with most warmth her dress and airs inspire
Th' ambitious bosom of the landed 'squire,
Who fain would quit plump Dolly's softer charms,
For wither'd, lean, *right honourable* arms;
He bows with reverence at her sacred shrine,
And treats her as if sprung from race divine;
Which she returns with insolence and scorn,
Nor deigns to smile on a plebeian born.
Ere long, by friends, by cards, and lovers cross'd,
Her fortune, health, and reputation lost;
Her money gone, yet not a tradesman paid,
Her fame, yet she still damn'd to be a maid,
Her spirits sink, her nerves are so unstrung,
She weeps[1], if but a handsome thief is hung:
By mercers, lacemen, mantua-makers press'd,
But most for ready cash for play distress'd,
Where can she turn? The 'squire must all repair,
She condescends to listen to his pray'r,
And marries him at length in mere despair.
But soon th' endearments of a husband cloy,
Her soul, her frame incapable of joy:
She feels no transports in the bridal-bed,
Of which so oft sh' has heard, so much has read;
Then vex'd, that she should be condemn'd alone
To seek in vain this philosophic stone,
To abler tutors she resolves t' apply,
A prostitute from curiosity:
Hence men of ev'ry sort, and ev'ry size,
Impatient for Heav'n's cordial drop[2], she tries;
The fribbling beau, the rough unwieldy clown,
The ruddy templar newly on the town,
The Hibernian captain of gigantic make,
The brimful parson, and th' exhausted rake.

But still malignant fate her wish denies,
Cards yield superior joys, to cards she flies;
All night from *rout* to *rout* her chairmen run,
Again she plays, and is again undone.
Behold her now in ruin's frightful jaws!
Bonds, judgments, executions, ope their paws;
Seize jewels, furniture, and plate, nor spare
The gilded chariot, or the tassel'd chair;
For lonely seat she 's forc'd to quit the town,
And Tubbs[3] conveys the wretched exile down.
Now rumbling o'er the stones of *Tyburn-road*,
Ne'er press'd with a more griev'd or guilty load,
She bids adieu to all the well-known streets,
And envies every cinder-wench she meets;
And now the dreaded country first appears,
With sighs unfeign'd the dying noise she hears
Of distant coaches fainter by degrees,
Then starts, and trembles at the sight of trees.
Silent and sullen like some captive queen,
She 's drawn along unwilling to be seen,
Until at length appears the ruin'd *hall*
Within the grass green moat and ivy'd wall,
The doleful prison, where for ever she,
But not, alas! her griefs, must bury'd be.
Her coach the curate and the tradesmen meet,
Great-coated tenants her arrival greet,
And boys with stubble bonfires light the street,
While bells her ears with tongues discordant grate,
Types of the nuptial ties they celebrate:
But no rejoicings can unbend her brow,
Nor deigns she to return one awkward bow,
But bounces in, disdaining once to speak,
And wipes the trickling tear from off her cheek.
Now see her in the sad decline of life,
A peevish mistress and a sulky wife;
Her nerves unbrac'd, her faded cheek grown pale
With many a real, many a fancy'd ail;
Of cards, admirers, equipage bereft,
Her insolence and title only left;
Severely humbled to her one-horse-chair,
And the low pastimes of a country fair:
Too wretched to endure one lonely day,
Too proud one friendly visit to repay,
Too indolent to read, too criminal to pray,
At length half dead, half mad, and quite confin'd,
Shunning, and shunn'd by all of human kind,
Even robb'd of the last comfort of her life,
Insulting the poor curate's callous wife,
Pride, disappointed pride, now stops her breath,
And with true scorpion rage she stings herself to death.

[1] Some of the brightest eyes were at this time in tears for one Maclean, condemned for a robbery on the highway.

[2] The cordial drop Heav'n in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous draught of life go down.
Roch.

[3] A person well known for supplying people of quality with hired equipages.

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE, IMITATED.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE PHILIP, LORD HARDWICKE, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1748.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following piece is a burlesque imitation: a species of poetry, whose chief excellence consists in a lucky and humorous application of the words and sentiments of any author to a new subject totally different from the original. This is what is usually forgot both by the writers and readers of these kind of

compositions; the first of whom are apt to strike out new and independent thoughts of their own, and the latter to admire such injudicious excrescences: these immediately lose sight of their original, and thus scarce ever cast an eye towards him at all. It is thought proper, therefore, to advertise the reader, that in the following epistle he is to expect nothing more than an apposite conversion of the serious sentiments of Horace on the Roman poetry, into more ludicrous ones on the subject of English politics; and if he thinks it not worth while to compare it line for line with the original, he will find in it neither wit, humour, nor even common sense; all the little merit it can pretend to consisting solely in the closeness of so long and uninterrupted an imitation.

HORATII EP. I. LIB. II.

AD AUGUSTUM.

1 Cum tot sustineas, et tanta negotia solus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes, in publica commoda peccem,
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.
2 Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
Post ingentia facta, deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt,
Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis: 3 diram qui contudit hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari:
4 Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes,
Infra se positas; extinctus amabitur idem.
5 Presenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
Jurandasque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,
6 Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
7 Sed tuus hic populus sapiens et justus in uno,
Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis ante ferendo,
Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
Æstimat, et nisi quæ terris semota, suisque
Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit, et odit.
8 Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum
Vel Gabiis, vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,
Dictitet Albano Musis in monte locutas.
9 Si quis Græcorum sunt antiquissima quæque
Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
Scriptores trutina, non est quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri:
10 Venimus ad summam fortunæ: pingimus atque
11 Psallimus, et luctamur Achivis doctior ipsis.
12 Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,
Scire velim, pretium chartis quotus arroget annus?

1 Whilst you, my lord, such various toils sustain,
Preside o'er Britain's peers, her laws explain,
With ev'ry virtue ev'ry heart engage,
And live the bright example of the age,
With tedious verse to trespass on your time,
Is sure impertinence, if not a crime.
2 All the fam'd heroes, statesmen, admirals,
Who after death within the sacred walls
Of Westminster with kings have been receiv'd,
Met with but sorry treatment while they liv'd;
And though they labour'd in their country's cause,
With arms defended her, and form'd with laws,
Yet ever mourn'd they till'd a barren soil,
And left the world ungrateful to their toil.
3 Even he,[1] who long the house of com—ns led,
That hydra dire, with many a gaping head,
Found by experience, to his latest breath,
Envy could only be subdu'd by death.
4 Great men whilst living must expect disgraces,
Dead they 're ador'd—when none desire their places.
5 This common fate, my lord, attends not you,
Above all equal, and all envy too;
With such unrivall'd eminence you shine,
That in this truth alone all parties join,
The seat of justice in no former reign
6 Was e'er so greatly fill'd, nor ever can again.
7 But though the people are so just to you,
To none besides will they allow their due,
No minister approve, who is not dead,
Nor till h' has lost it, own he had a head;
8 Yet such respect they bear to ancient things,
They 've some for former ministers and kings;
And with a kind of superstitious awe,
Deem Magna Charta still a sacred law.
9 But if, because the government was best
Of old in France, when freedom she possess'd,
In the same scale resolv'd to weigh our own,
England's we judge was so, who then had none;
Into most strange absurdities we fall,
Unworthy to be reason'd with at all.
10 Brought to perfection in these days we see
All arts, and their great parent, liberty;
11 With skill profound we sing, eat, dress, and dance,
And in each goût polite, excel e'en France.
11 If age of ministers is then the test,
And, as of wines, the oldest are the best,
Let 's try and fix some era, if we can,
When good ones were extinct, and bad began:
12 Are they all wicked since Eliza's days?
Did none in Charles' or James's merit praise?

[1] Sir R—— W——.

Sir, for abhinc annos centum, qui decidit, inter
Fas, an, veteresne referri debet? an inter
Vafer que novos? excludat jurgia finis.
Est ut vir atque probus, centum qui perficit an-
nos,
Quo fit, ut omnis votiva pavet formidine pubes,
Ille quidem veteres inter ponetur honeste,
Qui vel mense brevi vel toto est junior anno.
Utor permisso, caudæque pilos ut equinæ
Paulatim vello, et demo unum, demo etiam
unum;
Dum cadat elusus ratione ruentis acervi,
Qui redit ad fastos, et virtutem estimat annis,
Miraturque nihil nisi quod Libitina sacravit.
Ennius, et sapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus,
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
Quo promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea.
Naevius in manibus non est, et mentibus hæret
Pene recens: adeo sanctum est vetus omne po-
ema.
Ambigitur quoties uter utro sit prior, aufert
Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti:
Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro; [mi;
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epichar-
Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.
Hos ediscit, et hos arcto stipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens: habet hos numeratque
poetas
Ad nostrum tempus, Livî scriptoris ab ævo.
Interdum vulgus rectum videt; est ubi peccat.
Si veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet, errat:
Si quædam nimis antiqua, si pleraque dure
Dicere credit eos, ignave multa fatetur,
Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat æquo.
Non equidem insector, delendave carmina Livî
Esse reor, memini quæ plagosum mihi parvo
Orbilium dictitare; sed emendata videri, [ror.
Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, mi-
Inter quæ verbum emicuit si forte decorum, et
Si versus paulos concinnior unus et alter,
Injustum totum ducit venditque poema.
Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crassè
Compositum illepidève putetur, sed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et præmia
posci.
Rectè necne crocum floresque perambulat Attæ
Fabula si dubitem, clamant periisse pudorem
Cuncti pene patres; ea cum reprendere coner
Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit:
Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, du-
cunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ
Imberbis didicere, senes perdenda fateri.
Jam Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, et il-
lud
Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri:
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.
Quod si tam Græcis novitas invisa fuisset
Quam nobis, quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid
haberet
Quòd legeret, tereretque viritim publicus usus?
Ut primum positis nugari Græcia bellis
Cœpit, et in vitium fortunâ labier æqua,
Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit equorum;
Marmoris, ut eboris fabros, ut æris amavit;
Suspendit picta vultum mentemque tabella:

Or are they knaves but since the Revolution?
If none of these are facts then all 's confusion;
And by the self-same rule one cannot fail
To pluck each hair out singly from the tail.
Wise Cecil, lov'd by people and by prince,
As often broke his word as any since:
Of Arthur's days we almost nothing know,
Yet sing their praise, because they 're long ago.
Oft as 't is doubted in their several ways
Which of past orators best merit praise,
We find it to decide extremely hard,
If Harley's head deserv'd the most regard,
Or Windham's tongue, or Jekyl's patriot heart,
Old Shippen's gravity, or Walpole's art.
These were ador'd by all with whom they voted,
And in the fullest houses still are quoted;
These have been fam'd from Anna's days till ours,
When Pelham has improv'd, with unknown pow-
ers, [ers,
The art of ministerial eloquence,
By adding honest truth to nervous sense.
Oft are the vulgar wrong, yet sometimes right;
The late rebellion in the truest light
By chance they saw; but were not once so wise,
Unknown, unheard, in damning the excise:
If former reigns they fancy had no fault,
I think their judgment is not worth a groat:
But if they frankly own their politics,
Like ours, might have some blunders, and some
tricks,
With such impartial sentiments I join,
And their opinions tally just with mine.
I would by no means church or king destroy,
And yet the doctrines, taught me when a boy
By Crab the curate, now seem wondrous odd,
That either came immediately from God;
In all the writings of those high-flown ages
You meet with now and then some scatter'd
pages
Wrote with some spirit, and with sense enough;
These sell the book, the rest is wretched stuff:
I 'm quite provok'd, when principles, though
true, [new.
Must stand impeach'd by fools, because they' re
Should I but question, only for a joke,
If all was flow'rs, when pompous Hanmer spoke,
If things went right, when St. John trod the stage,
How the old Tories all would storm and rage!
They shun conviction, or because a truth
Confess'd in age implies they err'd in youth;
Or that they scorn to learn of junior wits:
What!—to be taught by Lyttelton and Pitts.
When angry patriots, or in prose or rhymes,
Extol the virtuous deeds of former times,
They only mean the present to disgrace,
And look with envious hate on all in place:
But had the patriots of those ancient days
Play'd the same game for profit, or for praise,
The trade, though now so flourishing and new,
Had long been ruin'd and the nation too.
England, when once of peace and wealth pos-
sess'd,
Began to think frugality a jest,
So grew polite; hence all her well-bred heirs
Gamesters and jockies turn'd, and cricket-play-
ers;
Pictures and busts in ev'ry house were seen;
What should have paid the butcher, bought
Poussin;
Now operas, now plays were all the fashion,
Then whist became the bus'ness of the nation,

34 Nunc tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragœdis:
35 Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
Quod cupidè petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?
36 Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi.
37 Romæ dulce diu fuit et solenne reclusa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,
Cautos nominibus rectis expendere nummos,
38 Majores audire, minores dicere per quæ
Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
39 Mutavit mentem populus levis; et calet uno
Scribendi studio: pueri, patresque severi
40 Fronde comas vincti coeunt, et carmina dictant.
41 Ipse ego, qui nullus me affirmo scribere versus,
Invenior Parthis mendacior; et prius orto
Sole, vigil calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.
42 Navem agere ignarus navis timet; abrotonum ægro
Non audet nisi qui didicit, dare; quod medico-[rum est,
Promittunt medici; tractant fabrilia fabri:
Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.
43 Hic error tamen, et levis hæc insania quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige: Vatis avarus
44 Non temere est animus; versus amat, hoc studet unum;
45 Detrimenta, fugas servorum, incendia ridet;
46 Non fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullum
Pupillo, 47 vivit siliquis, et pane secundo.
48 Militiæ quamquam piger et malus, utilis urbi;
49 Si das hoc parvis quoque rebus magna juvari
50 Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat;
51 Torquet ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem;
52 Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Asperitatis et invidiæ corrector, et iræ;
53 Recte facta refert; orientia tempora notis
Instruit exemplis; 54 inopem solatur et ægrum.
55 Castis cum pueris ignara puella mariti
Disceret unde preces, vatem ni musa dedisset?
Poscit opem chorus, et præsentia numina sentit,
56 Cœlestes implorat aquas doctâ prece blandus;
57 Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit;
58 Impetrat et pacem, et locupletem frugibus annum.

34 That, like a froward child, in wanton play
Now cries for toys, then tosses them away;
Each hour we chang'd our pleasures, dress, and
diet;
35 These were the bless'd effects of being quiet.
36 Not thus behav'd the true old English 'squire,
He smok'd his pipe each morn by his own fire,
There justice to dispense was ever willing,
And for his warrants pick'd up many a shilling;
37 To teach his younger neighbours always glad,
Where for their corn best markets might be had,
And from experience'd age as glad to learn,
How to defraud unseen the parson's barn.
38 But now the world 's quite alter'd, all are bent
To leave their seats, and fly to parliament:
Old men and boys in this alone agree,
And, vainly courting popularity,
Ply their obstrep'rous voters all night long
39 With bumpers, toasts, and now and then a song:
40 Ev'n I, who swear these follies I despise,
Than statesmen, or their porters, tell more lies;
And, for the fashion-sake, in spite of nature,
Commence sometimes a most important crea-[ture,
Busy as Cæsar, rave for ink and quills,
And stuff my head and pockets full of bills.
41 Few landmen go to sea unless they 're press'd,
And quacks in all professions are a jest;
None dare to kill, except most learn'd physi-[cians:
Learn'd, or unlearn'd, we all are politicians.
There 's not a soul but thinks, could he be seat,
He 's parts enough to shine in parliament.
42 Though many ills this modern taste produces,
Yet, still, my lord, 't is not without its uses;
43 These minor politicians are a kind
Not much to selfish avarice inclin'd;
Do but allow them with applause to speak,
44 They little care, though all their tenants break;
45 They form intrigues with no man's wife, or
daughter,
46 And live on pudding, chicken-broth, and water;
47 Fierce Jacobites, as far as blust'ring words,
But loth in any cause to draw their swords.
48 Were smaller matters worthy of attention,
A thousand other uses I could mention;
For instance, in each monthly magazine
Their essays and orations still are seen,
49 And magazines teach boys and girls to read,
And are the canons of each tradesman's creed;
Apprentices they serve to entertain,
50 Instead of smutty tales and plays profane,
51 Instruct them how their passions to command,
And to hate none—but those who rule the land:
52 Facts they record, births, marriages, and deaths,
53 Sometimes receipts for claps, and stinking
breaths.
54 When with her brothers miss comes up to [town,
How for each play can she afford a crown?
Where find diversions gratis, and yet pretty,
Unless she goes to church, or a committee?
And sure committees better entertain,
55 Than hearing a dull parson pray for rain,
56 Or wining beg deliverance from battle,
Dangers, and sins, and sickness amongst cattle;
At church she hears with unattentive ear
57 The pray'rs for peace, and for a plenteous year,
But here quite charm'd with so much wit and [sense
She falls a victim soon to eloquence;
Well may she fall, since eloquence has power
58 To govern both the upper house and lower.

Carmine Dii superi placantur, carmine Manes
Agite prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
Corpus, et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
Cum sociis operum, et pueris, et conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem porco, Sylvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus et vino Genium, memorem brevis ævi.
Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;
Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter, donec jam sævus apertam
In rabiem verti cœpit jocus, et per honestas
Ire domos impunè minax: doluere cruento
Dente lacessiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi: quin etiam lex
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quenquam
Describi: vertere modum, formidine fustis,
Ad bene dicendum, delectandumque reducti.
Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio, sic horridus ille.
Defluxit numerus Saturnius; et grave virus
Munditiæ pepulere: sed in longum tamen ævum
Manserunt, hodieque manent vestigia ruris.
Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;
Et post Punica bella quietus, quærere cœpit
Quid Sophocles, et Thespis, et Æschylus utile ferrent.
Tentavit quoque rem, si dignè vertere posset,
Et placuit sibi, naturâ sublimis et acer:
Nam spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet;
Sed turpem putat in scriptis, metuitque lituram.
Creditur ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum; sed habet Comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus: Aspice Plautus
Quo pacto partes tutetur amantis ephebi!
Ut patris attenti; lenonis ut insidiosi;
Quantus sit Dorsennus edacibus in parasitis;
Quam non adstricto percurrat pulpita socco!
Gestit enim nummos in loculos demittere, post
Securus cadat, an recto stet fabula talo. [hoc
Quem tulit ad scenam ventoso gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat;
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit aut reficit. Valeat res ludicra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam,
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores,
Indocti stolidique, et depugnare parati
Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
Aut ursum, aut pugiles; his nam plebecula gaudet.

Our ancient gentry, frugal, bold, and rough,
Were farmers, yet liv'd happily enough;
They, when in barns their corn was safely laid,
For harvest-homes great entertainments made,
The well-rubb'd tables crack'd with beef and pork,
And all the supper shar'd who shar'd the work;
This gave freeholders first a taste for eating,
And was the source of all election-treating;
A while their jests, though merry, yet were wise,
And they took none but decent liberties.
Brandy and punch at length such riots bred,
No sober family could sleep in bed:
All were alarm'd, even those who had no hurt
Call'd in the law, to stop such dang'rous sport.
Rich citizens at length new arts brought down
With ready cash, to win each country town;
This less disorders caus'd than downright drink,
Freemen grew civil, and began to think;
But still all canvassing produc'd confusion,
The relics of its rustic institution.
'T is but of late, since thirty years of peace
To useful sciences have given increase,
That we 've inquir'd how Rome's lost sons of old
Barter'd their liberties for feasts and gold;
What treats proud Sylla, Cæsar, Crassus gave,
And try'd, like them, to buy each hungry knave;
Nor try'd in vain; too fortunately bold
Many have purchas'd votes, and many sold;
No laws can now amend this venal land,
That dreads the touch of a reforming hand.
Some think an interest may be form'd with ease,
Because the vulgar we must chiefly please;
But for that reason 't is the harder task,
For such will neither pardon grant, nor ask.
See how sir W——, master of this art,
By different methods wins each C——n heart.
He tells raw youths, that whoring is no harm,
And teaches their attentive sires to farm;
To his own table lovingly invites
Insidious pimps, and hungry parasites:
Sometimes in slippers, and a morning gown,
He pays his early visits round a town,
At ev'ry house relates his stories over,
Of place-bills, taxes, turnips, and Hanover;
If tales will money save, and bus'ness do,
It matters little, are they false or true.
Whoe'er prefers a clam'rous mob's applause
To his own conscience, or his country's cause,
Is soon elated, and as soon cast down
By ev'ry drunken cobler's smile or frown;
So small a matter can depress or raise
A mind that 's meanly covetous of praise:
But if my quiet must dependent be
On the vain breath of popularity,
A wind each hour to different quarters veering,
Adieu, say I, to all electioneering.
The boldest orator it disconcerts,
To find the many though of meanest parts,
Illit'rate, squabbling, discontented prigs,
Fitter t' attend a boxing-match at Figg's,
To all good sense and reason shut their ears,
Yet take delight in S—d—m's bulls and bears. [tant shire
Young knights now sent from many a dis-
Are better pleas'd with what they see than hear;
Their joy 's to view his majesty approach,
Drawn by eight milk-white steeds in gilded coach,

87 Verum equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures Aulæa premuntur in horas,
88 Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ;
Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis,
Esseda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves,
89 Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
Si foret in terris rideret Democritus, seu
Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo;
Sive elephas albus vulgi converteret ora:
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,
Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putaret asello
90 Fabellam surdo: nam quæ previncere voces
Evaluere sonum, referent quem nostra theatra?
Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum:
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
Divitiæque peregrinæ; 91 quibus oblitus actor
Quum stetit in scena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
92 Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane: quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
93 Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Quum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
94 Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit.
95 Irritat, mulcet, 96 falsis terroribus implet,
97 Ut magus, et 98 modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
99 Verum age, et his, qui se lectori credere malunt,
Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,
Curam redde brevem; 100 si munus Apolline dignum
Vis complere libris, 101 et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut studio majore petant Helicona virentem.
102 Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,
103 (Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) quum tibi librum
104 Sollicito damus, aut fesso; quum lædimur, unum
105 Siquis amicorum est ausus reprendere versum:
106 Quum loca, jam recitata revolvimus inrevocati,
107 Quum lamentamur, non apparere labores
Nostros, et tenui deducta poemata filo:
108 Quum speramus eo rem venturam, ut simul atque
Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arcessas, et egere vetes, et scribere cogas;
109 Sed tamen est operæ pretium cognoscere, quales
Æditus habeat belli, spectata domique
Virtus, indigno non committenda poetæ.
110 Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Chœrilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine fœdo
Splendida facta linunt, idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, nequis se præter Apellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra
111 Fortis Alexandri vultum simulantia, quod si
Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros, et ad hæc Musarum dona vocares,
112 Bæôtum in crasso jurares aere natum.
113 At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Delecti tibi Virgilius, Variusque poetæ:

The pageant show and bustle to belie
87 The guards both horse and foot lac'u gold,
The rich insignia from the Tower brough
88 The iv'ry sceptre and the radiant crown
The mob huzza, the thund'ring cannon
And bus'ness is delay'd at least an hour;
The speaker calls indeed to mind what pa
89 But might as well read orders to deaf asses.
90 But now see honest V——— rise to joke!
The house all laugh; 91 "What says he? ha he spoke?"
No, not a word. Then whence this sudde mirth!
His phiz foretels some jest's approaching birth
92 But lest I seem these orators to wrong,
Envious because I share no gift of tongue,
93 Is there a man whose eloquence has pow'r
To clear the fullest house in half an hour,
Who now appears to rave and now to weep,
94 Who sometimes makes us swear, and sometime sleep,
95 Now fills our heads with false alarms from France,
96 Then, conjurer like, 97 to India bids us dance
All eulogies on him we own are true,
For surely he does all that man can do.
98 But whilst, my lord, these makers of our laws
Thus speak themselves into the world's applause,
99 Let bards, for such attempts too modest, share
What more they prize, your patronage and care,
100 If you would spur them up the Muse's hill,
Or ask their aid your library to fill.
101 We poets are, in ev'ry age and nation,
A most absurd, wrong-headed generation;
This in a thousand instances is shown,
102 (Myself as guilty as the rest I own)
As when on you our nonsense we impose,
103 Tir'd with the nonsense you have heard in prose;
104 When we 're offended, if some honest friend
Presumes one unharmonious verse to mend;
105 When undesir'd our labours we repeat,
106 Grieve they 're no more regarded by the great,
107 And fancy, should you once but see our faces,
You 'd bid us write, and pay us all with places.
108 'T is your's, my lord, to form my soul to verse,
Who have such num'rous virtues to rehearse;
109 Great Alexander once, in ancient days,
Paid Choerilus for daubing him with praise;
And yet the same fam'd hero made a law,
None but Apelles should his picture draw;
110 None but Lysippus cast his royal head
In brass: it had been treason if in lead:
A prince he was in valour ne'er surpass'd,
And had in painting too perhaps some taste;
But as to verse, undoubted is the matter,
111 He must be dull as a Dutch commentator.
112 But you, my lord, a fav'rite of the Muse,
Would choose good poets, were there good to choose;
113 You know they paint the great man's soul as like,
As can his features Kneller or Vandyke.

Nec magis expressi vultus per aënea signa
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. Nec sermones ego mallem [gestas;
Repentes per humum, quam res componere
Terrarumque situs, et flumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impositas, et barbara regna, tuisque
Auspiciis totum confecta duella per orbem,
Claustraque custodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
Et formidatam Parthis te principe Romam;
Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque: sed neque parvum
Carmen majestas recipit tua, nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor quam vires ferre recusent.
Sedulitas autem, stulte quem diligit, urguet
Præcipuè cum se numeris commendat et arte:
Discit enim citius meminitque libentius, illud
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat et veneratur. [ficto
Nil moror officium quod me gravat: ac neque
In pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam,
Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto:
Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere, et una
Cum scriptore meo, capsa porrectus aperta,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

Had I such pow'r, I never would compose
Such creeping lines as these, nor verse, nor prose;
But rather try to celebrate your praise,
And with your just encomiums swell my lays:
Had I a genius equal to my will,
Gladly would I exert my utmost skill
To consecrate to fame Britannia's land
Receiving law from your impartial hand;
By your wise counsels once more pow'rful made,
Her fleets rever'd, and flourishing her trade;
Exhausted nations trembling at her sword,
And peace[2], long wish'd for, to the world restor'd.
But your true greatness suffers no such praise,
My verse would sink the theme it meant to raise;
Unequal to the task would surely meet
Deserv'd contempt, and each presumptuous sheet [simple,
Could serve for nothing, scrawl'd with lines so
Unless to wrap up sugar-loaves for Wimple.

[2] A general peace was at this time just concluded at Aix la Chapelle.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,

ON HIS BEING INSTALLED KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

These trophies, Stanhope, of a lovely dame,
Once the bright object of a monarch's flame,
Who with such just propriety can wear,
As thou the darling of the gay and fair?
See ev'ry friend to wit, politeness, love,
With one consent thy sovereign's choice approve!
And liv'd Plantagenet her voice to join,
Herself and garter both were surely thine.

TO

A LADY IN TOWN,

SOON AFTER HER LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

Whilst you, dear maid, o'er thousands born to reign,
For the gay town exchange the rural plain,
The cooling breeze, and ev'ning walk forsake
For stifling crowds, which your own beauties make;
Through circling joys while you incessant stray,
Charm in the Mall, and sparkle at the play;
Think (if successive vanities can spare
One thought to love) what cruel pangs I bear,
Left in these plains all wretched, and alone,
To weep with fountains and with echoes groan,
And mourn incessantly that fatal day,
That all my bliss with Chloe snatch'd away.
Say by what arts I can relieve my pain,
Music, verse, all I try, but try in vain;
In vain the breathing flute my hand employs,
Late the companion of my Chloe's voice,
Nor Handel's nor Corelli's tuneful airs
Can harmonize my soul, or sooth my cares;
Those once-lov'd med'cines unsuccessful prove,
Music, alas, is but the voice of love!
In vain I oft harmonious lines peruse,
And seek for aid from Pope's and Prior's Muse;
Their treach'rous numbers but assist the foe,
And call forth scenes of sympathising woe:
Here Heloise mourns her absent lover's charms,
There parting Emma sighs in Henry's arms;
Their loves, like mine, ill-fated I bemoan,
And in their tender sorrows read my own.
Restless sometimes, as oft the mournful dove
Forsakes her nest, forsaken by her love,
I fly from home, and seek the sacred fields
Where Cam's old urn its silver current yields,
Where solemn tow'rs o'erlook each mossy grove,
As if to guard it from th' assaults of love;
Yet guard in vain, for there my Chloe's eyes
But lately made whole colleges her prize;
Her sons, though few, not Pallas could defend,
Nor Dullness succour to her thousands lend;
Love, like a fever, with infectious rage
Scorch'd up the young, and thaw'd the frost of age.
To gaze at her, ev'n Dons were seen to run,
And leave unfinish'd pipes, and authors—scarce begun.
So Helen look'd, and moy'd with such a grace[1],
When the grave seniors of the Trojan race
Were forc'd those fatal beauties to admire,
That all their youth consum'd, and set their town on fire.
At fam'd Newmarket oft I spend the day
An unconcerned spectator of the play;
There pityless observe the ruin'd heir
With anger fir'd, or melting with despair;
For how should I his trivial loss bemoan,
Who feel one, so much greater, of my own?
There while the golden heaps, a glorious prize,
Wait the decision of two rival dice,
Whilst long disputes 'twixt *seven* and *five* remain,
And each, like parties, have their friends for gain,

[1] Vid. Hom. ii. lib. iii. ver. 150.

Without one wish I see the guineas shine,
"Fate, keep your gold," I cry, "make Chloe mine,"
Now see, prepar'd their utmost speed to try,
O'er the smooth turf the bounding racers fly!
Now more and more their slender limbs they strain,
And foaming stretch along the velvet plain!
Ah stay! swift steeds, your rapid flight delay,
No more the jockey's smarting lash obey:
But rather let my hand direct the rein,
And guide your steps a nobler prize to gain;
Then swift as eagles cut the yielding air,
Bear me, oh bear me to the absent fair.

Now when the winds are hush'd, the air serene,
And cheerful sunbeams gild the beauteous scene,
Pensive o'er all the neighb'ring fields I stray,
Where'er or choice or chance directs the way:
Or view the op'ning lawns, or private woods,
Or distant bluish hills, or silver floods:
Now harmless birds in silken nets insnare,
Now with swift dogs pursue the flying hare:
Dull sports! for oh my Chloe is not there!
Fatigu'd, at length I willingly retire
To a small study, and a cheerful fire;
There o'er some folio pore; I pore 'tis true,
But oh my thoughts are fled, and fled to you!
I hear you, see you, feast upon your eyes,
And clasp with eager arms the lovely prize;
Here for a while I could forget my pain,
Whilst I by dear reflection live again:
But ev'n these joys are too sublime to last,
And quickly fade, like all the real ones past;
For just when now beneath some silent grove
I hear you talk—and talk perhaps of love—
Or charm with thrilling notes the list'ning ear,
Sweeter than angels sing, or angels hear,
My treach'rous hand its weighty charge lets go,
The book falls thund'ring on the floor below,
The pleasing vision in a moment's gone,
And I once more am wretched, and alone.

So when glad Orpheus from th' infernal shade
Had just recall'd his long-lamented maid,
Soon as her charms had reach'd his eager eyes
Lost in eternal night again she dies.

TO A LADY,

SENT WITH A PRESENT OF SHELLS AND STONES DESIGNED FOR A GROTTO.

With gifts like these, the spoils of neighb'ring shores,
The Indian swain his sable love adores;
Off'rings well suited to the dusky shrine
Of his rude goddess, but unworthy mine:
And yet they seem not such a worthless prize,
If nicely view'd by philosophic eyes;
And such are your's, that Nature's works admire
With warmth like that, which they themselves inspire.

To such how fair appears each grain of sand,
Or humblest weed, as wrought by Nature's hand!
How far superior to all human pow'r
Springs the green blade, or buds the painted flow'r!
In all her births, though of the meanest kinds,
A just observer entertainment finds,
With fond delight her low productions sees,
And how she gently rises by degrees;
A shell, or stone, he can with pleasure view, [you.
Hence trace her noblest works, the Heav'ns—and

Behold, how bright these gaudy trifles shine,
The lovely sportings of a hand divine!
See with what art each curious shell is made,
Here carv'd in fretwork, there with pearl inlaid
What vivid streaks th' enamell'd stones adorn,
Fair as the paintings of the purple morn!
Yet still not half their charms can reach our eye,
While thus confus'd the sparkling chaos lies;
Doubly they 'll please, when, in your grotto plac'd
They plainly speak their fair disposer's taste;
Then glories yet unseen shall o'er them rise,
New order from your hand, new lustre from your eyes.

How sweet, how charming will appear this grot,
When by your art to full perfection brought!
Here verdant plants and blooming flow'rs will grow,
There bubbling currents through the shell-wed
Here coral mix'd with shells of various dyes, [flow;
There polish'd stones will charm our wond'ring eyes:
Delightful bow'r of bliss! secure retreat!
Fit for the Muses, and Statira's seat.

But still how good must be that fair one's mind,
Who thus in solitude can pleasure find!
The Muse her company, good-sense her guide,
Resistless charms her pow'r, but not her pride:
Who thus forsakes the town, the park, and play,
In silent shades to pass her hours away;
Who better likes to breathe fresh country air,
Than ride imprison'd in a velvet chair;
And makes the warbling nightingale her choice,
Before the thrills of Farinelli's voice;
Prefers her books, and conscience void of ill,
To consorts, balls, assemblies, and quadrille;
Sweet bow'rs more pleas'd than gilded chariots see,
For groves the playhouse quits, and beaux for trees.

Bless'd is the man, whom Heav'n shall grant one hour
With such a lovely nymph, in such a lovely bow'r!

TO A LADY,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER WROTE IN A VERY FINE HAND.

Whilst well wrote lines our wond'ring eyes command,
The beauteous work of Chloe's artful hand,
Throughout the finish'd piece we see display'd
Th' exactest image of the lovely maid;
Such is her wit, and such her form divine,
This pure, as flows the style through ev'ry line,
That, like each letter, exquisitely fine.

See with what art the sable currents stain
In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain!
Thus o'er the meadows wrap'd in silver snow
Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow;
Thus jetty curls in shining ringlets deck
The ivory plain of lovely Chloe's neck:
See, like some virgin, whose unmeaning charms
Receive new lustre from a lover's arms,
The yielding paper's pure, but vacant breast,
By her fair hand and flowing pen impress'd,
At every touch more animated grows,
And with new life and new ideas glows,
Fresh beauties from the kind defiler gains,
And shines each moment brighter from its stains.

Let mighty Love no longer boast his darts,
That strike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts;

Chloe, your quill can equal wonders do,
Wound full as sure, and at a distance too:
Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,
From pole to pole you send your great commands,
To distant climes in vain the lover flies,
Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'scapes your eyes;
So those who from the sword in battle run
But perish victims to the distant gun.
Beauty 's a short-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,
But these are charms no ages can devour;
These far superior to the brightest face,
Triumph alike o'er time as well as space.
When that fair form, which thousands now adore,
By years decay'd, shall tyrannise no more,
These lovely lines shall future ages view,
And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.
How oft do I admire with fond delight
The curious piece, and wish like you to write!
Alas, vain hope! that might as well aspire
To copy Paulo's stroke, or Titian's fire:
Ev'n now your splendid lines before me lie,
And I in vain to imitate them try;
Believe me, fair, I 'm practising this art,
To steal your hand, in hopes to steal your heart.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY

MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY[1],

PRESENTED WITH A COLLECTION OF POEMS.

The tuneful throng was ever beauty's care,
And verse a tribute sacred to the fair;
Hence in each age the loveliest nymph has been,
By undisputed right, the Muse's queen;
Her smiles have all poetic bosoms fir'd,
And patronis'd the verse themselves inspir'd:
Lesbia presided thus in Roman times,
Thus Sacharissa reign'd o'er British rhymes,
And present bards to Margaretta bow,
For what they were of-old, is Harley now.
From Oxford's house, in these dull busy days,
Alone we hope for patronage or praise;
He to our slighted labour still is kind,
Beneath his roof w' are ever sure to find
(Reward sufficient for the world's neglect)
Charms to inspire, and goodness to protect;
Your eyes with rapture animate our lays,
Your sire's kind hand uprears our drooping bays;
Form'd for our glory and support, ye seem,
Our constant patron he, and you our theme.
Where should poetic homage then be paid?
Where ev'ry verse, but at your feet, be laid?
A double right you to this empire bear,
As first in beauty, and as Oxford's heir.
Illustrious maid! in whose sole person join'd
Ev'ry perfection of the fair we find,
Charms that might warrant all her sex's pride,
Without one foible of her sex to hide;
Good-nature artless as the bloom that dyes
Her cheeks, and wit as piercing as her eyes.
Oh, Harley! could but you these lines approve,
These children sprung from idleness and love,
Could they, (but ah how vain is the design!)
Hope to amuse your hours, as once they 've mine,
Th' ill-judging world's applause, and critic's blame,
Alike I 'd scorn: your approbation 's fame.

[1] Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley was the only daughter and heiress of Edward earl of Oxford and Mortimer, by his wife the lady Henrietta Cavendish, sole daughter and heiress of John Holles duke of Newcastle. She married William the second duke of Portland July 11, 1734, who died on the 1st of May, 1762; her grace surviving him, departed this life at her seat at Bulstrode, on Monday the 18th of June, 1785, leaving behind her that famous museum, replete with works in the fine arts, and a most extensive collection of natural history, which, with no less industry than judgment, and at an expense which could be only supported by her princely fortune, she had been the greatest part of her life collecting; but this collection, however it was gazed at, and with great judgment admired by men of virtue and philosophy of our own and foreign nations, yet, when time shall have done away all traces of its existence, her grace's unfeigned religion and piety, exact fulfilment of all domestic duties, superior talents of mind, native dignity amongst her equals, a flowing condescension to her inferiors, which made those whom she honoured with her acquaintance forget the difference of their stations, universal benevolence, and the most amiable sweetness of temper, will cause her ever to be remembered amongst the most famous of her sex, whose superior characters reflect a lustre on the British nation. *E.*

HORATII LIB. II. OD. XVI.

1 Otium divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægeo, simul atra nubes
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent;
Sidera nautis;

2 Otium bello furiosa Thrace,
Otium Medi pharetra decori,
Grosphe, non gemmis neque purpurâ
venale, nec auro.

3 Non enim gazæ, neque consularis
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.

IMITATED.

TO THE HON. PHILIP YORKE, ESQ.

SOON AFTER THE GENERAL ELECTION, IN 1747.

1 For quiet, Yorke, the sailor cries,
When gathering storms obscure the skies,
The stars no more appearing;
2 The candidate for quiet prays,
Sick of the bumpers and huzzas
Of blest electioneering.

3 Who thinks, that from the speaker's chair
The serjeant's mace can keep off care,
Is wondrously mistaken:

4 Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensâ tenui salinum;
Nec leves somnos timor aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? quid terras alio calente
5 Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

6 Scandit æratas vitiosa naves
Cura; nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocyor cervis, et agente nimbos
Ocyor Euro.

7 Lætus in præsens animus quod ultra est
Oderit curare, et amara lento
Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni
8 Parte beatum.

9 Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem;
10 Longa Tithonum minuit senectus;
Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negârit,
Porriget hora.

11 Te greges centum, Siculæque circùm-
Mugiunt vaccæ; tibi tollit hinni-
12 Tum apta quadrigis equa; te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ.

Vestiunt lanæ: 13 mihi parva rura et
14 Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camœnæ
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

HORATII LIB. IV. OD. VIII.

Donarem pateras grataque commodus,
Censorine, meis æra sodalibus:
Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium
Grajorum; 2 neque tu pessima munerum
Ferres, divite me scilicet artium,
Quas aut Parrhasius protulit aut Scopas
Hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
Solers nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.

4 Alas! he is not half so bless'd
As those who 've liberty and rest,
And dine on beans and bacon.

5 Why should we then to London run,
And quit our cheerful country sun
For bus'ness, dirt, and smoke?
Can we, by changing place and air,
Ourselves get rid of, or our care?
In troth, 't is all a joke.

6 Care climbs proud ships of mightiest force,
And mounts behind the general's horse,
Outstrips hussars and pandours;
Far swifter than the bounding hind,
Swifter than clouds before the wind,
Or Cope [1] before th' Highlanders.

7 A man, when once he 's safely chose,
Should laugh at all his threat'ning foes,
Nor think of future evil:
Each good has its attendant ill;
8 A seat is no bad thing, but still
Elections are the devil.

9 Its gifts, with hand impartial, Heav'n
Divides: to Orford it was giv'n
To die in full-blown glory;
10 To Bath indeed a longer date,
But then with unrelenting hate
Pursu'd by Whig and Tory.

11 The gods to you with bounteous hand
Have granted seats, and parks, and land;
Brocades and silks you wear;
With claret and ragouts you treat,
12 Six neighing steeds with nimble feet
Whirl on your gilded car.

13 To me they 've given a small retreat,
Good port and mutton, best of meat,
With broad-cloth on my shoulders,
A soul that scorns a dirty job,
14 Loves a good rhyme, and hates a mob,
I mean who a' n't freeholders.

[1] General Cope, in the year 1745, had made a very precipitate retreat, before the rebel army, from Preston Pans to Edinburgh.

IMITATED.

TO THE SAME.

1 Did but kind fate to me impart
Wealth equal to my gen'rous heart,
Some curious gift to ev'ry friend,
A token of my love, I 'd send;
2 But still the choicest and the best
Should be consign'd to friends at Wrest.

An organ, which, if right I guess,
Would best please lady marchioness,
Should first be sent by my command,
Worthy of her inspiring hand:
To lady Bell of nicest mould
A coral set in burnish'd gold:
To you, well knowing what you like,
3 Portraits by Lely or Vandyke,
A curious bronze, or bust antique.

4 Sed non hæc mihi vis: nec tibi talium
Res est aut animus deliciarum egens.
Gaudes carminibus, carmina possumus
Donare, & pretium dicere muneri.

4 But since these gifts exceed my power,
And you, who need not wish for more,
Already bless'd with all that 's fine,
Are pleas'd with verse, though such as mine;
As poets us'd in ancient times,
I 'll make my presents all in rhymes;

5 Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis
Post mortem ducibus; non celeres fugæ,
Rejectæque retrorsum Annibalis minæ;
Non incendia Carthaginis impiæ,
Ejus qui domitâ nomen ab Africâ
Lucratus rediit, clarius indicant
Laudes, quam Calabræ Pierides: neque,
Seriptæ sileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris. 8 Quid foret Iliæ
Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas
Obstaret meritis invida Romuli?
Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum
Virtus et favor et lingua potentium
Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.

5 And lest you should forget their worth,
Like them I 'll set their value forth.

6 Not monumental brass or stones,
The guardians of heroic bones,
Not victories won by Marlbro's sword,
Nor titles which these feats record,
Such glories o'er the dead diffuse,
As can the labours of the Muse.
7 But if she should her aid deny,
With you your virtues all must die,
Nor tongues unborn shall ever say
How wise, how good, was lady Grey.
8 What now had been th' ignoble doom
Of him who built imperial Rome?
Or him, deserving ten times more,
Who fed the hungry, cloth'd the poor,
Clear'd streams, and bridges laid across,
And built the little church of Ross?
Did not th' eternal powers of verse
From age to age their deeds rehearse.

9 Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori,
Cœlo musa beat: 10 Sic Jovis interest
Optatis epulis impiger Hercule:
Clarum Tyndaridæ sidus ab infirmis
Quassas eripiunt æquoribus rates:
Ornatus viridi tempora pampino
Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

9 The Muse forbids the brave to die,
Bestowing immortality:
10 Still by her aid in bless'd abodes
Alcides feasts among the gods;
And royal Arthur still is able
To fill his hospitable table
With English beef, and English knights,
And looks with pity down on White's.

TO THE HON. MISS YORKE,

ON HER MARRIAGE TO LORD ANSON.

Victorious Anson see returns
From the subjected main!
With joy each British bosom burns,
Fearless of France and Spain.

Honours his grateful sov'reign's hand,
Conquest his own bestows,
Applause unfeign'd his native land,
Unenvy'd wealth her foes.

"But still, my son," Britannia cries,
"Still more thy merits claim;
Thy deeds deserve a richer prize
Than titles, wealth, or fame.

"Twice wafted safe from pole to pole
Thou 'st sail'd the globe around;
Contains it aught can charm thy soul,
Thy fondest wishes bound?

"Is there a treasure worth thy care
Within th' encircling line?
Say, and I 'll weary Heav'n with pray'r
To make that treasure thine."
Heav'n listen'd to Britannia's voice,
Agreed that more was due:
He chose—the gods approv'd his choice,
And paid him all in you.

CHLOE TO STREPHON.

A SONG.

Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But, for Heav'n's sake, let it suffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
Nor further urge your sway;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love for you?

Say, would you use that very pow'r
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin, in one fatal hour,
A life of spotless fame?

Ah! cease, my dear, to do an ill,
Because perhaps you may;
But rather try your utmost skill
To save me, than betray.

Be your yourself my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not pursue;
Since 't is a task for me too hard
To fight with love and you.

A SONG.

Cease, Sally, thy charms to expand,
All thy arts and thy witchcraft forbear,
Hide those eyes, hide that neck and that hand,
And those sweet flowing tresses of hair.

Oh! torture me not, for love's sake,
With the smirk of those delicate lips,
With that head's dear significant shake,
And the toss of the hoop and the hips.

Oh! sight still more fatal! look there
O'er her tucker what murderers peep!
So—now there 's an end of my care,
I shall never more eat, drink, or sleep.

D' you sing too? ah, mischievous thought!
Touch me, touch me not there any more;
Who the Devil can 'scape being caught
In a trap that 's thus baited all o'er?

But why to advise should I try?
What nature ordains we must prove:
You no more can help charming, than I
Can help being charm'd, and in love.

A SONG.

When first I sought fair Cælia's love,
And ev'ry charm was new,
I swore by all the gods above
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
Long wept and sigh'd in vain,
She still protested, vow'd, and swore,
She ne'er would ease my pain.

At last o'ercome she made me bless'd,
And yielded all her charms;
And I forsook her, when possess'd,
And fled to others' arms.

But let not this, dear Cælia, now
To rage thy breast incline;
For why, since you forgot your vow,
Should I remember mine?

THE CHOICE.

Had I, Pygmalion like, the pow'r
To make the nymph I would adore;
The model should be thus design'd,
Like this her form, like this her mind.
Her skin should be as lilies fair,
With rosy cheeks and jetty hair;
Her lips with pure vermilion spread,
And soft and moist, as well as red;
Her eyes should shine with vivid light,
At once both languishing and bright;
Her shape should be exact and small,
Her stature rather low than tall;
Her limbs well turn'd, her air and mien
At once both sprightly and serene;
Besides all this, a nameless grace
Should be diffus'd all o'er her face;
To make the lovely piece complete,
Not only beautiful, but sweet.
This for her form: now for her mind;
I 'd have it open, gen'rous, kind,
Void of all coquettish arts,
And vain designs of conquering hearts,
Not sway'd by any views of gain,
Nor fond of giving others pain;
But soft, though bright, like her own eye
Discreetly witty, gayly wise.
I 'd have her skill'd in ev'ry art
That can engage a wand'ring heart;
Know all the sciences of love,
Yet ever willing to improve;
To press the hand, and roll the eye,
And drop sometimes an amorous sigh;
To lengthen out the balmy kiss,
And heighten ev'ry tender bliss;
And yet I 'd have the charmer be
By nature only taught,—or me.
I 'd have her to strict honour ty'd,
And yet without one spark of pride;
In company well dress'd and fine,
Yet not ambitious to outshine;
In private always neat and clean,
And quite a stranger to the spleen;
Well-pleas'd to grace the park and play,
And dance sometimes the night away,
But oft'ner fond to spend her hours
In solitude and shady bow'rs,
And there, beneath some silent grove,
Delight in poetry and love.
Some sparks of the poetic fire
I fain would have her soul inspire,
Enough, at least, to let her know
What joys from love and virtue flow;
Enough, at least, to make her wise,
And fops and fopperies despise;
Prefer her books, and her own Muse,
To visits, scandal, chat, and news;
Above her sex exalt her mind,
And make her more than womankind.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

GOING TO THE WEST INDIES.

For universal sway design'd
To distant realms Clorinda flies,
And scorns, in one small isle confin'd,
To bound the conquests of her eyes.

From our cold climes to India's shore
With cruel haste she wings her way,
To scorch their sultry plains still more,
And rob us of our only day.

Whilst gaily streaming eye o'erflows
With tender floods of parting tears,
Thy breast, dear cause of all our woes,
Alone unmov'd and gay appears.

But still, if right the Muses tell,
The fated point of time is nigh,
When grief shall that fair bosom swell,
And trickle from thy lovely eye.

Though now, like Philip's son, whose arms
Did once the vassal world command,
You move with unresisted charms,
And conquer both by sea and land;

Yet when (as soon they must) mankind
Shall all be doom'd to wear your chain,
You too, like him, will weep to find
No more unconquer'd worlds remain.

CHLOE ANGLING.

On yon fair brook's enamell'd side
Behold my Chloe stands!
Her angle trembles o'er the tide,
As conscious of her hands.

Calm as the gentle waves appear,
Her thoughts serenely flow,
Calm as the softly breathing air,
That curls the brook below.

Such charms her sparkling eyes disclose,
With such soft pow'r endu'd,
She seems a new-born Venus rose
From the transparent flood.

Round each green bank, and mossy cave,
The scaly race repair,
They sport beneath the crystal wave,
And kiss her image there.

Here the bright silver eel enroll'd
In shining volumes lies,
There basks the carp bedropt with gold
In the sunshine of her eyes.

With hungry pikes in wanton play
The tim'rous trouts appear;
The hungry pikes forget to prey,
The tim'rous trouts to fear.

With equal haste the thoughtless crew
To the fair tempter fly;
Nor grieve they, whilst her eyes they view,
That by her hand they die.

Thus I too view'd the nymph of late;
Ah simple fish, beware!
Soon will you find my wretched fate,
And struggle in the snare.

But, fair-one, though these toils succeed,
Of conquest be not vain;
Nor think o'er all the scaly breed
Unpunish'd thus to reign.

Remember, in a wat'ry glass
His charms Narcissus spy'd,
When for his own bewitching face
The youth despair'd and dy'd.

No more then harmless fish insnare,
No more such wiles pursue;
Lest, whilst you baits for them prepare,
Love finds out one for you.

CHLOE HUNTING.

Whilst thousands court fair Chloe's love,
She fears the dang'rous joy,
But, Cynthia like, frequents the grove,
As lovely, and as coy.

With the same speed she seeks the hind,
Or hunts the flying hare,
She leaves pursuing swains behind,
To languish and despair.

Oh! strange caprice in thy dear breast,
Whence first this whim began;
To follow thus each worthless beast,
And shun their sov'reign, man!

Consider, fair, what 't is you do,
How thus they both must die,
Not surer they, when you pursue,
Than we whene'er you fly.

ON LUCINDA'S RECOVERY

FROM THE SMALL-POX.

Bright Venus long with envious eyes
The fair Lucinda's charms had seen,
"And shall she still," the goddess cries,
"Thus dare to rival beauty's queen?"

She spoke, and to th' infernal plains
With cruel haste indignant goes,
Where Death, the prince of terrours, reigns,
Amidst diseases, pains, and woes.

To him her pray'rs she thus applies:
"O sole, in whom my hopes confide
To blast my rival's potent eyes,
And in her fate all mortal pride!

"Let her but feel thy chilling dart,
I will forgive, tremendous god!
Ev'n that which piere'd Adonis' heart."
He hears, and gives th' assenting nod.

Then calling forth a fierce disease,
Impatient for the beauteous prey,
Bids him the loveliest fabric seize,
The gods e'er form'd of human clay.

Assur'd he meant Lucinda's charms,
To her th' infectious *demon* flies;
Her neck, her cheeks, her lips disarms,
And of their lightning robs her eyes.

The Cyprian queen with cruel joy
Beholds her rival's charms o'erthrown,
Nor doubts, like mortal fair, t' employ
Their ruins to augment her own.

From out the spoils of ev'ry grace
The goddess picks some glorious prize,
Transplants the roses from her face,
And arms young Cupids from her eyes.

Now Death (ah, veil the mournful scene!)
Had in one moment pierc'd her heart,
Had kinder Fate not stepp'd between,
And turn'd aside th' uplifted dart.

"What frenzy bids thy hand essay,
He cries, "to wound thy surest friend,
Whose beauties to thy realms each day
Such num'rous crowds of victims send?

"Are not her eyes, where'er they aim,
As thine own silent arrows sure?
Or who, that once has felt their flame,
Dar'd e'er indulge one hope of cure?"

Death, thus reprov'd, his hand restrains,
And bids the dire distemper fly:
The cruel beauty lives and reigns,
That thousands may adore and die.

WRITTEN IN

MR. LOCKE'S ESSAY

ON HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

Love had the mind of man with curious art
Search'd Nature's wondrous plan through ev'ry part,
Measur'd each tract of ocean, earth, and sky,
And number'd all the rolling orbs on high;
Yet still, so learn'd, herself she little knew,
Till Locke's unerring pen the portrait drew.
So beauteous Eve a while in Eden stray'd,
And all her great Creator's works survey'd;
By Sun, and Moon, she knew to mark the hour,
She knew the genus of each plant and flow'r;
She knew, when sporting on the verdant lawn,
The tender lambkin and the nimble fawn:
But still a stranger to her own bright face,
She guess'd not at its form, nor what she was;
Till led at length to some clear fountain's side,
She view'd her beauties in the crystal tide;
The shining mirror all her charms displays,
And her eyes catch their own rebounded rays.

WRITTEN IN

A LADY'S VOLUME OF TRAGEDIES.

Since thou, relentless maid, canst daily hear
Thy slave's complaints without one sigh or tear,
Why beats thy breast, or thy bright eyes o'erflow
At these imaginary scenes of woe?
Rather teach these to weep and that to heave,
At real pains themselves to thousands give;
And if such pity to feign'd love is due,
Consider how much more you owe to true.

CUPID RELIEVED.

As once young Cupid went astray
The little god I found;
I took his bow and shafts away,
And fast his pinions bound.

At Chloe's feet my spoils I cast,
My conquest proud to show;
She saw his godship fetter'd fast,
And smil'd to see him so.

But, ah! that smile such fresh supplies
Of arms resistless gave!
I 'm'forc'd again to yield my prize
And fall again his slave.

THE WAY TO BE WISE.

IMITATED FROM LA FONTAINE.

Poor Jenny, am'rous, young, and gay,
Having by man been led astray,
To nunn'ry dark retir'd;
There liv'd, and look'd so like a maid,
So seldom eat, so often pray'd,
She was by all admir'd.

The lady abbess oft would cry,
If any sister trod awry,
Or prov'd an idle slattern;
"See wise and pious Mrs. Jane,
A life so strict, so grave a mien,
Is sure a worthy pattern."

A pert young slut at length replies,
"Experience, madam, makes folks wise,
'T is that has made her such;
And we, poor souls, no doubt should be
As pious, and as wise, as she,
If we had seen as much."

LUSUS PILÆ (AMATORIUS) EX NIVE COACTÆ.

PETRONII AFRANII EPIGRAMMA [1].

Me nive candenti petiit modo Julia; rebar
Tam carere nivem, sed tamen ignis erat.
Quid nive frigidius? nostrum tamen urere pectus
Mox potuit manibus, Julia, missa tuis.
Quis locus insidiis dabitur mihi tutus amoris,
Frigore concretâ si latet ignis aquâ?
Julia, sola potes nostras extinguere flammas
Non nive, non glacie, sed potes igne pari.

[1] The only account that could be found, after a diligent search, of the author of this neat and elegant performance, is in Fabricius's Bibliotheca Latina; where Petronius Afranius is placed, amongst many others, as a writer of epigrams, without any notice taken of what country he was, at what time he lived, without any one circumstance to mark who or what he was. This Epigram is inserted in the appendix to the 11th edition of Epigrammatum Delectus, in usum Scholæ Etonensis, printed at London 1740, accompanied by the following note: "Elegans et acutum Epigramma! me judice, ut in tenui materiâ, et affabre undequaque concinnatum et omnibus numeris absolutum." *E.*

THE SNOW-BALL.

FROM PETRONIUS AFRANIUS.

White as her hand fair Julia threw
A ball of silver snow;
The frozen globe fir'd as it flew,
My bosom felt it glow.

Strange pow'r of love! whose great command
Can thus a snow-ball arm;
When sent, fair Julia, from thine hand,
Ev'n ice itself can warm.

How should we then secure our hearts?
Love's pow'r we all must feel,
Who thus can, by strange magic arts,
In ice his flames conceal.

'T is thou alone, fair Julia, know,
Canst quench my fierce desire,
But not with water, ice, or snow,
But with an equal fire.

Εἰς βάθυλλον.

Η Ταντάλου ποτ' ἔστη
Λίθος Φρυγῶν ἐν ὀχθαις.
Καὶ παῖς πότ' ὄρνις ἔπτη
Πανδίονος χελιδών.
Εγὼ δ' ἔσοπτρον ειην,
Οπως ἀεὶ βλέπῃς με.
Εγὼ χιτὼν γενοίμην,
Οπως ἀεὶ φορῇς με.
Τὰρ θέλω γενέσθαι,
Οπως σὲ χεῖρα λούσω.
Απαλὸν μύρον γενοίμην
Ως σοῦ κόμας ἀλείφω
Καὶ ταινὶη μετώπῳ.
Καὶ μάργαρον τραχήλῳ.
Καὶ σάνδαλον γενοίμην,
Μόνον ποσὶν πατεῖν με.

ANACREON, ODE XX.

A rock on Phrygian plains we see
That once was beauteous Niobe:
And Progne, too revengeful fair!
Now flits a wand'ring bird in air:
Thus I a looking-glass would be,
That you, dear maid, might gaze on me;
Be changed to stays, that, straitly lac'd,
I might embrace thy slender waist;
A silver stream I 'd bathe thee, fair,
Or shine pomatum on thy hair;
In a soft sable's tippet's form
I 'd kiss thy snowy bosom warm;
In shape of pearl that bosom deck,
And hang for ever round thy neck:
Pleas'd to be ought that touches you,
Your glove, your garter, or your shoe.

A TRANSLATION OF

SOME LATIN VERSES

ON THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

The various powers of blended shade and light,
The skilful Zeuxis of the dusky night;
The lovely forms, that paint the snowy plain
Free from the pencil's violating stain,
In tuneful lines, harmonious Phebus, sing,
At once of light and verse celestial king.
Divine Apollo! let thy sacred fire
Thy youthful bard's unskilful breast inspire,
Like the fair empty sheet he hangs to view,
Void, and unfurnish'd, till inspir'd by you;
O let one beam, one kind enlightning ray
At once upon his mind and paper play!
Hence shall his breast with bright ideas glow,
Hence num'rous forms the silver field shall strew.
But now the Muse's useful precepts view,
And with just care the pleasing work pursue.
First choose a window that convenient lies,
And to the north directs the wand'ring eyes:
Dark be the room, let not a straggling ray
Intrude, to chase the shadowy forms away,
Except one bright, refulgent blaze, convev'd
Through a strait passage in the shutter made,
In which th' ingenious artist first must place
A little, convex, round, transparent glass,
And just behind th' extended paper lay,
On which his art shall all its power display:

There rays reflected from all parts shall meet,
And paint their objects on the silver sheet;
A thousand forms shall in a moment rise,
And magic landscapes charm our wand'ring eyes;
'T is thus from ev'ry object that we view,
If Epicurus' doctrine teaches true,
The subtile parts upon our organs play,
And to our minds th' external forms convey.
But from what causes all these wonders flow,
'T is not permitted idle bards to know,
How through the centre of the convex glass
The piercing rays together twisted pass,
Or why revers'd the lovely scenes appear,
Or why the Sun's approaching light they fear;
Let grave philosophers the cause inquire,
Enough for us to see, and to admire.
See then what forms with various colours stain
The painted surface of the paper plain!
Now bright and gay, as shines the heav'nly bow,
So late, a wide unpeopled waste of snow:
Here verdant groves, there golden crops of corn
The new uncultivated fields adorn;
Here gardens deck'd with flow'rs of various dyes,
There slender tow'rs and little cities rise:
But all with tops inverted downward bend,
Earth mounts aloft, and skies and clouds descend:
Thus the wise vulgar on a pendent land,
Imagine our antipodes to stand,
And wonder much, how they securely go,
And not fall headlong on the heav'ns below.
The charms of motion here exalt each part
Above the reach of great Apelles' art;
Zephyrs the waving harvest gently blow,
The waters curl, and brooks incessant flow;
Men, beasts, and birds in fair confusion stray,
Some rise to sight, whilst others pass away.
On all we seize that comes within our reach,
The rolling coach we stop, the horseman catch;
Compel the posting traveller to stay;
But the short visit causes no delay.
Again, behold what lovely prospects rise!
Now with the loveliest feast your longing eyes,
Nor let strict modesty be here afraid,
To view upon her head a beauteous maid:
See in small folds her waving garments flow,
And all her slender limbs still slend'rer grow;
Contracted in one little orb is found
The spacious heop, once five vast ells around;
But think not to embrace the flying fair,
Soon will she quit your arms unseen as air,
In this resembling too a tender maid,
Coy to the lover's touch, and of his hand afraid.
Enough we 've seen, now let th' intruding day
Chase all the lovely magic scenes away;
Again th' unpeopled snowy waste returns,
And the lone plain its faded glories mourns,
The bright creation in a moment flies,
And all the pigmy generation dies.
Thus, when still night her gloomy mantle spreads,
The fairies dance around the flow'ry meads!
But when the day returns, they wing their flight
To distant lands, and shun th' unwelcome light.

ON A NOSEGAY

IN THE COUNTESS OF COVENTRY'S BREAST[1].

IN IMITATION OF WALLER.

Delightful scene! in which appear
At once all beauties of the year!
See how the zephyrs of her breath
Fan gently all the flow'rs beneath!
See the gay flow'rs, how bright they glow,
Though planted in a bed of snow!
Yet see how soon they fade and die,
Scorch'd by the sunshine of her eye!
Nor wonder if, o'ercome with bliss,
They droop their heads to steal a kiss;
Who would not die on that dear breast?
Who would not die to be so bless'd?

THE SQUIRE AND THE PARSON.

AN ECLOGUE.

WRITTEN ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE, 1748.

By his hall chimney, where in rusty grate
Green faggots wept their own untimely fate,
In elbow chair the pensive 'Squire reclin'd,
Revolving debts and taxes in his mind:
A pipe just fill'd upon a table near
Lay by the London Evening[2], stain'd with beer,
With half a Bible, on whose remnants torn
Each parish round was annually forsworn.
The gate now claps, as ev'ning just grew dark,
Tray starts, and with a growl prepares to bark;
But soon discerning, with sagacious nose,
The well-known savour of the Parson's toes,
Lays down his head, and sinks in soft repose:
The doctor ent'ring, to the tankard ran,
Takes a good hearty pull, and thus began:

PARSON.

Why sits thou thus, forlorn and dull, my friend,
Now war's rapacious reign is at an end?
Hark, how the distant bells inspire delight!
See bonfires spangle o'er the veil of night!

'SQUIRE.

What 's peace, alas! in foreign parts to me?
At home, nor peace nor plenty can I see;
Joyless I hear drums, bells, and fiddles sound,
'T is all the same—four shillings in the pound.
My wheels, though old, are clogg'd with a new tax;
My oaks, though young, must groan beneath the axe:

[1] Maria, countess of Coventry, the eldest daughter of John Gunning, esq. by his wife Bridget, daughter of John Bourk, lord viscount Mayo, in Ireland. She was married to George William, the sixth earl of Coventry, March 5, 1752, and departed this life October 1, 1760. Her transcendent beauty was the admiration of all who beheld her.

[2] The London Evening Post, the only paper at that time taken in and read by the enemies of the house of Hanover.

My barns are half unthatch'd, until'd my house,
Lost by this fatal sickness all my cows;
[illegible]e's the bill my late damn'd law-suit cost!
[illegible] the land contended for—and lost:
[illegible]mond's Head I can frequent no more,
[illegible]y pocket is, so long the score;
[illegible]all round I owe for fifty things.—
[illegible]nes of fetching Hanoverian kings.

PARSON.

[illegible]onfess the times are bad indeed,
[illegible]er; when we scarce believe our creed;
[illegible]rblind Reason 's deem'd the surest guide,
And heav'n-born Faith at her tribunal try'd;
When all church-pow'r is thought to make men slaves,
Saints, martyrs, fathers, all call'd fools and knaves.

'SQUIRE.

Come, preach no more, but drink, and hold your tongue:
I'm for the church:—but think the parsons wrong.

PARSON.

See there! free-thinking now so rank is grown,
It spreads infection through each country town;
Deistic scoffs fly round at rural boards,
'Squires, and their tenants too, profane as lords,
Vent impious jokes on ev'ry sacred thing.

'SQUIRE.

Come, drink;[2]———

PARSON.

—Here 's to you then, to church and king.

'SQUIRE.

Here 's church and king; I hate the glass should stand,
Though one takes tythes, and t'other taxes land.

PARSON.

Heav'n with new plagues will scourge this sinful nation,
Unless you soon repeal the toleration,
And to the church restore the convocation.

'SQUIRE.

Plagues we should feel sufficient, on my word,
Starv'd by two houses, priest-rid by a third.
For better days we lately had a chance,
Had not the honest Plaids been trick'd by France.

PARSON.

Is not most gracious George our faith's defender?
You love the church, yet wish for the Pretender!

'SQUIRE.

Preferment, I suppose, is what you mean;
Turn Whig, and you perhaps may be a dean:
But you must first learn how to treat your betters.
What 's here? sure some strange news, a boy with letters;
Oh, oh! here 's one, I see, from parson Sly:
"My rev'rend neighbour Squab being like to die;
I hope, if Heav'n should please to take him hence,
To ask the living would be no offence."

PARSON.

Have you not swore that I should Squab succeed?
Think how for this I taught your sons to read;
How oft discover'd puss on new-plough'd land,
How oft supported you with friendly hand;
When I could scarcely go, nor could your worship stand.

'SQUIRE.

'T was your's, had you been honest, wise, or civil;
Now ev'n go court the bishops, or the Devil.

PARSON.

If I meant any thing, now let me die;
I 'm blunt, and cannot fawn and cant, not I,
Like that old presbyterian rascal, Sly.
I am, you know, a right true-hearted Tory,
Love a good glass, a merry song, or story.

'SQUIRE.

Thou art an honest dog, that 's truth, indeed.—
Talk no more nonsense then about the creed.
I can't, I think, deny thy first request;
'T is thine; but first a bumper to the best.

PARSON.

Most noble 'Squire, more gen'rous than your wine,
How pleasing 's the condition you assign!
Give me the sparkling glass; and here, d' ye see,
With joy I drink it on my bended knee:—
Great queen! who governest this earthly ball,
And mak'st both kings and kingdoms rise and fall;
Whose wondrous power in secret all things rules,
Makes fools of mighty peers, and peers of fools;
Dispenses mitres, coronets, and stars;
Involves far distant realms in bloody wars,
Then bids war's snaky tresses cease to hiss,
And gives them peace again—[3] nay, gave us this:
Whose health does health to all mankind impart,
Here 's to thy much-lov'd health:

'SQUIRE, *rubbing his hands.*

———With all my heart.

GIVEN TO A LADY

WITH A WATCH WHICH SHE BORROWED TO HANG AT HER BED'S HEAD.

WHILST half asleep my Chloe lies,
And all her softest thoughts arise;
Whilst, tyrant Honour lay'd at rest,
Love steals to her unguarded breast;
Then whisper to the yielding fair,
Thou witness to the pains I bear,
How oft her slave with open eyes
All the long night despairing lies;
Impatient till the rosy day
Shall once again its beams display,
And with it he again may rise,
To greet with joy her dawning eyes.
Tell her, as all thy motions stand,
Unless recruited by her hand,

[3] Madam de Pompadour.

So shall my life forget to move;
Unless each day the fair I love
Shall new repeated vigour give
With smiles, and make me fit to live.
Tell her, when far from her I stray,
How oft I chide thy slow delay;
But when beneath her smiles I live,
Bless'd with all joys the gods can give,
How often I reprove thy haste,
And think each precious moment flies too fast.

BELPHEGOR,

A FABLE.

FROM MACHIAVEL.

.....Fugit indignata sub umbras. Virg.

Th' infernal monarch once, as stories tell,
Review'd his subjects from all parts of Hell;
Around his throne unnumber'd millions wait,
He scarce believ'd his empire was so great;
Still as each pass'd, he ask'd with friendly care
What crime had caus'd their fall, and brought them there:
Scarce one he question'd, but reply'd the same,
And on the marriage noose lay'd all the blame;
Thence ev'ry fatal errour of their lives
They all deduce, and all accuse their wives.
Then to his peers and potentates around,
Thus Satan spoke; Hell trembled with the sound.
"My friends, what vast advantages would flow
To these our realms? could we but fully know
The form and nature of these marriage chains,
That send such crowds to our infernal plains:
Let some bold patriot then, who dares to show
His gen'rous love to this our state below,
For his dear country's good the task essay,
And animate awhile some human clay;
Ten years in marriage bonds he shall remain,
Enjoy its pleasures, and endure its pain,
Then to his friends return'd, with truth relate
The nature of the matrimonial state." [prov'd:
He spoke; the list'ning crowds his scheme ap-
But who so much his prince or country lov'd,
As thus, with fearless heart, to undertake
This hymeneal trial, for their sake?
At length with one consent they all propose
That fortune shall by lot the task impose;
The dreaded chance on bold Belphegor fell,
Sighing h' obey'd, and took his leave of Hell.
First in fair Florence he was pleas'd to fix,
Bought a large house, fine plate, a coach and six;
Dress'd rich and gay, play'd high, drank hard, and whor'd,
And liv'd, in short, in all things like a lord:
His feasts were plenteous, and his wines were strong,
So poets, priests, and pimps, his table throng,
Bring dedications, sermons, whores, and plays,
The Devil was ne'er so flatter'd in his days:
The ladies too were kind, each tender dame
Sigh'd, when she mention'd Roderigo's name;
For so he 's call'd: rich, young, and debonnair,
He reigns sole monarch of the longing fair;
No daughter, sure, of Eve could e'er escape
The Devil, when cloth'd in such a tempting shape.
One nymph at length, superior to the rest,
Gay, beautiful, and young, inspir'd his breast;
Soft looks and sighs his passion soon betray'd;
Awhile he woos, then weds the lovely maid.
I shall not now, to grace my tale, relate
What feasts, what balls, what dresses, [illegible]
Adorn'd their nuptial day, lest I should seem
As tedious to the reader as to him,
Who, big with expectation of delight,
Impatient waited for the happy night;
The happy night is come, his longing arms
Press close the yielding maid in all her charms
The yielding maid, who now no longer coy,
With equal ardour loves, and gives a loose to joy.
Dissolv'd in bliss more exquisite than all
He e'er had felt in Heav'n, before his fall,
With rapture clinging to his lovely bride,
In murmurs to himself Belphegor cry'd, [fear,
"Are these the marriage chains? and these my
Oh, had my ten but been ten thousand years!"
But ah, these happy moments last not long
For in one month his wife has found her tongue,
All thoughts of love and tenderness are lost,
Their only aim is who shall squander most;
She dreams of nothing now but being fine,
Whilst he is ever guzzling nasty wine;
She longs for jewels, equipage, and plate,
And he, sad man! stays out so very late!
Hence ev'ry day domestic wars are bred,
A truce is hardly kept while they 're abed;
They wrangle all day long, and then at night,
Like wooing cats, at once they love and fight.
His riches too are with his quiet flown,
And they once spent, all friends of course are gone;
The sum design'd his whole ten years to last,
Is all consum'd before the first is past:
Where shall he hide? ah, whither must he fly?
Legions of duns abroad in ambush lie,
For fear of them, no more he dares to roam,
And the worst dun of all, his wife 's at home.
Quite tir'd at length with such a wretched life,
He flies one night at once from debts and wife;
But ere the morning dawn his flight is known;
And crowds pursue him close from town to town:
He quits the public road, and wand'ring strays
Through unfrequented woods, and pathless ways;
At last with joy a little farm he sees,
Where liv'd a good old man, in health and ease;
Matthew his name: to him Belphegor goes,
And begs protection from pursuing foes,
With tears relates his melancholy case,
Tells him from whence he came, and who he was,
And vows to pay for his reception well,
When next he should receive his rents from Hell:
The farmer hears his tale with pitying ear,
And bids him live in peace and safety there;
Awhile he did; no duns, no noise, or strife,
Disturb'd him there;—for Matt had ne'er a wife.
But ere few weeks in this retreat are past
Matt too himself becomes a dun at last;
Demands his promis'd pay with heat and rage,
Till thus Belphegor's words his wrath assuage.
"My friend, we devils, like English peers," he cry'd,
"Though free from law, are yet by honour ty'd;
Though tradesmen's cheating bills I scorn to view,
I pay all debts that are by honour due;
And therefore have contriv'd long since a way,
Beyond all hopes thy kindness to repay;
We subtile spirits can, you know, with ease
Possess whatever human breasts we please,
With sudden frenzy can o'ercast the mind,
Let passions loose, and captive reason bind:

Tens I three mortal bosoms will infest,
And force them to apply to you for rest;
Vast sums for cure they willingly shall pay,
Thrice, and but thrice, your pow'r I will obey."
He spoke, then fled unseen, like rushing wind,
And breathless left his mortal frame behind:
The corpse is quickly known, and news is spread
That Rolerigo 's in the desert dead;
His wife in fashionable grief appears,
Sighs for one day, then mourns two tedious years.
A beauteous maid, who then in Florence dwelt,
In a short time unusual symptoms felt;
Physicians came, prescrib'd, then took their fees,
But none could find the cause of her disease;
Her parents thought 't was love disturb'd her rest,
But all the learn'd agreed she was possess'd;
In vain the doctors all their art apply'd,
In vain the priests their holy trump'ry try'd;
No pray'rs nor med'cines could the demon tame,
Till Matthew heard the news, and hast'ning came:
He asks five hundred pounds; the money 's pay'd;
He forms the magic spell, then cures the maid:
Force chas'd, the Dev'l to two rich houses flies,
And makes their heirs successively his prize,
Who both, by Matthew's skill reliev'd from pains,
Reward his wondrous art with wondrous gains.
And now Belphegor, having thrice obey'd,
With reason thinks his host is fully pay'd;
Next free to range, to Gallia's king he flies,
As dev'ls ambitious ever love to rise;
Black hideous scenes distract his royal mind,
From all he seeks relief, but none can find,
And vows vast treasures shall his art repay,
Who'e'er can chase the strange disease away:
At length, instructed by the voice of fame,
To Matthew sends; poor Matt reluctant came;
He knew his pow'r expir'd, refus'd to try,
But all excuses fail'd; he must, or die;
At last despairing he the task essay'd,
Approach'd the monarch's ear, and whisp'ring said:
"Since force, not choice, has brought thy servant here,
Once more, Belphegor, my petition hear,
This once at my request, thy post resign,
And save my life, as once I rescu'd thine."
Cruel Belphegor, deaf to his request,
Disdain'd his pray'rs, and made his woes a jest;
With tears and sighs he beg'd, and beg'd again,
Still the ungrateful fiend but mock'd his pain;
Then turning round he told th' expecting court,
This dev'l was of a most malignant sort;
And that he could but make one trial more,
And if that fail'd, he then must give him o'er:
Then placing num'rous drums and trumpets round,
Instructed when he mov'd his hand to sound,
He whisper'd in his patient's ear again,
Belphegor answer'd, all his arts were vain:
He gives the sign, they sound; th' outrageous din
Startles the king, and frights the Dev'l within;
He asks what 't is, and vows that in his life
He ne'er had heard the like—except his wife;
"By Heav'n's! 't is she," Matt cries, "you 'd best be gone,
She comes once more to seize you for her own;"
Belphegor, frighted, not one word replies,
But to th' infernal shades for refuge flies;
There paints a dreadful sketch of marry'd lives,
And feelingly confirms the charge on wives:
Matthew, o'erpay'd with honours, fame, and fees,
Returns to bless'd obscurity and ease,
With joy triumphant to paean sings,
And vows to deal no more with dev'ls or kings.

LIB. III. CARMEN IX.

DIALOGUS HORATII ET LYDIÆ.

HORAT.

Donec gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat,
Persarum vigui rege beatior.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE RIGHT HON. HENRY PELHAM AND MADAM POPULARITY[1].

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

H. PELHAM.

Whilst I was pleasing in your eyes,
And you was constant, chaste, and wise;
Ere yet you had your favours granted
To ev'ry knave or fool who canted,
In peaceful joy I pass'd each hour,
Nor envy'd Walpole's wealth and pow'r.

[1] From the commencement of the Spanish war in 1739, to the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, signed October 7, 1748, the land-tax was raised from two shillings to four shillings. In 1749 it was lowered to three shillings, at which rate it was continued till 1752, when Mr. Pelham, at that time the minister, reduced it to two shillings, at which rate it continued till the time of his death in 1754. This was one, amongst others, of those popular measures which gilded the evening of this minister's life, and rendered his death an object of public lamentation. To this event we owe this happy imitation, wrote soon after the land-tax act of that year passed. *E.*

LYDIA.

Donec non aliâ magis
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,
Multi Lydia nominis
Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

HORAT.

Me tunc Thressa Chloë regit,
Dulces docta modos, et citharæ sciens;
Pro quâ non metuam mori,
Si parcant animæ fata superstiti.

LYDIA.

Me torret face mutuâ
Thurini Calais filius Ornithi;
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcant puero fata superstiti.

HORAT.

Quod si prisca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit æneo:
Si flava excutitur Chloe,
Ejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

LYDIA.

Quanquam sidere pulchrior
Ille est; tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Adria:
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

MADAM POPULARITY.

While I possess'd your love alone,
My heart and voice were all your own;
But on my soul 't would vex a saint,
When I 've most reason for complaint,
To hear you thus begin to scold:
Think on Britannia! proud and old!
Are not her interests all your theme,
Your daily labour, nightly dream?

H. PELHAM.

My just regard I can't deny
For her and her prosperity;
Nor am asham'd it is so great,
That, to deliver her from debt,
From foreign wars and civil strife,
I 'd freely sacrifice my life.

MADAM POPULARITY.

To her your warmest vows are plighted,
For her I ev'ry day am slighted;
Her welfare always is preferr'd,
And my neglected voice unheard:
Examples numerous I could mention,
A peace! bad as the old convention;
Money reduc'd to three per cent,
No pity on the poor who lent;
Armies that must for ever stand,
And still three shillings laid on land.

H. PELHAM.

Suppose now, madam, I was willing
For once to bate this grievous shilling,
To humour you—I know 't is wrong,
But you have such a cursed tongue!

MADAM POPULARITY.

Why then, though rough as winds or seas,
You scorn all little arts to please,
Yet thou art honest, faith, and I
With thee alone will live and die.

A SIMILE.

Corinna, in the country bred,
Harbour'd strange notions in her head,
Notions in town quite out of fashion;
Such as that love's a dangerous passion,
That virtue is the maiden's jewel,
And to be safe, she must be cruel.
Thus arm'd she 'ad long secur'd her honour
From all assaults yet made upon her,
Had scratch'd th' impetuous captain's hand,
Had torn the lawyer's gown and band,
And gold refus'd from knights and 'squires
To bribe her to her own desires:
For, to say truth, she thought it hard
To be of pleasures thus debarr'd,
She saw by others freely tasted,
So pouted, pin'd, grew pale, and wasted:
Yet, notwithstanding her condition,
Continu'd firm in opposition.
At length a troop of horse came down,
And quarter'd in a neighb'ring town;
The cornet he was tall and young,
And had a most bewitching tongue.
They saw and lik'd: the siege begun:
Each hour he some advantage won.
He ogled first;—she turn'd away;—
But met his eyes the following day:
Then her reluctant hand he seizes,
That soon she gives him, when he pleases:
Her ruby lips he next attacks:—
She struggles;—in a while she smacks:
Her snowy breast he then invades;—
That yields too after some parades;
And of that fortress once possess'd,
He quickly masters all the rest.
No longer now, a dupe to fame,
She smothers or resists her flame,
But loves without or fear or shame.
So have I seen the Tory race
Long in the pouts for want of place,
Never in humour, never well,
Wishing for what they dar'd not tell,
Their heads with country-notions fraught,
Notions in town not worth a groat,
These tenets all reluctant quit,
And step by step at last submit
To reason, eloquence, and Pitt.

At first to Hanover a plum
Was sent:—They said—A trivial sum,
But if he went one tittle further,
They vow'd and swore they 'd cry out murder:
He long a larger sum is wanted;
They pish'd and frown'd—but still they granted:
He push'd for more, and more agen—
Fell—Money's better sent than men:
Here virtue made another stand.—
No—not a man shall leave the land.
What!—not one regiment to Embden?
The start—but now they 're fairly hem'd in:
These soon, and many more are sent;—
They 're silent—silence gives consent.
Our troops, they now can plainly see,
May Britain guard in Germany:
Hanoverians, Hessians, Prussians
Are paid, t' oppose the French and Russians:
Nor scruple they with truth to say,
They 're fighting for America:
No more they make a fiddle-faddle
About an Hessian horse or saddle;
No more of continental measures,
No more of wasting British treasures;
Ten millions and a vote of credit.—
'T is right—he can't be wrong who did it:
They 're fairly sous'd o'er head and ears,
And cur'd of all their rustic fears.

PASSAGE IN OSSIAN VERSIFIED.

The deeds of ancient days shall be my theme;
O Lora, the soft murmurs of thy stream,
Thy trees, Garmallar, rustling in the wind,
Recall those days with pleasure to my mind.
See'st thou that rock, from whose heath-cover'd crown,
Melvina, three old bended firs look down?
Green is the plain which at its feet is spread,
The mountain-flower there shakes its milk-white head;
Two stones, memorials of departed worth,
Uplift their moss-cap'd heads, half sunk in earth;
The mountain deer, that crop the grass around,
See the pale ghosts who guard the sacred ground,
Then starting fly the place, and at a distance bound.

ON SEEING THE

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD AT A BALL,

AT BATH.

WRITTEN IN 1770.

In times by selfishness and faction sour'd,
When dull importance has all wit devour'd;
When rank, as it t' insult alone design'd,
Affects a proud seclusion from mankind;
And greatness, to all social converse dead,
Esteems it dignity to be ill-bred:—
See! Chesterfield alone resists the tide,
Above all party, and above all pride,
Vouchsafes each night these brilliant scenes to grace,
Augments and shares th' amusements of the place;
Admires the fair, enjoys the sprightly ball,
Deigns to be pleas'd, and therefore pleases all.
Hence, though unable now this style to hit,
Learn what was once politeness, ease, and wit.

THE AMERICAN COACHMAN.

Crown'd be the man with lasting praise,
Who first contriv'd the pin
From vicious steeds to loose a chaise,
And save the necks within.

See how they prance, and bound, and skip,
And all control disdain;
Defy the terrours of the whip,
And rend the silken rein;

Awhile we try if art or strength
Are able to prevail;
But hopeless, when we find at length
That all our efforts fail.

With ready foot the spring we press,
Out flies the magic plug,
Then, disengag'd from all distress,
We sit quite safe and snug.

The pamper'd steeds, their freedom gain'd,
Run off full speed together;
But having no plan ascertain'd,
They run they know not whither.

Boys, who love mischief and a course,
Enjoying this disaster,
Bawl, "Stop them! Stop them!" till they 're hoarse,
But mean to drive them faster.

Each claiming now his native right,
Scorns to obey his brother;
So they proceed to kick and bite,
And worry one another.

Hungry at last, and blind, and lame,
Bleeding at nose and eyes;
By sufferings growing mighty tame,
And by experience wise;

With bellies full of liberty,
But void of oats and hay;
They both sneak back, their folly see,
And run no more away.

Let all who view th' instructive scene,
And patronize the plan,
Give thanks to Glo'ster's honest dean,
For, Tucker[1],—thou 'rt the man.

[1] Early in the unfortunate contest between the mother country and her American colonies, the rev. Dr. Tucker, dean of Gloucester, published a pamphlet, entitled, An Address and Appeal to the landed Interest; in which he proposed and recommended to the nation a total separation from the colonies, the rejection of them from being fellow members, and joint partakers in the privileges and

AN ODE.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari.

TO

THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

MY LORD,

I BEG leave to present to your lordship the following ode; for at whose shrine can it be offered with more propriety than at your lordship's, whose taste for poetry, as well as for every other part of polite literature, is so justly and so universally acknowledged? Your lordship has yourself made no inconsiderable figure in the lyric; but I will not so much flatter you, even in a dedication, as to affirm, that you have perfectly succeeded. I allow, that the very few pieces with which you have favoured the public, are as elegant and beautiful as any in our language: I own, that in every one of them there are just conception, lively imagination, correct expression, and clear connection; but I know your lordship's goodness will pardon me, when I presume to assert, that all these excellences are utterly repugnant to the noble frenzy and sublime obscurity of the ode; both which are sufficiently visible in this, which I have here the honour to lay before your lordship, and which I take to be a model of perfection: my obligations, perhaps, may make me partial to its merits, as to the publication of it I am indebted for this opportunity of assuring your lordship that I am,

MY LORD,

your lordship's most devoted and

obedient humble servant

THE EDITOR.

advantages of the British empire, because they refuse to submit to the authority and jurisdiction of the British legislature; offering at the same time to enter into alliance of friendship and treaties of commerce with them, as with any other sovereign independent state. Not any one of those who are recorded in the history of this country in the renowned list of her ablest statesmen, had die lived at this time, could have foreseen with more sagacity what was likely to happen from that sad business, or with greater wisdom provided a remedy to prevent it, than what the dean's propositions contained. But, alas! they were not attended to by those who only at that time could endeavour to carry them into execution; and, after a long struggle, in which much blood was spilt, enormous treasures wasted, and two British armies compelled to go into captivity, the parent state suffered the disgrace of being compelled to surrender that, of which the dean of Gloucester long before, with the soundest policy, advised her to make a free-will offering. This pamphlet was the foundation of the preceding short poem, written about a year after it, in which the author, with that conciseness as to the matter, and humour in the manner, so peculiar to himself, recommends and supports the dean's plan. *E.*

PREFACE.

THE following ode was found in the cabinet of a late celebrated writer; and is esteemed, by the best judges, to be the most perfect composition of the kind that is any where to be met with amongst the productions of the numerous lyric poets of modern times.

That learned and judicious critic, Dr. Joseph Trap, in his Prælectiones Poeticæ, thus describes the most excellent composers of lyric poems or odes: Conceptus omnium ardentissimi; a vulgaribus cogitatis remotissimi; methodum fugere videntur; transitiones affectant; quæ nulla arte fieri videntur, nihilo licet plus artis insit. Sententiarum nexus et copulas negligere amant; modo abrupto et improviso poema incipiunt, et finiunt; et furore quodam insitatis legibus et regulis superiore, ab hoc ad illud devolant, nulla loquendi formulis venia vel obtenta prius, aut petita. Which, for the benefit of ladies and gentlemen, I thus translate: "Their conceptions are the most daring and most remote from all vulgar ideas, or common sense; they seem to fly from all method; they affect transitions, which appear to be void of all art, though in them there is a great deal; they are fond of neglecting all connections; they begin and end their poem in a manner abrupt, sudden, and unexpected; and, with a madness superior to all the laws and rules of writing, dash about from one thing to another, without obtaining pardon, or even condescending to ask it." These rules have been observed with great diligence, and some success, by most of the writers of modern odes; but have never been adhered to with that happy exactness, as in the piece which is now before us. It begins in a manner the most abrupt and unexpected, and ends as abruptly as it begins. It opens with a most sublime speech of a giant, supposed to have run mad from some disappointment in ambition or love; and this, in conformity to the strictest laws of criticism, and the example of our most admired writers of odes, is so artificially contrived, that the reader, however sagacious he may be, cannot possibly discover, before he arrives at the end of the second stanza, whether it is the speech of the giant or the poet, or any speech at all.

The transition from the giant's speech, to that beautiful description of the morning, is truly Pindaric; the sudden apostrophe to the Sun is perfectly sublime; and that to the Moon no less tender and pathetic: the descriptions of the four seasons are wonderfully picturesque, and are not, as usual, copies drawn from the scenery of Italian groves, and the plains of Arcadia, but true originals, taken on the spot in old England, and formed

of ideas entirely new. And the address to Liberty, which concludes this admirable ode, is far superior to any thing of that kind with which we are so frequently entertained by our most admired poets; as it is more expressive of the true sense and spirit of an Englishman.

Just and lively pictures are the very essence of an ode, as well as of an auction-room, whether there are any proper places to hang them in or not; and such there are in the narrow compass of this little piece, of every thing that is great and beautiful in nature; of the morning rising from the ocean; of the Sun, the Moon, and the planetary system; of a giant and a hermit; of woods, rocks, and mountains, and the seasons of the revolving year: and in all these, the images are so entirely new, the transitions so sudden and unexpected, so void of all apparent art, yet not without much of that which is quite invisible; the thoughts are so sublime, so distant from all vulgar ideas or common sense, that the judicious reader will scarcely find in it a single deviation from the severest laws of just criticism; and if he can peruse this incomparable work without an enthusiastic admiration, he ought to conclude, that whatever delight he may receive from poetry of other kinds, he is one of those unfortunate geniuses who have no taste for that most sublime species of it, the ode.

ODE.

"I'll combat Nature, interrupt her course,
And baffle all her stated laws by force;
Tear from its bed the deeply-rooted pine,
And hurl it up the craggy mountain's side;
Divert the tempest from its destin'd line,
And stem the torrent of th' impetuous tide;
Teach the dull ox to dance; the ass to play,
And even obstinate Americans t' obey.

"Like some dread Herald, tigers I'll compel
In the same field with stags in peace to dwell:
The rampant lion now erect shall stand,
Now couchant at my feet shall lie depress'd;
And if he dares but question my command,
With one strong blow I'll halve him to a crest."
Thus spoke the giant Gogmagog: the sound
Reverberates from all the echoing rocks around.

Now Morning, rob'd in saffron-colour'd gown,
Her head with pink and pea-green ribbands dress'd,
Climbs the celestial staircase, and looks down
From out the gilt balcony of the east;
From whence around she sees
The crystal lakes and tufted trees,
The lawns all powder'd o'er with straggling flocks,
The scarce-enlighten'd vales, and high o'ershadowing rocks.

Enamour'd with her newly-dawning charms,
Old Ocean views her with desiring eyes,
And longs once more to clasp her in his arms,
Repenting he had suffer'd her to rise;
Forth from his tumbled bed,
From whence she just had fled,
To the slow loitering hours he roars amain,
To hasten back the lovely fugitive again.

Parent of life! refulgent lamp of day!
Without whose genial animating ray
Men, beasts, the teeming earth, and rolling seas,
Courts, camps, and mighty cities, in a trice
Must share one common fate, intensely freeze,
And all become one solid mass of ice;
Ambition would be froze, and Faction numb,
Speeches congeal'd, and orators be dumb.

Say, what new worlds and systems you survey!
In circling round your planetary way;
What beings Saturn's orb inhabit, tell,
Where cold in everlasting triumph reigns;
Or what their frames, who unconsum'd can dwell
In Mercury's red-hot and molten plains;
Say! for most ardently I wish to know,
What bodies can endure eternal fire or snow!

And thou, sweet Moon! canst tell a softer tale;
To thee the maid, thy likeness, fair and pale,
In pensive contemplation oft applies,
When parted from her lov'd and loving swain,
And looks on you with tear-besprinkled eyes,
And sighs and looks, and looks and sighs again;
Say, for thou know'st what constant hearts endure;
And by thy frequent changes teach the cure.

Thy gentle beams the lonely hermit sees
Gleam through the waving branches of the trees,
Which, high-embow'ring, shade his gloomy cell,
Where undisturb'd perpetual silence reigns,
Unless the owl is heard, or distant bell,
Or the wind whistling o'er the furzy plains.
How bless'd to dwell in this sequester'd spot:
Forgetting parliaments; by them forgot!

Now lovely Spring her velvet mantle spreads,
And paints with green and gold the flow'ry meads;
Fruit-trees in vast white periwigs are seen,
Resembling much some antiquated beau,
Which north-east winds, that blow so long and keen,
Powder full oft with gentle flakes of snow;
Soft nightingales their tuneful vigils hold,
And sweetly sing and shake—and shake with cold.

Summer succeeds; in ev'nings soft and warm
Thrice-happy lovers saunter arm in arm;
The gay and fair now quit the dusty town,
O'er turnpike-roads incessant chaises sweep,
And, whirling, bear their lovely ladings down,
To brace their nerves beneath the briny deep;
There with success each swain his nymph assails,
As birds, they say, are caught—can we but salt their tails.

Then Autumn, more serene, if not so bright,
Regales at once our palate and our sight;
With joy the ruddy orchards we behold,
And of its purple clusters rob the vine;
The spacious fields are cover'd o'er with gold,
Which the glad farmer counts as ready coin:
But disappointment oft his hopes attends—
In tythes and mildews the rich prospect ends.

Last, Winter comes; decrepid, old, and dull;
Yet has his comforts too—his barns are full;
The social converse, circulating glass,
And cheerful fire, are his: to him belong
Th' enlivening dance that warms the chilly lass,
The serious game at whist, and merry song;

Nor wants he beauties—see the sun-beams glow
O'er lakes of crystal ice, and plains of silver snow!

Thus roll the seasons o'er Britannia's land,
But none her free-born weather can command;
Seasons unlike to those in servile climes,
Which o'er Hispania's or Italia's plains
Dispense, at regular and stated times,
Successive heat and cold, and drought and rains;
Her's scorning, like her sons, to be control'd,
Breathe heat in winter oft, and oft in summer cold.

Hail, Liberty, fair goddess of this isle!
Deign on my verses, and on me, to smile;
Like them, unfetter'd by the bonds of sense,
Permit us to enjoy life's transient dream,
To live, and write, without the least pretence
To method, order, meaning, plan, or scheme:
And shield us safe beneath thy guardian wings,
From law, religion, ministers, and kings.

WROTE AT THE

COUNTESS OF SALISBURY'S ASSEMBLY,

1787.

From Salisbury's garter dropp'd, th' historian knows,
Th' illustrious order so entitled rose!
Another Salisbury now our bosoms warms,
With equal elegance and equal charms.
Let then her form, her trophies, and her name,
With justice be consign'd to equal fame;
Let kings with no less pride her garter wear,
Then every noble knight may have a pair.

EPITAPH

ON DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Here lies Sam Johnson:—Reader, have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you wake a sleeping bear:
Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was; but self-sufficient, proud, and vain,
Fond of, and overbearing in dispute,
A Christian, and a scholar—but a brute.

ON A LATE EXECRABLE

ATTEMPT ON HIS MAJESTY'S LIFE,

1786.

Long had our gracious George, with gentle hand,
And love paternal, Britain's sceptre sway'd;
To render this a free and happy land,
Was all for which he wish'd to be obey'd.

With radiance bright, though mild, his virtues shone,
For he of every virtue was possess'd,
Which can add lustre to a monarch's throne,
Or warm an undissembling patriot's breast.

Pattern of female excellence! his toils
His royal consort ever soothes and shares;
Imparting sweet domestic bliss, with smiles
That can disperse the heaviest cloud of cares.

Though Faction, Disappointment's restless child,
Has sometimes dar'd to interrupt his peace;
Yet aw'd at once, and charm'd, whene'er he smil'd,
She bade disorder and confusion cease.

Lov'd and ador'd by all, to all a friend,
Caution seem'd needless to protect his life;
Till Hell and Madness sent abroad a fiend,
And arm'd that fiend with a destructive knife.

But Britain's guardian angel, who still watch'd
To shield her favourite son from every harm,
Just in th' important moment trembling catch'd,
And turn'd aside, th' assassinating arm.

Let then Earth, air, and the high-vaulted sky,
With praises, pray'rs, and loud thanksgivings ring,
Joy fire each breast, and sparkle in each eye,
That Heav'n has thus preserv'd our country and our king.

ON

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.[1]

DE

ANIMI IMMORTALITATE.

LIBER PRIMUS.

Cætera per terras animalia sorte fruuntur
Quam sua cuique dedit Natura; nec amplius optant.
Solus homo, qui scire sagax, cui summa cupido
Scrutari causas et mutua fœdera rerum,

ON THE

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

BOOK I.

To all inferior animals 't is giv'n
T' enjoy the state allotted them by Heav'n;
No vain researches e'er disturb their rest,
No fears of dark futurity molest.

[1] Isaac Hawkins Browne, esq. the son of the rev. Mr. Browne, vicar of Burton on Trent, was educated at Westminster school, from whence he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterwards set-

Vanum iter ingreditur; nigris namque imminet alis,
Et cursu in medio Mors intercludit euntem.
Quorsum isthoc, si nil sapientia dia creârit
Incassum? Quorsum hæc divinæ semina mentis,
In proprios si non poterunt adolescere fructus?
Ecquid enim prodest rerum cognoscere causas;
Jungere venturis præsentia; mente vagari
Solem atque astra super, morituro? Scilicet omnes
Una manet Lethi lex et commune sepulcrum.
Nonne ergo satius cum Phyllide ludere in umbra;
Teque, Lyræ pater, lætis celebrare choreis?
Novit enim Bacchus curas depellere, novit
Præteriti sensus abolere metumque futuri.
Quare age, viua liques: epulæ, convivia, lusus,
Psallere docta Chloe, citharæque perita Neæra,
Non absint; volucris rape lætus dona diei;
Quærere nec cures quid crastina proferat hora.
Atqui pertæsum est harum citò deliciarum;
Scilicet, hæc satiat vix dum libata voluptas.
Ergo dimissis quæramus seria nugis.
Accumulentur opes; ducit quò gloria, quòve
Ambitio, stipatus eas examine denso
Manè salutantum. Quid multa? Huc denique eò-
dem
Volveris, ut clames heu! quantum in rebus inane!
Quænam igitur tentanda via est? Ubi littus amicum?
Nempe vides ut semper avet, dum corpore clausa
est,
Mens alia ex aliis scire, ac sine fine gradatim
Æternum (sic fert natura) attingere verum.
Gaudia quinetiam non hæc fugientia poscit,
At magis apta sibi, vicibusque obnoxia nullis;
Gaudia perpetuum non interitura per ævum.
Quare sume animum; neque enim sapientia dia
Frustra operam impendit; neque mens arctabitur
istis
Limitibus quibus hoc periturum corpus; at exsors
Terrenæ labis viget, æternùmque vigebit:
Atque ubi corporeis emissa, ut carcere, vinclis,
Libera cognatum repetet, vetus incola, cœlum,
Nectareos latices veri de fonte perenni
Hauriet, ætheriumque perennis carpet amomum.
At verò dum vita manet (si vita vocanda est
Corporis hæc cæco conclusa putamine) torpet
Vivida vis animi, nec ovantes explicat alas.
Multa tamen veteris retinet vestigia stirpis.
Unde etenim tot res reminiscitur? Unde tot apto
Ordine disponit, mox et depromit in usus?
Quippe haud tam locuples hæc, tamque immensa
supellex

Man, only man, solicitous to know
The springs whence Nature's operations flow,
Plods through a dreary waste with toil and pain,
And reasons, hopes, and thinks, and lives in vain;
For sable Death still hov'ring o'er his head,
Cuts short his progress, with his vital thread.
Wherefore, since Nature errs not, do we find
These seeds of Science in the human mind,
If no congenial fruits are predesign'd?
For what avails to man this power to roam
Through ages past, and ages yet to come,
T' explore new worlds o'er all th' ethereal way,
Chain'd to a spot, and living but a day?
Since all must perish in one common grave,
Nor can these long laborious searches save.
Were it not wiser far, supinely laid,
To sport with Phillis in the noontide shade?
Or at thy jovial festivals appear,
Great Bacchus, who alone the soul can clear,
From all that it has felt, and all that it can fear?
Come on then, let us feast: let Chloe sing,
And soft Neæra touch the trembling string;
Enjoy the present hour, nor seek to know
What good or ill to morrow may bestow.
But these delights soon pall upon the taste;
Let's try then if more serious cannot last:
Wealth let us heap on wealth, or fame pursue,
Let pow'r and glory be our points in view;
In courts, in camps, in senates let us live,
Our levees crowded like the buzzing hive:
Each weak attempt the same sad lesson brings!
Alas! what vanity in human things!
What means then shall we try? where hope to
find
A friendly harbour for the restless mind?
Who still, you see, impatient to obtain
Knowledge immense, (so Nature's laws ordain)
Ev'n now, though fetter'd in coporeal clay,
Climbs step by step the prospect to survey,
And seeks, unwearied, truth's eternal ray.
No fleeting joys she asks, which must depend
On the frail senses, and with them must end;
But such as suit her own immortal fame,
Free from all change eternally the same.
Take courage then, these joys we shall attain;
Almighty wisdom never acts in vain;
Nor shall the soul on which it has bestow'd
Such pow'rs e'er perish like an earthly clod;
But purg'd at length from foul corruption's stain,
Freed from her prison and unbound her chain,
She shall her native strength, and native skies regain:
To Heav'n an old inhabitant return, [urn.
And draw nectareous streams from truth's perpetual
Whilst life remains, (if life it can be call'd
T' exist in fleshly bondage thus enthrall'd)
Tir'd with the dull pursuit of worldly things,
The soul scarce wakes, or opes her gladsome wings,
Yet still the godlike exile in disgrace
Retains some marks of her celestial race;
Else whence from mem'ry's store can she produce
Such various thoughts, or range them so for use?

tled in Lincoln's Inn, where he engaged in the profession of the law. In 1759 he published this poem, De Animi Immortalitate, which was universally read, and as universally admired, not only for the choice and arrangement of the matter, but the purity of the language, which Lucretius himself would have acknowledged as a perfect copy of his style. Struck with the arguments, the disposition of those arguments, and the beauty of the expression, but above all with the bright contrast to the obscurity of the metaphysical poets of the last century; Mr. Jenyns was the first who translated it into English, and whose translation, as it was first in time, was also first in propriety and elegance amongst those with which the public was afterwards favoured.

Mr. Browne's happy vein in poetry placed him amongst the foremost of the art in his lifetime, the justice of which preference posterity will be enabled to determine, from a collection of his poems published in octavo, by his only son Isaac Hawkins Browne, esq.—a mark of filial piety, one of the prominent features in his most respectable and amiable character.

Corporis in cellis poterit stipata teneri;
Aut vi corporea revocari in luminis oras.
Illa etiam inventrix, varias quæ protulit artes,
Suppeditans vitæ decus et tutamen egenæ;
Nomina quæ imposuit rebus, vocemque ligavit
Literulis; aut quæ degentes more ferarum,
Dispersosque homines deduxit in oppida; quæve
Legibus edomuit, fœdusque coegit in unum;
Quænam isthæc nisi vis divinior, ætheriusque
Sensus, et afflatu cœlesti concita virtus?
Jam quorum undanti eloquium fluit amne, rapitque
Quò velit affectus, tonitruque et fulgura miscet;
Divitias trahit unde suas? Vigor igneus ille
Num mortale sonat? Quid censes carmina vatum?
Sive etenim flexu numerorum vique canora,
Oblectet varia dulcedine lapsus ad aures;
Seu, speciosa canens rerum miracula, fictis
Ludat imaginibus, peragretque per intima cordis;
Nil parvum spirat, nil non sublime Poeta.
Cunque super terris quæ fiunt, quæque tuemur
Omnia, curriculo volventia semper eodem,
Non explent animum, varia et magis ampla petentem;
Sanctus adest vates, per quem sublimior ordo[1],
Pulcrior et species, et mentis idonea votis
Exoritur, vitæ spes auguriumque futuræ.
Quid, qui cœlestes nôrunt describere motus;
Sidera, qua circa solem, qua lege cometæ
Immensum per inane rotentur, ut æthere vasto
Astra alia illustrent alios immota planetas;
Nonne hanc credideris mentem, quæ nunc quoque cœlum
Astraque pervolitat, delapsam cœlitus, illuc
Unde abiit remeare, suasque revisere sedes?
Qui tandèm hæc fierent nisi quædam in mente subesset
Vis sua, materiæ mixtura immunis ab omni?
Conscia porrò sibi est, vult, nonvult, odit, amatque,
Et timet, et sperat; gaudet, mœretque sua vi
Ipsa; ministerio neque corporis indiget ullo:
Viribus ipsa suis inter se comparat, et res
Sejungit rebus; vaga dissociataque veri
Membra minutatim legit, ac conjungit amicè.
Elicit hinc rerum causas, atque artibus artes
Hinc alias aliis super extruit ordine pulcro;
Et magis atque magis summa ad fastigia tendit
Unde omnis series causarum apparet, et omnis
Numinis à solio ad terram demissa catena.
Denique et in sese descendit, et aspicit intus
Rerum ideas, quo quæque modo nascantur; et unde
Cogitet, ac prope jam sua quæ sit fabrica novit.
Tantane corporea est virtus? An machina vires
Percipit ullâ suas, aut quid sibi præbeat escam?
Omne etenim corpus nihil est nisi machina, motu
Impulsa externo, non interiore suoque.
Vulgiigitur studiis noli altæ mentis acumen
Metiri; ast illos, etiam nunc laude recentes,
Contemplare viros tellus quos Attica, vel quos

Can matter these contain, dispose, apply?
Can in her cells such mighty treasures lie?
Or can her native force produce them to the eye?
Whence is this pow'r, this foundress of all arts,
Serving, adorning life, through all its parts,
Which names impos'd, by letters mark'd those
Adjusted properly by legal claims, [names,
From woods and wilds collected rude mankind,
And cities, laws, and governments design'd?
What can this be, but some bright ray from Heav'n,
Some emanation from Omniscience giv'n?
When now the rapid stream of eloquence
Bears all before it, passion, reason, sense,
Can its dread thunder, or its lightning's force
Derive their essence from a mortal source?
What think you of the bard's enchanting art,
Which, whether he attempts to warm the heart
With fabled scenes, or charm the ear with rhyme,
Breathes all pathetic, lovely, and sublime?
Whilst things on Earth roll round from age to age,
The same dull farce repeated on the stage;
The poet gives us a creation new,
More pleasing and more perfect than the true;
The mind, who always to perfection hastes,
Perfection, such as here she never tastes,
With gratitude accepts the kind deceit,
And thence foresees a system more complete.
Of those what think you, who the circling race
Of suns, and their revolving planets trace,
And comets journeying through unbounded space?
Say, can you doubt, but that th' all-searching soul,
That now can traverse Heav'n from pole to pole,
From thence descending visits but this Earth,
And shall once more regain the regions of her birth?
Could she thus act, unless some power unknown,
From matter quite distinct and all her own,
Supported and impell'd her? She approves
Self-conscious, and condemns; she hates, and loves,
Mourns, and rejoices, hopes, and is afraid,
Without the body's unrequested aid:
Her own internal strength her reason guides,
By this she now compares things, now divides,
Truth's scatter'd fragments piece by piece collects,
Rejoins, and thence her edifice erects;
Piles arts on arts, effects to causes ties,
And rears th' aspiring fabric to the skies:
From whence, as on a distant plain below,
She sees from causes consequences flow,
And the whole chain distinctly comprehends,
Which from th' Almighty's throne to Earth descends:
And lastly, turning inwardly her eyes,
Perceives how all her own ideas rise,
Contemplates what she is, and whence she came,
And almost comprehends her own amazing frame.
Can mere machines be with such pow'rs endu'd,
Or, conscious of those pow'rs, suppose they cou'd?
For body is but a machine alone
Mov'd by external force, and impulse not its own.
Rate not th' extension of the human mind
By the plebeian standard of mankind,
But by the size of those gigantic few,
Whom Greece and Rome still offer to our view;

[1] Si quis rem acutius introspiciat, firmum ex Poesi sumitur argumentum, magnitudinem rerum magis illustrem, ordinem magis perfectum, et varietatem magis pulchram animæ humanæ complacere, quam in natura ipsa, post lapsum reperire ullo modo possit. Quapropter, cum res gestæ, et eventus, qui veræ historiæ subjiciuntur, non sint ejus amplitudinis, in qua anima humana sibi satisfaciat, Præsto est Poesis quæ facta magis Heroica confingat.—Bacon de Augmentis Scientiarum, lib. ii.

Roma, nec alterutri cedens tulit Anglia, nutrix
Heroum, dum tempus erat, melioribus annis.
Quid tibi tot memorem divino pectore vates,
Totve repertores legum, fandive potentes?
Quid, per quos venit spectanda scientia; dudùm
Informi coopertа situ; lucemque perosa?
Ante alios verò Baconus, ut ætherius sol,
Effulgens, artes aditum patefecit ad omnes.
Hic à figmentis sophiam revocavit ineptis
Primus; quàque regit fida experientia gressus,
Securum per iter, Newtono scilicet idem
Designatque viam, et præcursor lampada tradit.
Illustres animæ! Si quid mortalia tangunt
Cœlicolas, si gentis adhuc cura ulla Britannæ;
Vos precor, antiquum vos instaurate vigorem;
Ut tandem excusso nitamur ad ardua somno,
Virtutis veræ memores, et laudis avitæ.
Nempe horum egregias reor haud sine numine dotes
Enasci potuisse; Deum quin tempore in omni
Conspersisse, velut stellas, hinc inde locorum
Splendidiora animi quasi quædam lumina; ut istis
Accensa exemplis se degener efferat ætas,
Agnoscatque sui quàm sit sublimis origo.
Præterea esse aliquid verè quod pertinet ad nos,
Morte obita, nemo secum non concipit; intus,
Monstratum est intus; testatur docta vetustas;
Publica vox clamat; neque gens tam barbara quæ non
Prospiciat trans fumus, et ulteriora requirat.
Hinc seritur, tardè crescens, et posthuma merces,
Quercus, natorum natis quæ prosit: et ingens
Pyramidum moles stat inexpugnabilis annis.
Hinc cura illa omnis vivendi extendere metas,
Nomine victuro; tanti est hinc fama superstes,
Ingenio ut quisquis præcellit, nulla recuset
Ille subire pericla, nec ullos ferre labores,
Si modo venturi speciem sibi vendicet ævi,
Gloriaque ad seros veniat mansura nepotes.
Nonne videmus uti convictus criminis, ipso
Limine sub mortis, culpam tamen abneget omnem;
Mendax, ut sibi constet honos atque integra fama?
Nempe animis hæc insevit natura futuri
Indicia obscurasque notas; hinc solicita est mens,
De se posteritas quid sentiat; at nihil ad nos
Postera vox, erimus si nil nisi pulvis et umbra;
Sera venit, cineres nec tangit fama quietos.
Quid porrò exequiæ voluere? Quid anxia cura
Defunctis super, et moles operosa sepulcri?
Pars etenim terræ mandant exsangue cadaver,
Et tumulo serta imponunt, et sacra quotannis
Persolvunt; tanquam poscant ea munera manes:
Extructa pars ritè pyra, cremat insuper artus,
Colligit et cineres, fidaque reponit in urna;
Ut sic relliquiæ durando sæcula vincant.
Quid memorem fluctu quos divite Nilus inundans
Irrigat? His patrius mos non exurere flamma,

Or Britain, well-deserving equal praise,
Parent of heroes too in better days.
Why should I try her num'rous sons to name
By verse, law, eloquence, consign'd to fame?
Or who have forc'd fair Science into sight
Long lost in darkness, and afraid of light?
O'er all superior, like the solar ray,
First Bacon usher'd in the dawning day,
And drove the mists of sophistry away;
Pervaded nature with amazing force,
Following experience still throughout his course,
And finishing at length his destin'd way,
To Newton he bequeath'd the radiant lamp of day.
Illustrious souls! if any tender cares
Affect angelic breasts for man's affairs,
If in your present happy heav'nly state,
You 're not regardless quite of Britain's fate,
Let this degenerate land again be bless'd
With that true vigour which she once possest;
Compel us to unfold our slumb'ring eyes,
And to our ancient dignity to rise.
Such wondrous pow'rs as these must sure begiv'n
For most important purposes by Heav'n;
Who bids these stars as bright examples shine,
Besprinkled thinly by the hand divine,
To form to virtue each degenerate time,
And point out to the soul its origin sublime.
That there 's a self which after death shall live,
All are concern'd about, and all believe;
That something 's ours, when we from life depart,
This all conceive, all feel it at the heart;
The wise of learn'd antiquity proclaim
This truth, the public voice declares the same;
No land so rude but looks beyond the tomb
For future prospects in a world to come.
Hence, without hopes to be in life repaid,
We plant slow oaks posterity to shade;
And hence vast pyramids, aspiring high,
Lift their proud heads aloft, and time defy.
Hence is our love of fame, a love so strong,
We think no dangers great, or labours long,
By which we hope our beings to extend,
And to remotest times in glory to descend.
For fame the wretch beneath the gallows lies,
Disowning ev'ry crime for which he dies;
Of life profuse, tenacious of a name,
Fearless of death, and yet afraid of shame.
Nature has wove into the human mind
This anxious care for names we leave behind,
T' extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,
And give an earnest of a life to come:
For if when dead we are but dust or clay,
Why think of what posterity shall say?
Her praise or censure cannot us concern,
Nor ever penetrate the silent urn.
What mean the nodding plumes, the fun'ral train,
And marble monument that speaks in vain,
With all those cares which ev'ry nation pays
To their unfeeling dead in different ways?
Some in the flower-strewn grave the corpse have laid,
And annual obsequies around it paid,
As if to please the poor departed shade;
Others on blazing piles the body burn,
And store their ashes in the faithful urn;
But all in one great principle agree,
To give a fancy'd immortality.
Why should I mention those, whose ouzy soil
Is render'd fertile by th' o'erflowing Nile,

Non inhumare solo; sed nudant corpora primùm
Visceribus, terguntque; dehinc vim thuris odoram
Et picis infundunt, lentoque bitumine complent:
His demùm exactis, vittarum tegmine multo
Constringunt, pars ut sibi quæque coliærcat aptè;
Picta superficiem decorat viventis imago.
Usque adeò ingenita est spes, et fiducia cuique
Consignata, fore ut membris jam morte solutis
Restet adhuc nostri melior pars; quam neque fati
Vis perimet, nec edax poterit delere vetustas.
Aspice quas Ganges interluit Indicus oras:
Illic gens hominum medios se mittit in ignes,
Impatiens vitæ; vel ad ipsa altaria divûm
Sponte animam reddit, percussa cupidine cæca
Migrandi, sedes ubi fata dedère quietas;
Ver ubi perpetuum, et soles sine nube sereni.
Nec minùs uxores famâ celebrantur Eoæ:
Non illæ lacrymis, non fœmineo ululatu
Fata virûm plorant; verùm (mirabile dictu!)
Conscenduntque rogum, flammaque vorantur eâdem.
Nimirùm credunt veterum sic posse maritûm
Ire ipsas comites, tædamque novare sub umbris.
Aspice quà Boreas æternaque frigora spirant,
Invictas bello gentes: par omnibus ardor;
Par lucis contemptus agit per tela, per ignes,
Indomita virtute feros: hoc concitat oestrum,
Hos versat stimulos, ecquid nisi dulcis imago
Promissæ in patriam meritis per sæcula vitæ?
Adde isthuc quæ de campis narrantur amœnis
Elysii, Stygioque lacu, Phlegethontis et unda.
Fraude sacerdotum sint hæc conficta; quid ad rem?
Non fraudi locus ullus enim nisi primitùs esset
Insita notities, licet imperfecta, futuri:
Substratum agnoscunt etenim ficta omnia verum.
At quia difficile est mentem sine corpore quid sit
Per se concipere, et crasso sejungere sensu,
Corporeas illi tribuit plebecula formas;
Dat similes vultus, dat membra simillima veris,
Et certis habitare locis dat corporis instar.
Unde alii, quibus hæc prava et delira videntur,
Nec constat quo meje animus post fata supersit,
Extingui omnino communi funere censent.
Vel quia discendi nequeunt perferre laborem;
Vel quia turpe putant quidvis nescire fateri.
Namque opus haud tenue est sincerum excernere ficto.
Discute segnitiem idcirco, neque respue verum,
Fabellas propter quas interspersit iniquus
Sive dolus, seu vana fuit petulantia vatûm.
Quid, nonne esse Deum consensus comprobat omnis,
Consensus, qui vox Naturæ ritè putatur?
At quàm falsa homines, indignaque numine fingunt!
Quippe humana deo tribuunt, numerumque deorum
Multiplicant, juxta ac spes erigit aut metus angit
Instabiles animos; quid enim? quæ profore credunt.
Hæc divos sibi præsentes, at numina læva
Quæ metuêre putant; valuitque insania tantùm,
Bestiolas ut deformes pro numine, et ipsum
Cæpe etiam et porrum, coleret lymphata vetustas.
Hæc igitur reputans sophiæ flux Atticus ille
Affore prædixit perfecto temporis orbe,
Attulit et nobis aliquando optantibus ætas
Auxilium adventumque Dei[3]; qui, solis ut ortus,

Their dead they bury not, nor burn with fires,
No graves they dig, erect no fun'ral pyres;
But washing first th' embowel'd body clean,
Gums, spice, and melted pitch they pour within;
Then with strong fillets bind it round and round,
To make each flaccid part compact and sound;
And lastly paint the varnish'd surface o'er
With the same features which in life it wore:
So strong their presage of a future state,
And that our nobler part survives the body's fate!
Nations behold, remote from reason's beams,
Where Indian Ganges rolls his sandy streams,
Of life impatient rush into the fire,
And willing victims to their gods expire!
Persuaded the loos'd soul to regions flies,
Bless'd with eternal spring and cloudless skies.
Nor is less fam'd the oriental wife
For stedfast virtue, and contempt of life:
These heroines mourn not with loud female cries
Their husbands lost, or with o'erflowing eyes;
But, strange to tell! their funeral piles ascend,
And in the same sad flames their sorrows end;
In hopes with them beneath the shades to rove,
And there renew their interrupted love.
In climes where Boreas breathes eternal cold,
See num'rous nations, warlike, fierce, and bold,
To battle all unanimously run,
Nor fire, nor sword, nor instant death they shun:
Whence this disdain of life in ev'ry breast,
But from a notion on their minds impress'd,
That all who for their country die are bless'd?
Add too to these the once-prevailing dreams
Of sweet Elysian groves, and Stygian streams:
All show with what consent mankind agree
In the firm hope of immortality.
Grant these th' inventions of the crafty priest,
Yet such inventions never could subsist,
Unless some glimm'rings of a future state
Were with the mind coeval and innate:
For ev'ry fiction, which can long persuade,
In truth must have its first foundations laid.
Because we are unable to conceive
How unembody'd souls can act and live,
The vulgar give them forms, and limbs, and face
And habitations in peculiar places;
Hence reas'ners more refin'd, but not more wise,
Struck with the glare of such absurdities,
Their whole existence fabulous suspect,
And truth and falsehood in a lump reject;
Too indolent to learn what may be known,
Or else too proud that ignorance to own.
For hard's the task the daubing to pervade
Folly and fraud on Truth's fair form have laid;
Yet let that task be ours; for great the prize:
Nor let us Truth's celestial charms despise,
Because that priests or poets may disguise.
That there 's a God from Nature's voice is clear
And yet what errours to this truth adhere!
How have the fears and follies of mankind
Now multiply'd their gods, and now subjoin'd
To each the frailties of the human mind!
Nay, superstition spread at length so wide,
Beasts, birds, and onions too were deify'd.
Th' Athenian sage, revolving in his mind
This weakness, blindness, madness of mankind,
Foretold that in maturer days, though late,
When time should ripen the decrees of fate,
Some God would light us, like the rising day,
Through errour's maze, and chase these clouds
away:

[3] Virg. Æn. viii. 200.

Discuteret tenebras animi, et per cæca viarum
Duceret, ipse regens certo vestig'a filo.
Interea multis licuit dignoscere signis
Natura monstrante, velut per nubila, verum.
Ergo age qua ducit nos conjectura sequamur,
Nec spernamus opem si quam Ratio ipsa ministrat.
Haud equidem inficior mentem cum corpore multis
Consentire modis; lex mutua fœderis illa est:
Ast eadem in multis dispar se disparis esse
Naturæ probat ac divina stirpe profectam.
Sæpe videmus uti solido stant robore vires
Corporeæ, cum mens obtusior; invalidoque
Corpore inest virtus persæpe acerrima mentis.
Quinetiam interitu si corporis intereat mens,
Consimili pacto par est ægrotet ut ægro
Corpore, quod fieri contrà quoque sæpe videmus.
Namque ubi torpescunt artus jam morte propinqua
Acrior est acies tum mentis, et ætheus ardor;
Tempore non alio facundia suavior, atque
Fatidicæ jam tum voces morientis ab ore.
Corporeis porrò si constat mens elementis,
Qui fit ut in somnis, cum clausa foramina sensûs,
Nec species externa manet quæ pabula menti
Sufficiat, magis illa vigens, tum denique veras
Expromat vires, tum se plaudentibus alis
Tollat, avi similis, cavea quæ fortè reclusa
Fertur ad alta volans, cœloque exultat aperto.
Jam si corporea est animi natura, necesse est
Partibus hæc eadem conflatæ sit infinitis;
Ergo et sensus erit cuique, et sua cuique Ebibo
Particulæ, totidemque animi in diversa trahentes.
Has inter turbas atque in certamine tanto
Dic, quo more queat vegum consistere et æquum;
Et vitæ tenor unus, et hæc sibi conscia virtus.
Materiæ sed fortè situ certaque figura
Vis animi consit;——tanquam quadrata rotundis
Plus saperent;——partes seu demis an addis, eòdem
Res redit, ac quali fuerint corpuscula forma,——
Tantundem ad mentem est, color ac siet albus an ater.
At quodam ex motu fit vis quæ cogitat omnis:
Quid non conficiat motus? Nempe ipsa voluntas,
Discursus, ratio, rerumque scientia constant
Vectibus ac trochleis; pueri, credo, actus habena
Concipit ingenium, sapit et sub verbere turbo:
Nec non lege pari, liquor ut calefactus aheno est,
Eloquii tumet atque exundat divite vena.
Unde autem exoritur motus? Mens scilicet una,
Mens, non corpus iners fons est et origo movendi:
Utque Deus mundum, sic molem corporis omnem,
Arbitrio nutuque suo, mens dirigit intus.
Desine quapropter mirari quomodo possit
Vivere mens omni detracto corpore, miror
Hoc potiùs qua vi poterit labefacta perire:
Utpote quæ nullis consistat partibus, ac non
Divelli queat externo violabilis ictu:
Tum porrò ipsa sui motrix est, non aliundè
Instincta; at quodcunque sua virtute movet se,
Vivet in æternum, quia se non deseret unquam.
Verùm haud conceptu facile est existere quidvis
Posse quidem, formam si dempseris et posituram.
Quidnam igitur censes de Numine? Nam neque formam
Mens (quà scire licet) recipit divina, nec ullo
Circumscripta loco est, nisi forte putaveris ipsum
Materiam esse Deum; sin vero Spiritus idem,
Integer et, purusque, et fœce remotus ab omni,

Long since has time fulfill'd this great decree,
And brought us aid from this divinity.
Well worth our search discoveries may be made
By Nature, void of this celestial aid:
Let 's try what her conjectures then can reach,
Nor scorn plain Reason, when she deigns to teach.
That mind and body often sympathize
Is plain; such is this union nature ties:
But then as often too they disagree,
Which proves the soul's superior progeny.
Sometimes the body in full strength we find,
Whilst various ails debilitate the mind;
At others, whilst the mind its force retains,
The body sinks with sickness and with pains:
Now did one common fate their beings end,
Alike they 'd sicken, and alike they 'd mend.
But sure experience, on the slightest view,
Shows us that the reverse of this is true;
For when the body oft expiring lies,
Its limbs quite senseless, and half clos'd its eyes,
The mind new force and eloquence acquires,
And with prophetic voice the dying lips inspires.
Of like materials were they both compos'd,
How comes it that the mind, when sleep has clos'd
Each avenue of sense, expatiates wide,
Her liberty restor'd, her bonds unty'd?
And like some bird who from its prison flies,
Claps her exulting wings, and mounts the skies.
Grant that corporeal is the human mind,
It must have parts *in infinitum* join'd;
And each of these must will, perceive, design,
And draw confus'dly in a different line;
Which then can claim dominion o'er the rest,
Or stamp the ruling passion in the breast?
Perhaps the mind is form'd by various arts
Of modelling and figuring these parts;
Just as if circles wiser were than squares;
But surely common sense aloud declares
That site and figure are as foreign quite
From mental pow'rs, as colours black or white.
Allow that motion is the cause of thought,
With what strange pow'rs must motion then be fraught?
Reason, sense, science, must derive their source
From the wheel's rapid whirl, or pully's force:
Tops whip'd by school-boys sages must commence,
Their hoops, like them, be cudgel'd into sense,
And boiling pots o'erflow with eloquence.
Whence can this very motion take its birth?
Not sure from matter, from dull clods of earth;
But from a living spirit lodg'd within,
Which governs all the bodily machine:
Just as th' Almighty Universal Soul
Informs, directs, and animates the whole.
Cease then to wonder how th' immortal mind
Can live, when from the body quite disjoin'd;
But rather wonder if she e'er could die,
So fram'd, so fashion'd for eternity;
Self-mov'd, not form'd of parts together ty'd,
Which time can dissipate, and force divide;
For beings of this make can never die,
Whose pow'rs within themselves and their own essence lie:
If to conceive how any thing can be
From shape extracted and locality
Is hard; what think you of the Deity?
His being not the least relation bears,
As far as to the human mind appears,
To shape, or size, similitude, or place,
Cloth'd in no form, and bounded by no space.

Corporis, humana pariter de mente putandum:
Ecquid enim per se pollet magis, aut magis haustus
Indicat ætherios, genus et divinitùs ortum?
Atque adeo dum corporei stant fœdera nexûs,
Exit sæpe foras tamen, effugioque parat se;
Ac veluti terrarum hospes, non incola, sursum
Fertur, et ad patrios gestit remeare penates.
I nunc, usuram vitæ mirare caducam;
Sedulus huc illuc, ut musca, nitentibus alis
Parvolita, rorem deliba, vescere et aura
Paulisper, mox in nihilum rediturus et exspes.
Hæccine vitai summa est? Sic irrita vota?
Hoc promissa cadunt? En quantò verius illa,
Illa est vita hominis, dabitur cum cernere verum,
Non, ut nunc facimus, sensim, longasque coacti
Ire per umbrages meditando, at protinùs uno
Intuitu, nebulaque omni jam rebus adempta.
At ne scire quidem poterit mens, forte reponas,
Sensibus extinctis; hoc fonte scientia manat;
Hoc alitur crescetque; hoc deficiente, peribit.
Quid verò infirmis cum sensibus arte ministra,
Suppeditet vires sua quas Natura negavit?
Arte oculis oculos mens addidit, auribus aures.
Hinc sese in vita supra sortemque situmque
Evehit humanum; nunc cœlo devocat astra,
Intima nunc terræ reserat penetralia victrix;
Quæque oculos fugiunt, tenuissima corpora promit
In lucem, panditque novi miracula mundi.
Quid porro errores sensûs cum corrigit, et eum
Formamque et molem mens intervallaque rerum
Judice se, contra sensûs suffragia cernit?
Nonne hæc sejunctam sensu vim signa fatentur,
Semen et ætherium? Quare hac compage soluta,
Credibile est animum, qui nunc præludia tentat,
Excursusque breves, tum demùm posse volatu
Liberiore frui, verumque excurrere in omne.
Si quæras qui fiat, adhuc neque noscere fas est,
Nec refert nostra; scisne istam matris in alvo
Vitam qualis erat? Num nôrit amœna colorum
A partu cæcus? Verùm inquis hic quoque sentit
Esse aliis, sibi quod nato ad meliora negatur.
Mens itidem nihil hic terrarum quicquid ubique est
Par votis videt esse suis; quin omnia sordent
Præ forma æterni, servat quam pectore, pulcri,
Ingenii cui sit vigor, et sublimia cordi.
Hoc ergo exoptat solum sibi, totus in hoc est:
Absens, absentis tabescit amore perenni;
Congressusque hominum vitans, ut verus amator,
Et nemora, et fontes petit, et secreta locorum;
Solus ubi secum possit meditarier, atque
Nunc Sophia, ingentes nunc carmine fallere curas.
Quocirca ille mihi felix vixisse videtur,
Qui postquam aspexit mundi solenne theatrum
Æquo animo, hunc solem, et terras, mare, nubila, et ignem;
Protinus unde abiit, satur ut conviva, remigrat.
Nempe hæc, seu centum vivendo conteris annos,
Seu paucos numeras, eadem redeuntia cernes;
Et nihil his melius, nihil his sublimius unquam:
Omne adeo in terris agitur quod tempus, habeto

Such then is God, a spirit pure refin'd
From all material dross, and such the human mind.
For in what part of essence can we see
More certain marks of immortality?
Ev'n from this dark confinement with delight
She looks abroad, and prunes herself for flight;
Like an unwilling inmate longs to roam
From this dull Earth, and seek her native home.
Go then forgetful of its toil and strife,
Pursue the joys of this fallacious life;
Like some poor fly, who lives but for a day,
Sip the fresh dews, and in the sunshine play,
And into nothing then dissolve away.
Are these our great pursuits, is this to live?
These all the hopes this much-lov'd world can give?
How much more worthy envy is their fate,
Who search for truth in a superior state?
Not groping step by step, as we pursue,
And following reason's much entangled clue,
But with one great and instantaneous view.
But how can sense remain, perhaps you 'll say,
Corporeal organs if we take away?
Since it from them proceeds, and with them must decay.
Why not? or why may not the soul receive
New organs, since ev'n art can these retrieve?
The silver trumpet aids th' obstructed ear,
And optic glasses the dim eye can clear;
These in mankind new faculties create,
And lift him far above his native state;
Call down revolving planets from the sky,
Earth's secret treasures open to his eye,
The whole minute creation make his own,
With all the wonders of a world unknown.
How could the mind, did she alone depend
On sense, the errours of those senses mend?
Yet oft, we see, those senses she corrects,
And oft their information quite rejects.
In distances of things, their shapes, and size,
Our reason judges better than our eyes.
Declares not this the soul's pre-eminence
Superior to, and quite distinct from sense!
For sure 't is likely, that, since now so high,
Clog'd and unfledg'd she dares her wings to try,
Loos'd and mature she shall her strength display,
And soar at length to truth's refulgent ray.
Inquire you how these pow'rs we shall attain,
'T is not for us to know; our search is vain:
Can any now remember or relate
How he existed in the embryo state?
Or one from birth, insensible of day,
Conceive ideas of the solar ray?
That light 's deny'd to him which others see,
He knows, perhaps you 'll say,—and so do we.
The mind contemplative finds nothing here
On Earth that 's worthy of a wish or fear:
He, whose sublime pursuit is God and truth,
Burns, like some absent and impatient youth,
To join the object of his warm desires,
Thence to sequester'd shades and streams retires,
And there delights his passion to rehearse
In wisdom's sacred voice, or in harmonious verse.
To me most happy therefore he appears,
Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,
Survey'd this Sun, earth, ocean, clouds, and flame,
Well-satisfy'd, returns from whence he came.
Is life an hundred years, or e'er so few,
'T is repetition all, and nothing new:
A fair, where thousands meet, but none can stay,
An inn, where travellers bait, then post away;

Ut commune forum; peregre vel euntibus amplam
Hospitium, temere fluitans ubi vita moratur,
Mille inter nugas jactata, negotia mille.
Qui prior abscedit, portum prior occupat; Eja!
Totos pande sinus, ne fortè viatica desint.
Quid cessas? subeunt morbique et acerba tuorum
Funera, et insidiis circùm undique septa senectus.
Quò feror? Haud etenim injussu decedere fas est
Illius, hac vitæ qui nos statione locavit,
Spemque metumque inter, ducis ut vexilla sequamur
Quicquid erit, Deus ipse jubet ferre; ergò ferendum [4].
Sin mihi persuasum fixumque in mente maneret
Nil superesse rogo, vellem migrare repentè
Hinc; et abire omnes ubi, seriùs, ociùs, acto
Dramate, in æterna sopiti nocte quiescent.
Immo Deus mihi si dederit renovare juventam,
Utve iterum in cunis possim vagire; recusem.
Non si contingant vitam quæcunque beâvint;
Ingenii vis, eloquium, prudentia, mores,
Invidiâ sine partus honos, longo ordine nati,
Clari omnes, patria pariter virtute, suâque;
Non tantâ mercede isthac, dignarer eandem
Ire viam toties, et eodem volvier orbe:
Splendidiora quidem mens expetit; illius altis
Par votis nil est mutabile, nil periturum.

LIBER SECUNDUS.

Ergo aliis Deus in rebus quascunque creavit
Argumenta animi dedit haud obscura benigni;
Omnibus, excipias modò nos, licet esse beatis.
Nos, opus in terris princeps, nos mentis imago
Divinæ, pœnis nos exercemur iniquis.
Haud ita;—longè absint isti de numine questus.
Attamen humanam mecum circumspice vitam;
Agnosces, quanta urgeat undique turba malorum,
Non hunc, aut illum, fert ut Fortuna; sed omne
Pæne catervatim genus, ac discrimine nullo.
Millia quot belli rabies, quot sæva tyrannis
Corpora dat morti, duris oneratve catenis;
Inque dies, varias cruciandi excogitat artes!
Quid, quos dira fames, ad vicinum ubi cuncta supersunt,
Absumit miseros, aut quos vis effera morbi
Corripit, aut lento paulatim angore peredit
Insontes? neque enim dignabor dicere, vulgò
Quot Venus aut Vinum pessumdedit ac sua culpa.
Quid prosit virtus? sanctorum ubi præmia morum?
Virtuti tribuo quantum licet; ut male vitæ,

[4] With what original sublimity of thought and language was this argument enforced by Mr. Mason, in his Elfrida, before this poem was published! Athelweld, on his marriage with Elfrida being discovered to king Edgar, in the agony of distress intimates the dreadful purpose of suicide, from which the chorus dissuades him in the following most beautiful lines:

.....Forbear, forbear!
Think what a sea of deep perdition whelms
The wretch's trembling soul, who lanches forth
A sea, where man perpetually is tost,
Now plung'd in business, now in trifles lost:
Who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain;
Hold then! no further lanch into the main:
Contract your sails; life nothing can bestow
By long continuance, but continu'd woe:
The wretched privilege daily to depiore
The fun'rals of your friends, who go before:
Diseases, pains, anxieties, and cares,
And age surrounded with a thousand snares.
But whither, hurry'd by a gen'rous scorn
Of this vain world, ah! whither am I borne?
Let 's not unbid th' Almighty's standard quit,
Howe'er severe our post, we must submit.
Could I a firm persuasion once attain
That after death no being would remain;
To those dark shades I 'd willingly descend,
Where all must sleep, this drama at an end:
Nor life accept although renew'd by Fate
Ev'n from its earliest and its happiest state.
Might I from Fortune's bounteous hand receive
Each boon, each blessing in her pow'r to give,
Genius and science, morals and good sense,
Unenvy'd honours, wit, and eloquence,
A num'rous offspring to the world well known
Both for paternal virtues and their own:
Ev'n at this mighty price I 'd not be bound
To tread the same dull circle round and round;
The soul requires enjoyments more sublime,
By space unbounded, undestroy'd by time.

BOOK II.

God then through all creation gives, we find,
Sufficient marks of an indulgent mind,
Excepting in ourselves; ourselves of all
His works the chief on this terrestrial ball,
His own bright image, who alone unbless'd
Feel ills perpetual, happy all the rest.
But hold, presumptuous! charge not Heav'n's decree
With such injustice, such partiality.
Yet true it is, survey we life around,
Whole hosts of ills on ev'ry side are found;
Who wound not here and there by chance a foe,
But at the species meditate the blow:
What millions perish by each other's hands
In war's fierce rage? or by the dread commands
Of tyrants languish out their lives in chains,
Or lose them in variety of pains?
What numbers pinch'd by want and hunger die,
In spite of nature's liberality?
(These, still more num'rous, I to name disdain,
By lewdness and intemperance justly slain,)
What numbers guiltless of their own disease [grees?
Are snatch'd by sudden death, or waste by slow de-
Where then is virtue's well deserv'd reward?—
Let 's pay to virtue ev'ry due regard;

Unlicens'd to eternity. Think, think,
And let the thought restrain thy impious hand.
The race of man is one vast marshall'd army,
Summon'd to pass the spacious realms of time;
Their leader the Almighty. In that march,
Ah! who may quit his post? when high in air
The chos'n archangel rides, whose right hand wields
Th' imperial standard of Heav'n's providence,
Which deadly, sweeping through the vaulted sky,
O'ershadows all creation. E.

Quæ prohibere nequit, doceat lenire ferendo;
Spe recreet meliore; hominem sibi concilietque;
Irarum et tumidos et amorum temperet æstus:
Verùm adèo non tutela est, certusque satelles
Contra omnes casus, sæpe ut (si dicere fas est)
Sæpe etiam et virtus in aperta pericula mittat.
Expedit esse malis, dominum qui ferre superbum
Coguntur: probitatem omnes odère tyranni.
Quàm multi bene promeriti de civibus, horum
Quos conservârunt cæco perière furore!
Jam verò ingenio si quis valet, omnis in illum
Invida conjurat plebecula; dente parati
Rodere vipereo, famæque aspergere virus.
Fac porro ut meritis obstantem dissipet umbram;
Muneraque emergens vix demùm publica tractet:
Sudandum ingrata est hominum pro gente, ferendum
Probrorum genus omne, adeunda pericula, vel quæ
Seditio attulerit vulgi, ambitiove potentûm.
Audiat hæc, sibi qui nomen, qui poscit honores;
Demens; nec novit se quanta incommoda cingant.
Vivitur an meliùs privatim? Non minus isthic,
Cernis ut ira, libido, scelus dominentur ubique;
Fraus et amicitiam simulans; livorque malignus;
Jurgiaque insidiæque, et iniquæ ratia legis.
Attamen est, vitæ lenimen, amabilis uxor;
Lætus agis secura domesticus otia; dulces
Arident circùm, properant et ad oscula nati;
Mox obrepentis decus et tutela senectæ.
Hic est aut nusquam quod quærimus; esto, sed isthæc
Nullæne interea corrumpant gaudia curæ?
Quid mala commemorem, si quando, ut sæpius, ambos
Discolor ingenium studia in contraria ducat?
Adde quod in trutina mores expendere justa
Haud facile, ante meunt quam fœdus uterque jugale:
Nec si pœniteat, fas est abrumpere vinclum;
Sors at dura manet; conjecta est alea vitæ.
Præterea natos ecquis præstabit honesto
Ingenio imbutos, pulerique bonique tenaces;
Sin hac parte tuis respondent omnia votis;
Heu! minimè cum reris, in ipso flore juventæ,
Mors inopina domûs spem protinùs abripit omnem.
Ac non hæc Virtus mala parturit: immo fatemur,
Munia si peragat sua quisque fidelitur, esset
Nil potius virtute; redirent aurea jam tum
Sæcula; verùm ævo non vivere contigit aureo.
His animadversis, quidam primordia mundi
Bina, Deos fingunt binos; quorum alter iniquo
Præditus ingenio, scelus omne immittit in orbem;
Alter opem præsens affert, medicina malorum.
Hinc varius vitæ color, hinc pravique bonique
Mista seges, roseisque latens malus anguis in hortis.
Siccine res ergo est confecta? Sed illa potestas,
Quæsierim, par sit, quam Dis adscribis, an impar:
Si par illa quidem, ruerunt aut cuncta repente
In chaos antiquum, nihil aut potuisset oriri;
Quippe bonum res est semper contraria pravo:
Sin impar, mora nulla foret quin cederet alter
Alterius vi debellatus, et omnia deinceps
Deleret victor priscæ vestigia litis.
Aufer abhinc igitur stulta hæc commenta Magorum,
Et quæ cœnosus fert monstra biformia Nilus.
Stoicus an meliùs? Nempe hic non esse bonorum
In numero censet, nos quæ miramur ineptè:
Divitias, famam, quodcunque accesserit extra,
Pro nihilo sapiens habet; aut hæc possidet unus;
Possidet, ignotus licet ac pauperrimus; Euge!

That she enables man, let us confess,
To bear those evils, which she can 't redress,
Gives hope, and conscious peace, and can assuage
Th' impetuous tempests both of lust and rage;
Yet she 's a guard so far from being sure,
That oft her friends peculiar ills endure:
Where vice prevails severest is their fate,
Tyrants pursue them with a three-fold hate;
How many struggling in their country's cause,
And from their country meriting applause,
Have fall'n by wretches fond to be enslav'd,
And per'sh'd by the hands themselves had sav'd?
Soon as superior worth appears in view,
See knaves and fools united to pursue!
The man so form'd they all conspire to blame,
And Envy's pois'nous tooth attacks his fame;
Should he at length, so truly good and great,
Prevail, and rule with honest views the state,
Then must he toil for an ungrateful race,
Submit to clamour, libels, and disgrace,
Threaten'd, oppos'd, defeated in his ends,
By foes seditious, and aspiring friends.
Hear this, and tremble! all who would be great,
Yet know not what attends that dang'rous wretched state.
Is private life from all these evils free? [state.
Vice of all kinds, rage, envy there we see,
Deceit, that Friendship's mask insidious wears,
Quarrels, and feuds, and laws entangling snares.
But there are pleasures still in human life,
Domestic ease, a tender loving wife,
Children, whose dawning smiles your heart engage,
The grace and comfort of soft-stealing age.
If happiness exists, 't is surely here,
But are these joys exempt from care and fear?
Need I the miseries of that state declare,
When diff'rent passions draw the wedded pair?
Or say how hard those passions to discern,
Ere the die 's cast, and 't is too late to learn?
Who can insure, that what is right, and good,
These children shall pursue? or if they should,
Death comes when least you fear so black a day,
And all your blooming hopes are snatch'd away.
We say not, that these ills from Virtue flow;
Did her wise precepts rule the world, we know
The golden ages would again begin;
But 't is our lot in this to suffer, and to sin.
Observing this, some sages have decreed
That all things from two causes must proceed;
Two principles with equal pow'r endu'd,
This wholly evil, that supremely good.
From this arise the miseries we endure,
Whilst that administers a friendly cure;
Hence life is chequer'd still with bliss and woe,
Hence tares with golden crops promiscuous grow,
And pois'nous serpents make their dead repose
Beneath the covert of the fragrant rose.
Can such a system satisfy the mind?
Are both these gods in equal pow'r conjoin'd,
Or one superior? Equal if you say,
Chaos returns, since neither will obey;
Is one superior? good or ill must reign,
Eternal joy, or everlasting pain.
Whiche'er is conquer'd must entirely yield,
And the victorious god enjoy the field:
Hence with these fictions of the *Magi*'s brain!
Hence ouzy *Nile*, with all her monstrous train!
Or comes the Stoic nearer to the right?
He holds, that whatsoever yields delight,
Wealth, fame, externals all, are useless things;
Himself half starving happier far than kings.

Quàm pulcrum sapere est! simili ratione dolorem
Haud putat esse malum, sibi consentaneus idem.
Comburas igni; tradas ferrove secandum:
In cruce sufligas; nunquam extorquebis, ut isthæc
Esse mala agnoscat: Quidnam ergo? Incommoda dicit.
Quid tibi visa valetudo? Quid gratia formæ,
Stoice? Quid validæ vires? Sunt hæc bona, necne?
Non optanda quidem sunt, at sumenda; Sophistam
Quis ferat hunc, verbis non re diversa docentem?
Quid multa? Externis sine rebus posse beatè
Vivere te speres, si nil nisi spiritus esses:
Interea quinam sis Stoice, nosse memento;
Natus homo es, qui mente itidemque ex corpore constat.
Sin verò, acciderint quæcunque extrinsecus, isthæc
Dat Fortuna adimitque; benigna, maligna vicissim
Nunc mihi nunc alii; neque sunt quæ nostra vocemus;
Quid sapiente illo fiet, qui non minus ac nos
Momento dubiæ fluitat mutabilis horæ?
Vim porro hanc animi, pendent unde omnia quæ Tu
Exoptanda putas, quàm sæpe retundere morbus,
Sæpe solet delere, ut vix vestigia restent!
Ille etiam qui consiliis, ille alter et armis
Rem qui restituit, cum spes haud ulla, Britannam,
Testantur quantùm virtus, sapientia quantùm
Possit, et ingenii quàm sit flos ipse caducum.
Tum porro ille recens; quem postera vidimus ætas,
Scribendi omne tulit qui punctum, sive facetas
Mimi ageret partes, seu rhetoris atque poetæ;
Eheu! Quantus erat! Nec longum tempus, et idem
Defuncta spirans jam mente, suique superstes:
Usque adeo externis nihil inviolabile telis.
Condonanda tamen sententia, Stoice, vestra est:
Nam si post obitum neque præmia sint neque pœnæ,
Heu! quò perventum est! Heu quid jam denique restat!
Scilicet humanas gerit aut res Numen iniquè,
Aut nil curat, iners; aut, si bene temperat orbem,
Nemo bonus miser est, nemo improbus esse beatus
In vita possit, gens ut sibi Stoica fingit.
O cæcas hominum mentes! confinia veri
Qui simul attigerint, hærent; finemque sub ipsum,
Attonitis similes, opera imperfecta relinquunt.
Justitiamne Dei te, Stoice, posse fateri,
Cernere nec quid ritè velit? Quin strenuus audes
Pergere ad æternam, ducit quà semita, vitam?
"Quicquid id est, celat nox, circumfusa tenebris."
Non isthoc, tua te potius fiducia cæcat;
Hinc nox, hinc illæ tenebræ; quia nempe triumphas,
Nondum propositi victor: quia ponere totum
Nescius; in spatii medio consistis; ut omnes
Sive magi Persæ, seu Græcula turba Sophorum.
En quantis unus portentis pullulat error!
Accipe rem quò nunc deducam. Quisque fatemur
Esse Deum; Jam si sapiens, justusque sit Author,
Hunc Mundi ornatum qui protulit atque gubernat,
Quodcunque est fit ritè; canit prout ille poeta;
Nec patitur jus fasve, bonis ut sit male semper,
Improbitas aut semper ovans incedat; at isthuc
Res redit, omnilo si morte extinguimur omnes.
Quodcunque est fit ritè, velis si cernere summam;
Contra, si nostri nihil ultra funera vivit.
Vir bonus et sapiens vitam connectet utramque.
At sunt, hærentes verborum in cortice nudo,

'T is fine indeed to be so wondrous wise!
By the same reasoning too he pain denies;
Roast him, or flea him, break him on the wheel,
Retract he will not, though he can 't but feel:
Pain's not an ill, he utters with a groan;
What then? an inconvenience 't is, he 'll own:
What vigour, health, and beauty? are these good?
No: they may be accepted, not pursu'd:
Absurd to squabble thus about a name,
Quibbling with diff'rent words that mean the same.
Stoic, were you not fram'd of flesh and blood,
You might be bless'd without external good;
But know, be self-sufficient as you can,
You are not spirit quite, but frail, and mortal man.
But since these sages, so absurdly wise,
Vainly pretend enjoyments to despise,
Because externals, and in Fortune's pow'r,
Now mine, now thine, the blessings of an hour;
Why value then, that strength of mind, they boast,
As often varying, and as quickly lost?
A head-ach hurts it, or a rainy day,
And a slow fever wipes it quite away.
See one[5] whose councils, one[6] whose conq'ring hand
Once sav'd Britannia's almost sinking land:
Examples of the mind's extensive pow'r,
Examples too how quickly fades that flow'r.
Him let me add, whom late we saw excel
In each politer kind of writing well[7];
Whether he strove our follies to expose
In easy verse, or droll and hum'rous prose;
Few years, alas! compel his throne to quit
This mighty monarch o'er the realms of wit,
See self-surviving he 's an idiot grown!
A melancholy proof our parts are not our own.
Thy tenets, Stoic, yet we may forgive,
If in a future state we cease to live.
For here the virtuous suffer much, 't is plain;
If pain is evil, this must God arraign;
And on this principle confess we must,
Pain can no evil be, or God must be unjust.
Blind man! whose reason such strait bounds confine,
That ere it touches truth's extremest line,
It stops amaz'd, and quits the great design.
Own you not, Stoic, God is just and true?
Dare to proceed; secure this path pursue:
'T will soon conduct you far beyond the tomb,
To future justice, and a life to come.
"This path," you say, "is hid in endless night,"
'T is self-conceit alone obstructs your sight;
You stop ere half your destin'd course is run,
And triumph when the conquest is not won;
By this the Sophists were of old misled: [bred!
See what a monstrous race from one mistake is
Hear then my argument:—confess we must,
A God there is, supremely wise and just:
If so, however things affect our sight,
As sings our bard, *whatever is, is right.*
But is it right, what here so oft appears,
That vice should triumph, virtue sink in tears?
The inference then, that closes this debate,
Is, that there must exist a future state.
The wise extending their inquiries wide
See how both states are by connection ty'd;

[5] Lord Somers.
[6] Duke of Marlborough.
[7] Dean Swift.

Singula qui, non rerum ingens systema tuentur,
Atque hodierna omnem cognut in tempora scenam.
Advolat huc furum turba omnis, et omnis adulter;
Hanc sibi perfugio petit et sicarius aram.
Scilicet ipse rato statuit Deus ordine leges,
Quas temerare potest nemo; probus improbus an sit
Quid refert? nihil hic rescindere homuncio possit,
Nil mutare; suum servant res usque tenorem.
Dic mihi quas leges narras, quive iste sit ordo?
Altera uamque homini est, animalibus altera brutis;
Altera lex rerum massæ rationis egenti.
Est sua materiæ gravitas; hinc, non propria vi
Attrahit, attrahitur; varios hinc incita motus
Conficit, hinc stat compages et machina mundi.
Quid dicam quibus est vitæ spirabile donum,
Alituum genus an pecudes; an sæva ferarum
Semina; fœcundo vel quæ fovet ubere pontus?
Non horum quivis temerè et sine lege vagatur;
Quin, sive afflatu divinæ contigit auræ,
Seu rationis habent quantum desiderat usus,
His aliqua prodire tenus datur; En sibi solers
Quisque parat victum; sua tractat gnaviter arma;
Atque edit fœtus, atque esca nutrit amica
Quos peperit, prodest teneris dum cura parentum.
Hic labor, hæc vitæ est omnis dulcedo; nec ultra
Aut cupit aut metuit, satis hoc in munere felix.
Latior ast homini campus patet; Ille, sagaci
Ingenio, Artificis dignoscit signa supremi,
Immensum per opus, tot miris fertile, mundum.
Talibus indiciis, verum dominumque patremque
Ille in vota vocat; pulcrique imbutus amore
Exemplar sibi divinum proponit, ut inde
Possit et ipse suos imitando effingere mores.
Pulcrius atque nihil, nihil ut divinius est quàm
Prospiciens aliis bonitas, diffusaque latè;
Ille aliena, sibi putat haud aliena; nec axem
Vertitur usque suum circa, sibi providus uni;
At patriam, at genus omne hominum, genus omne animantûm,
Ingenti, se diffundens, complectitur orbe.
Hæc stabilivit item Natura perennia vitæ
Jura, hominum per sese inopem cum finxit; ut alter
Alterius deposcat opem, et sua quisque vicissim
Consilia in medium promat, sermone ministro.
Confer cum reliquis etenim viventibus; Ecquid
Est hominis forma magis ad tutamen inerme?
Quanta sed huic virtus et inexpugnabile robur;
Si communis amor, gravitas velut, alligat uno
Fœdere, consociatque inter se dissita membra?
Lex igitur, lex hæc animis insculpta, benigno
Hæc nutu sancita Dei est; hanc comprobat ipsa
Utilitas; huc quemque trahit nativa voluptas
Quorsum abeunt tamen ista? Videsne effræna libido,
Vel mala consuetudo, vel ipsa inscitia quantas
Dent latè strages, hominum pars quantula felix!
Contemplator enim, quà sol oriturve, cadítve;
Aut loca quæ Boreas, aut quæ tenet ultimus Auster;
Perpetuove jacet tellus ubi torrida ab igni:
Quanta ibi panperies et inertia! quanta ferinis
Offusa est animis caligo, insanus et error!
Vix hominis, præter formam, vestigia cernas.
Quid nos, uberiora Deus quibus ipse salutis
Lumina dat, ducitque manu, sanctissima custos,
Religio; ducit, non vi trahit imperiosa?
Ecce renitentes jubar immortale diemque
Odimus oblatam, commentaque vana tenemus;

Fools view but part, and not the whole survey,
So crowd existence all into a day.
Hence are they led to hope, but hope in vain,
That Justice never will resume her reign;
On this vain hope adulterers, thieves rely,
And to this altar vile assassins fly.
" But rules not God by general laws divine:
Man's vice or virtue change not the design:"
What laws are these? instruct us if you can:——
There 's one design'd for brutes, and one for man:
Another guides inactive matter's course,
Attracting, and attracted by its force:
Hence mutual gravity subsists between
Far distant worlds, and ties the vast machine.
The laws of life, why need I call to mind,
Obey'd by birds, and beasts of every kind?
By all the sandy desert's savage brood,
And all the num'rous offspring of the flood;
Of these none uncontrol'd and lawless rove,
But to some destin'd end spontaneous move:
Led by that instinct Heav'n itself inspires,
Or so much reason as their state requires;
See all with skill acquire their daily food,
All use those arms which nature has bestow'd;
Produce their tender progeny, and feed
With care parental, whilst that care they need;
In these lov'd offices completely bless'd,
No hopes beyond them, nor vain fears molest.
Man o'er a wider field extends his views;
God through the wonders of his works pursues,
Exploring thence his attributes and laws,
Adores, loves, imitates th' Eternal cause;
For sure in nothing we approach so nigh
The great example of divinity,
As in benevolence: the patriot's soul
Knows not self-center'd for itself to roll,
But warms, enlightens, animates the whole:
Its mighty orb embraces first his friends,
His country next, then man; nor here it ends,
But to the meanest animal descends.
Wise Nature has this social law confirm'd
By forming man so helpless and unarm'd;
His want of others' aid, and pow'r of speech
T' implore that aid, this lesson daily teach:
Mankind with other animals compare,
Single, how weak and impotent they are!
But view them in their complicated state,
Their pow'rs how wondrous, and their strength how great,
When social virtue individuals joins,
And in one solid mass, like gravity combines!
This then 's the first great law by Nature giv'n,
Stamp'd on our souls, and ratify'd by Heav'n;
All from utility this law approve,
As ev'ry private bliss must spring from social love.
Why deviate then so many from this law?
See passions, custom, vice, and folly draw!
Survey the rolling globe from east to west,
How few, alas! how very few are bless'd?
Beneath the frozen poles, and burning line,
What poverty and indolence combine
To cloud with errour's mists the human mind!
No trace of man but in the form we find.
And are we free from errour and distress,
Whom Heav'n with clearer light has pleas'd to bless?
Whom true religion leads? (for she but leads
By soft persuasion, not by force proceeds;)
Behold how we avoid this radiant sun,
This proffer'd guide how obstinately shun,
And after sophistry's vain systems run!

Vana Sophistarum glossemata, lucè relicta.
His pro quisquiliis heu! digladiamur, ut aris,
Implacabiliter: quot cædes inde, eruorque
Fraternus! Pietas quot parturit impia facta!
Usque adeo morum vitiosa licentia miscet
Fas omne atque nefas, grassata impunè per orbem.
Illa gigantea est vis, quæ rescindere cœlum
Conatur, montesque imponere montibus audet.
Aspicit hæc, Deus an nequiequam fulmina librat?
Pectora an humani nihil immortalia tangit?
Aspicit; improperata licèt, sua quemque sequentur
Præmia pro meritis; neque pœna incerta morando est.
Haud equidem humanis dubito quin nunc quoque rebus
Ipse interveniat Deus, et ne funditus omnis
Intereat sensus divini Vindicis, edat
Per gentes exempla modis insignia miris.
Parciùs ista tamen; non, ut temeraria fingit
Usque Superstitio, torquet quæ Numinis iram
In quoscunque velit, suaque eripit arma Tonanti.
Nec sum animi ignarus quid mens sibi conscia possit,
Ut neque sit virtus jam nunc mercede sine ulla,
Nec nullas dum vita manet des, improbe, pœnas;
Quanquam homines fallas haud te tamen effugis ipse:
Te Diræ ultrices agitant, te Cura remordet
Sæva comes, memorique habitat sub pectore vindex.
Quid tibi sæpe graves cum morbi, debita luxûs
Dona, pthises lentæque tormenta et acuta podagræ,
Atque tumens hydrops, spasmusque, urensque marasmus
Incubuêre, cohors funesta? hinc degitur ævi
Portio si qua manet crudeli exesa dolore;
Et quorum ill vita posita est spes unica, tædet
Vivendi, mortemque simul cupiuntque timentque.
Sin horum ad seros aliquis pervenerit annos,
Non habet unde isthoc compenset; nam neque dulcis
Carpit amicitæ fructus, neque laude bonorum
Pascitur, atque sua, quoties anteacta revolvit;
At socii jam tum luxûs fugêre prioris,
Vilis adulator vacuas quoque deserit ædes;
Atque illum, si quando oculos converterit intus,
Terret imago sui, sese et dum respicit horret.
Ille etiam cum Mors adstat, telumque coruscat
Jam jamque intentans ictum, quas non adit artes
Anxius, ut miserum medica vi proroget ævum
Paulisper, mille et per curas vita trahatur?
Quòd si vita referta malis, nostrique superstes
Post mortem nihil est, cur ultima territat hora?
Sic est, hæret adhuc quam spernere velle videtur,
Nescio quæ sortis cura importuna futuræ.
At contra quibus innocua et sine crimine vita est,
Quique alios norûnt sibi devincire merendo,
Aut qui præclaris ditârunt sæcla repertis,——
Illis nectareo manans de fonte serenat
Conscia laus animum, tranquillaque temperat ora.
Non metus abrumpit somnos, non invida cura;
Non Venus aut Bacchus vires minuêre, neque illos
Res aut adversæ frangunt inflantve secundæ:
Cui spes ulterior, casus munitur ad omnes.——
Ergo senectutem labentes leniter anni
Cum sensim attulerint, mortem ista mente propinquam
Aspicit, ut longis qui tempestatibus actus
Portum in conspectu tenet, effugiumque malorum.
Scilicet hunc unum mortis vicinia terret,
Qui sibi præmetuit si quid post funera restet;
Non hunc qui rectè vitam santèque peregit.
Hic, sese excutiens sibi plaudit, et aureus ut sol
Usque sub occasum diffuso lumine ridet:
Hic, matura dies cum mortis venerit, ævum
Suspicit immortale, hic spe meliore triumphans

For these as for essentials we engage
In wars and massacres with holy rage;
Brothers by brothers' impious hands are slain,
Mistaken zeal, how savage is thy reign!
Unpunish'd vices here so much abound,
All right and wrong, all order they confound;
These are the giants who the gods defy,
And mountains heap on mountains to the sky;
Sees this th' Almighty Judge, or seeing spares,
And deems the crimes of man beneath his cares?
He sees; and will at last rewards bestow,
And punishments, not less assur'd for being slow.
Nor doubt I, though this state confus'd appears,
That ev'n in this God sometimes interferes;
Sometimes, lest man should quite his pow'r disown,
He makes that pow'r to trembling nations known:
But rarely this; not for each vulgar end,
As Superstition's idle tales pretend,
Who thinks all foes to God who are her own,
Directs his thunder, and usurps his throne.
Nor know I not how much a conscious mind
Avails to punish, or reward mankind;
Ev'n in this life thou, impious wretch, must feel
The fury's scourges, and th' infernal wheel;
From man's tribunal, though thou hop'st to run,
Thyself thou can'st not, nor thy conscience shun:
What must thou suffer when each dire disease,
The progeny of vice, thy fabric seize?
Consumption, fever, and the racking pain
Of spasms, and gout and stone, a frightful train!
When life new tortures can alone supply,
Life thy sole hope thou 'lt hate, yet dread to die.
Should such a wretch to num'rous years arrive,
It can be little worth his while to live:
No honours, no regards his age attend,
Companions fly; he ne'er could have a friend:
His flatterers leave him, and with wild affright
He looks within, and shudders at the sight:
When threat'ning Death uplifts his pointed dart,
With what impatience he applies his art,
Life to prolong amidst disease and pains!
Why this, if after it no sense remains?
Why should he choose these miseries to endure,
If Death could grant an everlasting cure?
'T is plain there 's something whispers in his ear,
(Though fain he 'd hide it) he has much to fear.
See the reverse, how happy those we find,
Who know by merit to engage mankind?
Prais'd by each tongue, by ev'ry heart belov'd,
For virtues practis'd, and for arts improv'd:
Their easy aspects shine with smiles serene,
And all is peace and happiness within:
Their sleep is ne'er disturb'd by fears or strife,
Nor lust, nor wine, impair the springs of life.
Him fortune cannot sink, nor much elate,
Whose views extend beyond this mortal state;
By age when summon'd to resign his breath,
Calm, and serene, he sees approaching death,
As the safe port, the peaceful silent shore,
Where he may rest, life's tedious voyage o'er;
He, and he only, is of death afraid,
Whom his own conscience has a coward made;
Whilst he, who virtue's radiant course has run,
Descends like a serenely setting Sun,
His thoughts triumphant Heav'n alone employs,
And hope anticipates his future joys.
So good, so bless'd, th' illustrious *Hough*[1] we find,
Whose image dwells with pleasure on my mind;

[1] Bishop of Worcester.

Cœlicolûm jam nunc prælibat guadia votis.
Talis erat grata semper quem mente recordor,
Ille, decus mitræ, libertatisque satelles,
Dum tanti tempus propugnatoris egebat
Houghius; hic, numeros prope centenarius omnes
Cum vitæ explêrat; florenti plenus honore,
Sensibus integris, sine morbo, expersque doloris,
Vivendique satur, sic vita exibat, ut actor
E scena egregius toto plaudente theatro;
Aut qui post stadium suuma cum laude peractum
Victor Olympiacæ poscit sibi præmia palmæ.
His patet indiciis animi vis conscia quantùm
Spe foveat, crucietve metu mortalia corda.
Unde sed iste metus, quid spes velit illa rogarim,
Si nil sperandum est, obita nil morte timendum?
En ut venturo conspirent omnia sæclo!
Quocirca in terris benè seu res seu malè cedat,
Vir sapiens nec amat vitam neque tetricus odit:
Intus enim quo se duro in discrimine rerum
Consoletur, habet; sin aura faventior afflet,
Immemor haud vivit quàm lubrica, quàmque caduca
Fortunæ bona sint; bona si quis censet habenda,
Perdere quæ metuit, quæve aspernatur adeptus.
Nec vereare quidem ne fortè ad munia vitæ
Segnior hinc animus detrectet ferre labores,
Atque pericla subire, vocet si publicus usus:
Liberum et erectum potiùs, rebusque in agendis
Fortem hominem invictumque facit, casusque per omnes
Roborat externarum hæc despicientia rerum.
Hunc tamen incusas, ut quem, spes unica mercis
Non veræ virtutis amor, non sensus honesti
Servat in officio; nempe huic est sordida virtus
Qui rectè facit ut post mortem præmia carpat.
Ille bonus verè est, quem, spes si nulla futuri,
Ad pulcrum atque decens per se super omnia ducit
Morum dulce melos, et agendi semita simplex.
Esto; nec ille malus qui non hic hæret, at illam
Quò natura trahit metam scit rite tueri;
Semper et innatis ultra mortalia votis
Fertur ovans, pulcrumque petit fine supremum.
Ergo age dic sodes quæ præmia, quid sibi sperat
Mercedis? namque haud sectator vilia rerum.
Illum non usura vorax, non turba sequentûm,
Non mendax plausus, fucataque gloria; non quæ
Prava per incautum spargit mendacia vulgus
Ambitio tenet, aut titulorum splendor inanis:
At quò verus honos, quò fert natura, decusque
Humani generis jubet ire, viriliter ibit:
Virtutesque aliis virtutibus addens,
Donec in hac vitæ sese exercere palæstra
Cogitur, ingenium fata ad meliora parabit.
Cætera pars hominum ferimur jactante procella
Ut ratis, huc illuc; et per diversa viarum
Conatu ingenti fugientem prendimus umbram.
Ac veluti infantes pueri crepitacula poscunt
Ardenti studio, mox, parta relinquere gaudent;
Sic etiam in plenis homines puerascimus annis.
At bene persuasum cui sit, non esse supremam
Hanc animi vitam, restare sed altera fata,
Salva illi res est, neque spe lactatur inani.
Quippe ubi mens hominis purum simplexque requirat
Irrequieta bonum, non sperat sorte potiri
Jam nunc felici: quid enim? nunc, vivimus omnes
Pravum ubi commistum recto est; ubi tristia lætis;
Ipsa ubi delirans inhiat sapientia nugas;
Atque in odoratis florent aconita rosetis:
Omnia mista quidem, fluxa omnia, ludicra demum
Omnia, nec votis est quod respondeat usquam.
Forsan et ipse Deus, divinum exquirere si fas

The mitre's glory, freedom's constant friend,
In times which ask'd a champion to defend;
Who after near an hundred virtuous years,
His senses perfect, free from pains and fears,
Replete with life, with honours, and with age,
Like an applauded actor left the stage:
Or like some victor in th' Olympic games,
Who, having run his course, the crown of glory claims.
From this just contrast plainly it appears,
How conscience can inspire both hopes and fears;
But whence proceed these hopes, or whence this dread,
If nothing really can affect the dead?
See all things join to promise, and presage
The sure arrival of a future age!
Whate'er their lot is here, the good and wise,
Nor doat on life, nor peevishly despise.
An honest man, when Fortune's storms begin,
Has consolation always sure within,
And if she sends a more propitious gale,
He 's pleas'd, but not forgetful it may fail.
Nor fear that he, who sits so loose to life,
Should too much shun its labours and its strife;
And scorning wealth, contented to be mean,
Shrink from the duties of this bustling scene;
Or, when his country's safety claims his aid,
Avoid the fight inglorious, and afraid:
Who scorns life most must surely be most brave,
And he, who pow'r contemns, be least a slave:
Virtue will lead him to ambition's ends,
And prompt him to defend his country and his friends.
But still his merit you cannot regard,
Who thus pursues a posthumous reward;
"His soul," you cry, "is uncorrupt and great,
Who, quite uninfluenc'd by a future state,
Embraces virtue from a nobler sense
Of her abstracted, native excellence,
From the self conscious joy her essence brings,
The beauty, fitness, harmony of things."
It may be so: yet he deserves applause,
Who follows where instructive Nature draws;
Aims at rewards by her indulgence giv'n,
And soars triumphant on her wings to Heav'n.
Say what this venal virtuous man pursues:
No mean rewards, no mercenary views;
Not wealth usurious, or a num'rous train,
Not fame by fraud acquir'd, or title vain!
He follows but where Nature points the road,
Rising in Virtue's school, till he ascends to God.
But we, th' inglorious common herd of man,
Sail without compass, toil without a plan;
In Fortune's varying storms for ever tost,
Shadows pursue, that in pursuit are lost;
Mere infants all, till life's extremest day,
Scrambling for toys, then tossing them away.
Who rests for immortality assur'd
Is safe, whatever ills are here endur'd:
He hopes not vainly in a world like this
To meet with pure uninterrupted bliss;
For good and ill, in this imperfect state,
Are ever mix'd by the decrees of fate.
With wisdom's richest harvest folly grows,
And baleful hemlock mingles with the rose;
All things are blended, changeable, and vain,
No hope, no wish we perfectly obtain:
God may perhaps (might human reason's line
Pretend to fathom infinite design)
Have thus ordain'd things, that the restless mind
No happiness complete on Earth may find;

Colisium, sic res attemperat, usque secundis
Adversas miscens, et amaris dulcia condit;
Spernere ut hinc discat terrestria mens, et amicis
Castigata malis, cœlo spem ponat in uno,
Quo domus et patria est, requies ubi sola laborum.
Quare age, jam tandem memorata recollige mecum.
Quippe viam emensus dubiam, scopulosque latentes
Erroris nunc prætervectus et æquora cæca
Conspicio portum. Nempe hæc quæ cogitat et vult,
Mens haud terrenis conflata est ex elementis;
Ergo natura est quiddam immortale suapte.
Verùm hanc interea Deus hanc extinguere possit:
Esto, Deus possit si fert divina voluntas;
At non extinguet: neque enim vis illa sciendi
Tot res humana tam longè sorte remotas;
Nec porro Æterni nunquam satiata cupido;
Nec desiderium nostris in mentibus hærens
Perfecti, frustra est. Jam si fas jusque requirunt
Ut sceleri malè sit, benè virtutique, nec illa
Alterutri sors obtingat, dum vivimus istic;
Restat ut hoc alio fiat discrimen in ævo.
Tum vero quæ nunc rudis, et sapiente bonoque,
Si genus humanum spectes, haud Numine digna est
Scena, revelabit dempta se nube, colorque
Verus erit rebus, verusque videbitur ordo.
Hoc nisi credideris, dic, qua ratione probetur
Omnino esse Deum summo qui consilio res
Justitiaque regit? num cætera scilicet aptè
Dirigit, hac quæ precipua est in parte laborat?
Haud ita; tempus erit, noli quo quærere more,
Hoc satis est, hoc constat, erit post funera tempus;
Cum Deus, ut par est, æquos excernet iniquis,
Sontibus insontes, et idonea cuique rependet.

And, by this friendly chastisement made wise,
To Heav'n her safest best retreat may rise.
Come then, since now in safety we have past
Through errour's rocks, and see the port at last,
Let us review and recollect the whole.——
Thus stands my argument.——The thinking soul
Cannot terrestial or material be,
But claims by nature immortality;
God, who created it, can make it end,
We question not, but cannot apprehend
He will; because it is by him endued
With strong ideas of all perfect good:
With wondrous pow'rs to know and calculate
Things too remote from this our earthly state;
With sure presages of a life to come,
All false and useless; if beyond the tomb
Our beings cease: we therefore can't believe
God either acts in vain or can deceive.
If ev'ry rule of equity demands,
That vice and virtue from the Almighty's hands
Should due rewards and punishments receive,
And this by no means happens whilst we live;
It follows that a time must surely come,
When each shall meet their well-adjusted doom:
Then shall this scene, which now to human sight
Seems so unworthy wisdom infinite,
A system of consummate skill appear,
And, ev'ry cloud dispers'd, be beautiful and clear.
Doubt we of this! what solid proof remains,
That o'er the world a wise disposer reigns?
Whilst all creation speaks a pow'r divine,
Is it deficient in the main design?
Not so: the day shall come, (pretend not now
Presumptuous to inquire or when, or how)
But after death shall come th' important day,
When God to all his justice shall display;
Each action with impartial eyes regard,
And in a just proportion punish and reward.

END OF VOL. XVII.

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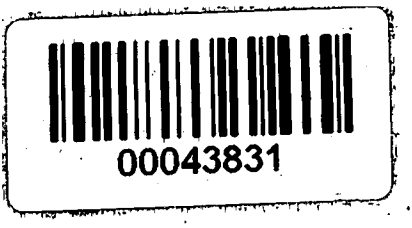
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